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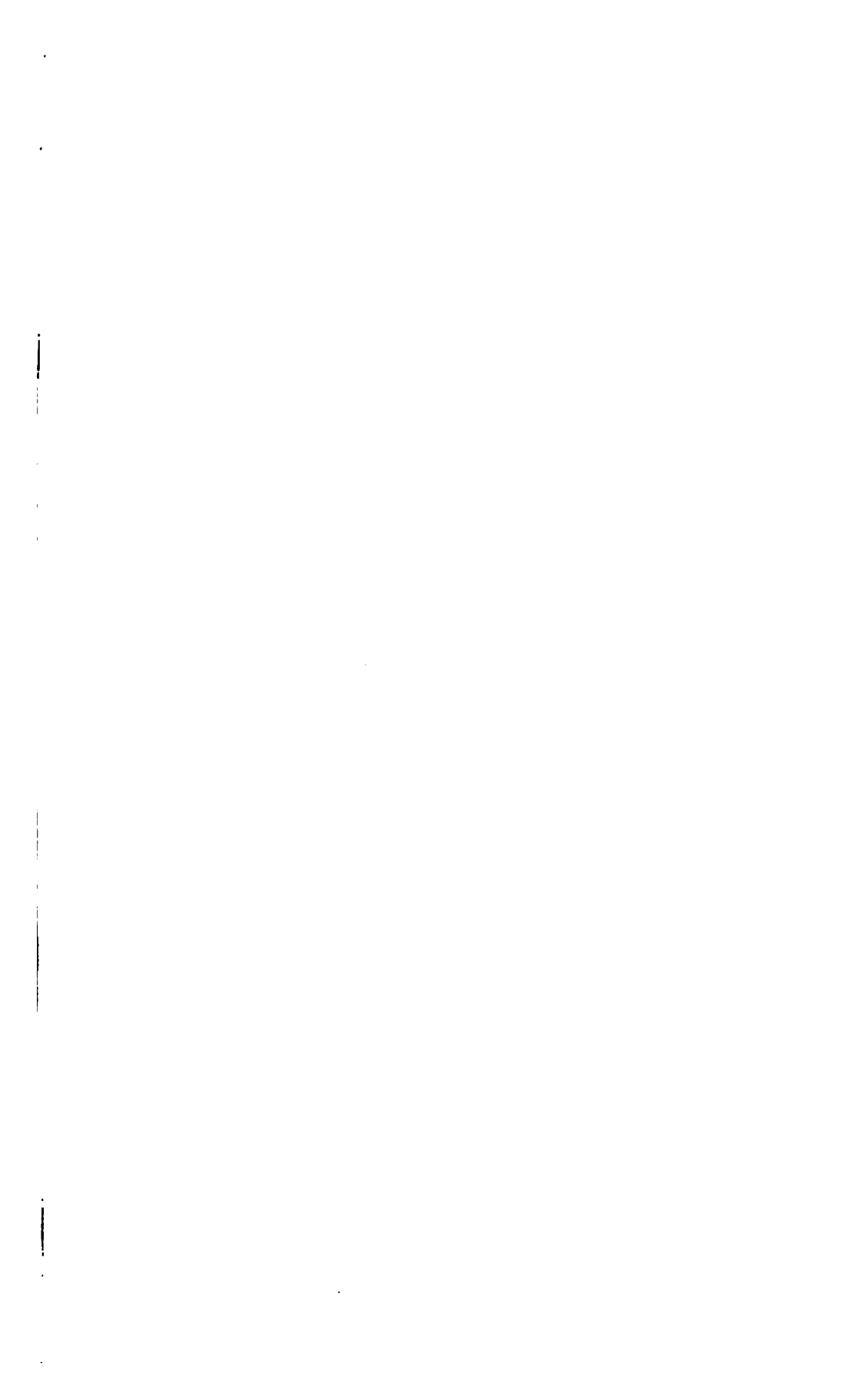
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PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.

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VOL. VII.—JAN., 1856.—NO. XXXVII.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE AND HIS PLAYS; AN INQUIRY CONCERNING THEM.*

HOW can we undertake to account for the literary miracles of antiquity, while this great myth of the modern ages still lies at our own door, unquestioned?

This vast, magical, unexplained phenomenon which our own times have produced under our own eyes, appears to be, indeed, the only thing which our modern rationalism is not to be permitted to meddle with. For, here the critics themselves still veil their faces, filling the air with mystic utterances which seem to say, that to this shrine at least, for the footstep of the common reason and the common sense, there is yet no admittance. But how can they instruct us to take off here the sandals which they themselves have taught us to wear into the inmost *sekos* of the most ancient sanctities?

THE SHAKESPEARE DRAMA—its import, its limitations, its object and sources, its beginning and end—for the modern critic, that is surely now the question.

What, indeed, should we know of the origin of the Homeric poems? Twenty-five hundred years ago, when those mys-

tic characters, which the learned Phenician and Egyptian had brought in vain to the singing Greek of the Heroic Ages, began, in the new modifications of national life which the later admixtures of foreign elements created, at length to be put to their true uses, that song of the nation, even in its latest form, was already old on the lips of the learned, and its origin a tradition. All the history of that wonderful individuality, wherein the inspirations of so many ages were at last united—the circumstance, the vicissitude, the poetic life that had framed that dazzling mirror of old time, and wrought in it those depths of clearness—all had gone before the art of writing and memories had found its way into Greece, or even the faculty of perceiving the actual had begun to be developed there.

And yet are the scholars of our time content to leave this matter here, where they find it! With these poetic remains in their hands, the monuments of a genius whose date is ante-historical, are they content to know of their origin only what Alexander and Plato could know, what Solon and Pisistratus were

* In commencing the publication of these bold, original, and most ingenious and interesting speculations upon the real authorship of Shakespeare's plays, it is proper for the Editor of *Putnam's Monthly*, in disclaiming all responsibility for their startling view of the question, to say that they are the result of long and conscientious investigation on the part of the learned and eloquent scholar, their author; and that the Editor has reason to hope that they will be continued through some future numbers of the Magazine.

fain to content themselves with, what the Homerids themselves received of him as their ancestral patron!

No: with these works in their hands to-day, reasoning from them alone, with no collateral aids, with scarce an extant monument of the age from which they come to us, they are not afraid to fly in the face of all antiquity with their conclusions.

Have they not settled among them, already, the old dispute of the contending cities, the old dispute of the contending ages, too, for the honor of this poet's birth? Do they not take him to pieces before our eyes, this venerable Homer; and tell us how many old forgotten poets' ashes went to his formation, and trace in him the mosaic seams which eluded the scrutiny of the age of Pericles? Even Mr. Grote will tell us now, just where the *Iliad* "cuts me" the fiery Achilles "cranking in;" and what could hinder the learned Sohlegel, years ago, from setting his chair in the midst of the Delian choirs, confronting the confounded children of Ion with his definitions of the term *Homeros*, and demonstrating, from the Leipsic *Iliad* in his hand that the poet's cotemporaries had, in fact, named him Homer the seer, not Homer the Blind One?

The criticism of our age found this whole question where the art of writing found it, two thousand five hundred years ago; but, because the Ionian cities, and Solon, and Pisistratus, might be presumed, beforehand, to know at least as much about it as they, or because the opinions of twenty-five centuries, in such a case, might seem to be entitled to some reverence, did the critics leave it there?

Two hundred and fifty years ago, *our* poet—our Homer—was alive in the world. Two centuries and a half ago, when the art of letters was already millenniums old in Europe, when the art of printing had already been in use a century and a half, in the midst of a cotemporary historical illumination which has its equal nowhere, in history, those works were issued that have given our English life and language their imperishable claim in the earth, that have made the name in which they come to us a word by itself, in the human speech; and, to this hour, we know of their origin hardly so much as we knew of the origin of the Homeric ep-

ics, when the present discussions in regard to them commenced, *not* so much.—not a hundredth part so much, as we now know of Pharaoh's, who reigned in the valley of the Nile, ages before the invasion of the Hyksos.

But with these products of the national life in our hands, with all the cotemporary light on their implied conditions which such an age as that of Elizabeth can furnish, are we going to be able to sit still much longer, in a period of historical inquiry and criticism like this, under the gross impossibilities which the still accepted theory on this subject involves?

The age which has put back old Homer's eyes, safe, in his head again, after he had gone without them well nigh three thousand years; the age which has found, and labeled, and sent to the museum, the skull in which the pyramid of Cheops was designed, and the lions which "the mighty hunter before the Lord" ordered for his new palace on the Tigris some millenniums earlier; the age in which we have abjured our faith in Romulus and Remus, is surely one in which we may be permitted to ask this question.

Shall this crowning literary product of that great epoch, wherein these new ages have their beginning, vividly arrayed in its choicest refinements, flashing everywhere on the surface with its costliest wit, crowded everywhere with its subtlest scholasticisms, betraying, on every page, its broadest, freshest range of experience, its most varied culture, its profoundest insight, its boldest grasp of comprehension—shall this crowning result of so many preceding ages of growth and culture, with its essential, and now palpable connection with the new scientific movement of the time from which it issues, be able to conceal from us, much longer, its history?—Shall we be able to accept in explanation of it, much longer, the story of the Stratford poacher?

The popular and traditional theory of the origin of these works was received and transmitted after the extraordinary circumstances which led to its first imposition had ceased to exist, because, in fact, no one had any motive for taking the trouble to call it in question. The common disposition to receive, in good faith, a statement of this kind, however extraordinary—the natural intellectual preference of the affirmative

proposition at hand, as the explanation of a given phenomenon, when the negative or the doubt compels one to launch out for himself, in search of new positions—this, alone, might serve to account for this result, at a time when criticism, as yet, was not; when the predominant mental habit, on all ordinary questions, was still that of passive acceptance, and the most extraordinary excitements, on questions of the most momentous interest, could only rouse the public mind to assume, temporarily, any other attitude.

And the impression which these works produced, even in their first imperfect mode of exhibition, was already so profound and extraordinary, as to give to all the circumstances of their attributed origin a blaze of notoriety, tending to enhance this positive force in the tradition. Propounded as a fact, not as a theory, its very boldness—its startling improbability—was made at once to contribute to its strength; covering, beforehand, the whole ground of attack. The wonderful origin of these works was, from the first, the predominant point in the impression they made—the prominent marvel in those marvels, around which all the new wonders, that the later criticism evolved, still continued to arrange themselves.

For the discoveries of this criticism had yet no tendency to suggest any new belief on this point. In the face of all that new appreciation of the works themselves, which was involved in them, the story of that wondrous origin could still maintain its footing;—through all the ramifications of this criticism, it still grew and inwound itself, not without vital limitation, however, to the criticism thus entangled. But these new discoveries involved, for a time, conclusions altogether in keeping with the tradition.

This new force in literature, for which books contained no precedent—this new manifestation of creative energy, with its self-sustained vitalities; with its inexhaustible prodigality, mocking nature herself; with its new grasp of the whole circuit of human aims and activities;—this force, so unlike anything that scholasticism or art had ever before produced, though it came, in fact, with the sweep of all the ages—moved with all their slow accumulation—could not account for itself to those critics, as anything but a new and mystic manifestation of nature—a new upwelling of the occult vital

forces, underlying our phenomenal existence—involving the historic order with one capricious leap, laughing at history, telling the laboring ages that their sweat and blood had been in vain.

And the tradition at hand was entirely in harmony with this conception. For, to this superhuman genius, bringing with it its own laws and intuitions from some outlying region of life, not subject to our natural conditions, and not to be included in our "philosophy," the differences between man and man, natural or acquired, would, of course, seem trivial. What could any culture, or any merely natural endowment accomplish, that would furnish the required explanation of this result? And, by way of defining itself as an agency wholly supernal, was it not, in fact, necessary that it should select, as its organ, one in whom the natural conditions of the highest intellectual manifestations were obviously, even grossly, wanting?

With this theory of it, no one need find it strange that it should pass in its selection those grand old cities, where learning sat enthroned with all her time-honored array of means and appliances for the development of mental resource—where the genius of England had hitherto been accomplished for all its triumphs—and that it should pass the lofty centres of church and state, and the crowded haunts of professional life, where the mental activities of the time were gathered to its conflicts; where, in hourly collision, each strong individuality was printing itself upon a thousand others, and taking in turn from all their impress; where, in the thick coming change of that "time-bettering age," in its crowding multiplicities, and varieties, and oppositions, life grew warm, and in the old the new was stirring, and in the many, the one; where wit, and philosophy, and fancy, and humor, in the thickest onsets of the hour, were learning to veil, in courtly phrase, in double and triple meanings, in crowding complexities of conceits and unimagined subtleties of form, the freedoms that the time had nurtured; where genius flashed up from all her hidden sources, and the soul of the age—"the mind reflecting ages past"—was collecting itself, and ready, even then, to leap forth, "not for an age, but for all time."

And, indeed, was it not fitting that this new inspiration, which was to reveal the latent forces of nature, and her scorn of

conditions—fastening her contempt for all time upon the pride of human culture at its height—was it not fitting, that it should select this moment of all others, and this locality, that it might pass by that very centre of historical influences, which the court of Elizabeth then made,—that it might involve in its perpetual eclipse that immortal group of heroes, and statesmen, and scholars, and wits, and poets, with its enthroned king of thought, taking all the past for his inheritance, and claiming the minds of men in all futurity, as the scene and limit of his dominion? Yes, even he—he, whose thought would grasp the whole, and keep his grasp on it perpetual—speaks to us still out of that cloud of mockery that fell upon him, when “Great Nature” passed him by—even him—with his immortal longings, with his world-wide aims, with his new mastery of her secrets, too, and his new sovereignty over her, to drop her crown of immortality—lit with the finest essence of that which makes his own page immortal—on the brow of the pet horse-boy at Blackfriars—the wit and good fellow of the London link-holders, the menial *attaché* and *délevé* of the play-house—the future actor, and joint proprietor, of the New Theatre on the Bankside.

Who quarrels with this movement? Who does not find it fitting and pleasant enough? Let the “thrice three muses” go into mourning as deep as they will for this desertion—as desertion it was—for we all know that to the last hour of his life, this fellow cared never a farthing for them, but only for his gains at their hands;—let learning hide as she best may, her baffled head in this disgrace—who cares?—who does not rather laugh with great creating nature in her triumph?

At least, who would be willing to admit, for a moment, that there was one in all that cotemporary circle of accomplished scholars, and men of vast and varied genius, capable of writing these plays; and who feels the least difficulty in supposing that “this player here,” as Hamlet terms him—the whole force of that outburst of scorn ineffable bearing on the word, and on that which it represented to him—who doubts that this player is most abundantly and superabundantly competent to it?

Now that the deer-stealing fire has gone out of him, now that this youthful

impulse has been taught its conventional social limits, sobered into the mild, sagacious, witty “Mr. Shakespeare of the Globe,” distinguished for the successful management of his own fortunes, for his upright dealings with his neighbors, too, and “his facetious grace in writing,” patronized by men of rank, who include his theatre among their instrumentalities for affecting the popular mind, and whose relations to him are, in fact, indetical with those which Hamlet sustains to the players of *his* piece, what is to hinder this Mr. Shakespeare—the man who keeps the theatre on the Bankside—from working himself into a frenzy when he likes, and scribbling out unconsciously *Lears*, and *Macbeths*, and *Hamlets*, merely as the necessary dialogue to the spectacles he professionally exhibits; ay, and what is to hinder his boiling his kettle with the manuscripts, too, when he has done with them, if he chooses?

What it would be madness to suppose the most magnificently endowed men of that wondrous age could accomplish—its real men, those who have left their lives in it, woven in its web throughout—what it would be madness to suppose these men, who are but men, and known as such, could accomplish, this Mr. Shakespeare, actor and manager, of whom no one knows anything else, shall be able to do for you in “the twinkling of an eye,” without so much as knowing it, and there shall be no words about it.

And are not the obscurities that involve his life, so impenetrably in fact, the true Shakespearean element? In the boundless sea of negations which surrounds that play-house centre, surely he can unroll himself to any length, or gather himself into any shape or attitude, which the criticism in hand may call for. There is nothing to bring up against him, with one’s theories. For, here in this daylight of our modern criticism, in its noontide glare, has he not contrived to hide himself in the profoundest depths of that stuff that myths are made of? Who shall come in competition with him here? Who shall dive into the bottom of that sea to pluck his drowned honors from him?

Take, one by one, the splendid men of this Elizabethan age. And set them down with a Hamlet to write, and you will say beforehand, such an one can not do it, nor such an one,—nor *he*,

with that profoundest insight and determination of his which taught him to put physical nature to the question that he might wring from her her secrets; but humanity, human nature, of course, had none worth noting for him;—oh no; he, with his infinite wit and invention, with his worlds of covert humor, with his driest prose, pressed, bursting with Shakspearean beauty, he could not do it; nor *he*, with his Shakspearean acquaintance with life, with his Shakspearean knowledge of men under all the differing social conditions, at home and abroad, by land and by sea, with his world-wide experiences of nature and fortune, with the rush and outbreak of his fiery mind kindling and darting through all his time; he, with his Shakspearean grace and freedom, with his versatile and profound acquirements, with his large, genial, generous, prodigal, Shakspearean soul that would comprehend all, and ally itself with all, he could not do it; neither of these men, nor both of them together, nor all the wits of the age together:—but this Mr. Shakespeare of the Globe, this mild, respectable, obliging man, this “*Johannes Factotum*” (as a cotemporary calls him, laughing at the idea of his undertaking “a blank verse,”) is there any difficulty here? Oh no! None in the world: for, in the impenetrable obscurity of that illimitable green-room of his, “by the mass, he is anything, and he can do anything and that roundly too.”

Is it wonderful? And is not that what we like in it? Would you make a man of him? With this miraculous inspiration of his, would you ask anything else of him? Do you not see that you touch the Shakspearean essence, with a question as to motives, and possibilities? Would he be Shakespeare still, if he should permit you to hamper him with conditions? What is the meaning of that word, then? And will you not leave him to us? Shall we have no Shakespeare? Have not we scholars enough, and wits enough, and men, of every other kind of genius, enough,—but have we many Shakspeares?—that you should wish to run this one through with your questions, this one, great, glorious, infinite impossibility, that has had us in its arms, all our lives from the beginning. If you dissolve him do you not dissolve us with him? If you take him to pieces, do you not undo us, also?

Ah, surely we did not need this master spirit of our race to tell us that there is that in the foundation of this human soul, “that loves to apprehend more than cool reason ever comprehends,” nay, that there is an infinity in it, that finds her ordinances too straight, that will leap from them when it can, and shake the head at her. And have we not all lived once in regions full of people that were never compelled to give an account of themselves in any of these matters? And when, precisely, did we pass that charmed line, beyond which these phantoms cannot come? When was the word definitively spoken which told us that the childhood of the race was done, or that its grown-up children were to have henceforth no conjurors? Who yet has heard the crowing of that cock, “at whose warning, whether in earth or air, the extravagant and erring spirit hies to his confine?” The nuts, indeed, are all cracked long ago, whence of old the fairy princess, in her coach and six, drove out so freely with all her regal retinue, to crown the hero’s fortunes; and the rusty lamp, that once filled the dim hut of poverty with eastern splendors, has lost its capabilities. But, when our youth robbed us of these, had it not marvels and impossibilities of its own to replace them with, yet more magical; and surely, manhood itself, the soberest maturity, can not yet be without these substitutes; and it is nature’s own voice and outcry that we hear whenever one of them is taken from us.

Let him alone! We have lecturers enough and professors enough already. Let him alone! We will keep this one mighty conjuror, still, even in the place where men most do congregate, and nobody shall stir a hair on his impossible old head, or trouble him with a question. He shall stand there still, pulling interminable splendors out of places they never could have been in; that is the charm of it; he shall stand there rubbing those few sickly play-house manuscripts of his, or a few old, musty play-house novels, and wringing from them the very wine of all our life, showering from their greasy folds the gems and gold of all the ages! He shall stand there spreading, in the twinkling of an eye, for a single night in a dirty theatre, “to complete a purchase that he has a mind to,” the feasts of the immortal gods; and before our lips can, by any chance, have reached even the edge of

those cups, that open down into infinity, when the show has served his purpose, he shall whisk it all away again, and leave no wreck behind, except by accident; and none shall remonstrate, or say to him, "wherefore?" He shall stand there, still, for us all—the magician; nature's one, complete, incontestible, gorgeous triumph over the impossibilities of reason.

For the primary Shakspearean condition involves at present, not merely the accidental absence of those external means of intellectual enlargement and perfection, whereby the long arts of the ages are made to bring to the individual mind their last results, multiplying its single forces with the life of all;—but it requires also, the absence of all personal intellectual tastes, aims, and pursuits; it requires that this man shall be below all other men, in his sordid incapacity for appreciating intellectual values; it requires that he shall be able, not merely to witness the performance of these plays, not merely to hear them and read them for himself, but to compose them; it requires him to be able to compose the *Tempest*, and *Othello*, and *Macbeth*, without suspecting that there is anything of permanent interest in them—anything that will outlast the spectacle of the hour.

The art of writing had been already in use, twenty-five centuries in Europe, and a Shakespeare, one would think, might have been able to form some conception of its value and applications; the art of printing had been in use on the continent a century and a half, and it was already darting through every civilized corner of it, and through England, too, no uncertain intimations of its historic purport—intimations significant enough "to make bold power look pale" already—and one would think a Shakespeare might have understood its message. But no! This very spokesman of the new era it ushers in, trusted with this legacy of the new-born times; this man, whom we all so look up to, and reverence, with that inalienable treasure of ours in his hands, which even Ben Jonson knew was not for him, "nor for an age—but for all time," why this Jack Cade that he is must needs take

us back three thousand years with it, and land us at the gates of Ilium! The arts of humanity and history, as they stood when Troy was burned, must save this treasure for us, and be our means of access to it! He will leave this work of his, into which the ends of the world have come to be wrought for all the future, he will leave it where Homer left his, on the lips of the mouthing "rhapsodists!"

Apparently, indeed, he will be careful to teach these "robustious, periwigged fellows" their proper relations to him. He will industriously instruct them how to pronounce his dialogue, so as to give the immediate effect intended; controlling even the gesticulations, insisting on the stops, ruling out utterly the town-crier's emphasis; and, above all, protesting, with a true author's jealousy, against interpolation or any meddling with his text. Indeed, the directions to the players, which he puts into the mouth of Hamlet—involving, as they do, not merely the nice sensibility of the artist, and his nervous, instinctive, esthetic, acquaintance with his art, but a thorough scientific knowledge of its principles—these directions would have led us to infer that he would, at least, know enough of the value of his own works to avail himself of the printing press, for their preservation, and not only that, they would have led us to expect from him a most exquisitely careful revision of his proofs. But how is it? He destroys, we are given to understand, the manuscripts of his unpublished plays, and we owe to accident, and to no care of his whatever, his works as they have come to us. Did ever the human mind debase itself to the possibility of receiving such nonsense as this, on any subject, before?*

He had those manuscripts! He had those originals which publishers and scholars would give millions now to purchase a glimpse of; he had the original *Hamlet*, with its last finish; he had the original *Lear*, with his own final readings; he had them all—all, pointed, emphasized, directed, as they came from the gods; he had them all, all finished as the critic of "*Hamlet*" and "*Midsummer Night's*

* Though the editors of the first folio profess to have access to these very papers, and boast of being able to bring out an absolutely faultless edition, to take the place of those stolen and surreptitious copies then in circulation, the edition which is actually produced, in connection with this announcement, is itself found to be full of verbal errors, and is supposed, by later editors, to have been derived from no better source than its predecessors.

Dream" must have finished them; and he left us to wear out our youth, and squander our lifetime, in poring over and setting right the old, garbled copies of the play-house! He had those manuscripts, and the printing-press had been at its work a hundred years when he was born, but he was not ashamed to leave the best wits and scholars of all succeeding ages, with Pope and Johnson at their head, to exhaust their ingenuity, and sour their dispositions, and to waste their golden hours, year after year, in groping after and guessing out his hidden meanings!

He had those manuscripts! In the name of that sovereign reason, whose name he dares to take upon his lips so often, what did he do with them? Did he wantonly destroy them? No! Ah, no! he did not care enough for them to take that trouble. No, he did not do that! That would not have been in keeping with the character of this most respectable impersonation of the Genius of the British Isle, as it stands set up for us at present to worship. Some worthy, domestic, private, economic use, doubtless, they were put to. For, is not he a private, economical, practical man—this Shakespeare of ours—with no stuff and nonsense about him—a plain, true-blooded Englishman, who minds his own business, and leaves other people to take care of theirs? Is not this our Shakespeare? Is it not the boast of England, that he is just that, and nothing else? "What did he do with them?" He gave them to his cook, or Dr. Hale put up potions for his patients in them, or Judith, poor Judith—who signified her relationship to the author of "Lear," and the "Tempest," and her right to the glory of the name he left her, by the very extraordinary kind of "mark" which she affixes to legal instruments—poor Judith may have curled her hair to the day of her death with them, without dreaming of any harm. "What did he do with them?" And whose business is it? Weren't they his own? If he chose to burn them up, or put them to some private use, had not he a perfect *right* to do it?

No! Traitor and miscreant! No! What did you do with them? You have skulked this question long enough. You will have to account for them. You will have to tell us what you did with them. The awakening ages will put you on

the stand, and you will not leave it until you answer the question, "What did you do with them?"

And yet, do not the critics dare to boast to us, that he did compose these works for his own private, particular ends only? Do they not tell us, as if it were a thing to be proud of, and "a thing to thank God on," with uplifted eyes, and speechless admiration points, that he did "die, and leave the world no copy?" But who is it that insists so much, so strangely, so repetitiously, upon the wrong to humanity, the fraud done to nature, when the individual fails to render in his account to time of all that nature gives him? Who is it that writes, obscurely, indeed, so many sonnets, only to ring the changes on this very subject, singing out, point by point, not the Platonic theory, but his own fresh and beautiful study of great nature's law, and his own new and scientific doctrine of conservation and advancement? And who is it that writes, unconsciously, no doubt, and without its ever occurring to him that it was going to be printed, or to be read by any one?

*"Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee."*

For here is the preacher of another doctrine, which puts the good that is private and particular where the sovereignty that is in nature puts it:

*"Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves. For if our
virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not
finely touched
But to fine issues, and nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use."*

Truly the man who writes in this style, with such poetic iteration, might put in Hamlet's plea, when his critics accuse him of unconsciousness:

*"Bring me to the test
And I the matter will reword; which madness
Would gambol from."*

What infirmity of blindness is it, then, that we charge upon this "god of our idolatry!" And what new race of Calibans are we, that we should be called upon to worship this monstrous incongruity—this Trinculo—this impersonated moral worthlessness? Oh, stu-

pidity, past finding out! "The myriad-minded one," the light of far-off futurities was in him, and he knew it not! While the word was on his lips, and he reasoned of it, he heeded it not! He, at whose feet all men else are proud to sit, came to him, and found no reverence. The treasure for us all was put into his hands, and—he did not waste it—he did not keep it laid up in a napkin, he did not dig in the earth, and hide his lord's money; no, he used it! he used it for his own despicable and sordid ends, "to complete purchases that he had a mind to," and he left us to gather up "the arts and fragments" as best we may. And they *dare* to tell us this of him, and men believe it, and to this hour his bones are canonized, to this hour his tomb is a shrine, where the genius of the cool, sagacious, clear-thoughted Northern Isle is worshiped, under the form of a mad, unconscious, intellectual possession—a dotard inspiration, incapable of its own designs, wanting in the essential attribute of all mental power—self-cognition.

And yet, who would be willing to spare, now, one point in that time-honored, incongruous whole? Who would be willing to dispense with the least of those contradictions, which have become, in the progressive development of our appreciation of these works, so inextricably knit together, and thereby inwrought, as it were, into our inmost life? Who can, in fact, fairly convince himself, now, that deer-stealing and link-holding, and the name of an obscure family in Stratford—common enough there, though it means what it does to us—and bad, or indifferent performances, at a Surrey theatre, are not really, after all, essential preliminaries and concomitants to the composition of a *Romeo and Juliet*, or a *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or a *Twelfth Night*? And what Shakespeare critic, at least, could persuade himself, now, that any other motive than the purchase of the Globe theatre, and that capital messuage or tenement in Stratford, called the New Place, with the appurtenances thereof, and the lands adjoining, and the house in Henley street, could by any possibility have originated such works as these?

And what fool would undertake to prove, now, that the fact of the deer-stealing, or any other point in the traditional statement, may admit of question? Certainly, if we are to have an historical or traditional Shakespeare of any kind, out of our present materials, it becomes us to protest, with the utmost severity, against the least meddling therewith. If they are not sufficiently meagre already—if the two or three historical points we have, or seem to have, and the miserable scraps and fragments of gossip, which the painful explorations of two centuries have, at length, succeeded in rescuing from the oblivion to which this man's time consigned him*—if these points are to be encroached upon, and impaired by criticism, we may as well throw up the question altogether. In the name of all that is tangible, leave us what there is of affirmation here. Surely we have negations enough already. If he did not steal the deer, will you tell us what one mortal thing he did do? He wrote the plays. But, did the man who wrote the plays do nothing else? Are there not some foregone conclusions in them?—some intimations, and round ones, too, that he who wrote them, be he who he may, has had experiences of some sort? Do such things as these, that the plays are full of, begin in the fingers' ends? Can you find them in an ink-horn? Can you sharpen them out of a goose-quill? Has your Shakespeare wit and invention enough for that?

But the man was a player, and the manager of a play-house, and these are plays that he writes. And what kind of play is it that you find in them—and what is the theatre—and who are the actors? Has this man's life been all *play*? Has there been no earnest in it?—no acting in his own name? Had he no part of his own in time, then? Has he dealt evermore with second-hand reports, unreal shadows, and mockeries of things? Has there been no personal grapple with realities, here? Ah, let him have that one living opposite. Leave him that single shot "heard round the world." Did not *Eschylus* fight at *Salamis*? Did not *Scipio* teach *Terence* how to

* Constituting, when well put together, precisely that historic trail which an old, defunct, indifferent, fourth-rate play-actor naturally leaves behind him, for the benefit of any antiquary who may find occasion to conduct an exploration for it.

marshal his men and wing his words? (A cotemporary and confidant of Shakespeare's thinks, from internal evidence, that the patron wrote the plays, in this case, altogether.) And was not Socrates as brave at Potidea and Delium as he was in the market-place; and did not Caesar, the author, kill his millions? But, this giant wrestler and warrior of ours, with the essence of all the battles of all ages in his nerves—with the blood of a new Adam bubbling in his veins—he cannot be permitted to leap out of those everlasting buskins of his, long enough to have a brush with this one live deer, but the critics must have out their spectacles, and be down upon him with their objections.

And what honest man would want a Shakespeare at this hour of the day, that was not written by that same irregular, lawless, wild, reckless, facetious, law-despising, art-despising genius of a "Will" that did steal the deer? Is not this the Shakespeare we have had on our shelves with our bibles and prayer-books, since our great grand-sires' times? The next step will be to call in question Moses in the bulrushes, and Pharaoh's daughter.

And what is to become, too, under this supposition, of that exquisite specimen of the player's merciless wit, and "facetious grace in writing," which attracted the attention of his cotemporaries, and left such keen impressions on the minds of his fellow-townsmen? What is to become, in this case, of the famous lampoon on Sir Thomas Lucy, nailed up on the park gate, rivaling in Shakespearean grace and sharpness another Attic morceau from the same source—the impromptu on "John-a-Combe!" These remains of the poet, which we find accredited to him in his native village, "with likelihood of truth enough," among those who best knew him, have certainly cost the commentators too much trouble to be lightly relinquished; and, unquestionably, they do bear on the face of them most unmistakable symptoms of the player's wit and the Stratford origin.

No! no! We cannot spare the deer-stealing. As the case now stands, this one, rich, sparkling point in the tradition, can by no means be dispensed with. Take this away, and what becomes of our traditional Shakespeare? He goes! The whole fabric tumbles to pieces, or settles at once into a

hopeless stolidity. But for the mercurial lightning, which this youthful reminiscence imparts to him—this single indication of a suppressed tendency to an heroic life—how could that heavy, retired country gentleman, late manager of the Globe and the Blackfriars theatres, be made to float at any convenient distance above the earth, in the laboring conceptions of the artists whose business it is to present his apotheosis to us? Enlarge the vacant platitudes of that forehead as you will—pile up the artificial brains in the frontispiece to any height which the credulity of an awe-struck public will hesitate to pronounce idiotic—huddle the allegorical shapes about him as thickly as you will, and yet, but for the twinkle which this single reminiscence leaves, this one solitary "proof of liberty," "the flash and outbreak of a fiery mind of general assault," how could the old player and showman be made to sit the bird of Jove so comfortably as he does, on his way to the waiting Olympus?

But, after all, it is not this old actor of Elizabeth's time, who exhibited these plays at his theatre in the way of his trade, and cared for them precisely as a tradesman would—cared for them as he would have cared for tin kettles, or earthen pans and pots, if they had been in his line, instead; it is not this old tradesman; it is not this old showman and hawker of plays; it is not this old lackey, whose hand is on all our heart-strings, whose name is, of mortal names, the most awe-inspiring.

The Shakespeare of Elizabeth and James, who exhibited at his theatre as plays, among many others surpassing them in immediate theatrical success, the wonderful works which bore his name—works which were only half printed, and that surreptitiously, and in detached portions during his life-time, which, seven years after his death, were first collected and published by authority in his name, accompanied, according to the custom of the day, with eulogistic verses from surviving brother poets—this yet living theatrical Shakespeare, is a very different one from the Shakespeare of our modern criticism;—the Shakespeare, brought out, at length, by more than two centuries of readings and the best scholarly investigation of modern times, from between the two lids of that wondrous folio.

The faintly limned outlines of the nucleus which that name once included, are all gone long ago, dissolved in the splendors, dilated into the infinities which this modern Shakespeare dwells in. It is Shakespeare the author, that we now know only, the author of these worlds of profoundest art—these thought-crowded worlds, which modern reading discovers in these printed plays of his. It is the posthumous Shakespeare of the posthumous volume, that we now know only. No, not even that; it is only the work itself that we now know by that name—the phenomenon and not its beginning. For, with each new study of the printed page, further and further behind it, deeper and deeper into regions where no man so much as undertakes to follow it, retreats the power, which is for us all already, as truly as if we had confessed it to ourselves, the unknown, the unnamed.

What does this old player's name, in fact, stand for with us now? Inwrought not into all our literature merely, but into all the life of our modern time, his unlearned utterances our deepest lore, which "we are toiling all our lives to find," his mystic page, the page where each one sees his own life inscribed, point by point, deepening and deepening with each new experience from the cradle to the grave; what is he to us now? Is he the teacher of our players only? What theatres hold now his school? What actors' names stand now enrolled in its illustrious lists? Do not all our modern works incorporate his lore into their essence, are they not glittering on their surface everywhere, with ever new, unmissed jewels from his mines? Which of our statesmen, our heroes, our divines, our poets, our philosophers, has not learned of him; and in which of all their divergent and multiplying pursuits and experiences do they fail to find him still with them, still before them?

The name which has stood to us from the beginning, for all this—which has been inwrought into it, which concentrates it in its unity—cannot now be touched. It has lost its original significance. It means this, and this only to us. It has drunk in the essence of all this power, and light, and beauty, and identified itself with it. Never, perhaps, can it well mean anything else to us.

You cannot christen a world anew, though the name that was given to it at the font prove an usurper's. With all that we now know of that heroic scholar, from whose scientific dream the New World was made to emerge at last, in the face of the mockeries of his time, with all that appreciation of his work which the Old World and the New alike bestow upon it, we cannot yet separate the name of his rival from his hard-earned triumph. What name is it that has drunk into its melody, forever, all the music of that hope and promise, which the young continent of Columbus still whispers—in spite of old European evils planted there—still whispers in the troubled earth? Whose name is it that stretches its golden letters, now, from ocean to ocean, from Arctic to Antarctic, whose name now enrings the millions that are born, and live, and die, knowing no world but the world of that patient scholar's dream—no reality, but the reality of his chimera?

What matters it? Who cares? "What's in a name?" Is there any voice from that hero's own tomb, to rebuke this wrong? No. He did not toil, and struggle, and suffer, and keep his manly heart from breaking, to the end, that those millions might be called by *his* name. Ah, little know they, who thus judge of works like his, what roots such growths must spread, what broad, sweet currents they must reach and drink from. If the millions are blessed there, if, through the heat and burden of his weary day, man shall at length attain, though only after many an erring experience and fierce rebuke, in that new world, to some height of learning, to some scientific place of peace and rest, where worlds are in harmony, and men are as one, he will say, in God's name, Amen! For, on the heights of endurance and self renunciation, where the divine is possible with men, we have one name.

What have we to do with this poor peasant's name, then, so hallowed in all our hearts, now, with household memories, that we should seek to tear it from the countless fastenings which time has given it? This name, chosen at least of fortune, if not of nature, for the place it occupies, dignified with all that she can lend it—illustrious with her most lavish favoritism—has she not chosen to encircle it with honors which make

poor those that she saves for her kings and heroes? Let it stand, then, and not by grace of fortune only, but by consent of one who could afford to leave it such a legacy. For he was one whom giving did not impoverish—he had wealth enough of his own and to spare, and honors that he could not part with.

"Once," but in no poet's garb, once, through the thickest of this "working-day world," "he trod" for himself, with bleeding feet, "the ways of glory here," "and sounded all the depths and shoals of honor," and, from the wrecks of lost "ambition," found to the last "the way to rise in."—

"By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,

The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish the hearts that hate thee;

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:

Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,

Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st,
thou fall'st

A noble martyr!"

Let the name stand, then, where the poet has himself left it. If he—if he himself did not scruple to forego his fairest honors, and leave his immortality in a peasant's weed; if he himself could consent to bind his own princely brows in it, though it might be for ages, why e'en let him wear it, then, as his own proudest honor. To all time let the philosophy be preached in it, which found "in a name" the heroic height whence its one great tenet could be uttered with such an emphasis, philosophy—"not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose, but musical as is Apollo's lute," roaming here at last in worlds of her own shaping; more rich and varied, and more intense than nature's own; where all things "echo the name of Prospero;" where, "beside the groves, the fountains, every region near seems all one mutual cry;" where even young love's own youngest melodies, from moon-lit balconies, warble its argument. Let it stand, then. Leave to it its strange honors—its unbought immortality. Let it stand, at least, till all those who have eaten in their youth of the magic tables spread in it, shall have died in the wilderness. Let it stand while it will, only let its true significance be recognized.

For, the falsity involved in it, as it now stands, has become too gross to be en-

dured any further. The common sense cannot any longer receive it, without self-abnegation; and the relations of this question, on all sides, are now too grave and momentous to admit of any further postponement of it.

In judging of this question, we must take into account the fact that, at the time when these works were issued, all those characteristic organizations of the modern ages, for the diffusion of intellectual and moral influences, which now everywhere cross and recross, with electric fibre, the hitherto impassable social barriers, were as yet unimagined. The inventions and institutions, in which these had their origin, were then but beginning their work. To-day, there is no scholastic seclusion so profound that the allied voice and action of this mighty living age may not perpetually penetrate it. To-day, the work-shop has become *clairvoyant*. The plow and the loom are in magnetic communication with the loftiest social centres. The last results of the most exquisite culture of the world, in all its departments, are within reach of the lowest haunt, where latent genius and refinement await their summons; and there is no "smallest scruple of nature's excellence" that may not be searched out and kindled. The Englishman who but reads *The Times*, to-day, puts himself into a connection with his age, and attains thereby a means of enlargement of character and elevation of thought and aims, which, in the age of Elizabeth, was only possible to men occupying the highest official and social position.

It is necessary, too, to remember that the question here is not a question of lyric inspiration, merely; neither is it a question of dramatic genius, merely. Why, even the poor player, that Hamlet quotes so admiringly, "but in a dream of passion," his soul rapt and subdued with images of tenderness and beauty, "tears in his eyes, the color in his cheeks," even he, with his fine sensibilities, his rhythmical ear, with his living conceits, if nature has but done her part towards it, may compose you a lyric that you would bind up with "Highland Mary," or "Sir Patrick Spens," for immortality. And even this poor tinker, profane and wicked as he is, and coarse and unfurnished for the poet's mission as he seems, when once the infinities of religion, with their

divine ideals, shall penetrate to the deep, sweet sources of his yet undreamed of genius, and arouse the latent soul in him, with their terrific struggles and divine triumphs, even he, from the coarse, meagre materials which his external experience furnishes to him, shall be able to compose a drama, full of immortal vigor and freshness, where all men shall hear the rushing of wings—the tread from other spheres—in their life's battle; where all men shall be able to catch voices and harpings not of this shore. But the question is not here of a Bunyan or a Burns. And it is not a Bloomfield that we have in hand here. The question is not whether nature shall be able to compose *these*, without putting into requisition the selectest instrumentalities of the ages. It is a question different in kind; how different, in the present stage of our appreciation of the works involved in it, cannot be made manifest.

It is impossible, indeed, to present any parallel to the case in question. For if we suppose a poor actor, or the manager of a theatre, or a printer, unlearned, except by the accident of his trade, to begin now to issue out of his brain, in the way of his trade, wholly bent on that, and wholly indifferent to any other result, and unconscious of any other, a body of literature, so high above anything that we now possess, in any or in all departments; so far exhausting the excellency of all, as to constitute, by universal consent, *the* literature of this time; comprehending its entire scope; based on its subtlest analysis; pronouncing everywhere its final word, even such a supposition would not begin to meet the absurdity of the case in question.

If the prince of showmen in our day, in that stately oriental retreat of his, in Connecticut, rivaling even the New Place at Stratford in literary conveniences, should begin now to conceive of something of this sort, as his crowning speculation, and should determine to undertake its execution in person, who would dare to question his ability? * Certainly no one would have any right to criticise, now, the motive conceded, or to put in suspicion its efficiency for the proposed result. Why, this man could not conduct his business a day, he could not even hunt through the journals for

his own puffs and advertisements, without coming by accident in contact with means of moral and intellectual enlargement and stimulus, which could never have found their way, in any form, to Elizabeth's player. The railway, the magnetic telegraph, the steam-ship, the steam-press, with its journals, its magazines, its reviews, and its cheap literature of all kinds, the public library, the book-club, the popular lecture, the lyceum, the voluntary association of every kind—these are all but a part of that magnificent apparatus and means of culture which society is now putting in requisition in that great school of hers, wherein the universal man, rescued from infinite self-degradations, is now at last beginning his culture. And yet all these social instrumentalities combined cannot, even now, so supply the deficiencies in the case supposed as to make the supposition any other than a violent one, to say the least of it.

The material which nature must have contributed to the Shakespearean result, could, indeed, hardly have remained inert, under any superincumbent weight of social disadvantages. But the very first indication of its presence, under such conditions, would have been a struggle with those disadvantages. First of all, it would force its way upward, through them, to its natural element; first of all, it would make its way into the light, and possess itself of all its weapons—not spend itself in mad movements in the dark, without them. Look over the history of all the known English poets and authors of every kind, back even to the days of the Anglo-Saxon Adhelm, and Cedmon, and, no matter how humble the position in which they are born, how many will you find among them that have failed to possess themselves ultimately of the highest literary culture of the age they lived in? how many, until you come to this same Shakespeare?

Well, then, if the Genius of the British Isle turns us out such men as those from her universities; but, when she would make her Shakespeare retreat into a green-room, and send him forth from that, furnished as we find him, pull down, we say, pull down those gray old towers, for the wisdom of the Great Alfred has been laughed

* It should be stated, perhaps, that the above was written two or three years since, and that no reference to Mr. Baraam's recent addition to the literature of the age was intended.

to scorn; undo his illustrious monument to his last Anglo-Saxon stone, and, "by our lady, build—theatres!" If not Juliet only, but her author, and Hamlet's author, too, and Lear's, and Macbeth's can be made without "philosophy," we are for Romeo's verdict, "Hang up philosophy." If such works as these, and Julius Cæsar, and Coriolanus, and Antony, and Henry V., and Henry VIII.—if the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the *Merchant of Venice*, and the *Twelfth Night*, if *Beatrice*, and *Benedict*, and *Rosalind*, and *Jaques*, and *Iago*, and *Othello*, and all their immortal company—if these works, and all that we find in them, can be got out of *Plutarch's Lives*, and *Holinshed*, and a few old ballads and novels—in the name of all that is honest, give us these, and let us go about our business; and henceforth let him that can be convicted "of traitorously corrupting the youth of this realm, by erecting a grammar-school," be consigned to his victims for mercy. "Long live Lord Mortimer!" Down with the "paper-mills!" "Throw learning to the dogs! we'll none of it!"

But we are not, as yet, in a position to estimate the graver bearings of this question. For the reverence which the common theory has hitherto claimed from us, as a well-authenticated historical fact, depending apparently, indeed, on the most unimpeachable external evidence for its support, has operated, as it was intended to operate in the first instance, to prevent all that kind of reading and study of the plays which would have made its gross absurdity apparent. In accordance with this original intention, to this hour it has constituted a barrier to the understanding of their true meaning, which no industry or perseverance could surmount; to this hour it has served to prevent, apparently, so much as a suspicion of their true source, and ultimate intention.

But let this theory, and the pre-judgment it involves, be set aside, even by an hypothesis, only long enough to permit us once to see, for ourselves, what these works do in fact contain, and no amount of historical evidence which can be produced, no art, no argument, will suffice to restore it to its present position. But it is not as a hypothesis, it is not as a theory, that the truth here indicated will be devel-

oped hereafter. It will come on other grounds. It will ask no favors.

Condemned to refer the origin of these works to the vulgar, illiterate man who kept the theatre where they were first exhibited, a person of the most ordinary character and aims, compelled to regard them as the result merely of an extraordinary talent for pecuniary speculation in this man, how could we, how could any one dare to see what is really in them? With this theory overhanging them, though we threw our most artistic lights upon it, and kept it out of sight when we could, what painful contradictory mental states, what unacknowledged internal misgivings were yet involved in our best judgments of them. How many passages were we compelled to read "trippingly," with the "mind's eye," as the players were first taught to pronounce them on the tongue; and if, in spite of all our slurring, the inner depths would open to us, if anything, which this theory could not account for, would, notwithstanding, obtrude itself upon us, we endeavored to believe that it must be the reflection of our own better learning, and so, half lying to ourselves, making a wretched compromise with our own mental integrity, we still hurried on.

Condemned to look for the author of Hamlet himself—the subtle Hamlet of the university, the courtly Hamlet, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form"—in that dirty, doggish group of players, who come into the scene summoned like a pack of hounds to his service, the very tone of his courtesy to them, with its princely condescension, with its arduous familiarity, only serving to make the great, impassable social gulf between them the more evident—compelled to look in that ignominious group, with its faithful portraiture of the players of that time (taken from the life by one who had had dealings with them), for the princely scholar himself in his author, how could we understand him—the enigmatical Hamlet, with the thought of ages in his foregone conclusions?

With such an origin, how could we see the subtlest skill of the university, not in Hamlet and Horatio only, but in the work itself, incorporated in its essence, pervading its execution? With such an origin as this, how was it possible to note, not in this play only, but

in all the Shakespeare drama, what, otherwise, we could not have failed to observe, the tone of the highest Elizabethan breeding, the very loftiest tone of that peculiar courtly culture, which was then, and but *just* then, attaining its height, in the competitions among men of the highest social rank, and among the most brilliant wits and men of genius of the age, for the favor of the learned, accomplished, sagacious, wit-loving maiden queen;—a culture which required not the best acquisitions of the university merely, but acquaintance with life, practical knowledge of affairs, foreign travel and accomplishments, and, above all, the last refinements of the highest Parisian breeding. For “your courtier” must be, in fact, “your picked man of countries.” He must, indeed, “get his behavior everywhere.” He must be, in fact and literally, the man of “the world.”

But for this prepossession, in that daring treatment of court-life which this single play of Hamlet involves, in the entire freedom with which its conventionalities are handled, how could we have failed to recognize the touch of one habitually practiced in its refinements? how could we have failed to recognize, not in this play only, but in all these plays, the poet whose habits and perceptions have been moulded in the atmosphere of these subtle social influences. He cannot shake off this influence when he will. He carries the court perfume with him, unconsciously, wherever he goes, among mobs of artisans that will not “keep their teeth clean;” into the ranks of “greasy citizens” and “rude mechanicals;” into country feasts and merry-makings; among “pretty low-born lasses,” “the queens of curds and cheese,” and into the heart of that forest, “where there is no clock.” He looks into Arden and into Eastcheap from the court stand-point, not from these into the court, and he is as much a prince with Poins and Bardolph as he is when he enters and throws open to us, without awe, without consciousness, the most delicate mysteries of the royal presence.

Compelled to refer the origin of these works to the sordid play-house, who could teach us to distinguish between the ranting, unnatural stuff and bombast which its genuine competitions elicited, in their mercenary appeals to the passions of their audience, ministering to

the most vicious tastes, depraving the public conscience, and lowering the common standard of decency, getting up “scenes to tear a cat in,”—“out-Heroding Herod,” and going regularly into professional fits about Hecuba and Priam and other Trojans,—who could teach us to distinguish between the tone of this original, genuine, play-house fustian, and that of the “dozen or sixteen lines” which Hamlet will at first, for some earnest purpose of his own, with the consent and privity of *one* of the players, cause to be inserted in it? Nay, thus blinded, we shall not, perhaps, be able to distinguish from this foundation that magnificent whole, with which, from such beginnings, this author will, perhaps, ultimately replace his worthless originals, altogether; that whole in which we shall see, one day, not the burning Ilium, not the old Danish court of the tenth century, but the yet living, illustrious Elizabethan age, with all its momentous interests still at stake, with its yet palpitating hopes and fears, with its new-born energies, bound but unconquerable, already heaving, and muttering through all their undertone; that magnificent whole, where we shall see, one day, “the very abstract and brief chronicle of the time,” the “very body of the age, its form and pressure,” under any costume of time and country, or under the drapery of any fiction, however absurd or monstrous, which this author shall find already popularized to his hands, and available for his purposes. Hard, indeed, was the time, ill bestead was the spirit of the immemorial English freedom, when the genius of works such as these, was compelled to stoop to such a scene, to find its instruments.

How could we understand from such a source, while that wretched player was still crying it for his own worthless ends, this majestic exhibition of our common human life from the highest intellectual and social stand-point of that wondrous age, letting in, on all the fripperies and affectations, the arrogance and pretension of that illustrious centre of social life, the new philosophic beam, and sealing up in it, for all time, “all the uses and customs” of the world that then was? Arrested with that transparent petrefaction, in all the rushing life of the moment, and set, henceforth, on the table of philosophic halls for scientific illustration; its gaudy butterflies

impaired upon the wing, in their perpetual gold; its microscopic insects, "spacious in the possession of land and dirt," transfixed in all the swell and flutter of the moment; its fantastic apes, unrobed for inextinguishable mortal laughter and celestial tears, still playing, all unconsciously, their solemn pageants through; how could the showman explain all this to us—how could the player tell us what it meant?

How could the player's mercenary motive and the player's range of learning and experiment give us the key to this new application of the human reason to the human life, from the new vantage ground of thought, but just then rescued from the past, and built up painfully from all its wreck? How could we understand, from such a source, this new, and strange, and persevering application of thought to life, not merely to society and to her laws, but to nature, too; pursuing her to her last retreats, and holding everywhere its mirror up to her, reflecting the whole boundary of her limitations; laying bare, in its cold, clear, pure depths, in all their unpolite, undraped scientific reality, the actualities which society, as it is, can only veil, and the evils which society, as it is, can only hide and palliate?

In vain the shrieking queen remonstrates, for, it is the impersonated reason whose clutch is on her, and it says, you go not hence till you have seen the inmost part of you. But does all this tell on the thousand pounds? Is the ghost's word good for that?

No wonder that Hamlet refused to speak, or to be commanded to any utterance of harmony, let the critics listen, and entreat as they would, while this illiterate performer, who knew no touch of all that divine music of his, from its lowest note to the top of his key, was still sounding him and fretting him. We shall take another key and another interpreter with us when we begin to understand a work which comprehends, in its design, all our human aims and activities, and tracks them to their beginnings and ends; which demands the ultimate, scientific perpetual reason in all our life—a work which dares to defer the punishment of the crime that society visits with her most dreaded penalties, till all the principles of the human activity have been collected; till all the human conditions have been explored; till the only uni-

versal rational human principle is found—a work which dares to defer the punishment of the crime that society condemns, till its principle has been tracked through the crime which she tolerates; through the crime which she sanctions; through the crime which she crowns with all her honors.

We are, indeed, by no means insensible to the difference between this Shakespeare drama, and that on which it is based, and that which surrounds it. We do, indeed, already pronounce that difference, and not faintly, in our word *Shakespeare*; for that is what the word now means with us, though we received it with no such significance. Its historical development is but the next step in our progress.

Yes, there were men in England then, who had heard somewhat of those masters of the olden time, high Eschylus and Sophocles—men who had heard of Euripides, too, and next, Aristophanes—men who had heard of Terence, and not of Terence only, but of his patrons—men who had heard of Plato, too, and of his master. There were men in England, in those days, who knew well enough what kind of an instrumentality the drama had been in its original institution, and with what voices it had then spoken; who knew, also, its permanent relations to the popular mind, and its capability for adaptation to new social exigencies; men, quick enough to perceive, and ready enough to appreciate to the utmost, the facilities which this great organ of the wisdom of antiquity offered for effectual communication between the loftiest mind, at the height of its culture, and that mind of the world in which this, impelled by no law of its own ordaining, seeks ever its own self-completion and perpetuity.

And where had this mighty instrument of popular sway, this mechanism for moving and moulding the multitude, its first origin, but among men initiated in the profoundest religious and philosophic mysteries of their time, among men exercised in the control and administration of public affairs; men clothed even with imperial sway, the joint administrators of the government of Athens, when Athens sat on the summit of her power, the crowned mistress of the seas, the imperial ruler of "a thousand cities."

Yes, Theseus, and Solon, and Cleis-

thenes and Pythagoras, must be its antecedents *there*; it could not be produced there, till all Athena had been for ages in Athens, till Athena had been for ages in all; till three centuries of Olympiads had poured the Grecian life-blood through it, from Byzantium to Sicily; it could not be produced there, till the life of the state was in each true Athenian nerve, till each true Athenian's nerve was in the growing state; it could not begin to be produced there, till new religious inspirations from the east had reached, with their foreign stimulus, the deeper sources of the national life, till the secret philosophic tenet of the inner temple, had overflowed, with new gold, the ancient myth, and kindled, with new fires, the hearts of the nation's leaders. The gay summits of Homer's "ever-young" Olympus, must be reached and overlaid anew from the earth's central mysteries; the Dyonisian procession must enter the temple; the road to it must cross Ægaleos; the Pnyx must empty its benches into it; Piræus must crowd its stranger's seat with her many costumes, before Eschylus or Sophocles could find an audience to command all their genius. Nay, Zeno and Anaxagoras must send their pupils thither, and Socrates must come in, and the most illustrious scholars of the Olympian cities, from Abdera to Leontium, must be found there, before all the latent resources of the Grecian drama could be unfolded.

And there were men in England, in the age of Elizabeth, who had mastered the Greek and Roman history, and not only that, but the history of their own institutions—men who knew precisely what kind of crisis in human history that was which they were born to occupy. And they had seen the indigenous English drama struggling up, through the earnest, but childish, exhibitions of the cathedral—through "Miracles," and "Mysteries," and "Moralities," to be arrested, in its yet undeveloped vigor, with the unfit and unyielding forms of the finished Grecian art; and when, too, by the combined effect of institutions otherwise at variance, all that had, till then, made its life, was suddenly abstracted from it. The royal ordinances which excluded it, henceforth, from all that vital range of topics which the censorship of a capricious and timorous despotism might include among the inter-

dicted questions of church and state, found it already expelled from the religious sanctuaries—in which not the drama only, but all that which we call art, *par excellence*, has its birth and nurture. And that was the crisis in which the pulpit began to open its new drain upon it, having only a vicious play-house, where once the indefinite priestly authority had summoned all the soul to its spectacles, and the long-drawn aisle, and fretted vault, had lent to them their sheltering sanctities; where once, as of old, the Athenian temple had pressed its scene into the heart of the Athenian hill—the holy hill—and opened its subterranean communication with Eleusis, while its centre was the altar on which the gods themselves threw incense.

And yet, there was a moment in the history of the national genius, when, roused to its utmost—stimulated to its best capability of ingenuity and invention—it found itself constrained to stoop at its height, even to the threshold of this same degraded play-house. There were men in England, who knew what latent capacities that debased instrument of genius yet contained within it—who knew that in the master's hand it might yet be made to yield, even then, and under those conditions, better music than any which those old Greek sons of song had known how to wake in it.

These men knew well enough the proper relation between the essence of the drama and its form. "Considering poetry in respect to the verse, and not to the argument," says one, "though men in learned languages may tie themselves to ancient measures; yet, in modern languages, it seems to me as free to make new measures as to make new dances; and, in these things, the sense is a better judge than the art." Surely, a Schlegel himself could not give us a truer Shakespearean rule than that. Indeed, if we can but catch them when the wind is south-south-west—these grave and oracular Elizabethan wits—we shall find them putting two and two together, now and then, and drawing inferences, and making distinctions which would have much surprised their "uncle-fathers" and "aunt-mothers" at the time, if they had but noted them. But, as they themselves tell us, "in regard to the rawness and unskillfulness of the hands through which they pass, the greatest matters are sometimes car-

nied in the weakest ciphers." Even over their own names, and in those learned tongues of theirs, if we can but once find their stops, and the skill to command them to any utterance of harmony, they will discourse to us, in spite of the disjointed times, the most eloquent music.

For, although they had, indeed, the happiness to pursue their studies under the direct personal supervision of those two matchless scholars, "Eliza and one James," whose influence in the world of letters was then so signally felt, they, nevertheless, evidently ventured to dip into antiquity a little on their own account, and that, apparently, without feeling called upon to render in a perfectly unambiguous report in full of all that they found there, for the benefit of their illustrious patrons, to whom, of course, their literary labors are dedicated. There seemed, indeed, to be no occasion for unpepping the basket on the house's top, and trying conclusions in any so summary manner.

These men distinctly postpone, not their personal reputation only, but the interpretation of their avowed works, to freer ages. There were sparrows abroad then. The tempest was already "singing in the wind," for an ear fine enough to catch it; but only invisible Ariels could dare "to play" then "*on pipe and tabor*," [stage direction]. "Thought is free," but only base Trinculos and low-born Stephanos could dare to whisper to it. "That is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of—Nobody."

Yes, there was one moment in that nation's history, wherein the costume, the fable, the scenic effect, and all the attractive and diverting appliances and concomitants of the stage, even the degradation into which it had fallen, its known subserviency to the passions of the audience, its habit of creating a spectacle merely, all combined to furnish to men, in whom the genius of the nation had attained its highest form, freer instrumentalities than the book, the pamphlet, the public document, the parliament, or the pulpit, when all alike were subject to an oppressive and despotic censorship, when all alike were forbidden to meddle with their own proper questions, when cruel maimings and tortures old and new, life-long imprisonment, and death itself, awaited,

not a violation of these restrictions merely, but a suspicion of an intention, or even wish, to violate them—penalties which England's noblest men suffered, on suspicion only.

There was one moment in that history, in which the ancient drama had, in new forms, its old power; when, stamped and blazoned on its surface everywhere, with the badges of servitude it had yet leaping within the indomitable heart of its ancient freedom, the spirit of the immemorial European liberties, which Magna Charta had only recognized, and more than that, the freedom of the new ages that were then beginning, "the freedom of the chainless mind." There was one moment in which all the elements of the national genius, that are now separated and incorporated in institutions as wide apart, at least, as earth and heaven, were held together, and that in their first vigor, pressed from without into their old Greek conjunction. That moment there was; it is chronicled; we have one word for it; we call it—Shakespeare!

Has the time come at last, or has it not yet come, in which this message of the new time can be laid open to us? This message from the lips of one endowed so wondrously, with skill to utter it; endowed, not with the speaker's melodious tones and subduing harmonies only, but with the teacher's divinely glowing heart, with the ambition that seeks its own in all, with the love that is sweeter than the tongues of men and angels. Are we, or are we not, his legatees? Surely this new summing up of all the real questions of our common life, from such an elevation in it, this new philosophy of all men's business and desires, cannot be without its perpetual vital uses. For, in all the points on which the demonstration rests, these diagrams from the dissolving views of the past are still included in the problems of the present.

And if, in this new and more earnest research into the true ends and meanings of this greatest of our teachers, the poor player who was willing enough to assume the responsibility of these works, while they were still plays—theatrical exhibitions only, and quite in his line for the time; who might, indeed, be glad enough to do it for the sake of the princely patronage that henceforth encompassed his fortunes, even to the

granting of a thousand pounds at a time, if that were needed to complete his purchase—if this good man, sufficiently perplexed already with the developments which the modern criticism has by degrees already laid at his door, does here positively refuse to go any further with us on this road, why e'en let us shake hands with him and part, he as his business and desire shall point him, "for every man hath business and desire, such as it is," and not without a grateful recollection of the good service he has rendered us.

The publisher of these plays let his name go down still and to all posterity on the cover of it. They were his plays. He brought them out,—he and his firm. They took the scholar's text, that dull black and white, that mere ink and paper, and made of it a living, speaking, many-colored, glittering reality, which even the groundlings of that time could appreciate, in some sort. What was Hamlet to them, without his "inky cloak" and his "forest of feathers" and his "razed shoes" and "the roses" on them? And they came out of this man's bag—he was the owner of the "wardrobe" and of the other "stage properties." He was the owner of the manuscripts; and if he came honestly by them, whose business was it to inquire any further, then? If there was no one who chose, just then, to claim the authorship of them, whose else should they be? Was not the actor himself a poet, and a very facetious one, too? Witness the remains of him, the incontestible poetical remains of him, which have come down to us. What if his ill-natured cotemporaries, whose poetic glories he was eclipsing forever with those new plays of his, did assail him on his weak points, and call him, in the face of his time, "*a Johannes Factotum*," and held up to public ridicule his particular style of acting, plainly intimating that it was chargeable with that very fault which the prince of Denmark directs his tragedians to omit—did not the blundering editor of that piece of offensive criticism get a decisive hint from some quarter, that he might better have withheld it; and was it not humbly retracted and hushed up directly? Some of the earlier anonymous plays, which were included in the collection published, after this player's decease, as the plays of William Shakespeare, are, indeed, known to have been

produced anonymously at other theatres, and by companies with which this actor had never any connection; but the poet's company and the player's were, as it seems, two different things; and that is a fact which the criticism and history of these plays, as it stands at present, already exhibits. Several of the plays which form the nucleus of the Shakespeare drama had already been brought out, before the Stratford actor was yet in a position to assume that relation to it which proved so advantageous to his fortunes. Such a nucleus of the Shakespeare drama there was already, when the name which this actor bore, with such orthographical variations as the purpose required, began to be assumed as the name and device of that new sovereignty of genius which was then first rising and kindling behind its cloud, and dimming and overflowing with its greater glory all the less, and gilding all it shone on. The machinery of these theatrical establishments offered, indeed, the most natural and effective, as well as, at that time, on other accounts, the most convenient mode of exhibition for that particular class of subjects which the genius of this particular poet naturally inclined him to meddle with. He had the most profoundly philosophical reasons for preferring that mode of exhibiting his poems, as will be seen hereafter.

And, when we have once learned to recognize the actor's true relations to the works which have given to his name its anomalous significance, we shall be prepared, perhaps, to accept, at last, this great offer of aid in our readings of these works, which has been lying here now two hundred and thirty years, unnoticed; then, and not till then, we shall be able to avail ourselves, at last, of the aid of those "friends of his," to whom, two hundred and thirty years ago, "knowing that his wit could no more lie hid than it could be lost," the editors of the first printed collection of these works venture to refer us; "those other friends of his, whom, IF WE NEED, can be our guides; and, IF WE NEED THEM NOT, we are able to lead ourselves and others, and such readers they wish him."

If we had accepted either of these two conditions—if we had found ourselves with those who need this offered guidance, or with those who need it not

—if we had but gone far enough in our readings of these works to feel the want of that aid, from exterior sources, which is here proffered us—there would not have been presented to the world, at this hour, the spectacle—the stupendous spectacle—of a nation referring the origin of its drama—a drama more noble, and learned, and subtle than the Greek—to the invention—the accidental, unconscious invention—of a stupid, ignorant, illiterate, third-rate play-actor.

If we had, indeed, but applied to these works the commonest rules of historical investigation and criticism, we might, ere this, have been led to inquire, on our own account, whether “this player here,” who brought them out, might not possibly, in an age like that, like the player in Hamlet, have had some friend, or “friends,” who, could, “an’ if they would,” or “an’ if they might,” explain his miracles to us, and the secret of his “poor cell.”

If we had accepted this suggestion, the true Shakespeare would not have been now to seek. In the circle of that patronage with which this player's fortunes brought him in contact, in that illustrious company of wits and poets, we need not have been at a loss to find the philosopher who writes, in his prose as well, and over his own name also,

“In Nature's INFINITE BOOK OF SECRESY,
A little I can read;”——

we should have found one, at least, furnished for that last and ripest proof of learning which the drama, in the unmiraculous order of the human development, must constitute; that proof of it in which philosophy returns from history, from its noblest fields, and from her last analysis, with the secret and material of the creative synthesis—with the secret and material of art. With this direction, we should have been able to identify, ere this, the Philosopher who is only the Poet in disguise—the Philosopher who calls himself the New Magician—the Poet who was toiling and plotting to fill the globe with his Arts, and to make our common, everyday human life poetical—who would have *all* our life, and not a part of it, learned, artistic, beautiful, religious.

We should have found, ere this, ONE, with learning broad enough, and deep enough, and subtle enough, and comprehensive enough, one with nobility of aim and philosophic and poetic genius enough, to be able to claim his own, his own immortal progeny—undwarfed, unblinded, undeprived of one ray or dimple of that all-pervading reason that informs them; one who is able to re-claim them, even now, “cured and perfect in their limbs, and absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them.”

THE RAIN.

I HAD a friend in youth
My purse and my heart to share,
And no brother could be more true than he—
For my fortune then was fair!
But when it grew clouded he left me—
Fled like a bird i' th' air;
And the world was dark, so dark,
For the rain rained everywhere!

I had a true love, too,
A maiden with soft, brown hair;
The clasp of her hand was warm in mine—
And her eyes had a loving shine—
For my fortunes then were fair!
But now she, too, has left me
To battle alone with care;
And the world is dark, dark, dark,
And the rain rains everywhere!

THE GHOST.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

AT the West End of Boston, is a quarter of some fifty streets, more or less, commonly known as Beacon Hill.

It is a rich and respectable quarter, and everybody knows it. The very houses have become sentient of its prevailing character of riches and respectability; and, when the twilight deepens on the place, or at high noon, if your vision is gifted you may see them as long rows of our first giants, with very corpulent or very broad fronts—with solid-set feet of sidewalk, ending in square-toed curb-stone—with an air about them as if they had thrust their hard hands into their wealthy pockets forever—with a character of arctic reserve, and portly dignity, and a well-dressed, full-fed, self-satisfied, opulent, stony, repellant aspect to each, which says plainly: "I belong to a rich family, of the very highest respectability."

History, having much to say of Beacon Hill generally, has, on the present occasion, something to say particularly, of a certain street which bends over the eminence, sloping steeply down to its base. It is an old street—quaint, quiet, and somewhat picturesque. It was young once, though—having been born before the Revolution, and was then given to the city by its father, Mr. Middlecott, who died without heirs, and did this much for posterity. Posterity has not been grateful to Mr. Middlecott. The street bore his name till he was dust, and then got the more aristocratic epithet of Bowdoin. Posterity has paid him by effacing what would have been his noblest epitaph. We may expect, after this, to see Faneuil Hall robbed of its name, and called Smith Hall! Republics are proverbially ungrateful. What safer claim to public remembrance has the old Huguenot, Peter Faneuil, than the old Englishman, Mr. Middlecott? Ghosts, it is said, have risen from the grave to reveal wrongs done them by the living; but it needs no ghost from the grave to prove the proverb about republics.

Bowdoin street only differs from its kindred, in a certain shady, grave, old-fogy, fossil aspect, just touched with a pensive solemnity, as if it thought

to itself, "I'm getting old, but I'm highly respectable; that's a comfort." It has, moreover, a dejected, injured air, as if it brooded solemnly on the wrong done to it by taking away its original name, and calling it Bowdoin: but as if, being a very conservative street, it was resolved to keep a cautious silence on the subject, lest the Union should go to pieces. Sometimes it wears a profound and mysterious look, as if it could tell something if it had a mind to, but thought it best not. Something of the ghost of its father—it was the only child he ever had!—walking there all the night, pausing at the corners to look up at the signs, which bear a strange name, and wringing his ghostly hands in lamentation at the wrong done his memory! Rumor told it in a whisper, many years ago. Perhaps it was believed by a few of the oldest inhabitants of the city; but the highly respectable quarter never heard of it; and, if it had, would not have been bribed to believe it, by any sum. Some one had said that some very old person had seen a phantom there. Nobody knew who some one was. Nobody knew who the very old person was. Nobody knew who had seen it; nor when; nor how. The very rumor was spectral.

All this was many years ago. Since then, it has been reported that a ghost was seen there one bitter Christmas eve, two or three years back. The twilight was already in the street; but the evening lamps were not yet lighted in the windows—and the roofs and chimney-tops were still distinct in the last clear light of the dropping day. It was light enough, however, for one to read, easily, from the opposite sidewalk, "Dr. C. Renton," in black letters, on the silver plate of a door, not far from the gothic portal of the Swedenborgian church. Near this door, stood a misty figure, whose sad, spectral eyes floated on vacancy, and whose long, shadowy white hair, lifted like an airy weft in the streaming wind. That was the ghost! It stood near the door a long time, without any other than a shuddering motion, as though it felt the searching blast, which swept furi-

ously from the north up the declivity of the street, rattling the shutters in its headlong passage. Once or twice, when a passer-by, muffled warmly from the bitter air, hurried past, the phantom shrank closer to the wall, till he was gone. Its vague, mournful face seemed to watch for some one. The twilight darkened, gradually; but it did not flit away. Patiently it kept its piteous look fixed in one direction—watching—watching; and, while the howling wind swept frantically through the chill air, it still seemed to shudder in the piercing cold.

A light suddenly kindled in an opposite window. As if touched by a gleam from the lamp, or, as if by some subtle interior illumination, the spectre became faintly luminous, and a thin smile seemed to quiver over its features. At the same moment, a strong, energetic figure—Dr. Renton, himself—came in sight, striding down the slope of the pavement to his own door, his overcoat thrown back, as if the icy air was a tropical warmth to him—his hat set on the back of his head—and the loose ends of a 'kerchief about his throat, streaming in the nor'-wester. The wind set up a howl, the moment he came in sight, and swept upon him; and a curious agitation began on the part of the phantom. It glided rapidly to and fro, and whirled in circles, and then, with the same swift, silent motion, sailed towards him, as if blown thither by the gale. Its long, thin arms, with something like a pale flame spiring from the tips of the slender fingers, were stretched out, as in greeting, while the wan smile played over its face; and when he rushed by, unheedingly, it made a futile effort to grasp the swinging arms with which he appeared to buffet back the buffeting gale. Then it glided on by his side, looking earnestly into his countenance, and moving its pallid lips with agonized rapidity, as if it said: "Look at me—speak to me—speak to me—see me!" But he kept his course with unconscious eyes, and a vexed frown on his bold, white forehead, betokening an irritated mind. The light that had shone in the figure of the phantom, darkened slowly, till the form was only a pale shadow. The wind had suddenly lulled, and no longer lifted its white hair. It still glided on with him, its head drooping on its breast, and its long arms hanging

by its side; but when he reached the door, it suddenly sprang before him, gazing fixedly into his eyes, while a convulsive motion flashed over its grief-worn features, as if it had shrieked out a word. He had his foot on the step at the moment. With a start, he put his gloved hand to his forehead, while the vexed look went out quickly on his face. The ghost watched him breathlessly. But the irritated expression came back to his countenance more resolutely than before, and he began to fumble in his pocket for a latch-key, muttering petulantly, "what the devil is the matter with me now!" It seemed to him that a voice had cried, clearly, yet as from afar, "Charles Renton!"—his own name. He had heard it in his startled mind; but, then, he knew he was in a highly wrought state of nervous excitement, and his medical science, with that knowledge for a basis, could have reared a formidable fortress of explanation against any phenomenon, were it even more wonderful than this.

He entered the house; kicked the door to; pulled off his overcoat; wrenched off his outer 'kerchief; slammed them on a branch of the clothes-tree; banged his hat on top of them; wheeled about; pushed in the door of his library; strode in, and, leaving the door ajar, threw himself into an easy chair, and sat there in the fire-reddened dusk, with his white brows knit, and his arms tightly locked on his breast. The ghost had followed him, sadly, and now stood, motionless, in a corner of the room, its spectral hands crossed on its bosom, and its white looks drooping down.

It was very evident Dr. Renton was in a bad humor. The very library caught contagion from him, and became grouty and sombre. The furniture was grim, and sullen, and sulky; it made ugly shadows on the carpet and on the wall, in allopathic quantity; it took the red gleams from the fire on its polished surfaces, in homœopathic globules, and got no good from them. The fire itself peered out sulkily from the black bars of the grate, and seemed resolved not to burn the fresh deposit of black coals at the top, but to take this as a good time to remember that those coals had been bought in the summer at five dollars a ton—under price, mind you—when poor people, who cannot buy at advantage, but must get their firing in

the winter, would have given nine or ten dollars for them then. And so (glowered the fire,) I am determined to think of that outrage, and not to light them, but to go out myself, directly! And the fire got into such a spasm of glowing indignation over the injury, that it lit a whole tier of black coals with a series of little explosions, before it could cool down, and sent a crimson gleam over the moody figure of its owner in the easy chair, and over the solemn furniture, and into the shadowy corner filled by the ghost.

It did not move when Dr. Renton arose and lit the chandelier. It stood there, still and gray, in the flood of mellow light. The curtains were drawn, and the twilight without had deepened into darkness. The fire was now burning in despite of itself, fanned by the wintry gusts, which found their way down the chimney. Dr. Renton stood with his back to it—his hands behind him; his bold, white forehead, shaded by a careless lock of black hair, and knit sternly; and the same frown in his handsome, open, searching dark eyes. Tall and strong—with an erect port, and broad, firm shoulders—high, resolute features—a commanding figure, garbed in aristocratic black, and not yet verging into the proportions of obesity—take him for all in all, a very fine and favorable specimen of the solid men of Boston. And seen in contrast (O, could he but have known it!) with the attenuated figure of the poor, dim ghost!

Hark! a very light foot on the stairs—a rich rustle of silks. Everything still again—Dr. Renton looking fixedly, with great sternness, at the half-open door, from whence a faint, delicious perfume floats into the library. Somebody there, for certain. Somebody peeping in with very bright, arch eyes. Dr. Renton knew it, and prepared to maintain his ill humor against the invader. His face became triply armed with severity for the encounter. That's Netty, I know, he thought. His daughter. So it was. In she bounded. Bright little Netty! Gay little Netty! A dear and sweet little creature, to be sure, with a delicate and pleasant beauty of face and figure, it needed no costly silks to grace or heighten. There she stood. Not a word from her merry lips, but a smile which stole over all the solitary grimness of the library, and made everything better, and brighter, and fairer, in a

minute. It floated down into the cavernous humor of Dr. Renton, and the gloom began to lighten directly—though he would not own it, nor relax a single feature. But the wan ghost in the corner lifted its head to look at her, and slowly brightened as to something worthy a spirit's love, and a dim phantom's smiles. Now then, Dr. Renton! the lines are drawn, and the foe is coming. Be martial, sir, as when you stand in the ranks of the cadets on training-days! Steady, and stand the charge. So he did. He kept an inflexible front as she glided towards him, softly, slowly—with her bright eyes smiling into his, and doing dreadful execution. Then she put her white arms around his neck, laid her dear, fair head on his breast, and peered up archly into his stern visage. Spite of himself, he could not keep the fixed lines on his face from breaking confusedly into a faint smile. Somehow or other, his hands came from behind him, and rested on her head. There! That's all. Dr. Renton surrendered at discretion! One of the solid men of Boston was taken after a desperate struggle—internal, of course—for he kissed her, and said, "Dear little Netty!" And so she was.

The phantom watched her with a smile, and wavered and brightened as if about to glide to her; but it grew still, and remained.

"Pa in the sulks to night?" she asked, in the most winning, playful, silvery voice.

"Pa's a fool," he answered in his deep chest-tones, with a vexed good humor; "and you know it."

"What's the matter with pa? What makes him be a great bear? Papa-sy, dear," she continued, stroking his face with her little hands, and patting him, very much as Beauty might have patted the Beast after she fell in love with him—or, as if he were a great baby. In fact, he began to look then, as if he were.

"Matter? O, everything's the matter, little Netty. The world goes round too fast. My boots pinch. Somebody stole my umbrella last year. And I've got a headache." He concluded this general abstract of his grievances by putting his arms around her, and kissing her again. Then he sat down in the easy chair, and took her fondly on his knee.

"Pa's got a headache! It is t-o-o

bad, so it is," she continued in the same soothing, winning way, caressing his bold, white brow with her tiny hands. "It's a horrid shame, so it is! Po-o-r pa. Where does it ache, papa-sy dear? In the forehead? Cerebrum or cerebellum, pa-sy? Occiput or sinciput, deary?"

"Bah! you little quiz," he replied, laughing and pinching her cheek, "none of your nonsense! And what are you dressed up in this way for, to-night? Silks, and laces, and essences, and what not! Where are you going, fairy?"

"Going out with mother for the evening, Dr. Renton," she replied briskly; "Mrs. Larrabee's party, papa-sy. Christmas eve, you know. And what are you going to give me for a present, to-morrow, pa-sy?"

"To-morrow will tell, little Netty."

"Good! And what are you going to give me, so that I can make my presents, Beary?"

"Ugh!" but he growled it in fun, and had a pocket-book out from his breast-pocket, directly after. Fives—tens—twenties—fifties—all crisp, and nice, and new bank-notes.

"Will that be enough, Netty?" He held up a twenty. The smiling face nodded assent, and the bright eyes twinkled.

"No, it won't. But *that* will," he continued, giving her a fifty.

"Fifty dollars, Kilby Bank, Boston!" exclaimed Netty, making great eyes at him. "But we must take all we can get, pa-sy; mustn't we? It's too much, though. Thank you all the same, pa-sy, nevertheless." And she kissed him, and put the bill in a little bit of a porte-monnaie, with a gay laugh.

"Well done, I declare!" he said, smilingly. "But you're going to the party?"

"Pretty soon, pa."

He made no answer; but sat smiling at her. The phantom watched them, silently.

"What made pa so cross and grim, to-night? Tell Netty—do," she pleaded.

"O — because; — everything went wrong with me, to-day. There." And he looked as sulky, at that moment, as he ever did in his life.

"No, no, pa-sy; that won't do. I want the particulars," continued Netty, shaking her head, smilingly.

"Particulars! Well, then, Miss Nathalie Renton," he began, with mock gravity, "your professional father is losing some of his oldest patients. Everybody is in ruinous good health; and the grass is growing in the graveyards."

"In the winter-time, papa!—smart grass!"

"Not that I want practice," he went on, getting into soliloquy; "or patients, either. But to have an interloping she-doctor take a family I've attended ten years, out of my hands, and to hear the hodge-podge gabble about physiological laws, and woman's rights, and no taxation without representation, they learn from her—well, it's too bad!"

"Is that all, pa-sy? Seems to me, I'd like to vote, too," was Netty's piquant rejoinder.

"Hoh! I'll warrant," growled her father. "Hope you'll vote the Whig ticket, Netty, when you get your rights."

"Will the Union be dissolved, then, pa-sy—when the Whigs are beaten?"

"Bah! you little plague," he growled, with a laugh. "But, then, you women don't know anything about politics. So, there. As I was saying, everything went wrong with me to-day. I've been speculating in rail-road stock, and singed my fingers. Then, old Tom Hollis outbid me, to-day, at Leonard's, on a rare medical work, I had set my eyes upon having. Confound him! Then, again, two of my houses are tenantless, and there are folks in two others that won't pay their rent, and I can't get them out. Out they'll go, though, or I'll know why. And, to crown all—um-m. And I wish the devil had him! as he will."

"Had who, Beary-papa?"

"Him. I'll tell you. The street floor of one of my houses in Hanover-street lets for an oyster-room. They keep a bar there, and sell liquor. Last night they had a grand row—a drunken fight, and one man was stabbed, it's thought, fatally."

"Oh, father!" Netty's bright eyes dilated with horror.

"Yes. I hope he won't die. At any rate, there's likely to be a stir about the matter, and my name will be called into question, then, as I'm the landlord. And folks will make a handle of it, and there'll be the very deuce to pay, generally."

He got back the stern, vexed frown, to his face, with the anticipation, and beat the carpet with his foot. The ghost still watched from the angle of the room, and seemed to darken, while its features looked troubled.

"But, father," said Netty, a little tremulously, "I wouldn't let my houses to such people. It's not right; is it? Why, it's horrid to think of men getting drunk, and killing each other!"

Dr. Renton rubbed his hair into disorder, with vexation, and then subsided into solemnity.

"I know it's not exactly right, Netty; but I can't help it. As I said before, I wish the devil had that bar-keeper. I ought to have ordered him out long ago, and then this wouldn't have happened. I've increased his rent twice, hoping to get rid of him so; but he pays without a murmur; and what am I to do? You see, he was an occupant when the building came into my hands, and I let him stay. He pays me a good, round rent; and, apart from his cursed traffic, he's a good tenant. What can I do? It's a good thing for him, and it's a good thing for me, peculiarly. Confound him. Here's a nice rumpus brewing!"

"Dear pa, I'm afraid it's not a good thing for you," said Netty, caressing him, and smoothing his tumbled hair. "Nor for him either. I wouldn't mind the rent he pays you. I'd order him out. It's bad money. There's blood on it."

She had grown pale, and her voice quivered. The phantom glided over to them, and laid its spectral hand upon her forehead. The shadowy eyes looked from under the misty hair into the doctor's face, and the pale lips moved as if speaking the words heard only in the silence of his heart—"hear her, hear her!"

"I must think of it," resumed Dr. Renton, coldly. "I'm resolved, at all events, to warn him that, if anything of this kind occurs again, he must quit at once. I dislike to lose a profitable tenant; for no other business would bring me the sum his does. Hang it, everybody does the best he can with his property—why shouldn't I?"

The ghost, standing near them, drooped its head again on its breast, and crossed its arms. Netty was silent. Dr. Renton continued, petulantly:—

"A precious set of people I manage

to get into my premises. There's a woman hires a couple of rooms for a dwelling, overhead, in that same building, and for three months I haven't got a cent from her. I know these people's tricks. Her month's notice expires tomorrow, and out she goes."

"Poor creature," sighed Netty.

He knit his brow, and beat the carpet with his foot, in vexation.

"Perhaps she can't pay you, pa," trembled the sweet, silvery voice. "You wouldn't turn her out in this cold winter, when she can't pay you—would you, pa?"

"Why don't she get another house, and swindle some one else?" he replied, testily; "there's plenty of rooms to let."

"Perhaps she can't find one, pa," answered Netty.

"Humbug!" retorted her father; "I know better."

"Pa, dear, if I were you, I'd turn out that rum-seller, and let the poor woman stay a little longer; just a little, pa."

"Shan't do it. Hah! that would be scattering money out of both pockets. Shan't do it. Out she shall go; and, as for him—well, he'd better turn over a new leaf. There let us leave the subject, darling. It vexes me. How did we contrive to get into this train. Bah!"

He drew her closer to him, and kissed her forehead. She sat quietly, with her head on his shoulder, thinking very gravely.

"I feel queerly, to-day, little Netty," he began, after a short pause. "My nerves are all high-strung with the turn matters have taken."

"How is it, papa? The headache?" she answered.

"Ye-s—n-o—not exactly; I don't know," he said dubiously; then, in an absent way, "it was that letter set me to think of him all day, I suppose."

"Why, pa, I declare," cried Netty, starting up, "if I didn't forget all about it, and I came down expressly to give it to you! Where is it? O, here it is."

She drew from her pocket an old letter, faded to a pale yellow, and gave it to him. The ghost started suddenly.

"Why, bless my soul! it's the very letter! Where did you get that, Nathalie?" asked Dr. Renton.

"I found it on the stairs after dinner, pa."

"Yes, I do remember taking it up with me; I must have dropped it," he answered, musingly, gazing at the superscription. The ghost was gazing at it, too, with startled interest.

"What beautiful writing it is, pa," murmured the young girl, "Who wrote it to you? It looks yellow enough to have been written a long time since."

"Fifteen years ago, Netty. When you were a baby. And the hand that wrote it has been cold for all that time."

He spoke with a solemn sadness, as if memory lingered with the heart of fifteen years ago, on an old grave. The dim figure by his side had bowed its head, and all was still.

"It is strange," he resumed, speaking vacantly and slowly, "I have not thought of him for so long a time, and to-day—especially this evening—I have felt as if he were constantly near me. It is a singular feeling."

He put his left hand to his forehead, and mused—his right clasped his daughter's shoulder. The phantom slowly raised its head, and gazed at him with a look of unutterable tenderness.

"Who was he, father?" she asked, with a hushed voice.

"A young man—an author—a poet. He had been my friend, when we were boys; and, though I lost sight of him for years—he led an erratic life—we were friends when he died. Poor, poor fellow! Well, he is at peace."

The stern voice had saddened, and was almost tremulous. The spectral form was still.

"How did he die, father?"

"A long story, darling," he replied gravely, "and a sad one. He was very poor and proud. He was a genius—that is, a person without an atom of practical talent. His parents died, the last, his mother, when he was near manhood. I was in college then. Thrown upon the world, he picked up a scanty subsistence with his pen, for a time. I could have got him a place in the counting-house, but he would not take it; in fact, he wasn't fit for it. You can't harness Pegasus to the cart, you know. Besides, he despised mercantile life—without reason, of course; but he was always notional. His love of literature was one of the rocks he

founded on. He wasn't successful; his best compositions were too delicate—fanciful—to please the popular taste; and then he was full of the radical and fanatical notions which infected so many people at that time in New England, and infect them now, for that matter; and his sublimated, impracticable ideas and principles, which he kept till his dying day, always staved off his chances of success. Consequently, he never rose above the drudgery of some employment on newspapers. Then, he was terribly passionate, not without cause, I confess; but it wasn't wise. What I mean is this: if he saw, or if he fancied he saw, any wrong or injury done to any one, it was enough to throw him into a frenzy; he would get black in the face, and absolutely shriek out his denunciations of the wrong-doer. I do believe he would have visited his own brother with the most unsparing invective, if that brother had laid a harming finger on a street-beggar, or a colored man, or a poor person of any kind. I don't blame the feeling; though, with a man like him, it was very apt to be a false or a mistaken one; but, at any rate, its exhibition wasn't sensible. Well, as I was saying, he buffeted about in this world a long time, poorly paid, fed, and clad; taking more care of other people than he did of himself. Then mental suffering, physical exposure, and want killed him."

The stern voice had grown softer than a child's. The same look of unutterable tenderness brooded on the mournful face of the phantom by his side; but its thin, shining hand was laid upon his head, and its countenance had undergone a change. The form was still undefined; but the features had become distinct. They were those of a young man, beautiful and wan, and marked with great suffering.

A pause had fallen on the conversation, in which the father and daughter heard the solemn sighing of the wintry wind around the dwelling. The silence seemed scarcely broken by the voice of the young girl.

"Dear father, this was very sad. Did you say he died of want?"

"Of want, my child, of hunger and cold. I don't doubt it. He had wandered about, as I gather, houseless for a couple of days and nights. It was in December, too. Some one found him, on a rainy night, lying in the street,

drenched, and burning with fever, and had him taken to the hospital. In his wild ravings he mentioned my name, and they sent for me. That was our first meeting after two years. I found him in the hospital—dying. He was delirious, and never recognized me. And, Nathalie, his hair—it had been coal-black, and he wore it very long, he wouldn't let them cut it either; and, as they knew no skill could save him, they let him have his way—his hair was then as white as snow! God alone knows what that brain must have suffered to blanch hair which had been as black as the wing of a raven!"

He covered his eyes with his hand, and sat silently. The fingers of the phantom still shone dimly on his head, and its white locks drooped above him, like a weft of light.

"What was his name, father?" asked the pitying girl.

"George Feval. The very name sounds like fever. He died on Christmas eve, fifteen years ago this night. It was on his death-bed, while his mind was tossing on a sea of delirious fancies, that he wrote me this long letter—for, to the last, I was uppermost in his thoughts. It is a wild, incoherent thing, of course—a strange mixture of sense and madness. But I have kept it as a memorial of him. I have not looked at it for years; but this morning I found it among my papers, and, somehow, it has been in my mind all day."

He slowly unfolded the faded sheets, and sadly gazed at the writing. His daughter had risen from her recumbent posture, and now bent her graceful head over the leaves. The phantom covered its face with its hands.

"What a beautiful manuscript it is, father!" she exclaimed. "The writing is faultless."

"It is, indeed," he replied. "Would he had written his life as fairly!"

"Read it, father," said Nathalie.

"No—but I'll read you a detached passage here and there," he answered, after a pause. "The rest you may read yourself some time, if you wish. It is painful to me. Here's the beginning:

"*My Dear Charles Renton:—Adieu, and adieu. It is Christmas eve, and I am going home. I am soon to exhale from my flesh, like the spirit of a broken flower. Exultemus forever!*"

"It is very wild. His mind was in a fever-craze. Here is a passage that seems to refer to his own experience of life.

"*'Your friendship was dear to me. I give you true love. Stocks and returns. You are rich, but I did not wish to be your bounty's pauper. Could I beg? I had my work to do for the world, but oh! the world has no place for souls that can only love and suffer. How many miles to Babylon? Three score and ten. Not so far—not near so far! Ask starvelings—they know.*"

I wanted to do the world good, and the world has killed me, Charles.'"

"It frightens me," said Nathalie, as he paused.

"We will read no more," he replied sombrely. "It belongs to the psychology of madness. To me, who knew him, there are gleams of sense in it, and passages where the delirium of the language is only a transparent veil on the meaning. All the remainder is devoted to what he thought important advice to me. But it's all wild and vague. Poor—poor George!"

The phantom still hid its face in its hands, as the doctor slowly turned over the pages of the letter. Nathalie, bending over the leaves, laid her finger on the last, and asked—"What are those closing sentences, father? Read them."

"O, that is what he called his 'last counsel' to me. It's as wild as the rest—tinctured with the prevailing ideas of his career. First he says, '*Farewell—farewell*;' then he bids me take his '*counsel into memory on Christmas day*;' then, after enumerating all the wretched classes he can think of in the country, he says, '*These are your sisters and your brothers—love them all.*' Here he says, '*O friend, strong in wealth for so much good, take my last counsel. In the name of the Saviour, I charge you, be true and tender to all men.*' He goes on to bid me '*live and labor for the fallen, the neglected, the suffering, and the poor*;' and finally ends, by advising me to help upstaid any, or all, institutions, laws, and so forth, that bear hardly on the fag-ends of society; and tells me that what he calls '*a service to humanity*' is worth more to the doer than a service to anything else, or than anything we can gain from the world. Ah, well! poor George."

"But isn't all that true father?"—said Netty, "it seems so."

"H'm," he murmured through his closed lips. Then, with a vague smile, folding up the letter meanwhile, he said, "Wild words, Netty, wild words. I've no objection to charity, judiciously given; but poor George's notions are not mine. Every man for himself, is a good general rule. Every man for humanity, as George has it, and in his acceptance of the principle, would send us all to the alms-house pretty soon. The greatest good of the greatest number—that's my rule of action. There are plenty of good institutions for the distressed, and I'm willing to help support 'em, and do. But as for making a martyr of one's self, or tilting against the necessary evils of society, or turning philanthropist at large, or any Quixotism of that sort, I don't believe in it. We didn't make the world, and we can't mend it. Poor George. Well—he's at rest. The world wasn't the place for him."

They grew silent. The spectre glided slowly to the wall, and stood as if it were thinking what, with Dr. Renton's rule of action, was to become of the greatest good of the smallest number. Nathalie sat on her father's knee, thinking only of George Feval, and of his having being starved and grieved to death.

"Father," said Nathalie, softly, "I felt, while you were reading the letter, as if he were near us. Didn't you? The room was so light and still, and the wind sighed so."

"Netty, dear, I've felt that all day, I believe," he replied—"hark! there is the door-bell. Off goes the spirit-world, and here comes the actual. Confound it! Some one to see me, I'll warrant, and I'm not in the mood."

He got into a fret at once, Netty was not the Netty of an hour ago, or she would have coaxed him out of it. But she did not notice it now, in her abstraction, she had risen at the tinkle of the bell, and seated herself in a chair. Presently, a nose, with a great pimple on the end of it, appeared at the edge of the door, and a weak, piping voice said, "there was a woman wanted to see you, sir."

"Who is it, James?—no matter, show her in."

He got up with the vexed scowl on his face, and walked the room. In a minute

the library door opened again, and a pale, thin, rigid, frozen-looking, little woman, scantily clad, the weather being considered, entered, and dropped a curt, awkward bow to Dr. Renton.

"O—Mrs. Miller. Good evening, ma'am. Sit down," he said, with a cold, constrained civility.

The little woman faintly said, "Good evening, Dr. Renton," and sat down stiffly, with her hands crossed before her, in the chair nearest the wall. This was the obdurate tenant, who had paid no rent for three months, and had a notice to quit, expiring to-morrow.

"Cold evening, ma'am," remarked Dr. Renton, in his hard way.

"Yes, sir, it is," was the cowed, awkward answer.

"Won't you sit near the fire, ma'am," said Netty, gently, "you look cold."

"No, miss, thank you. I'm not cold," was the faint reply. She was cold, though, as well she might be with her poor, thin shawl, and open bonnet, in such a bitter night as it was outside. And there was a rigid, sharp, suffering look in her pinched features that betokened she might have been hungry, too.

"Poor people don't mind the cold weather, miss," she said, with a weak smile, her voice getting a little stronger. "They have to bear it, and they get used to it."

She had not evidently borne it long enough to effect the point of indifference. Netty looked at her with a tender pity. Dr. Renton thought to himself—Hoh!—blazoning her poverty—manufacturing sympathy already—the old trick—and steeled himself against any attacks of that kind, looking jealously, meanwhile, at Netty.

"Well, Mrs. Miller," he said, "what is it this evening? I suppose you've brought me my rent."

The little woman grew paler, and her voice seemed to fail on her quivering lips. Netty cast a quick, beseeching look at her father.

"Nathalie, please to leave the room." We'll have no nonsense carried on here, he thought, triumphantly, as Netty rose, and obeyed the stern, decisive order, leaving the door ajar behind her.

He seated himself in his chair, and resolutely put his right leg up to rest on his left knee. He did not look at his tenant's face, determined that her piteous expressions (got up for the oc-

casion, of course,) should be wasted on him.

"Well, Mrs. Miller," he said again.

"Dr. Renton," she began, faintly gathering her voice, as she proceeded, "I have come to see you about the rent. I am very sorry, sir, to have made you wait, but we have been unfortunate."

"Sorry, ma'am," he replied, knowing what was coming; "but your misfortunes are not my affair. We all have misfortunes, ma'am. But we must pay our debts, you know."

"I expected to have got money from my husband, before this, sir," she resumed, "and I wrote to him. I got a letter from him to-day, sir, and it said that he sent me fifty dollars a month ago, in a letter; and it appears that the post-office is to blame, or somebody, for I never got it. It was nearly three months' wages, sir, and it is very hard to lose it. If it hadn't been for that, your rent would have been paid long ago, sir."

"Don't believe a word of *that* story," thought Dr. Renton, sententiously.

"I thought, sir," she continued, emboldened by his silence, "that if you would be willing to wait a little longer, we would manage to pay you soon, and not let it occur again. It has been a hard winter with us, sir; firing is high, and provisions, and everything; and we're only poor people, you know, and it's difficult to get along."

The doctor made no reply.

"My husband was unfortunate, sir, in not being able to get employment here," she resumed; "his being out of work in the autumn, threw us all back, and we've got nothing to depend on but his earnings. The family that he's in now, sir, don't give him very good pay—only twenty dollars a month, and his board—but it was the best chance he could get, and it was either go to Baltimore with them, or stay at home and starve, and so he went, sir. It's been a hard time with us, and one of the children is sick now, with a fever, and we don't hardly know how to make out a living. And so, sir, I have come here this evening, leaving the children alone, to ask you if you wouldn't be kind enough to wait a little longer, and we'll hope to make it right with you in the end."

"Mrs. Miller," said Dr. Renton, with stern composure, "I have no wish to

question the truth of any statement you may make; but I must tell you plainly, that I can't afford to let my houses for nothing. I told you a month ago, that if you couldn't pay me my rent, you must vacate the premises. You know very well that there are plenty of tenants who are able and willing to pay, when the money comes due. *You know that.*"

He paused as he said this, and, glancing at her, saw her pale lips falter. It shook the cruelty of his purpose a little, and he had a vague feeling that he was doing wrong. Not without a proud struggle, during which no word was spoken, could he beat it down. Meanwhile, the phantom had advanced a pace toward the centre of the room.

"That is the state of the matter, ma'am," he resumed coldly. "People who will not pay me my rent must not live in my tenements. You must move out. I have no more to say."

"Dr. Renton," she said faintly, "I have a sick child—how can I move now? O, sir, it's Christmas eve—don't be hard with us!"

Instead of touching him, this speech irritated him beyond measure. Passing all considerations of her difficult position involved in her piteous statement, his anger flashed at once on her implication that he was unjust and unkind. So violent was his excitement that it whirled away the words that rushed to his lips, and only fanned the fury that sparkled from the whiteness of his face in his eyes.

"Be patient with us, sir," she continued, "we are poor, but we mean to pay you; and we can't move now in this cold weather; please, don't be hard with us, sir."

The fury now burst out on his face in a red and angry glow, and the words came.

"Now, attend to me!" He rose to his feet. "I will not hear any more from you. I know nothing of your poverty, nor of the condition of your family. All I know is that you owe me three months' rent, and that you can't or won't pay me. I say, therefore, leave the premises to people who can and will. You have had your legal notice; quit my house to-morrow; if you don't, your furniture shall be put in the street. Mark me—to-morrow!"

The phantom had rushed into the centre of the room. Standing, face to

face with him—dilating—blackening—its whole form shuddering with a fury to which his own was tame; the semblance of a shriek upon its flashing lips, and on its writhing features; and an unearthly anger streaming from its bright and terrible eyes; it seemed to throw down, with its tossing arms, mountains of hate and malediction on the head of him whose words had smitten poverty and suffering, and whose heavy hand was breaking up the barriers of a home.

Dr. Renton sank again into his chair. His tenant—not a woman!—not a sister, but only his tenant; she sat crushed and frightened by the wall. He knew it vaguely. Conscience was battling in his heart with the stubborn devils that had entered there. The phantom stood before him, like a dark cloud in the image of a man. But its darkness was lightening slowly, and its ghostly anger had passed away.

Mrs. Miller, paler than before, had sat mute and trembling among the hopes he had ruined. Yet her desperation forbade her to abandon the chances of his mercy, and she now said:

"Dr. Renton, you surely don't mean what you have told me. Won't you bear with us a little longer, and we will yet make it all right with you?"

"I have given you my answer," he returned coldly; "I have no more to add. I never take back anything I say—never!"

It was true. He never did—never! She half rose from her seat as if to go; but weak and sickened with the bitter result of her visit, she sank down again. There was a pause. Then, solemnly gliding across the lighted room, the phantom stole to her side with glory of compassion on its features. Tenderly, as a son to a mother, it bent over her; its spectral hands of light were stretched above her; its shadowy fall of hair, once blanched by the fever and the anguish, floated on her throbbing brow.

The stern and sullen mood from which had dropped but one fierce flash of anger, still hung above the heat of the doctor's mind, like a dark rack of thunder-cloud. It would have burst anew into a fury of rebuke, had he but known his daughter was listening at the door, while the colloquy went on. It might have flamed violently, had his tenant made any further attempt to

change his purpose. She had not. She had left the room meekly, with the same curt, awkward bow that marked her entrance. He recalled her manner very indistinctly; for a feeling, like a mist, began to gather in his mind, and make the occurrences of moments before uncertain.

Alone, now, he was yet oppressed with a feeling that something was near him. Was it a spiritual instinct? for the phantom stood by his side. It stood silently, with one hand raised above his head, from which a pale flame seemed to flow downward to his brain; its other hand pointed movelessly to the open letter on the table, by his side.

Dr. Renton took the sheets from the table, thinking, at the moment, only of George Feval; but the first line on which his eye rested was, "In the name of the Saviour, I charge you be true and tender to all men!" and the words touched him like a low voice from the grave. Their penetrant reproach pierced the hardness of his heart. He tossed the letter back on the table. The very manner of the act accused him of an insult to the dead. In a moment he took up the faded sheets more reverently, but only to lay them down again.

He had thrown himself on a sofa, striving to be rid of his remorseful thoughts, when the library door opened, and the inside man appeared, with his hand held bashfully over his nose. It flashed on him at once, that his tenant's husband was the servant of a family like this fellow; and, irritated that the whole matter should be thus broadly forced upon him again, he harshly asked him what he wanted. The man only came in to say that Mrs. Renton and the young lady had gone out for the evening, but that tea was laid for him in the dining-room. Dr. Renton did not want any tea, and if anybody called, he was not at home. With this charge, the man left the room, closing the door behind him.

Rising from the sofa, the doctor turned down the lights of the chandelier, and screened the fire. The room was still. The ghost stood, faintly radiant, in a remote corner. Dr. Renton lay down again, but he could not sleep. Things he had forgotten of his dead friend, now started up again in remembrance, fresh from the sleep of many years; and not one of them but linked itself with some mysterious bond

to something connected with his tenant, and became an accusation.

He had lain thus for more than an hour, his mental excitement fast becoming intolerable, when he heard a low strain of music, from the Swedenborgian chapel, hard by. Its first impression was one of solemnity and rest, and its first sense, in his mind, was of relief. Perhaps it was the music of an evening meeting; or it might be that the organist and choir had met for practice. Whatever its purpose, it breathed through his heated fancy like a cool and fragrant wind. Low and sad at first, he heard it swell and rise to a mournful dirge, but so subdued, that it touched him with awe. Gradually the fires in his brain sank down, and all yielded to a sense of coolness and repose.

Gradually sinking, also, the music failed. A pause, and then it rose again, blended with the solemn voices of the choir. It rose from pathos into wild despair; and, swelling upward in an agony of supplication, sank, and died in a low and wailing sigh.

Yielding now with a sense in his spirit like despair, the tears streamed silently down the listener's face; and the low chant sighed above him, and died away. Dr. Renton slept. The room was dim and silent, and the furniture took uncouth shapes around him. The red glow upon the ceiling, from the screened fire, showed the misty figure of the phantom kneeling by his side. All light had gone from the spectral form. It knelt beside him, mutely, as in prayer. Once it gazed at his quiet face with a mournful tenderness, and its shadowy hands caressed his forehead. Then it resumed its former attitude, and the slow hours crept by.

At last it rose, and glided to the table, on which lay the open letter. It seemed to try to lift the sheets with its misty hands—but vainly. Next it essayed the lifting of a pen which lay there—but failed. It was a piteous sight, to see its idle efforts on these shapes of grosser matter, which, to its strengthless essence, had now but the existence of illusions. Wandering about the shadowy room, it wrung its phantom hands as in despair.

Presently it grew still. Then it passed quickly to his side, and stood before him. He slept calmly. It placed one

ghostly hand above his forehead, and, with the other, pointed to the open letter. In this attitude, its shape grew momentarily more distinct. It began to kindle into brightness. The pale flame again flowed from its hand, streaming downward to the brain. A look of trouble darkened the sleeping face. Stronger—stronger, brighter—brighter: until, at last, it stood before him, a glorious shape of light, with an awful look of commanding love in its shining features—and, the doctor suddenly awoke.

The phantom had vanished. He saw nothing. His first impression was, not that he had dreamed, but that, awaking in the familiar room, he had seen the spirit of his dead friend, bright and awful, by his side, and that it had gone! In the flash of that quick change, from sleeping to waking, he had detected, he thought, the unearthly being that, he now felt, watched him from behind the air, and it had vanished! The library was the same as in the moment of that supernatural revealing; the open letter lay upon the table still; only *that* was gone which had made these common aspects terrible. Then, all the hard, strong skepticism of his nature, which had been driven backward by the shock of his first conviction, recoiled, and rushed within him, violently struggling for its former vantage ground; till, at length, it achieved the foothold for a doubt. Could he have dreamed? The ghost, invisible, still watched him. Yes—a dream—only a dream; but, how vivid—how strange! With a slow thrill creeping through his veins—the blood curdling at his heart—a cold sweat starting on his forehead, he stared through the dimness of the room.

In a moment, remembering the letter to which the phantom of his dream had pointed, he rose and took it from the table. The last page lay upward, and every word of the solemn counsel at the end seemed to dilate on the paper, and all its mighty meaning rushed upon his soul. Trembling in his own despite, he laid it down, and turned away. A physician—he remembered that he was in a violent state of nervous excitement, and thought that when he grew calmer its effects would pass away. But the hand that had touched him, had gone down deeper than the physician, and reached what God had made.

He strove in vain. The very room in its light and silence, and the lurking sense of something watching him, became terrible. He could not endure it. The devil in his heart, grown pusillanimous, cowered beneath the flashing strokes of his aroused and terrible conscience. He could not endure it. He must go out. He will walk the streets. It is not late—it is but ten o'clock. He will go.

The air of his dream still hung heavily about him. He was in the street—he hardly remembered how he had got there, or when; but there he was, wrapped up from the searching cold, thinking, with a quiet horror in his mind, of the darkened room he had left behind, and haunted by the sense that something was groping about there in the darkness, searching for him. The night was still and cold. The full moon was in the zenith. Its icy splendor lay on the bare streets, and on the walls of the dwellings. The lighted oblong squares of curtained windows, here and there, seemed dim and waxen in the frigid glory. The familiar aspect of the quarter had passed away, leaving behind only a corpse-like neighborhood, whose huge, dead features, staring rigidly through the thin, white shroud of moonlight that covered all, left no breath upon the stainless skies. Through the vast silence of the night he passed along; the very sound of his footfalls was remote to his muffled sense.

Gradually, as he reached the first corner, he had an uneasy feeling that a thing—a formless, unimaginable thing—was dogging him. He had thought of going down to his club-room; but he now shrank from entering, with this thing near him, the lighted rooms where his set were busy with cards and billiards, over their liquors and cigars, and where the heated air was full of their idle faces and careless chatter, lest some one should bawl out that he was pale, and ask him what was the matter, and he should answer, tremblingly, that something was following him, and was near him then! He must get rid of it first; he must walk quickly, and baffle its pursuit by turning sharp corners, and plunging into devious streets and crooked lanes, and so lose it!

It was difficult to reach through memory to the crazy chaos of his mind on that night, and recall the route he took while haunted by this feeling; but

he afterwards remembered that, without any other purpose than to baffle his imaginary pursuer, he traversed at a rapid pace a large portion of the moonlit city; always (he knew not why) avoiding the more populous thoroughfares, and choosing unfrequented and tortuous by-ways, but never ridding himself of that horrible confusion of mind, in which the faces of his dead friend and the pale woman were strangely blended, nor of the fancy that he was followed. Once, as he passed the hospital where Feval died, a faint hint seemed to flash and vanish from the clouds of his lunacy, and almost identify the dogging goblin with the figure of his dream; but the conception instantly mixed with a disconnected remembrance that this was Christmas eve, and then slipped from him, and was lost. He did not pause there, but strode on. At last he was haunted with a gathering sense that his journey was coming to an end. And suddenly, thank God! the goblin was gone. He was free. He stood panting, like one just roused from some terrific dream, wiping the reeking perspiration from his forehead. He felt he had wandered a long distance from his house, but had no distinct perception of his whereabouts. He only knew he was in some thinly-peopled street, whose familiar aspect seemed lost to him in the magical disguise the superb moonlight had thrown over all. Suddenly a film seemed to drop from his eyes, as they became riveted on a lighted window, on the opposite side of the way. He started, and a secret terror crept over him, vaguely mixed with the memory of the shock he had felt as he turned the last corner, and his distinct, awful feeling that something invisible had passed him. At the same instant he felt, and thrilled to feel, a touch, as of a light finger, on his cheek. He was in Hanover street. Before him was the house—the oyster-room staring at him through the lighted transparencies of its two windows, like two square eyes, below; and his tenant's light in a chamber above! The added shock which this discovery gave to the heaving of his heart, made him gasp for breath. Could it be? Did he still dream? While he stood panting, and staring at the building, the city clocks began to strike. Eleven o'clock; it was ten when he came away; how he must

have driven! His thoughts caught up the word. Driven—by what? Driven from his house in horror, through street and lane, over half the city—driven—hunted in terror, and smitten by a shock here! Driven—driven! He could not rid his mind of the word, nor of its meaning. The pavements about him began to ring and echo with the tramp of many feet, and the cold, brittle air was shivered with the noisy voices that had roared and bawled applause and laughter at the National Theatre, all the evening, and were now singing and howling homeward. Groups of rude men, and ruder boys, their breaths steaming in the icy air, began to tramp by, jostling him as they passed, till he was forced to draw back to the wall, and give them the sidewalk. Dazzled and giddy, in cold fear, and with the returning sense of something near him, he stood and watched the groups that pushed and tumbled in through the entrance of the oyster room, whistling and chattering as they went, and banging the door behind them. He noticed that some came out presently, banging the door harder, and went, smoking and shouting, down the street. Still they poured in and out, while the street was startled with their riot, and the bar-room within echoed their trampling feet and hoarse voices. Then, as his glance wandered upward, to his tenant's window, he thought of the sick child, mixing this hideous discord in the dreams of fever. The word brought up the name and the thought of his dead friend. "In the name of the Saviour, I charge you, be true and tender to all men!" The memory of these words seemed to ring clearly, as if a voice had spoken them, above the roar that suddenly rose in his mind. In that moment he felt himself a wretched and most guilty man. He felt that his cruel words had entered that humble home, to make desperate poverty more desperate, to sicken sickness, and to sadden sorrow. Before him was the dram-shop, let and licensed to nourish the worst and most brutal appetites and instincts of human natures, at the sacrifice of all their highest and holiest tendencies. The throng of tipplers and drunkards was swarming through its hopeless door, to gulp the fiery liquor whose fumes give all shames, woes, miseries, and crimes, a lawless strength and life, and change the man into the

pig or tiger. Murder was done, or nearly done, within those walls last night. Within those walls no good was ever done; but, daily, unmitigated evil, whose results were reaching on to torture unborn generations. He had consented to it all! He could not falter, or equivocate, or evade, or excuse. His dead friend's words rang in his conscience like the trump of the judgment angel.

With this he was conquered, and then the world, sadder than before, but sweeter, seemed to come back to him. A great feeling of relief flowed upon his mind. Pale and trembling still, he crossed the street with a quick, unsteady step, entered a yard at the side of the house, and, brushing by a host of white, rattling spectres of frozen clothes, which dangled from lines in the inclosure, mounted some wooden steps, and rang the bell. In a minute he heard footsteps within, and saw the gleam of a lamp. His heart palpitated violently as he heard the lock turning, lest the answerer of his summons might be his tenant. The door opened, and, to his relief, he stood before a rather decent-looking Irishman, bending forward in his stockinged feet, with one boot and a lamp in his hand. The man stared at him from a wild head of tumbled red hair, with a half smile round his loose open mouth, and said "Begorra!" This was a second floor tenant.

Dr. Renton was relieved at the sight of him; but he rather failed in an attempt at his rent-day suavity of manner, when he said—

"Good evening, Mr. Flanagan. Do you think I can see Mrs. Miller to-night?"

"She's up *there*, docther, anyway." Mr. Flanagan made a sudden start for the stairs, with the boot and lamp at arm's length before him, and stopped as suddenly. "Yull go up?—or wud she come down to ye?" There was as much anxious indecision in Mr. Flanagan's general aspect, pending the reply, as if he had to answer the question himself.

"I'll go up, Mr. Flanagan," returned Dr. Renton, stepping in, after a pause, and shutting the door. "But I'm afraid she's in bed." "Naw—she's not, sur." Mr. Flanagan made another feint with the boot and lamp at the stairs, but stopped again in curious bewilderment, and rubbed his head. Then, with an-

other inspiration, and speaking with such velocity that his words ran into each other, pell-mell, he continued: "Th' small grr's sick, sur. Begorra, I wor just pullin' on th' boots tuh gaw for the docther, in th' nixt streth, an' summons him to hur relehf, fur it's bad she is. A'id bether be goan." Another start, and a movement to put on the boot instantly, baffled by his getting the lamp into the leg of it, and involving himself in difficulties in trying to get it out again without dropping either, and stopped finally by Dr. Renton.

"You needn't go, Mr. Flanagan. I'll see to the child. Don't go."

He stepped slowly up the stairs, followed by the bewildered Flanagan. All this time Dr. Renton was listening to the racket from the bar-room. Clinking of glasses, rattling of dishes, trampling of feet, oaths and laughter, and a confused din of coarse voices, mingling with boisterous calls for oysters and drink, came, hardly deadened by the partition walls, from the haant below, and echoed through the corridors. Loud enough within—louder in the street without, where the oysters and drink were reeling and roaring off to brutal dreams. People trying to sleep here; a sick child up stairs. Listen! "*Two stew! One roast! Four ale! Hurry 'em up! Three stew! In number six! One fancy—two roast! One sling! Three brandy—hot! Two stew! One whisk' skin! Hurry 'em up! What yeh 'bout! Three brand' punch—hot! Four stew! What-ye-e-h 'bout! Two gin-cock-t'il! One stew! Hu-r-r-y 'em up!*" Clashing, rattling, cursing, swearing, laughing, shouting, trampling, stumbling, driving, slamming of doors. "*Hu-r-ry 'em up.*"

"Flanagan," said Dr. Renton, stopping at the first landing, "do you have this noise every night?"

"Naise? Hoo! Divil a night, docther, but I'm wehkud on ov me bed wid 'em, Sundays an' all. Sure didn't they murder wan of 'em, out an' out, last night!"

"Is the man dead?"

"Dead? Troth he is. An' cowl'd."

"H'm"—through his compressed Eps. "Flanagan, you needn't come up. I know the door. Just hold the light for me here. There, that'll do. Thank you." He whispered the last from the top of the second flight.

"Are ye there, docther?" Flanagan anxious to the last, and trying to peer

up at him with the lamp-light in his eyes.

"Yes. That'll do. Thank you;" in the same whisper. Before he could tap at the door, then darkening in the receding light, it opened suddenly, and a big Irish woman bounced out, and then whisked in again, calling to some one in an inner room: "Here he is, Mrs. Mill'r," and then bounced out again, with a "Walk royt in, if *you* plaze; here's the choild"—and whisked in again, with a "Sure an' Jehms was quick;" never once looking at him, and utterly unconscious of the presence of her landlord. He had hardly stepped into the room and taken off his hat, when Mrs. Miller came from the inner chamber with a lamp in her hand. How she started! With her pale face grown suddenly paler, and her hand on her bosom, she could only exclaim: "Why, it's Dr. Renton!" and stand, still and dumb, gazing with a frightened look at his face, whiter than her own. Whereupon Mrs. Flanagan came bolting out again, with wild eyes and a sort of stupefied horror in her good, coarse, Irish features; and, then with some uncouth ejaculation, ran back, and was heard to tumble over something within, and tumble something else over in her fall, and gather herself up with a subdued howl, and subside.

"Mrs. Miller," began Dr. Renton, in a low, husky voice, glancing at her frightened face, "I hope you'll be composed. I spoke to you very harshly and rudely to-night; but I really was not myself—I was in anger—and I ask your pardon. Please to overlook it all, and—but I will speak of this presently; now—I am a physician; will you let me look now at your sick child?"

He spoke hurriedly, but with evident sincerity. For a moment her lips faltered; then a slow flush came up, with a quick change of expression on her thin, worn face, and, reddening to painful scarlet, died away in a deeper pallor.

"Dr. Renton," she said hastily, "I have no ill-feeling for you, sir, and I know you were hurt and vexed—and I know you have tried to make it up to me again, sir—secretly. I know who it was, now; but I can't take it, sir. You must take it back. You know it was you sent it, sir."

"Mrs. Miller," he replied, puzzled beyond measure, "I don't understand you. What do you mean?"

"Don't deny it, sir. Please not to," she said imploringly, the tears starting to her eyes. "I am very grateful—indeed I am. But I can't accept it. Do take it again."

"Mrs. Miller," he replied, in a hasty voice, "what do you mean? I have sent you nothing—nothing at all. I have, therefore, nothing to receive again."

She looked at him fixedly, evidently impressed by the fervor of his denial.

"You sent me nothing to-night, sir?" she asked, doubtfully.

"Nothing, at any time—nothing," he answered, firmly.

It would have been folly to have disbelieved the truthful look of his wondering face, and she turned away in amazement and confusion. There was a long pause.

"I hope, Mrs. Miller, you will not refuse any assistance I can render to your child," he said, at length.

She started, and replied, tremblingly and confusedly, "No, sir; we shall be grateful to you, if you can save her"—and went quickly, with a strange abstraction on her white face, into the inner room. He followed her at once, and, hardly glancing at Mrs. Flanagan, who sat there in stupefaction, with her apron over her head and face, he laid his hat on a table, went to the bedside of the little girl, and felt her head and pulse. He soon satisfied himself that the little sufferer was in no danger, under proper remedies, and now dashed down a prescription on a leaf from his pocket-book. Mrs. Flanagan, who had come out from the retirement of her apron, to stare stupidly at him during the examination, suddenly bobbed up on her legs, with enlightened alacrity, when he asked if there was any one that could go out to the apothecary's, and said, "sure I wull!" He had a little trouble to make her understand that the prescription, which she took by the corner, holding it away from her, as if it was going to explode presently, and staring at it upside down—was to be left—"left, mind you, Mrs. Flanagan—with the apothecary—Mr. Flint—at the nearest corner—and he will give you some things, which you are to bring here." But she had shuffled off at last with a confident, "yis, sur—aw, I knoo," her head nodding satisfied assent, and her big thumb covering the line on the margin, "charge to Dr. C. Renton, Bowdoin-street,"

(which, I know, could not keep it from the eyes of the angels!) and he sat down to await her return.

"Mrs. Miller," he said, kindly, "don't be alarmed about your child. She is doing well; and, after you have given her the medicine Mrs. Flanagan will bring, you'll find her much better, to-morrow. She must be kept cool and quiet, you know, and she'll be all right soon."

"O, Dr. Renton, I am very grateful," was the tremulous reply; "and we will follow all directions, sir. It is hard to keep her quiet, sir; we keep as still as we can, and the other children are very still; but the street is very noisy all the day time and evening, sir, and—"

"I know it, Mrs. Miller. And I'm afraid those people down stairs disturb you somewhat."

"They make some stir in the evening, sir; and it's rather loud in the street sometimes, at night. The folks on the lower floors are troubled a good deal, they say."

Well they may be. Listen to the bawling outside, now, cold as it is. Hark! A hoarse group on the opposite sidewalk beginning a song. "Ro-o-l on, sil-ver mo-o-n," —. The silver moon ceases to roll in a sudden explosion of yells and laughter, sending up broken fragments of curses, ribald jeers, whoopings, and cat-calls, high into the night-air. "Ga-l-a-ng! Hi-hi! What ye-e-h 'bout!"

"This is outrageous, Mrs. Miller. Where's the watchman?"

She smiled faintly. "He takes one of them off occasionally, sir; but he's afraid; they beat him sometimes." A long pause.

"Isn't your room rather cold, Mrs. Miller?" He glanced at the black stove, dimly seen in the outer room. "It is necessary to keep the rooms cool, just now, but this air seems to me cold."

Receiving no answer, he looked at her, and saw the sad truth in her averted face.

"I beg your pardon," he said quickly, flushing to the roots of his hair. "I might have known, after what you said to me this evening."

"We had a little fire here, to-day, sir," she said, struggling with the pride and shame of poverty; "but we have been out of firing for two or three days,

and we owe the wharfman something now. The two boys picked up a few chips; but the poor children find it hard to get them, sir. Times are very hard with us, sir; indeed, they are. We'd have got along better, if my husband's money had come, and your rent would have been paid."

"Never mind the rent!—don't speak of that!" he broke in, with his face all aglow. "Mrs. Miller, I haven't done right by you—I know it. Be frank with me. Are you in want of—have you—need of—food?"

No need of answer to that faintly stammered question. The thin, rigid face was covered from his sight by the worn, wan hands, and all the pride and shame of poverty, and all the frigid truth of cold, hunger, anxiety, and sickened sorrow, they had concealed, had given way at last in a rush of tears. He could not speak. With a smitten heart, he knew it all, now. Ah! Dr. Renton, you know these people's tricks? you know their lying blazon of poverty, to gather sympathy?

"Mrs. Miller"—she had ceased weeping, and, as he spoke, she looked at him, with the tear-stains still on her agitated face, half ashamed that he had seen her—"Mrs. Miller, I am sorry. This shall all be remedied. Don't tell me it shan't! Don't! I say it shall! Mrs. Miller, I'm—I'm ashamed of myself. I am, indeed."

"I am very grateful, sir, I'm sure," said she; "but we don't like to take charity, though we need help; but we can get along now, sir—for, I suppose I must keep it, as you say you didn't send it, and use it, for the children's sake and thank God for his good mercy—since I don't know, and never shall, where it came from, now."

"Mrs. Miller," he said quickly, "you spoke in this way before; and I don't know what you refer to. What do you mean by—it?"

"O, I forgot, sir; it puzzles me so. You see, sir, I was sitting here after I got home from your house, thinking what I should do, when Mrs. Flanagan came up stairs with a letter for me, that she said a strange man left at the door for Mrs. Miller; and Mrs. Flanagan couldn't describe him well, or understandably; and it had no direction at all, only the man inquired who was the landlord, and if Mrs. Miller had a sick child, and then said the letter was

for me; and there was no writing inside the letter, but there was fifty dollars. That's all, sir. It gave me a great shock, sir; and I couldn't think who sent it, only when you came to-night, I thought it was you; but you said it wasn't, and I never shall know who it was, now. It seems as if the hand of God was in it, sir, for it came when everything was darkest, and I was in despair."

"Why, Mrs. Miller," he slowly answered, "this is very mysterious. The man inquired if I was the owner of the house—oh, no—he only inquired who was—but then he knew I was the—O bother! I'm getting nowhere. Let's see. Why it must be some one you know, or that knows your circumstances."

"But there's no one knows them but yourself, and I told you," she replied; "no one else but the people in the house. It must have been some rich person, for the letter was a gilt-edge sheet, and there was perfume in it, sir."

"Strange," he murmured. "Well, I give it up. All is, I advise you to keep it, and I'm very glad some one did his duty by you in your hour of need, though I'm sorry it was not myself. Here's Mrs. Flanagan."

There was a good deal done, and a great burden lifted off an humble heart—nay, two! before Dr. Renton thought of going home. There was a patient gained, likely to do Dr. Renton more good than any patient he had lost. There was a kettle singing on the stove, and blowing off a happier steam than any engine ever blew on that rail-road whose unmarketable stock had singed Dr. Renton's fingers. There was a yellow gleam flickering from the blazing fire on the sober binding of a good old Book upon a shelf with others, a rarer medical work than ever slipped at auction from Dr. Renton's hands, since it kept the sacred lore of Him who healed the sick, and fed the hungry, and comforted the poor, and who was also the Physician of souls.

And there were other offices performed, of lesser range than these, before he rose to go. There were cooling mixtures blended for the sick child; medicines arranged; directions given; and all the items of her *tendante* orderly foreseen, and put in pigeon holes of When and How, for service.

At last he rose to go. "And now,

Mrs. Miller," he said, "I'll come here at ten in the morning, and see to our patient. She'll be nicely by that time. And—(listen to those brutes in the street!—twelve o'clock, too—ah! there's the bell),—as I was saying, my offense to you being occasioned by your debt to me, I feel my receipt for your debt should commence my reparation to you; and I'll bring it to-morrow. Mrs. Miller—you don't quite come at me—what I mean is—you owe me, under a notice to quit, three months' rent. Consider that paid, in full. I never will take a cent of it from you—not a copper. And I take back the notice. Stay in my house as long as you like; the longer the better. But, up to this date, your rent's paid. There. I hope you'll have as happy a Christmas as circumstances will allow, and I mean you shall."

A flush of astonishment—of indefinite emotion, overspread her face.

"Dr. Renton, stop, sir!" He was moving to the door. "Please, sir, *do* hear me! You are very good—but I can't allow you to—Dr. Renton, we are able to pay you the rent, and we *will* and we *must*—here—now. O, sir, my gratefulness will never fail to you—but, here—here—be fair with me, sir, and *do* take it!"

She had hurried to a chest of drawers, and came back with the letter which she had rustled apart with eager, trembling hands, and now, unfolding the single bank-note it had contained, she thrust it into his fingers as they closed.

"Here, Mrs. Miller"—she had drawn back with her arms locked on her bosom, and he stepped forward—"no, no. This shan't be. Come, come, you must take it back. Good heavens!" he spoke low, but his eyes blazed in the red glow which broke out on his face, and the crisp note in his extended hand shook violently at her—"Sooner than take this money from you, I would perish in the street! What! Do you think I will rob you of the gift sent you by some one who had a human heart for the distresses I was aggravating? sooner than—here take it! O, my God! what's this!"

The red glow on his face went out, with this exclamation, in a pallor like marble, and he jerked back the note to his starting eyes; Kilby Bank—Boston—Fifty Dollars. For a minute he gazed at the motionless bill in his hand.

Then, with his hueless lips compressed, he seized the blank letter from his astonished tenant, and looked at it, turning it over and over. Grained letter-paper—gilt edged—with a favorite perfume in it. Where's Mrs. Flanagan? Outside the door, sitting on the top of the stairs, with her apron over her head, crying. Mrs. Flanagan! Here! In she tumbled, her big feet kicking her skirts before her, and her eyes and face as red as a beet.

"Mrs. Flanagan, what kind of a looking man gave you this letter at the door to-night?"

"A-w, Docther Rinton, dawn't ax me! Bother, an' all, an' sure an' I cudn't see him wud his fur-r hat, an' he a-ll boondled oop wud his co-at oop on his e-ars, an' his big han' kershuf smotherin' thuh mouth uv him, an' sorra a bit uv him tuh be looked at, sehvin' thuh poomple on thuh ind uv his naws!"

"The *what* on the end of his nose?"

"Thuh poomple, sur."

"What does she mean, Mrs. Miller?" said the puzzled questioner, turning to his tenant.

"I don't know, sir, indeed," was the reply; "she said that to me, and I couldn't understand her."

"It's thuh poomple, docther. Dawn't ye knoo? Thuh big, flehmin poomple oop there." She indicated the locality, by flattening the rude tip of her own nose with her broad forefinger.

"O-h, the pimple! I have it." So he had. Netty, Netty!

He said nothing, but sat down in a chair, with his bold, white brow knitted, and the warm tears in his dark eyes.

"You know who sent it, sir, don't you?" asked his wondering tenant, catching the meaning of all this.

"Mrs. Miller, I do. But I cannot tell you. Take it now, and use it. It is doubly yours. There. Thank you."

She had taken it, with an emotion in her face that gave a quicker motion to his throbbing heart. He rose to his feet, hat in hand, and turned away. The noise of a passing group of roysterers in the street without, came strangely loud into the silence of that room.

"Good night, Mrs. Miller. I'll be here in the morning. Good night."

"Good night, sir. God bless you, sir!"

He turned around quickly. The

warm tears in his dark eyes had flowed on his face, which was pale; and his firm lip quivered.

"I hope He will, Mrs. Miller—I hope He will. It should have been said oftener."

"He was on the outer threshold. Mrs. Flanagan had, somehow, got there before him, with a lamp, and he followed her down through the dancing shadows, with blurred eyes. On the lower landing, he stopped to hear the jar of some noisy wrangle, thick with oaths, from the bar-room. He listened for a moment, and then turned to the staring stupor of Mrs. Flanagan's rugged visage.

"Sure, their at ut, docther, wud a wull," she said, smiling.

"Yes. Mrs. Flanagan, you'll stay up with Mrs. Miller to-night, won't you?"

"Dade an' I wull, sur."

"That's right. Do. And make her try and sleep, for she must be tired. Keep up a fire—not too warm, you understand. There'll be wood and coal coming to-morrow, and she'll pay you back."

"A-w, docther, dawn't, noo!"

"Well, well. And—look here; have you got anything to eat in the house? Yes; well; take it up stairs. Wake up those two boys, and give them something to eat. Don't let Mrs. Miller stop you. Make her eat something. Tell her I said she must. And, first of all, get your bonnet, and go to that apothecary's—Flint's—for a bottle of port wine, for Mrs. Miller. Hold on. There's the order." (He had a leaf out of his pocket-book in a minute, and wrote it down.) "Go with this, the first thing. Ring Flint's bell, and he'll wake up. And here's something for your own Christmas dinner, to-morrow." Out of the roll of bills, he drew one of the tens—Kilby Bank—Boston—and gave it to Mrs. Flanagan.

"A-w, dawn't noo, docther."

"Bother! Its for yourself, mind. Take it. There. And now unlock the door. That's it. Good night, Mrs. Flanagan."

"An' meh thuh Hawly Vurgin hape blessin's on ye, Docther Rinton, wud a-l thuh compliments uv thuh sehzin, for yur thuh—"

He lost the end of Mrs. Flanagan's parting benedictions, in the moonlit street. He did not pause till he was at the door of the oyster-room. He

paused then, to make way for a tipsy company of four, who reeled out—the gas-light from the bar-room on the edges of their sodden, distorted faces—giving three shouts and a yell, as they slammed the door behind them.

He pushed after a party that was just entering. They went at once for drink to the upper end of the room, where a rowdy crew, with cigars in their mouths, and liquor in their hands, stood before the bar, in a knotty wrangle concerning some one who was killed. Where is the keeper? O, there he is, mixing hot brandy punch for two. Here, you, sir, go up quietly, and tell Mr. Rollins Dr. Renton wants to see him. The waiter came back presently to say Mr. Rollins would be right along. Twenty-five minutes past twelve. Oyster trade nearly over. Gaudy curtained booths on the left all empty, but two. Oyster openers and waiters—three of them in all—nearly done for the night, and two of them sparring and scuffling behind a pile of oysters on the trough, with the colored print of the great prize fight between Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan, in a veneered frame above them on the wall. Blower up from the fire opposite the bar, and stewpans and griddles empty and idle on the bench beside it, among the unwashed bowls and dishes. Oyster trade nearly over. Bar still busy.

Here comes Rollins in his shirt-sleeves, with an apron on. Thick-set, muscular man—frizzled head, low forehead, sharp, black eyes, flabby face, with a false, greasy smile on it now, oiling over a curious, stealthy expression of mingled surprise and inquiry, as he sees his landlord here at this unusual hour.

"Come in here, Mr. Rollins; I want to speak to you."

"Yes, sir. Jim," (to the waiter) "go and tend bar." They sat down in one of the booths, and lowered the curtain. Dr. Renton, at one side of the table within, looking at Rollins, sitting leaning on his folded arms, at the other side.

"Mr. Rollins, I am told the man who was stabbed here last night is dead. Is that so?"

"Well, he is, Dr. Renton. Died this afternoon."

"Mr. Rollins, this is a serious matter; what are you going to do about it?"

"Can't help it, sir. Who's a-goin' to touch *me*? Called in a watchman. Whole mess of 'em had out. Who knows 'em? Nobody knows 'em. Man that was struck, never see the fellers as struck him in all his life till then. Didn't know wich one of 'em did it. Didn't know nothing. Don't now, an' never will, 'nless he meets 'em in hell. That's all. Feller's dead, an' who's a-goin' to touch *me*? Can't do it. Ca-n-t do it."

"Mr. Rollins," said Dr. Renton, thoroughly disgusted with this man's brutal indifference, "your lease expires in three days."

"Well, it does. Hope to make a renewal with you, Dr. Renton. Trade's good here. Shouldn't mind more rent on, if you insist—hope you won't—if it's anything in reason. Promise sol-lum, I shan't have no more fighting' in here. Couldn't help this. Accidents *will* happen, yo' know."

"Mr. Rollins, the case is this, if you didn't sell liquor here, you'd have no murder done in your place—murder, sir. That man was murdered. It's your fault, and it's mine, too. I ought not to have let you the place for your business. It is a cursed traffic, and you and I ought to have found it out long ago. I have. I hope you will. Now, I advise you, as a friend, to give up selling rum for the future: you see what it comes to—don't you? At any rate, I will not be responsible for the outrages that are perpetrated in my building, any more—I will not have liquor sold here. I refuse to renew your lease. In three days you must move."

"Dr. Renton, you hurt my feelin's. Now, how would you—"

"Mr. Rollins, I have spoken to you as a friend, and you have no cause for pain. You must quit these premises when your lease expires. I'm sorry I can't make you go before that. Make no appeals to me, if you please. I am fixed. Now, sir, good night."

The curtain was pulled up and Rollins rolled over to his beloved bar, soothing his lacerated feelings by swearing like a pirate, while Dr. Renton strode to the door, and went into the street, homeward.

He walked fast through the magical moonlight, with a strange feeling of sternness, and tenderness, and weariness, in his mind. In this mood, the

sensation of spiritual and physical fatigue gaining on him, but a quiet moonlight in all his reveries, he reached his house. He was just putting his latch-key in the door, when it was opened by James, who stared at him for a second, and then dropped his eyes, and put his hand before his nose. Dr. Renton compressed his lips on an involuntary smile.

"Ah! James, you're up late. It's near one."

"I sat up for Mrs. Renton and the young lady, sir. They're just come, and gone up stairs."

"All right, James. Take your lamp and come in here. I've got something to say to you." The man followed him into the library at once, with some wonder on his sleepy face.

"First, put some coal on that fire, and light the chandelier. I shall not go up stairs to-night." The man obeyed.

"Now, James, sit down in that chair." He did so, beginning to look frightened at Dr. Renton's grave manner.

"James"—a long pause—"I want you to tell me the truth. Where did you go to-night? Come, I have found you out. Speak."

The man turned as white as a sheet, and looked wretched with the whites of his bulging eyes, and the great pimple on his nose awfully distinct in the livid hue of his features. He was a rather slavish fellow, and thought he was going to lose his situation. Please not to blame him, for he, too, was one of the poor.

"O, Dr. Renton, excuse me, sir; I didn't mean doing any harm."

"James, my daughter gave you an undirected letter this evening; you carried it to one of my houses in Hanover-street. Is that true?"

"Ye-yes, sir. I couldn't help it. I only did what she told me, sir."

"James, if my daughter told you to set fire to this house, what would you do?"

"I wouldn't do it, sir," he stammered, after some hesitation.

"You wouldn't? James, if my daughter ever tells you to set fire to this house, do it, sir! Do it! At once. Do whatever she tells you. Promptly. And I'll back you."

The man stared wildly at him, as he received the astonishing command. Dr. Renton was perfectly grave, and had

spoken slowly and seriously. The man was at his wits' end.

"You'll do it James—will you?"

"Ye-yes, sir, certainly."

"That's right. James, you're a good fellow. James, you've got a family—a wife and children—hav'n't you?"

"Yes, sir, I have; living in the country, sir. In Chelsea, over the ferry. For cheapness, sir."

"For cheapness, eh? Hard times, James? How is it?"

"Pretty hard, sir. Close, but tolerable comfortable. Rub and go, sir."

"Rub and go. Ve-r-y well. Rub and go. James, I'm going to raise your wages—to-morrow. Generally, because you're a good servant. Principally, because you carried that letter to-night, when my daughter asked you. I shan't forget it. To-morrow, mind. And if I can do anything for you, James, at any time, just tell me. That's all. Now, you'd better go to bed. And a happy Christmas to you!"

"Much obliged to you, sir. Same to you and many of 'em. Good night, sir." And with Dr. Renton's "good night" he stole up to bed thoroughly happy, and determined to obey Miss Reaton's future instructions to the letter. The shower of golden light which had been raining for the last two hours, had fallen, even on him. It would fall all day to-morrow in many places, and the day after, and for long years to come. Would that it could broaden and increase to a general deluge, and submerge this world!

Now, the whole house was still, and its master was weary. He sat there, quietly musing, feeling the sweet and tranquil presence near him. Now, the fire was screened, the lights were out, save one dim glimmer, and he had laid down on the couch with the letter in his hand, and slept the dreamless sleep of a child.

He slept until the gray dawn of Christmas day stole into the room, and showed him the figure of his friend, a shape of glorious light, standing by his side, and gazing at him with large and tender eyes! He had no fear. All was deep, serene, and happy with the happiness of heaven. Looking up into that beautiful, wan face—so tranquil—so radiant; watching with a child-like awe the star-fire in those shadowy eyes; smiling faintly, with a great, unutterable love thrilling slowly through his

frame, in answer to the smile of light that shone upon the phantom countenance; so he passed a space of time which seemed a calm eternity, till, at last, the communion of spirit with spirit—of ancient love with love immortal—was perfected, and the shining hands were laid on his forehead, as with a touch of air. Then the phantom smiled, and, as its shining hands were withdrawn, the thought of his daughter mingled in the vision. She was bending over him! The dawn—the room, were the same. But the ghost of Ferval had gone out from earth, away to its own land!

"Father, dear father! Your eyes were open, and they did not look at me. There is a light on your face, and your features are changed! What is it—what have you seen?"

"Hush, darling: here—kneel by me, for a little while, and be still. I have seen the dead."

She knelt by him, burying her awe-struck face in his bosom, and clung to him with all the fervor of her soul. He clasped her to his breast, and for minutes all was still.

"My dear—my good, dear child!"

The voice was tremulous and low. She lifted her fair, bright countenance, now convulsed with a secret trouble, and dimmed with streaming tears, to his, and gazed on him. His eyes were shining; but his pallid cheeks, like hers, were wet with tears. How still the room was! How like a thought of solemn tenderness, the pale gray dawn! The world was far away, and his soul still wandered in the peaceful awe of his dream. The world was coming back to him—but oh! how changed!—in the trouble of his daughter's face.

"Darling, what is it? Why are you here? Why are you weeping? Dear child, the friend of my better days—of the boyhood when I had noble aims, and life was beautiful before me—he has been here! I have seen him. He has been with me—oh! for a good I cannot tell!"

"Father, dear father!"—he had risen, and sat upon the couch, but she still knelt before him, weeping, and clasped his hands in hers—"I thought of you and of this letter, all the time. All last night till I slept, and then I dreamed you were tearing it to pieces, and trampling on it. I woke, and lay thinking of you, and of —. And I thought

I heard you come down stairs, and I came here to find you. But you were lying here so quietly with your eyes open, and so strange a light on your face. And I knew—I knew you were dreaming of him, and that you saw him, for the letter lay beside you. O, father! forgive me, but do hear me! In the name of this day—it's Christmas day, father—in the name of the time when we must both die—in the name of that time, father, hear me! That poor woman last night—O, father, forgive me, but don't tear that letter into pieces and trample it under foot! You know what I mean—you know—you know. Don't tear it, and tread it under foot!"

She clung to him, sobbing violently, her face buried in his hands.

"Hush, hush! It's all well—it's all well. Here, sit by me. So. I have"—His voice failed him, and he paused. Sitting by him—clinging to him—her face hidden in his bosom—she heard the strong beating of his disenchanted heart!

"My child, I know your meaning. I will not tear the letter to pieces and trample it under foot. God forgive me my life's slight to these words. But I learned their value last night, in the house where your blank letter had entered before me."

She started, and looked into his face steadfastly, while a bright scarlet shot into her face, and overspread her neck and bosom.

"I know all, Netty—all. Your secret was well kept, but it is yours and mine, now. 'It was well done, darling,—well done. O, I have been through strange mysteries of thought and life since that starving woman sat here! Well—thank God!'"

"Father, what have you done?" The flush had failed, but a gladder color still brightened her face, while the tears stood trembling in her eyes.

"Netty," he answered, "I have done what you wished me to do yesterday. Mrs. Miller is to stay—forever, if she likes. The liquor-seller is to go, and he will have no successor."

"O, father!"—She stopped. The bright scarlet shot again over her face, and neck, and bosom, but with an April shower of tears, and the rainbow of a smile.

"Listen to me, Netty, and I will tell you, and only you, what I have done." Then, while she mutely listened, sitting by his side, and the dawn of Christmas broadened into Christmas-day, he told her all.

And, when he had told all, he read to his daughter the lesson of the day and of his life, the words of George Feval's letter:—"Farewell—farewell! But, O! take my counsel into memory on Christmas Day, and forever. Once again, the ancient prophecy of peace and good-will shines on a world of wars and wrongs and woes. Its soft ray shines into the darkness of a land wherein swarm slaves, poor laborers, social pariahs, weeping women, homeless exiles, hunted fugitives, despised aliens, drunkards, convicts, wicked children, and Magdalens unredeemed. These are but the ghastliest figures in that army of humanity which advances, by a dreadful road, to the Golden Age of the poets' dream. These are your sisters and your brothers. Love them all. Beware of wronging one of them by word or deed. O friend! strong in wealth for so much good—take my last counsel. In the name of the Saviour, I charge you, be true and tender to all men! Come out from Babylon into manhood, and live and labor for the fallen, the neglected, the suffering, and the poor. Lover of arts, customs, laws, institutions, and forms of society, love these things only as they help mankind! With stern love, overturn them, or help to overturn them, when they become cruel to a single—the humblest—human being. In the world's scale, social position, influence, public power, the applause of majorities, heaps of funded gold, services rendered to creeds, codes, sects, parties, or federations—they weigh weight; but in God's scale—remember!—on the day of hope, remember!—your least service to Humanity, outweighs them all!"

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
 Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
 This bird of dawning singeth all night long;
 And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad,
 The nights are wholesome then—no planets strike—
 No fairy takes—nor witch hath power to charm—
 So gracious and so hallowed is the time."

OH bird of dawning! all the night
 Sing, for the season is at hand
When hearts are glad and faces bright,
 When happiness is heaven's command.
 Shout, chanticleer! that all may hear
 Whom cares have chastened through the year;
 Christmas is come to cheer the land.

And now no spirit walks, but one
 Of love, nor shall that spirit cease.
No planet rules, except the Sun
 Of righteousness—the Prince of peace!
 That star, whose ray first led the way
 To where the Babe in Bethlehem lay—
 The star that ne'er shall know decrease.

This is God's house, this world of ours;
 We are his children, and the morn
 Should come in sunshine, crown'd with flowers,
 On which Immanuel was born.
 Make merry, then, ye toil-worn men!
 And thou, shrill chanter, sound again
 The glad note of thy bugle-horn!

A canticle, my chanticleer!
 A song of joy for every shore:
Shout, Christmas! to the new-born year,
 Good will, on earth, toward men once more!
 Dread Janus! close in long repose
 Thy hateful gates; make friends of foes,
 And peace to all the world restore!

THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS.

[Concluded.]

X.

THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON.

IN the height of the season there are a hundred arrivals a day at the White Sulphur. Then, when nobody can get accommodations, everybody will insist on being there; for, in the month of August, the most beautiful ladies of Virginia and the South hold their court of love at this fountain; and, their fame going abroad throughout the mountains, the guests of the other springs hasten to this centre of attraction. All the generals and judges of the Southern country, too, then come to drink at these white waters. Nobody is of a lower grade than a colonel; and, to be called esquire, would argue a man of doubtful consideration.

To the northerner, this sounds a little singular; and, if he happens to be a peaceful scholar, for example, who has scarcely pulled a trigger in his life, and knows only so much of arms as is contained in the

"Arma virumque —"

of the poet, it is not without a certain degree of surprise, and a keen sense of the ludicrous, that he hears himself respectfully dubbed a colonel.

But not even the being addressed by the very highest titles, will, at this part of the season, save a single man the necessity of sleeping—two in a chamber. There are no adequate accommodations for all these fine ladies and gentlemen. At night, the floors of drawing-rooms and parlors are strewn with mattresses, and lucky is the guest who can secure one. Trunks are piled up, ceiling high, in the halls and passages; so that, excepting the fortunate inmates of the pretty private cottages, the thousand and one visitors at the White Sulphur are, of all men—by no means the most miserable—but probably the most uncomfortable.

One August morning, as I was standing in the door-way of the office, a well dressed gentleman drove up in a buggy, and, getting out, asked for a room.

"We cannot accommodate you, sir," said the clerk, looking at the stranger

with an air of disinterested unconcern.

"But you can give me a mattress, or a sofa?" was the confident rejoinder.

"Impossible! not one left; and the last three chairs in the house taken half an hour ago!"

"Boy," said the rejected, but not disconcerted new-comer, turning his quid from one cheek to the other, at the same time that he turned on his heel towards a servant, "unstrap my trunk."

"It really is of no use, sir," continued the clerk, calmly, "we cannot accommodate you."

"Carry my trunk under that oak tree, yonder," no less quietly added the stranger, and still addressing the black boy.

"Now," said he, sitting down on the trunk, which had been deposited under the protection of the branches, "fetch my buffalo robe; and I'll be d——d if I can't sleep here!"

This proof of pluck was an indirect appeal to the generous and hospitable sentiments which no true Virginian could withstand. There was a general clapping of hands on the utterance of this Diogenic resolution to take things as they came, and the luck of the pot with them; and one of the by-standers, immediately stepping forward, politely offered to share his quarters with the tenant of the buffalo robe, who, accordingly, instead of living under an oak, like a Druid, now found himself the fortunate possessor of an apartment in one of the prettiest cottages on the grounds.

In the very height of the season, there is no such thing as dining satisfactorily at some of the springs, however well a person may fare there at all other times. Then, you fee the waiters, and still they bring you nothing. Poor fellows, they have nothing to bring; for the flour has given out; the cows have been milked dry; the mutton has run off into the mountains, and the chief cook has gone distracted! If you can manage to seize upon a bit of beef and a slice of bread, 'tis your main chance, and hold on to it. Do not run any risks in looking about for vegetables, much less for side

dishes, or pepper or salt. For, while you are vainly endeavoring to accomplish impossibilities, some light-fingered waiter, under pretense of changing your plate, will run off with your only chance of a dinner.

The scene presents a most ludicrous struggle for bones and cold potatoes. Or, rather, it is fearful to witness such a desperate handling of the knife; to see so many faces red with rage at getting nothing; and ladies' cheeks pale with waiting; and starving gourmands looking stupefied into the vacuum of the platters before them; and disappointed dyspeptics leaving the table with an expression on their faces of "I'll go hang myself." Add, besides, to what one sees that which he hears—the maledictions heaped liberally upon the heads of cook and provider; the clatter of what knives and forks succeed in getting brought into action; the whistling and roaring of Sambo, and the rattling of his heels; with, finally, an awful crash of chinaware, now and then a slide of plates, an avalanche of whips and custards; for, where there are several dozens of waiters running up and down the hall, like race-horses, there must be occasional collisions; and these, again, lead to fights, at least, once or more in the season, when a couple of strapping black boys knock each other's noses flatter, and make their mutual wool fly.

Truly, the Frenchman who dines on the hair of his moustache, and the end of his tooth-pick, in front of the *Café de Paris*, is a lucky fellow, and has something under his jacket, compared with these boarders at two dollars per diem.

But it is still worse dining, when it rains. The ancient roofs of some of these halls and piazzas are not made of caoutchouc; and you cannot then sit at meat without two black boys at your back—one to keep off the flies, and the other to hold over your head an umbrella. There is a good excuse for the soup being thin on such days. 'Tis, in fact, mere rain-water, with, possibly, a fly or two in it.

All the doctors lay down the rule, that the patient must drink mineral waters on an empty stomach; and, by my troth, it is easy following it, during the height of the season, at some of these springs. That organ is rarely so much occupied in its legitimate business as to be in an unfit state to receive

a glass from the fountain. It is said that Chinamen, when hard pushed for other articles of food, can subsist tolerably well on water diet; and, in spending the month of August here, one comes gradually to comprehend how the thing can be done.

"Eat a little milk, a little mush, or a very thin soup," said the mineral-water doctor, at one of the springs, after he had looked at my tongue, and was still gravely holding me by the pulse, "and drink the water *ad libitum*."

"It is well to diet a little, while drinking the spring water," said the landlord to me, soon afterwards, in the course of some conversation with him.

"They both agree in their views," said I to myself; "and what is sworn to by two disinterested witnesses, ought certainly to be true. I'll live on bread and milk for the next fortnight."

Luckily for myself, I did not die in the attempt—though the price of three or four private dinners, which afterwards appeared in my bill, indicated that I must have felt very "far gone" when I ordered them. Indeed, such rules are preposterous, and can only be observed with such a long list of exceptions as completely disproves them. If I were a doctor—peace! ghost of Abernethy—I would say to my patient:

"Drink thy sulphur-water before breakfast, O, man! if thou wilt; but if thou expect ever to derive any benefit from it, have a saddle of mutton, or good fat steaks, and sherris-sack, for dinner!"

Still, one likes to be at the fashionable springs, when the crowd is greatest. At the others, it is not so. There, he wishes to be well-accommodated—to have a large airy apartment—to be well served at the table—and to enjoy his quiet, and the society of a small circle of friends; but here, he desires to be in the midst of the grand movement. The more colonels, the better. The more pretty ladies, the gayer. He wants to talk upon politics with all the judges; attack or defend Sebastopol with all the generals; dance attendance on all the well-bred dames, and waltz with all their daughters. Half the pleasure is in the excitement which proceeds from the great number of persons collected together. Let the fashionable crowd dwindle down to a

few dozens, and you leave also. Then you can have an entire suite of rooms, and excellent dinners, with a waiter at each elbow. But, no. When you see the trunks brought down, and hear the farewells said, you are as homesick as anybody, and crowd into the ninth place in the coach, rather than run the risk of being the last man to leave the mountains. So unreasonable are we all.

XI.

THE BELLE OF THE WHITE SULPHUR.

"Miss," said the maid of the Belle of the White Sulphur—it was not her own, as it happened—"dey say you be de most handsome young lady in de Springs!"

"Who says that, Molly?" inquired the beauty, as she stood surveying the slope of her shoulders in the mirror, previously to their being veiled in muslin.

"Dat say de tall gentle'um from de Kentuck Stato—him wid de black mustachy."

"You're mistaken, Molly."

"Can't be, miss; dat be true as Baptist preachin' in de Caroline. I stand in de winder, and see miss and dat gentle'um eatin' chicken salad together; and what de gentle'um say, amost make miss choke herself—he, he, he!"

"Nonsense! And what, Molly, do you think of the thin gentleman from the north, with the small, blue eyes?"

"I see him, tu, at de Spring, afore breakfast; and he so stare at miss, over de top of he's tumbler, and sigh so in he's sulph' water, that I know'd de case be done gone with him."

"And the short young man, with reddish whiskers?"

"O, miss! him's nice; him's sweet as 'taters. When he make love, never look back."

"Molly, you are very foolish. There is nobody in love with me."

"Can't be so, miss; for, Jim tell me, dat Tom tell him, dat when miss tuk her steps in de ball-room, last night, all de young gentle'um—and some of de ole gentle'um, tu—look gone distract', and a-sinkin' through de floor."

And well they might; for this young lady was of good height, symmetrically formed, with small hands and feet; and while most persons would say she was slender, others, again, pronounced her plump. There was the faintest pos-

sible blush of red in her cheeks, and just enough to relieve the exceedingly delicate, yet rich, brown tint, which southern suns had lent to her complexion. The auburn ringlets fell in graceful profusion, till they swept her shoulders. Her large hazel eye was as soft as that of a fawn in these mountains. In the prevailing expression of her face, delicacy and sweetness, intelligence and affection, were equally blended. Her manners, ordinarily, were so gentle, that they might almost be characterized as languid; and yet, at times, there was a degree of vivacity in look and motion—a sprightly play of emotions about the flexible mouth, and even a dance, a very masquerade and merry-making of wits and fancies in her eyes, which gave to her whole person such an airy, buoyant expression, that the next moment you half expected to see her soar upwards, as easily as a hawk to the clouds.

Surely, the "old families" of Virginia and South Carolina are no fable. One sees in their daughters that high-born air, that easy grace, that feminine delicacy, which shows their blood is gentle; and, like oft-decanted wine, has been refined by being poured through the veins of at least three well-born generations. A native modesty, self-possessed, and startled only by the advances of rudeness or indelicacy, indicates an education obtained more in the sweet privacy of a rural home, than in the public academies of cities—more in the society of relatives and familiar friends, than in the company to be met with at fashionable hotels, and the world's rendezvous. I have nowhere seen young ladies whose presence was more hedged about with privacy. And yet there is no lack of natural freedom, and the play of native instinct in their manners. The laugh is gay; the word leaps from the heart; the confidence is given without a suspicion of the possibility of betrayal. It is an artlessness guarded by no premeditation. But there is, at the same time, a quick, nice sense of maidenly propriety, which, though never intrusive, still is always putting a gentle restraint upon the action of the impulses, always keeping a rein, fine as gossamer, upon the swift running of the tongue, and always guiding the burning chariot-wheels of nature's passions around all the goals of early life, with grace and safety.

The accomplished belle of the White Sulphur had, to my eyes, the look of a lady who was never expecting admiration, but had been ever receiving it. From her childhood up, it could not be otherwise than that she had been continually surrounded by domestic love, and chivalrous courtesy. This long continued reflection in her face, as in the mirror of the photographer, of the tenderest and noblest qualities of the heart, had finally left there the likeness of their own beautiful form and coloring. She was, herself, the very glass of love and courtesy. Whatever was gentle and amiable in her natural disposition, had been drawn out and fostered by this atmosphere of affectionate respect, in which she had lived—as the rose unfolds more perfectly its beauty in the well-tempered air of the conservatory, than when exposed to the blight and the worm, the cold and the winds of the neglected garden. And, indeed, as there is no grace which more becomes a woman, than that expression of face and manner she derives from the interchange of domestic affection, and from the adoration of men of honor and generous sentiments; so there is nothing which so effectually withers and stains the heavenly bloom of beauty as daily contact with only the vicious and the vulgar.

XII.

AMUSEMENTS.

As for amusements here, do they not consist in drinking the waters, bathing, and, three times a day, supplying the wants of nature by vigorous efforts with the trencher? A few persons bring their books with them, as an additional source of entertainment; but most are satisfied with occasionally looking through a newspaper, a magazine, or some learned treatise, that may be lying about, on the use of mineral waters. The gentlemen sit half the morning through, in easy, wicker-bottom chairs, under the trees, conversing on the subject of politics, estimating the amount of the cotton and rice crops, smoking cigars, drinking juleps, commenting on a passing lady, a horse, a stage-coach, or, indeed, merely counting, as they go by, the "niggers." Rarely does a Virginian propose a walk. He prefers to sit, two hours together, beneath the shade. An active, inquisitive Yankee will go out and explore a mountain, or look at a neighboring farm, and, return-

ing, find the Southerner in the seat where he left him. An alligator, in the state from which he comes, would not lie on a log longer. The northern-born man, rising, perhaps, not much later than the sun, racing up hill and down, to get what he calls a little exercise, climbing the pathless mountains for views of the scenery, and scouring the valleys without any purpose whatever, unless it be the getting rid of half a day he knows not what to do with, is thought by him of the *terra caliente* a sort of madcap, fibbertigibbet, a personification of unreason. The latter will make as much effort as may be necessary to back a horse; if there is game, he will occasionally go out with dog and gun; and, in a few instances, I have seen him wet a line for trout, or it might have been cat-fish. At ten-pins and at billiards, also he will play. But on the whole, it is an axiom with him, that too much exercise, as well as too much learning, will make a man mad. He, therefore, detests both.

For any man living on the sunny side of the Union, to do nothing seems to be no labor; and he kills his time apparently without the pains of giving it a thought. After a while, indeed, all the visitors at these springs learn more or less of the art of getting through the summer day easily. One begins with taking no note of the hour of the day, then lets his watch run down, and finally forgets the day of the week and the month—all being alike, save Sunday. The morning papers, he has ordered from town, come to hand several days old, and with such irregularity that, generally, the contradiction of the news arrives before the news itself; so that, at last, he comes to the conclusion, that at the end of the watering season nothing of importance will have happened, and he sets his mind at rest.

As for the ladies, without knowing all the little ways they have of amusing themselves, one sees in their sweet faces that they are happy. They are also the cause of by far the greater part of the happiness there is in these watering places. If, by any strange fatality, the air of the Alleghanies should become fatal to ringlets, and the mineral waters wash the red out of the peach in the cheek, how soon would all these 'fair scenes revert to the original savages! But, fortunately, while woman lends a portion of her grace to the mountains,

the grateful rocks repay the gift, by endowing her with powers of enchantment superior even to those of old conferred on the Medea of the Caucasus. In the eyes of some man or other, every lady, here, is an enchantress. Scarcely was there a young man in the mountains, during the two seasons I spent there, who did not seem, at times, to be under the influence of illusions, more or less, soft and roseate. Even my boy, Custopol, was obliged to confess to me, one day, that when, on the preceding Saturday night, Mary Jane came out in her yellow skirt, and green bodice, with a basque to it, a purple kerchief twisted round her braided hair, on her feet red morocco slippers, and gold drops pendant from her ears; and when he put his arm around her waist, and they went down the boards together, while Pompey, in the corner, "picked" his banjo, and all the darkies in the place stood up and down the kitchen; and when Mary Jane, turning softly up her eyes, let him look by the half-minute together into the whites of them, or dancing round, poked her elbow in his ribs, and, grinning, pulled his whisker—even Custy was obliged to confess, that he felt the tender passion.

The imagination, in fact, is as much exalted, here, above its ordinary level, as the mountains are higher than tide-water. Hence it will happen that a man, who, on coming to these springs, had no more thought in his head of entering on the state of matrimony than he had of making a fortune, finds before he has drunk and bathed a week, that he is in the most imminent danger of making proposals. Of course, there is no such thing ever dreamed of as match-making at the White Sulphur. For that presupposes coldness of blood, and a lively activity of the calculating faculties; whereas life in the mountains stimulates only the fantastic fancy, and the more romantic sentiments. No—neither party is entrapped. On the contrary, what in the world is more natural when youth and maid drink together, every day, out of the same Sulphur Spring, than that they should have corresponding sensations in the region of the heart? They both look into the same pool; there cannot be two opinions between them, respecting the taste of the water; they make precisely the same exclamations in their attempts at swallowing it; they behold the self-same

expression of face, reflected in each other's eyes as they set down the cup; and so, in a multitude of instances, before the lovers, feeling decidedly mawkish, if not desperately sick at heart, get so far back on their walk as the clerk's office, or the building containing the ball-room, or, at the very furthest, the first row of cottages, the momentous question is popped and answered.

Love-making, therefore, may fairly be set down as one of the amusements of the Virginia Springs; whether it turn out to be really diverting to the parties concerned—*cela dépend*. But, in any event, there will always be somebody, who, quietly looking on from a distance, will extract more or less entertainment from the general aspects of the case, and who, especially if it is seen to go hard with the swain, as it often may, will really enjoy the agony, as one does a farce when they play tragedy at Burton's.

Probably there is no better place in the States, for the study of character and manners, than these springs—and, this too, is an amusement. Sometimes half a dozen words, let fall in casual conversation, will throw as much light on the dispositions of men, and the working of their institutions, as a novel in two duodecimos—the reading of which will require half a day.

"Jim," said a gentleman from Louisiana, traveling by the stage-coach to the Bath Alum; "Jim, come inside here, and let me have your place up there."

"Massa," replied the negro, almost as confidently as if he had been his son, "dere's room enough here for two."

"Jim," again said the gentleman, after he had taken his seat by the side of the black boy, on the top of the coach, "To-night you will see Sally; for we shall meet Master William at the Alum."

"I'se right glad of dat," was the reply—Sally being the maid of Master William's wife, and probably a good friend of Jim's.

"Jim," said the master, once more, addressing the boy after half an hour's conversation with myself, "did you ever see mountains before?"

"O, yes, massa, de river mount'ns on de Mis'sippi."

"You mean when you were in Tennessee?"

"'Xactly—dat was in Ten'see."

This same Jim, shortly afterwards turning round towards another negro, like himself, about sixteen years of age, and sitting on the luggage, said,

"Cæsar, look at dat line of mount'ns yonder; up and down—jist as reg'lar as you could draw 'em with a piece of chalk!"

"Even the dusky soul of the poor African, then, in its better moods," said I to myself, "is capable of being touched by the grace of nature; and feels, in the presence of these mountain tops, its dull faculties aroused, and strangely fascinated by the unwritten Word of God!"

Another source of pleasure upon which none of the guests can refrain from relying, more or less, is the arrival of the stage-coach. Let it happen however often in the day, it is still an important event. One expects his friends; or if not, somebody may come he has met before; at any rate, he must see who is there.

Down gets the first gentleman from the coach. He is tall, with a large proportion of bone in him, and only a moderate supply of muscle. His rather long brown hair is brushed, like a Methodist minister's, off his forehead, which is a high one, but not broad. The well tanned face indicates vigorous health, though a little sulphur water will be no disadvantage to the owner's liver. The air of calm self-possession, marks the man accustomed to command; while the slow gait, and quiet motions, suggest the habit of overseeing work, instead of performing it. The blue dress coat, with brass buttons, which is neither old nor new, together with light-colored pantaloons, black satin vest, dark silk cravat, and broad-brimmed felt hat, belong evidently to a gentleman somewhat careless of personal appearance, but of independent circumstances; in short, it requires no epaulettes to convince you at a glance, that the stranger is a colonel from one of the eastern counties of Virginia.

When his luggage is taken down, you will find that it consists of a leather trunk, covered with small brass knobs, and marked with the owner's name in full, together with those of his county, and State; on the top of it is strapped a heavy over-coat, while at one end dangle an extra pair of boots. The colonel travels without a hat-box, but has, instead, a well-worn pair of saddle-

bags, which are filled with the smaller articles of his wardrobe, and such "traps" as he may very likely want on the journey.

On acquaintance, he proves to be a man of good plain sense, who belongs to what he denominates the Jeffersonian party in politics, tills the paternal acres very much after the fashion of his father before him, has generally a suit or two pending in the courts of law, but is as good-natured as he is high-minded, and really hates nobody except the abolitionists. Once sure that you are not of that fraternity, he will ask you to take a julep with him.

The general moves in more state; he arrives in his own coach and two, or even four—for this old fashioned turnout has not yet entirely disappeared in the progress of civilization and the rail. He may also have two or three outriders, in the shape of sons, on ponies, and black boys riding mares. Sons, servants, mares and horses, they are all of his own raising; but the carriage, possibly, may have belonged to his father, or some of his ancestors; for, it is after the ancient English model, round-topped, heavily timbered, and possessing the property, like Homer's heroes, of never growing old. The trunks being piled up behind, and to them attached a water-pail, the footman is obliged to squeeze himself into what of the narrow seat in front is left by the tolerably broad-bottomed driver.

The latter is an old whip, whatever his age may be. Though without gloves, he handles the ribbons with a careful precision, as if the leaders were every moment about to spring into a run; though in shoes, his immense feet hold well by the foot-board; and in a mere jacket, instead of the official capes, he produces, by means of his spread elbows, and blown-up air, scarcely less of a sensation than the coachman of my Lord Mayor of London.

When this whole affair sweeps up to the door of the hotel, the excited landlord, especially if it be a four-in-hand, rings his bell with a fury which indicates that something extraordinary has happened; and the servants come running, as if they expected to witness the arrival of a dozen stage-coaches at once. But 'tis even more than that; 'tis a Virginia general, with horses and mares, black boys, and maids, wife and children. The hair of every waiter in the

house would stand straight on end, but for the curl in it!

The landlord opens the carriage door himself, hat in hand; and the general gets out. He is a shorter man than the colonel, by a half-inch, or more. He has a broader and still more open face, a wider back, and carries a respectable corporation before him. His clothes are thin, the colors light, and his face is red; while down out of his fub hangs a heavy gold chain, with two ponderous, ancestral seals, and a key between. The general takes off his white beaver courteously to the colonel, who instantly steps forward to shake him by the hand.

While these congratulations are being exchanged, down the carriage steps carefully comes Dinah. She is dressed mostly in white, and has a cotton 'kerchief of this color, striped with blue, tied so completely over her hair, that only enough of it remains in sight to show that it is becoming silvered o'er with the pale cast of age; while, over the 'kerchief, and directly on the back of her head, is set a bonnet of open straw and muslin, originally made for the general's pretty daughter, when she entered her teens, and so small, withal, that it serves merely to cover the good dame's cerebellum.

The baby is then handed out to Dinah; the rest follow; and when the trunks have been taken down, and the carriage pockets emptied, Cuffy, the coachman, effects his exit, with a crack of the whip, such as makes not only his own horses, but all those within an eighth of a mile, jump—each one as though it were about his own ears the lash was playing.

And when now, any time within the next half-hour, the respectable Virginia farmer or esquire, well to do at home, rides up to the hotel door on his nag, a great-coat rolled up, and tied, together with an umbrella, behind the saddle, and a pair of leathern bags, containing a scanty change of apparel, projecting beneath his thighs, the careless landlord scarcely deigns to touch the bell once. A sleepy-looking negro holds the new-comer's bridle while he dismounts; another, lazily taking the saddle-bags on his shoulders and the roll under his arm, conducts him to his chamber; and there is no more noise made over the arrival, compared with the previous excitement, than might be

likened to the blowing of a horn reversed.

XIII.

FINALE.

For the rest—and my "forty days" in the Virginia hotels are now finished—there are a dozen or more of these springs. They all lie in the pretty Alleghanian valleys, within an easy day's, or half day's drive from each other—the White Sulphur being in the centre. The roads are generally good, with enough which are bad to accommodate those who require a little jolting. The stage-coaches are well-built; the drivers are skillful; and a dash, on the outside of the carriage, through these hills, refreshes and invigorates instead of fatiguing the traveler. In fact, the now almost obsolete pleasure of journeying by wheel, may here be enjoyed in its perfection, with social chat, preceded by no formal introductions, with acquaintances, and perhaps friends made, whom it will always be a pleasure to remember, and with such good, plain fare, at road-side inns, as the sharpened appetite will pronounce better than the very *chef-d'aures* of cooks in town.

The Springs are of all waters, having for their principal ingredients sulphur, alum, iron, magnesia, or salt. They are also tri-colored, with deposits, white, red, and blue. Some are used for drinking, and some for bathing. The invalid may have his choice; and whatever his complaint, say the doctors, it makes no difference, he is sure to be cured. The cripple is set up at the Hot Springs, and the *malade imaginaire* is made whole at the Warm. The dyspeptic is put on alum water, and the Southwesterner, with bile in his blood and jaundice in his eyes, is ordered to drink of the White Sulphur or the Salt. The Healing Spring is good for the gout; ladies, weary after the winter's dancing, are strengthened by bathing in the two Sweet Waters; the Blue Sulphur, taken before eating venison steaks, is said to be excellent against all devils of the same color; and, ever since the publication of the learned Dr. Burke's book, it is every man's own fault, if he don't know that the Red Sulphur is a certain cure for consumption.

The summer climate of these mountains is truly delightful. The boundless forests, on their tops, are, indeed, a

magnet for the clouds; so that rain often occurs in the day's chapter of accidents. But it is merely a passing shower—a dash of big, fast-falling drops—soon gone over the hills and far away. The water runs immediately off the declivities, the drops hang only a few moments from leaf and flower, and the brilliant sun, dissipating the vapors, dries the surface of the ground, and takes away all dampness.

It is hot in the sunlight; but you live perpetually embowered in shade. In that, the mercury daily stands square against the point of summer heat, or occasionally a little above it, so that one revels in fine linen; and, if he makes any use of the mint which grows invitingly by every path-side, it is more as a luxury than a necessity. Sitting under the oaks, or promenading on the piazza, the summer idler finds that he can keep cool from one end of the dog-days to the other, without so much as touching a straw. This, to some persons, may be rather provoking than otherwise. But, with such pure air to breathe, fanned by the softest breezes

instead of being whipped by the winds of the sea-shore bathing place, and nightly refreshed by sleep beneath a blanket, if you will, but with windows wide open, and disturbed by no worse serenading than that of the banjo, a man is sufficiently happy without stimulus or excitements of any kind. To look out upon the green pastures and the luxuriant woods—to wind gently up the hill-tops, or stroll by the side of brooks—to watch the never-ceasing play of light and shade on the mountains and in the valleys, and to gaze at the fantastic shapes of the summer clouds, now drifting in fleeces through the sky, now towering in gorgeous peaks and ranges above the horizon, and, at evening, aglow with all the prismatic flames which burst from the apparent disruption of the setting sun: in the enjoyment of these tranquil, rural pleasures, the soul quite forgets the more highly scented cups of civic dissipation, as well as the rile in the mug of the world's ordinary toil, and lives in the midst of such innocent delights as, by the poets, are fabled to lie around its infancy.

THE FALCON.

OUT in the sunshine, out in the air,
 My squi is a falcon strong;
 I mount aloft with the speed of thought,
 And strike at the quarry of wrong.

The brave bright sun, so merry and old,
 He lends his strength to my wings,
 And I soar till I see the golden gate,
 Where the lark at morning sings.

But let my lady summon me back
 And I come, as a falcon should,
 Out of the sunshine, out of the air,
 To yield my eyes to the hood.

MR. PRESCOTT'S PHILIP THE SECOND.

THE sixteenth century is, to the nations of the modern world, all, and more than all, that the age of Cæsar was to the Roman Empire.

The visible development of modern society dates from that epoch; modern politics, modern literature, modern philosophy, modern industry, all shot up in the sixteenth century to the light. The century was born to greatness; it inherited from its immediate predecessor such a legacy in the invention of printing and the discovery of the New World, as had been the portion of no previous era since the advent of Christianity.

Thus magnificently endowed, it enriched history with wonders and with heroes, with triumphs of character and with miracles of genius, which tinge all the annals of the time with hues of romance. The whole aspect of Europe, in that century, is incomparably picturesque. The grand masses and heavy shadows of feudalism are everywhere touched and kindled by flashing lights of individual power, and endeavor, and achievement.

Everywhere, the crystallization of nationalities was going on—the concentration of authority, the expansion of enterprise.

Life in the middle ages had been comparatively simple; its lines strongly marked; the wants of men few; their passions exclusive and intense. In the sixteenth century, life became suddenly richer, more varied: a thousand new desires, curiosities, aspirations, awoke in the hearts of men. The limits of the physical world opened and receded before the followers of a Columbus and a Vasco de Gama: the horizon of the moral and the intellectual world widened on the daring eyes of a Luther, an Erasmus, and a Bruno. All that makes our modern life peculiar, first begins to appear distinctly, on the face of Europe, in the sixteenth century.

Of things both great and small, this is wonderfully true. In the sixteenth century, Europe began to colonize the East and the West; commerce and civilization followed the flags of Portugal, and Spain, and France, and England into the farthest Indies, as of old it had sailed with the galleys of Greece around the coasts of the Mediterranean.

Luxuries, now become the necessities

of modern life, then first lent a new grace and a new comfort to existence. All the arts, from agriculture to engraving, flourished with the vigor of spring.

In the sixteenth century, an English statesman first shook his wise head over the columns of a morning paper; in the sixteenth century, an English yeoman brewed the first mug of English beer from English hops; in the sixteenth century, the Anglican Church listened to its first sermons, and the English dining-table saw its first salads; then, the first coach-wheels rumbled through London streets, and the first spinning-wheel sang by the peasant's door. Protestantism and philology, potatoes and tobacco, turnips and race-horses, Lyons silks and English stockings, dictionaries and tax-bills, street-lamps and telescopes, Genevan theology and the Italian opera—all these indispensable elements of modern civilization we owe to the sixteenth century. We might run on in our list till the brain of the reader should turn, but we will forbear.

In that busy, passionate, ambitious age, every year "shone in the sudden making of splendid names." And what names! In the plastic arts, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, Tintoret, Da Vinci, Correggio, Albert Durer, Holbein; Brunelleschi, Bramante, Palladio, in architecture; Palestrina, Carissimi, Allegri, in music; in the sciences, Bacon, Galileo, Copernicus, Kepler, Tycho Brahe; in learning, Erasmus, Reuchlin, Thomas More, Scaliger, the Stephens; in philosophy, Bruno, Campanella, Peter Ramus, Patrizzi; in theology, Luther, Calvin, Melancthon, Zuingli, Knox, Loyola; in adventure such a multitude, Ojeda, Cortez, Pizarro, the Cabots, Drake, Frobisher, Hawkins, the magnificent Raleigh; in poetry and letters, the sunset of Italy, the sunrise of England, Tasso, Ariosto, Guarini, Sidney, Spenser, Marlow, Beaumont, the Fletchers, Ben Jonson, Shakespeare; the flower, too, of the Gallic genius, Montaigne, Rabelais, Charron, Marot; splendid and mighty sovereigns, Charles V., Francis the First, Maximilian, the Popes Leo and Julius, Philip of Spain, Henry of England, the heroic Elizabeth, the bad beautiful Mary of Scotland; in war, the great generals of Italy and Spain, Trivulzio,

Gonsalvo, Pescara, Spinola, Parma, Egmont, Prince Maurice, the valiant English admirals, the Lion of Sweden, the Austrians Wallenstein and Tilly, the Ottoman lords of the Levant!

But amid the bewildering and fascinating splendors of this marvelous century we are able to discern one vast interest predominant over all the others, and the student of history sees the "very pulse of the machine" in the passion of free thought which then agitated mankind.

The battle of inquiry with authority is the great battle of the sixteenth century; and the great champion of authority in that fearful conflict was the dark, saturnine, mysterious sovereign of Spain and the Indies—the heir of Charles V.

Just three hundred years ago, on the 25th of October, 1555, in the great hall of the royal palace at Brussels, Charles the Fifth, Emperor of Germany, having resolved to surrender all earthly pomps and dignities, and to seek, in the quiet of the cloister, the salvation of his soul, abdicated the sovereignty of Flanders and Burgundy in favor of his son and heir, Philip, Prince of the Asturias. On the 16th of January, 1556, the crowns of Castile and Aragon, with their dependencies, passed in like manner from the father to the son.

Already wedded to the Queen Mary of England, Philip then found himself, in the flower of his years, master of the most powerful monarchy upon earth. To set forth the manner in which he wielded the tremendous power lodged in his hands, to paint his character and his career, is a task worthy the best powers of the greatest of historians. A work which should completely describe the reign of Philip the Second, in all its great relations to the political, social, and spiritual history of mankind, would be itself the monument of an age. Such a work the historian of Ferdinand and Isabella has not attempted to construct. Master of an easy and flowing style, and enabled, by fortunate leisure, and careful cultivation, to collect his materials in abundance, and to weigh them with discretion, Mr. Prescott aims rather at pictorial than at philosophical eminence. He excels especially in the narration of stirring events, and he has the eye of a chronicler for those striking and brilliant features which individualize a scene or a personage.

Within a few years, the secret archives to which Philip had committed his most private correspondence with his ministers and his satellites (it is the best indication, perhaps, of the sincerity of this champion of bigotry, that he does not seem to have destroyed the records even of his most atrocious transactions) have been made accessible to the scholar. Of these, Mr. Prescott has availed himself, and of other resources so numerous and so new as to justify his belief, that his new work will "present the reader with such authentic statements of facts as may afford him a better point of view than he has hitherto possessed, for surveying the history of Philip the Second."

Two volumes of Mr. Prescott's book are now before us.

The historian commences his task with a sketch, lightly but firmly drawn, of the condition of the empire which owned the sway of Charles the Fifth, and of the influences which moved that monarch to exchange the crowns of such a dominion as Europe had not seen since the days of Charlemagne, for the simple cowl of a monk and the solitudes of Yuste. Mr. Prescott does more than justice, we think, to the character of Charles, at the expense of a much greater man, the Emperor Dioclesian; and we must confess our surprise at finding no reference, in this part of the sketch, to the careful and thorough researches of Mr. Stirling—an omission which is the more remarkable, that Mr. Prescott is by no means sparing in his use of complimentary notes.

The scene of Charles's abdication at Brussels is vividly and effectively painted, and awakens the reader's interest in the fortunes of the young Philip, so strangely and singularly invested with the grandeurs of royalty.

This interest is sustained by a brief account of Philip's earlier years, in which we catch indications of his coming character. The Prince of the Asturias was slight and small in figure, but well built and symmetrical. His yellowish hair, his keen blue eyes, concentrating their glances beneath brows so closely knit as to be remarkable, his heavy, haughty Austrian under lip, and large protruding under jaw, bore witness to his descent from the wily princes of Burgundy and the despotic house of Hapsburg. In manners and demeanor he was, however, a complete Castilian—reserved,

thoughtful, even saturnine, somewhat given to gallantry, but more to seclusion and reflection; careful in his attention to appearances, always rich and elegant, but never gaudy or affected in costume. Left early an orphan, by his mother's death, and deprived, by his father's frequent and prolonged absences from Spain, of any really parental watchfulness, Philip was, nevertheless, carefully trained by preceptors whom Charles selected with discrimination, and whose efforts he seconded, himself, by letters, in which he sought to form his son to kingcraft.

The occasion of Philip's first marriage with the Infanta of Portugal furnishes Mr. Prescott with an opportunity for describing the splendors and singularities of the Spanish costume and manners in the sixteenth century.

The birth of his first son, the too-famous Don Carlos, soon deprived Philip of his young bride, and left him a widower at the age of eighteen.

In 1548, he was summoned by his father to the government of Flanders; and, making an almost royal progress through Aragon, embarked at Barcelona, under the convoy of a Genoese fleet, commanded by that hero of a hundred battles, Andrew Doria. All the magnificence of magnificent Italy was lavished upon the reception of the heir of Charles. Mr. Prescott paints, with glowing colors, the journey of the Prince, pursued by embassies and deputations, past the field of Pavia—so glorious to the Spanish arms—on to Milan—the proudest jewel in the Italian crown of the emperor. Thence, by the Tyrol, through Munich, we follow the grand parade to Flanders. We have graceful jousts in Lombardy and splendid tournaments in the Netherlands, and we meet, for the first time, among the roses and diamonds of these festivities, with the personages who are to play the greatest and most tragic parts in the sombre drama, yet to come, of Philip's reign, Egmont, Van Hoorne, Savoy, Alva. Through all this pageant of violet-colored velvet and cloth of gold, and crimson canopies fluttering above tiers of lovely ladies, the small, silent, austere Philip moves like the shape of fate, presaging the scaffold, the rack, the black draperies of the Inquisition.

Philip, as Mr. Prescott observes, discovered, in this visit to Flanders and Germany, how truly he was a

Spaniard, and how little sympathy he had or could have with his northern subjects. They, themselves, made the same discovery; and, though Philip drank more than was good for him, and put himself to the pains of touching his hat, in order to acquire a Flemish popularity, he left a very disagreeable reputation behind him, when he went back to Spain; and Charles found it impossible to persuade the imperial electors that Philip ought to be king of the Romans.

The years which immediately followed Philip's visit to Flanders, were years of humiliation for Charles, who was foiled by the French, and beaten by the German Protestants; but these misfortunes did not much affect Spain. The intense Spanish nationality was too much delighted with the possession of a true Spanish heir-apparent, to be disturbed by the reverses of the empire.

Charles, losing all hope of perpetuating his own imperial dignity in the person of his son, was anxious to achieve for that son some extraordinary accession of power, which might compensate for the loss of the holy Roman crown. He accordingly planned, and, with great tact and ability, carried through the project of a marriage between Philip and his cousin Mary, now sovereign of England. The son of Henry II. of France had just won the queen of Scotland, and Charles could not allow such a move on the political chess-board to pass unnoticed.

The first year of his new wedlock had not expired, when Philip was summoned, by his father, from the arms of a bride whose lavish tenderness he had begun to find somewhat embarrassing, to receive the sceptre of his hereditary dominions.

The abdication of Charles made Philip the foremost figure in the political world. Master of Spain and the Indies, of Naples, Milan, Franche Comté, and the Low Countries, at the head of the most powerful army and the most formidable navy of the world, he ruled his vast dominions "with an authority more absolute than had been possessed by any European prince since the days of the Cæsars."

Thoroughly convinced that Providence had devolved upon him the task of maintaining the endangered unity of the church, Philip entered upon a course

of policy which was a perpetual menace to the liberties of every state in Europe. Arrested for a moment, at the outset of his career, by an unwelcome conflict with the Holy See, which was forced upon him by the Italian patriotism and the personal pride of Pope Paul IV., Philip availed himself of the easy triumph won by the veterans of his Neapolitan army, to manifest in the clearest way the settled purposes of his heart.

It was a portentous sight for Protestant Europe, that spectacle of the victorious Alva humiliating himself before the pontiff whom he had vanquished!

The meaning of the portent soon became dimly plain.

Victorious in France as in Italy, Philip made no apologies to Henry II. for beating his chivalry at St. Quentin and Gravelines. At the peace of Chateau Cambresis, Spain received a province in exchange for every town which she surrendered. When the death of Mary deprived him of the titular crown of England, Philip sued for the hand of Elizabeth, in terms which made it clear that he must be received as a master, if at all, and that wherever he was master, the church of Rome must be supreme. Rejected by Elizabeth, who, in this first step of her royal career, committed herself to the cause of Protestantism and national independence, Philip lost no time in allying himself with a daughter of Catholic France. As soon as he had concluded the preliminaries of his *third* nuptials, he departed to put his house in order. He traveled through the Netherlands, confirming everywhere the bad impression which he had formerly made, and satisfying himself most thoroughly that his Flemish provinces were infected with the disorders of freedom, and needed his healing hand.

Philip's theory of spiritual medicine was the same with that of Loyola; he thought it best to *extenuate the body*, in order to save the soul, and he signalized his return to Spain by such an application of this system as astounded Europe, and revolted even his own son, Don Carlos. "Better not reign at all, than reign over heretics," he had said to one of his councillors, in Flanders; and his first appearance at Valladolid was celebrated by a grand *Auto da Fé*, in which those heroic martyrs of Spanish Protestantism, De Seso and De Roxas,

expiated their sincerity at the stake. The pages which Mr. Prescott consecrates to the account of the Spanish persecution, are most moving and manly. He has written nothing more worthy of his fame. So stealthy had the Grand Inquisitor been in his preparations, and so inexorable was Philip in his bigotry, that Protestantism in Spain was stifled suddenly and at once.

The next step of the sovereign who had thus deliberately constituted himself the crowned personification of the Council of Trent, was to subject Flanders to the same course of purification which had delivered Spain from the demon of progress.

The Netherlandish states of Philip were, at this time, the glory of his dominions. The golden Indies did not yield to the treasury of Spain so large a revenue as was collected from the intelligent industry of Flanders. "Antwerp was the banking-house of Europe," and its merchants "rivaled the nobles of other lands in the splendor of their dress and domestic establishments." It was rare to find one of the humbler classes "unacquainted with the rudiments of grammar, and there was scarcely a peasant who could not read and write." In fact, the germs of that school system which is now the pride of New England, had already been planted by the burghers of the Flemish cities.

"It was not possible," as Mr. Prescott observes, "that such a people should long remain insensible to the great religious reform which, having risen on their borders, was now spreading over Christendom."

Charles the Fifth had perceived the growth of heresy in Flanders, and had fulminated against it the most dreadful edicts. But these edicts had been imperfectly executed, and the Regent Margaret of Parma, though instructed by Philip to use greater severity, had preferred the prosperity of Flanders to the preservation of the Catholic faith. Philip resolved that the work should be done. His resolution, and the means he used to execute it, gave rise to the world-famous Revolt of the Netherlands—a revolt which occupied the greater part of his reign, and which ended in the humiliation of Spain and the rise of the great Protestant republic of Holland. The earlier stages of this tremendous conflict, down to the execution

of Egmont and Van Hoorne—those Netherlandish heroes, whose story belongs as much to the realm of poetry as to that of history—are described by Mr. Prescott in the volumes of his work now before us. Of no passage in history is the interest more profound and dramatic. The intense will of Philip, opposed by the will, fully as intense and more nobly directed, of William the Taciturn; the pitiless soldier Alva matched against indomitable preachers like Marnix; the insanities of the Iconoclasts replying to the atrocities of the Inquisition; Spain standing, between death and famine, to offer the crucifix of Rome; Flanders answering with Leyden, “better be Turks than Papists!”—with such materials, it would hardly be possible for the most ordinary writer to construct a history which should be wholly unattractive to American readers. How much Mr. Prescott has made of the episode, may be easily guessed. His sketch, not yet completed, will be the best introduction to the specific history of those troubles; and we are glad to have his testimony to the value of that work upon the Netherlands, which we are shortly to receive from Mr. Lathrop Motley.

Two other episodes in the life of Philip have been treated by Mr. Prescott in his second volume, and conclude this portion of his work—the siege of Malta and the story of Don Carlos. To the first of these, the historian, tempted by the subject, has given, we must think, too great a prominence; but readers in general, perhaps, will not quarrel with the number of the brilliant pages thus added to the book. Mr. Prescott has a gentleman's sympathy with chivalric warriors, and writes of their deeds with a kind of gentlemanly enthusiasm. Upon the tragedy of Carlos little light can be thrown, till a certain “green box,” not yet produced, shall see the day. But Mr. Prescott has made it plain enough, we think, that Philip acted a cruel and unnatural part by his son, from his childhood, and that the Prince, towards the end of his life, was not a responsible agent. We confess that we cannot escape from a conviction, that the death of the prince, who was convicted of insubordination

and suspected of heresy, must be charged directly upon his dark, unscrupulous, and bigoted father.

From this hasty sketch of the subjects which engage Mr. Prescott's attention, in the first volumes of his history, our readers will see how interesting they must be. They will see, too, how improper it would be for us to enter now upon any extended critical notice of the work—so much of Philip's history yet remains to be treated, and so many of its most important relations.

We have yet to witness, in the tremendous collision between England and Spain, the first of those gigantic European conflicts, of which our own times, let us hope, are beholding the last—the final emancipation of the Northern Netherlands; the final subjugation of the Southern Provinces; the triumph of commerce over military blindness; and the triumph of brute force over unenlightened industry. The interference of Spain in the great French struggles of the League, and in the thirty years' war of Germany; the conquest of Portugal; the seeming culmination, and the true decay, of the Spanish might—these are yet to be dealt with.

The volumes already published will not merely sustain, they will enhance, Mr. Prescott's reputation. His style, though still deficient in finish, has visibly gained in elegance and in force. His narrative is as masterly as ever; his generalizations are more full, broad, and luminous.

We have already stated our impression, that the episode of the siege of Malta is described at too great length; and we should make the same objection, in a more decided manner, to the account of the cloister life of Charles V., which adds nothing to the narratives of Stirling and Mignet, and is handled in such a way as to throw it quite out of any vital connection with the history of Philip.

Yet we are sure that few readers will lay these volumes down without echoing our hope, that we may soon possess the sequel of a work which reflects such honor, alike upon its author and upon his country.

LOW LIFE—IN THE PAMPAS.

HOW rich and varied are the enjoyments of the traveler in mountainous regions! In constant changes, he sees hill and dale, lofty forests, and gray, granite rocks—now a sweet-smiling meadow, and now a beetling, awe-inspiring precipice; below him, blooming orchards and rich pastures, with peaceful cattle; above him, the silent solitude of ice-covered crags and domes. New objects incessantly strike his eye; new sensations fill him with delight. And when, at last, the prospect opens, and from the lofty height he looks down, as from a monarch's throne, upon a wide, luxuriant plain, he is pleased with the change, and interested in the monuments of human industry which suddenly greet him. But as he wanders through the plain, he is soon wearied by its endless monotony; he feels like the strong, active man, when suddenly condemned to unbroken idleness, or the soldier who must exchange the din and turmoil of war for the lonely prison. Still, the plains are not alike, all over the earth. On the vast table-land of Northern China, men are crowded upon men so thickly that laws are required to govern the simplest of daily labors, lest they interfere with each other. In the Great Sahara, the traveler sees day after day pass in unbroken silence, and blesses the first human face he meets in the oasis. The fertile plains of Lombardy are literally covered with cities and villages, whilst the equally productive llanos of South America feed millions of wild, roving herds, and vast distances separate dwelling from dwelling. Nor are the children of the steppes less different in their characteristics; for climate, and soil, and a thousand unobserved influences, change them from zone to zone. Even nations that live close to each other, are found thus to differ. The Mongol is proud, open-hearted, and bold; careless of old usage, and brooking no control. His immediate neighbor, the Chinese, is as cowardly as he is humble; and, consequently, false and treacherous. He worships whatever is hal- lowed by time; void of faith, he observes the canons of his creed and the laws of his magistrates with unwearied obedience. Thus, the two nations, sprung from the same race, living in

the same zone, and mingling in daily intercourse, are found as far apart as the races of Europe and Asia. But the plains of the Mongols are high above the sea, and their soil is covered with sterile sand and with shingle, while the land of the Flowery Empire is fertile to a degree known to but few parts of the earth. It is also but little raised above the surface of the ocean.

Steppes, covered with heath, with grass, or other low plants, are found of unmeasured extent, in all parts of the world; but they are commonly looked upon as specially belonging to the temperate zone, because they are here most frequent, and much surpass the sandy barrens in the vastness of their extent. The prairies, covered with sweet, even verdure, awaken, most of all steppes, the image of the great sea, by the similar color, the waving motion of the surface, and even, now and then, by a *Fata Morgana*. But the impression they produce upon the mind of the traveler is far different. Even in extent, they have, thanks to their constant undulations, but little of the vast, grand character of the old "Okeanos, that holds the world, his spouse, in sweet embrace." Nor do they lead us, as the sea does, to distant lands, and enchanted isles. The few plants that surround us, without break or change, day after day, lack the animating, cheering power that dwells in water, and do not present, like the latter, the ever-changing, graceful forms of restless waves.

At first, it is true, the sight of a steppe causes surprise, by its unlimited extent of space; and when, in the north-west, we step forth from dark, dense forests, and suddenly see before us a smiling, open plain, basking in bright sunshine, and glowing and glittering with a thousand colors, the impression is both pleasing and striking. Soon, however, its unbroken uniformity wearies the wanderer; indistinct, half-unconscious longings fill his heart; the desire of more varied impressions seizes him, and his joy changes into melancholy.

Where, on the other hand, neither tree nor grass, nor even traces of men appear, and scanty, frugal herbs alone cover the sterile soil, there the steppe becomes more and more like the desert,

and ever sadder and more desolate, in proportion as animal life, also, is wanting. Thus each steppe has its own marked characteristics, little as they have yet been observed. What a difference, for instance, between the broad plains of Hungary and the salt table-lands of Upper Asia; the grass forests of the llanos and the carroos of Southern Africa! All have one feature in common: the expression of wide extent—of being grand, almost infinite in space. But whilst the desert is full of terrors, the steppe is more cheerful; here the wanderer is at least not pursued at every step by signs and symptoms of death; he may faint from fatigue, and his mind may be wearied with painful monotony, but he still meets with rare signs of life, and does not feel, as in the Sahara, the breath of the destroyer in every current of air.

His sufferings are, therefore, of the mind, rather than of the body. The constant uniformity begins to weigh heavily upon his unoccupied thoughts, and the unusual, complete independence of external influences causes him discomfort; his loneliness becomes a burden, and his freedom loathsome. His fancy wanders far and near, to enliven his weary mind by pictures of the past, or by fictions in unknown realms, in order thus to afford, from within, the accustomed variety of ideas which the outer world no longer suggests. Thus it is that the imagination of the dweller in the steppe becomes as roving and restless, as subject to vague, indistinct longing, as his actual life; but it is not, as in the dread Sahara, filled with grim, gaunt images of all that is terrible, with tales of bitter deception, and of sudden death that lies ever in waiting. Around him nature lacks variety, as well as individuality; she presents no difficulties to overcome, as in African regions, or on the high sea, where the heart grows strong, and the knee humble before God, in unceasing struggle; she refuses him a country that belongs to his nation only, and, above all, the greatest of boons, a home of his own. Hence arises that want of powerful motives for exertion, and even amusement, which is supplied by the more varied soil of happier countries. The steppe has not, we must confess, that stimulating, developing, refining influence on the mind and the heart

which is felt in the shadow of lofty mountains, or in sight of the blue ocean. It retards the progress of races, and hence is the proper and peculiar home of nomadic tribes. There man rarely says: "It is good for us to be here; let us build tabernacles;" and he thus remains a shepherd, age after age; never passing onward to become a tiller of the soil; to form a commonwealth, with all its blessings; and to the worship of the Muses and the Graces. The children of the unbounded plains of Middle Asia, where we meet with the most perfect steppes, have, through all ages, remained wandering tribes of shepherds, while, hard by, the more favored plains of Eastern Europe have, from olden times, had settled homes, and well-secured boundaries. So powerful, indeed, is the influence of the steppe on the life of man, that even in well-cultivated Hungary, the character of the Magyars still retains some nomadic features; and in other races, as in the Arabs, the truly great and glorious epochs, and noble, enthusiastic efforts of a whole nation, have not been able to remove the sons of the steppe from their original condition.

So, too, we find that the true steppes of our continent, the pampas of South America, also have their own striking features, and their strongly marked children. Here, nature alone reigns supreme: no oasis reminds you of former dwellers on the soil; no hewn stone speaks of labor, and its blessings; no neglected fruit tree recalls the industry and the enjoyments of past generations. The changeless plain stretches far and wide to the changeless horizon; a wide, wild theatre, on which plants and animals alone lead their mysterious, unknown life. Even the most impressive sight of the pampas, surpassing, in grandeur and majesty, all other wonders of our globe, has this lonely, saddening character. It is in the lower part of the boundless plains, where the gigantic La Plata is seen to roll its vast unmeasured masses through the peaceful steppe, amidst solemn silence, and in sublime solitude. Few are the traces of life; fewer still, the rare objects that attract our attention. In hidden crevices, a cactus hides its round balls, horrid with threatening thorns; and, now and then, at vast distances, a solitary umber, the only

tree of the country, rises like a great landmark, in unspeakable loneliness and sadness. Occasionally, there appears on the vast plain, where it rests in deepest solitude, the huge skeleton of an animal, that lived at times when the Andes were still sleeping at the bottom of the great ocean, and dreamt not of ever raising their snow-covered heads to heaven. The whole expanse of the pampas is said to be one great sepulchre of these extinct gigantic bipeds; and, like ghosts of a race far older than man, they rise from their grave, to bear witness of Him who made both them and us. Of late years, huge mounds also may be seen to rise on the plain, covering the bones of whole generations, that now slumber in sublime isolation in this vast solitude. Formerly, all the Indian tribes carried their dead to the coast, and there buried them by the side of their fathers; now, they find a resting-place only in the midst of the wild, inhospitable desert! High above it, a black point is seen in the air: it is a condor, slowly tracing his wide gyrations in the blue ether; or faraway, on the faint horizon, the quaint form of an ostrich passes and vanishes, like a dream of our fancy. Still, there is an indescribable charm in this very solitude; its wild, unfettered freedom gives, even the traveler from the far north, an idea of the fervor with which the Indians love it here, hoping to see still vaster pamp as in the world to come.

These immense plains, as yet but little known, stretch from the straits of Magellan to the Colorado river, covering an area four times the size of the empire of France, and extending in length to more than eight hundred miles. At the south, snow and ice cover the ground for months; at the north, palm-trees are seen to lift their graceful plumes on high, and the breezes are loaded with richest fragrance. They are, strictly speaking, plains of the temperate zone; but, in fact, they extend through all geographical and climatic zones, and exhibit the richest varieties of natural life, perhaps, known in our globe. It is here that we see the productive power of nature, and the marvelous goodness of our Lord, manifested in the most striking and majestic forms. They present to us, in their vast extent, a greater variety of surface, of climate, and of products, than the wild forests of the Amazon, or the sandy Sahara.

Far down, at the southern extremity of this continent, there opens a plain, barren in the extreme, and covered with countless pebbles of porphyry; for shingle is the characteristic feature of the Patagonian Pampas. In the south, we meet with thick layers of lava, the result of former eruptions of volcanoes in the Andes, which still rear their formidable craters in a majestic line against the horizon, and threaten, ever and anon, to speak, after a silence of ages, once more, in voices of thunder, to mankind. These parts are utterly sterile, and apparently forsaken by God and man. But, from thence, the plains begin gradually to rise, from the coast of the Atlantic toward the foot of the Andes; now gently ascending, and now mounting upwards in magnificent, gigantic terraces, one above the other, until they, at last, reach to the summits of the snow-capped mountains. Towards the northern part, the pebbles become smaller, rich tracts of land break in upon the barren shingle, and, finally, make way for luxurious pasturage, where are found large and numerous herds of Patagonian cattle. These would be fertile regions, indeed, and happy, were it not for a want of water, of which, in our more favored regions, we have no adequate conception. The quantity of rain that ordinarily falls is always small, but there are long, dreary seasons of absolute drought. That charming traveler Darwin, tells us that, from 1827 to 1830, not a drop fell, and all vegetation, even the hardy thistle, failed utterly. All brooks dried up in this great drought—as it is still called—and the whole country appeared like a huge, dusty high-road. An incredible number of birds, wild animals, cattle and horses, died from want of food and water. Deer came, fearlessly, into court-yards, to wells dug by the Spaniards; partridges could not fly, when pursued; and, of cattle, a million heads perished, alone, in the province of Buenos Ayres. Nay, the ground being so long perfectly dry, and enormous quantities being daily blown about for years, the landmarks became obliterated, and men could not tell, any longer, the limits of their estates! In summer, the heat is intense, and the soil glows, as if blighted by furnace-heat; in winter, violent winds sweep unimpeded over the plain, and, at night,

bitter frosts form ice on the surface.

Here live the Patagonians, the fabled giants of old; but much as their size has been exaggerated, it surpasses, according to the latest explorers, in height and robust strength, that of all other nations. Among two or three hundred men, Capt. Fitzroy found only half a dozen, who measured under six feet, and even the women were tall in proportion. Huge cloaks, made of skins, and hanging not ungracefully, in ample folds, from the shoulders down to the ground, still add to the gigantic, massive impression of their whole appearance. Their rough, but straight hair, is oddly gathered in nets, made of the sinews of slain animals, and yet seems in keeping with the fantastic painting in red, black, and white, that adorns their faces, marking broad bars across the brow, and large white circles around the eyes. This contrasts strangely enough with the peculiar color of their skin—a hue between pure copper and old mahogany, but easily distinguished from that of all other natives of this continent.

Their huts resemble much the dwellings of gipsies: for posts, the stalks of gigantic thistles are rammed into the ground; other stalks of the same size and lightness are fastened on above, and the whole is covered with undressed skins, inclosing it above and on three sides, but leaving one towards the east, wide open. Within, nothing is seen but the skins on which these children of the wilderness sleep, and their weapons. Among the latter, the bolas are both the most formidable, and the most familiar to general readers. They consist of two or three round pebbles, hard clay balls or actual lead and iron, sewed up in skins and fastened to stout leather thongs of equal length, which are tied together. The Indian takes one ball in his hand, swings the other several times around his head, and then lets the whole fly at the object he wishes to seize. His intention is not, as with the lasso, to throw down his prey or his adversary, but with almost incredible skill he manages it so that one ball strikes a hard prominent part and rebounds; the other balls begin at once to swing round in all directions, and the thongs become so interlaced that every effort to unravel them and to free himself makes the poor prisoner only more and more helpless. Another powerful weapon, of like cha-

acter, is a single ball fastened to a thin thong, of the length of the arm; the ball, weighing about a pound, is rapidly whirled around the head, and then, with terribly increased velocity, it strikes the enemy with a force little inferior to that of a rifle-ball; in a hand-to-hand fight, the Indian uses it as the old Swiss did their famous "Morning-star."

The food of these Indians is in keeping with their habits otherwise; they eat, generally, whatever they can reach, without regard to Savarin or Kitchener; but their main staple consists of fillies and young mares, which they stew and roast in various ways, of which even the good burghers of Copenhagen, who sell horse-flesh, regularly, in their market, are probably still unaware. Common deer and guanacos are not despised; horn-encased armadilloes and all-digesting ostriches, appear only on great occasions. Their taste, however, is strongly in favor of animal food; for, of vegetables they only know two humble roots, and, oddly enough, the epicurean's great delight, the delicate bud of the artichoke.

The Patagonians present to us, perhaps, the most striking instance of a barbarous nation combining the chase, as a national pursuit, with the raising of cattle. No tribe has, therefore, an exclusive right to any part of the immense territory; and all roam, free and unimpeded, over their vast plains. Thanks to their active life, and the good speed of their horses, they travel with amazing rapidity. Tribes that were seen in September, near the straits of Magellan, were, in February, next met with on the banks of the Rio Negro—a distance of at least 2,200 miles! They have poor and rich men among them; the latter own forty or fifty horses, and several dozens of dogs; the former, at least one dog and a couple of horses.

But the incredible number of the latter, literally counting millions, and the profusion of food, ever ready for consumption, are naturally destructive of all industry. The people know no toil, nor its sweet fruits and rich blessings. Socialists in a novel manner, the hungry wait until their rich neighbors have finished their meal; and then, without asking leave, glide up to their stores and help themselves at discretion. Like our fellow-citizens in Utah, they love expansively, and know the great

art of enjoying, both the company of many wives, and the blessings of domestic peace. Their faith hardly deserves that name, though it is superior to that of other savages. They have good gods, and bad gods; the former live in caves beneath the ground, to which the souls of the departed return after death, to dwell in happy communion. The bad deities are worshipped only to appease their anger. The dwellers upon earth were made in the subterranean caves, and their manner of accounting for the difference between themselves and the superior Spaniard is not without originality, because almost the only instance of an humble acknowledgment of such superiority. They admit that the gods made the Patagonians, and endowed them with spears, arrows, and bolas; but then sent them up to the surface to shift for themselves. The Spaniards, on the contrary, were gifted with guns and swords in addition. In like manner they account for the fact, that they had no cattle before the arrival of these formidable strangers. Animal after animal, they say, came forth from the lower regions; the smallest and prettiest, first; the later, less diminutive and less handsome. They began to fear for their safety, and when the first horned head appeared, they were seized with fright, and rolled huge stones before the opening of the caves, so as to prevent still larger and more dreadful beasts from appearing. The Spaniards, they add, were bolder, and allowed cattle and horses to issue forth from their strange birth-place.

The peculiar climate of these plains has its influence upon vegetation, as well as upon man. Oppressively hot in summer, few winter nights pass without hoar-frost, and the transition is commonly as sudden as it is striking. Hence, a coarse, tufted, brown grass, is the almost universal vesture of a plain, as level as the sea, and without a stone, stretching far and wide between the Atlantic and the Andes. Along the coast, mighty masses of porphyry are strewn over the solitude; further inland, a few low beeches, armed with spines, break the weary monotony, and here and there shelter a sensitive cactus, whose stamens contract at the gentlest touch. Still higher up, turf-moors and bogs at times show their dismal, dark outlines on the sterile soil, or mimic the tropical forest

with their gigantic reeds and rushes. But on the plains themselves, treeless, pathless, waterless, the strangest change takes place, during the four seasons, of which we have any record. In winter, the interminable solitude is covered with the large, creeping leaves of thistles, and with clover in richest abundance. In spring, the latter disappears, leaving no trace behind it, and in less than a month, a dense, blooming forest of gigantic thistles rises to a height of ten or twelve feet. Their stems are so close to each other that the eye cannot penetrate the mass, and the plants are so thickly covered with spines, that the miniature forest becomes impenetrable. A few paths only are made, as impenetrable as the labyrinth of the ancients, and known only to robbers and cut-throats; so that Darwin was assured of his safety in traversing these strange regions in early spring by the remark: "There are no robbers yet, the thistles are not up!" Ere summer has fairly passed away, these luxuriant weeds have lost their sap, and with it their fresh, luxuriant green; the bulky heads hang heavily down; the leaves are shrunk and shriveled; the dry, dark stems rattle in the slightest breeze, like the dry bones in the valley, and the first fierce wind of autumn snaps them, and scatters them over the plain. In a few weeks, they, also, have vanished, and are seen no more; the humble clover reappears, and, master of the soil for a season, spreads, once more, the richest verdure as far as the eye can reach.

True to that beautiful sympathy, which finds even the great kingdoms of nature in sweet dependence, one on another, we find here, also, that a scanty flora supports but a scanty fauna. Most of the native animals, moreover, are cannibals, and live not on herbs, but upon each other. The tiger and the jaguar are the tyrants of these plains; and the fierce, blood-thirsty puma preys upon all, ever followed by the vulture on high, falling with lightning speed upon the remnant left by his nobler companion. Peculiar to these steppes is also the guanaco, a reddish-brown stag, with hairy ears, and soft, smooth fur, that feeds on the coarse, wiry grass of the most sterile regions. Fleet as the gazelle, and as timid and wild, they are seen in large herds chasing the clouds on the steppe, or

rushing, with the swiftness of the wind, down from the mountain-heights to their favorite salt moors. The swiftest and keenest of scent are foremost; they examine all around, and with a peculiar, penetrating sound—a shrill, piercing neighing—they warn the herd, if threatened by any danger. But thus they only betray themselves the more readily to the wary hunter; and yet, more fatal still, to them, is their invincible curiosity. The Indians lie down, and then, with arms and legs in the air, attract the attention of their game. The poor guanacos stand still and stare, then prance and leap about in a most ridiculous manner, and again stand and stare. Some gaze at the hunter's antics, others marvel at the red rag he has fastened to his lance, and waves high overhead. They approach nearer and nearer, followed by their unwary companions, until, all of a sudden, the terrible bolas are heard ominously to whizz through the air, and the dogs open with eager barking. Nor is this the only curious habit that marks them among the strange dwellers in the desert. Day by day, they are seen to return, with unfailing precision, to the same spot, until the enormous heaps of accumulated deposits furnish the Indian with ample stores of fuel—invaluable in a land where bushes even are rare, and trees almost unknown. And when, at last, they end their short, precarious life, they crawl, with the last of their strength, to the kindly shelter of bush or rock, near the river, and there expire, strewing the ground with their bones, and, here and there, actually raising large cities of the dead.

Further to the north, the pampas of Buenos Ayres stretch in more varied forms, from the great Atlantic up to the snow-covered Andes. A large portion of this vast extent is covered with swamp and morass, broken, at times, by massive tufts of reeds and rushes, and again by still, silent pools. All the low lands are filled, for a time, by the abundant showers of the rainy season; soon, however, dry weather comes again, and when the water is evaporated, luxuriant grasses furnish excellent pasture, whilst the upper regions are burnt and withered. Here, also, the colossal thistles of the pampas raise their gorgeous flowers at a height of six or eight feet, and become useful even, in the absence of other fuel. A few peach-trees, even, are scattered here and there

by chance, or planted near the rare homesteads. But when most luxuriant, these steppes suffer under the disadvantage, that all the water is brackish and salt, especially in summer; and then, moreover, it is very scanty. This is the more remarkable, as there is no salt in the soil, and a few feet below the surface, or in wells dug for the purpose, sweet water may be found in abundance. North of the river Salado, and nearer to the Andes, a region is met with, like no other land on earth, the very image of the terrible curse, "the breeding of nettles, of salt-pits, and a perpetual desolation." It is an almost perfect plain, where—

"Nor bird would sing, nor lamb would bleat,
Nor any cloud would cross the vanit,
But day increased from heat to heat,
On stony drought and steaming salt."

There the amazed wanderer meets enormous salt-swamps, and sees, with increased marvel, the salt itself bloom out "in oddest crystals." Not a spring refreshes the sultry air, producing the cheerful green of healthy plants; even the boldest of rivers, swollen in time of violent rains, and rushing in headlong fury from the Andes upon the desolate plain, meet with an ignominious end, and are slowly swallowed up by the thirsty sands! Not a tree rises to break the intolerable level, and to relieve the weary eye; at best, where the salt disappears, the ground is covered with pale, grayish globes of spring cactus, and their long, low rows, broken here and there by the serious and solemn old man's plant, covered with long gray hair, that gives it an indescribably sad and mournful expression. But these opuntias are the very blessings of the pampas; they are not in vain called the "Springs of the Desert." Growing in the poorest and driest of soils, ever exposed to the pitiless rays of a burning sun, they still hide, under a thorny outside, rich stores of refreshing, well-flavored juice. And here again, as in the Sahara, we learn how the kindness of our great mother, nature, instills like kindness even into the hearts of the wild children of the desert; for charity makes it a rule in the pampas that each traveler, as he passes a cactus, shall draw his knife and cut from it the thorns and branches, to allow the perishing beasts of the wilderness free access to the well-guarded storehouse.

Many are the strange sights, and wondrous are the changes that strike the traveler on these steppes, from the boundless fields of snow-white salt to the "phantom of the wilderness"—the visionary rainbow that flees before his hope-sick eyes across the interminable solitude. But of all, the most dreadful is the pampero, a hurricane of the pampas, like the simoom of the Sahara. There are seasons in summer, when

"There is no motion in the dumb, dead air,
Nor any song of bird or sound of rill;
Gross darkness of the inner sepulchre
Is not so deadly still."

Of a sudden, fleecy white clouds are seen rising in the south-west, changing now into quaint, queer shapes, and now into dismal hangings of deepest black. Dust rises and gathers from south and north, into huge, aerial draperies, hanging in mighty volumes between heaven and earth; the cloudy pall sinks slowly lower and lower, fatal eddies lift, at times, the pendulous skirts of these most mournful curtains, and rend them into strange arches, portals, and windows, through which lurid lights glow and glimmer in ever-changing, fearful flashes. Hot, hissing puffs of wind are felt, and then, in a moment, the storm comes raging down from the snowy caps of the Andes, sweeps with indescribable fury across the pampas, and swells into a resistless, fatal hurricane. Huge, dense clouds of dust and sand hide the sun, and, even at noon, deep darkness covers the earth; lightning and thunder, loud and fearful, such as are known only to the tropics, add to the terror, and whatever has life and breath is at the mercy of the God that "is in the whirlwind and the storm." The cattle flee in despair, and thousands perish on the open steppe; others crowd into river and swamp, and are drowned, unable to find, in the profound darkness, the way back to the shore; while men lie prostrate on their faces, and wait for the passing of the tempest.

When the Spaniards first saw these wide plains, they were covered with countless herds of guanacos and lamas; now, as the original plants have been driven out by the invaders, the thistle and lucern, so the first lords of the soil in the animal kingdom have also had to give way to the horses and cattle of Europe. The emu alone, the South American ostrich, retains a part of his

ancient dominions, and still is hunted by the Gaucho for the sake of his magnificent feathers. Half-hid in the ground, the rabbit-like bizcacho also survives the general destruction, and undermining the pampas all over with endless passages and holes, he avenges himself on the proud invaders by many a dangerous fall. Even the true masters of the land, the Indians, could not resist the merciless tide that swept them westward; and when the Spaniards obtained full possession of the noble lands along the La Plata, the poor native tribes, who had no settled homes, and were restless wanderers on the steppes, vanished, like the ghosts of olden times, into the night of adjoining forests, beyond the gray, grim rocks that are scattered in wild confusion at the foot of the colossal mountains. Spaniards spread over the plain, and the old Arab blood seems to have coursed once more through their veins, and to have risen and rejoiced when they roved over the wide prairies in unfettered freedom, like their brethren, the Bedouins of the Great Desert. These are the Ganchos of our days—a race more nearly resembling the Centaurs of old than any other people on earth. Sons of the bold conquerors of these happy lands, and mindful of the noble services rendered their fathers by their faithful horses, they carry the new-born child on horse-back to the distant priest who is to baptize it; and, when his race is run, his corpse is again, in the same way, borne to his last resting-place! The Gaucho stirs not from home without mounting his horse, which is ever ready saddled at the door of his hut, to carry him to feast or foray. Covered with his poncho, that leaves his arms perfectly free, and yet protects him against wind and weather, and armed with bolas or lasso, and an enormous knife by his side, he looks from his proud, prancing horse, with keen eye, far over the plain; and as far as sight can carry his thought, he is master of all he surveys. He is not bound to the soil; he does not obey a superior, and is contented because he has but few wants, and these most easily satisfied. With head erect, and a carriage full of conscious strength and natural grace, guiding his well-trained horse with surprising ease and skill, he looks a true independent man, and reminds the traveler more of the bold Tuareg of the Sahara than of his father,

the Spaniard of Castile. Thus we see how even man's God-like nature is, in nations, as in individuals, affected and changed by soil and climate.

His hut is small and square; a few upright posts, with wickerwork between them, and clay cast upon it, occasionally covered with skins, while the roof, made mostly of reeds or of straw, leaves in the centre free egress to smoke. A few stones or skulls of horses are his seats; a small table serves, not for his meals, but for his gambling; and a crucifix and a saint's image complete his whole, simple furniture. He counts it a luxury if he has a few sheep-skins for wife and children, and even a fire is not one of his daily wants. Meat is his only food; it is roasted, in gigantic pieces, on a huge spit, and each guest cuts his piece as he likes; peaches and pumpkins are the only vegetables he knows, and bread many never see during a whole, long life. At home they spend their time in sleeping and gambling; but, as in all southern races, here, also, long periods of utter indolence give way to sudden and furious outbursts of intense activity. Close by his hut is his corral, an inclosure of strong posts, on which vultures and hawks sit gravely, waiting in patience for the never-failing feast, of which the immense heaps of horns and bones, that are scattered around, give abundant evidence. Abroad, the Gaucho is ever chasing and coursing through the unbounded steppe; and a most noble sight it is to watch those thousands of graceful, active horses, in all the beauty of freedom, sport merrily over the plain. It is a mournful sight, on the other hand, few others on earth are so sad, to see them race up and down the vast, parched prairie, maddened by fierce, implacable thirst, and treading under foot, in their wild, uncontrollable fury, their own companions and offspring. And when, at last, they have scented a pool, with what terrible eagerness they fly to the coveted waters, until, in their maniac haste, the foremost are borne down and crushed by those that follow—corpses are heaped upon corpses, and a huge, high pile of dead bodies alone marks the place where they sought in vain to recover sweet life! Some of the smaller streams in the pampas are literally paved with the bones of these noble creatures, which have there found a miserable death in times of such terrible suffering.

The smallest, but, probably, the most remarkable, of these pampas, are the northernmost plains, reaching up to the very foot of the Andes. Here the soil is loose and sandy, covered with salt, and utterly unfit for the growth of any plant, however frugal and humble; nay, in some parts, it presents a picture of utter desolation, the effect of which is heightened by its contrast with the luxuriant vegetation that surrounds it on all sides. The eastern portion has, fortunately, large rivers, and can be made very fertile by irrigation. These rivers are, however, themselves one of the most remarkable curiosities of the continent; for they form a system of their own, not connected with either ocean—the Atlantic or the Pacific—and not even with a large stream falling into the ocean! Such a secluded and separate system occurs only once beside, on a large scale, on the whole globe, in the centre of Asia. The rivers of the pampas, rising in the Andes, flow eastward, and unite their waters, after having passed over a large portion of the steppe, in three great groups of lakes, which lie one above the other, so that the rivers fall from the highest lakes into the lower, and thence into the lowest. All these lakes are, moreover, of salt-water; and, in winter and spring, their shores are covered with crusts of white, shining salt! A few pools of brackish, sometimes even of sweet water are, however, found at no great distance, and to them the adjoining regions owe their fertility and abundant crops. This is mainly due to a small group of low mountains, that swell gently upward in the southern part of these pampas; they are, for some two months in the year, covered with snow, which feeds, in melting, the streams at their base, and thus produces a vegetation, without which neither man nor cattle could live in those inhospitable regions.

Still further north, we are told by the only traveler who ever ventured so high up, lie the salinas, the saddest sight of the globe. The air is dark and dismal; dense fogs rest, layer above layer, on the sterile soil; no air breathes here; no wind ever dispels the sad, solemn silence. The ground is covered with salt, as with newly-fallen snow; here and there crouching, crippled salt-plants, without leaves or flowers, mark their stunted growth, by their blackened branches, on the glaring white salt.

Not a tree, not a bush can be seen; not a spire of grass grows on this vast field of desolation. Often there falls no rain for eighteen months; and the few rivers that flow from the mountains above, upon the accursed land, are lost in the ground as soon as they reach the salinas. When, at last, rain falls again, the salt that bloomed out in bright crystals all over the unbounded steppe is dissolved, and then the plain changes into a broad expanse of black, brackish mud, covered with scattered tufts of succulent plants. But soon the sun returns; perhaps he succeeds, for a few days, in dispelling the thick mists, and in an incredibly short time the water evaporates, and the whole country, as far as eye can reach, presents an even mirror as of ice, on which the rays of light break with such force as to blind the traveler and his faithful horse. Here and there the salt-snow is heaped up by the wind into little drifts of fanciful shape.

The wind from these salinas, blowing most fiercely in December, is the fatal foe of all that lives and breathes. Men, even in their houses, cover face and hands with wet cloths; any unprotected part, touched by the terrible blast, rises instantly in painful blisters. The leaves fall from the trees, as if singed and scorched, and the bark cracks and peels, as if burnt by the intolerable heat. At night, even the locks, latches, and keys, inside of the houses, are so hot that they cannot be touched with the naked hand; men feel as if they were suffocating, and words cannot describe the intense, intolerable suffering.

Not less terrible, though better known, is the renowned Desplado, the "uninhabited lands"—a plain on a high table-land of the Andes, perhaps 13,000 feet above the surface of the sea. It still belongs to the system of steppes or pampas, that mark so strikingly the southern part of the continent, although it lies high above the line that defines the last growth of shrubs and more perfect plants. For eight hundred long miles, this strange and mysterious plain stretches along between two parallel chains of the Andes, some of whose snowy peaks rise, in unsurpassed grandeur, more than eight thousand feet above this elevated table-land! But what has attracted most curiosity, and is still the marvel of all

travelers, is the fact that this immense plateau is divided into two parts by a deep valley, through which runs the only road between Bolivia and Buenos Ayres. It is more than thirty miles long, and often not a hundred yards wide; steep, towering rocks bound it on both sides. Nearly half way, lies the town of Ingui, and to the north of it the land rises to its full height, until colossal mountains approach on both sides, and closing the unique valley, unite once more above into a level pampa. Here, also, we find winter visiting a land in the tropics with all the severity of Arctic regions; hail-storms and snow-storms, of unheard of fury and fierceness, rage all through the month of July. In the midst of this melancholy region the amazed traveler meets some miserable huts, in which dwell the unhappy children of the ancient Peruvians. They know neither agriculture nor the raising of cattle; proud only of the memory of their fathers, and boasting of many a price-less secret handed down from father to son, they prefer misery in their mournful home to abundance under foreign masters. Their whole wealth consists in a few lamas, their main occupation is the chase of alpacas, guanacos, and chinchillas, of which uncounted numbers are annually sent to the great marts of Europe. A few wash gold, after heavy rains; others gather snow, and carry it down to the lower country. Here, also, extensive plains of salt occur, which the inhabitants break into large pieces, and loading their patient lamas with the pure, sparkling burden, sell it in the nearest cities. Travelers are apt to become "salt-blind," from the insufferable glare of the sun on these mirror-like plains, as those on the high glaciers and ice-fields of the Alps become "snow-blind."

Such are the pampas of our continent, where, in the day, the sun moves from the right to the left, and at noon stands in the north; where, at night, the glorious sign of the southern heaven—the great southern cross—shines with unwonted brilliancy—the comfort of the blind heathen, the sweet symbol of the Christian; where, by night and by day, in all seasons and all ages, we may hear the words: "Arise, go forth into the plain, and I will there talk with thee!" and behold, as the prophet did, "the glory of the Lord standing there."

A LEGEND OF ELSINORE.

O BUT she had not her peer
 In the kingdom, far or near;
 For God's hand had never made
 Such royalty before.
 All proud passions seemed to dwell,
 Like the voices in a shell,
 In the snowy bosom's swell
 Of Queen Maud of Elsinore.

As the folds of midnight cloud,
 With their starry splendors, shroud
 Pale Diana, as she moves
 Across the western skies;
 So her midnight clouds of hair
 Trailed upon her shoulders bare,
 Shrouded all her forehead fair,
 And made shadows in her eyes.

From the dizzy castle tips,
 She would watch the silent ships,
 Like sheeted phantoms, coming
 And going evermore;
 While the twilight settled down
 On the sleepy little town,
 On the gables, quaint and brown,
 That had sheltered kings of yore.

Her blue eyes drank in the sight,
 With a full and still delight;
 For it was as fair a scene
 As aught in Arcadie:
 Through the yellow-beaded grain—
 Through the hamlet-studded plain—
 Like a trembling azure vein,
 Pulsed the river to the sea.

Spotted belts of cedar-wood
 Partly clasped the widening flood;
 Like a knot of daisies lay
 The hamlets on the hill;
 In the ancient town below,
 Sparks of light would come and go,
 And faint voices, strangely low,
 From the garrulous old mill.

Here the land, in grassy swells,
 Gently rose; there, sunk in dells
 With wide mouths of crimson moss,
 And teeth of rock and peat;
 And, in statue-like repose,
 An old wrinkled mountain rose,
 With its hoary head in snows,
 And musk-roses at its feet.

While the silver-sounding bells,
That came trembling through the dells,
Like rich swells of music broke
On the enchanted ear:
There was something in their chimes
That called up the minstrel times,
Olden poets, and their rhymes,
Like toucht cymbals fine and clear.

And so oft she sat alone,
In the turret of gray stone,
Looking o'er red miles of heath,
Dew-dabbled, to the sea,
That there grew a village cry,
How Maud's cheeks did lose their dye,
As a ship, once, sailing by,
Melted past the sapphire lea.

"Lady Maud," they said, "is vain;
With a cold and fine disdain
She walks o'er mead and moor,
She walketh by the sea—
Sitteth in her tower alone,
Like Enone carved in stone—
Like the queen of half a zone—
Ah, so icy-proud is she!"

When Maud walked abroad, her feet
Seemed far sweeter than the sweet
Wild-flowers that would follow her
With iridescent eyes:
And the spangled eglantine,
And the honeysuckle vine,
Running round and round the pine,
Grew tremulous with surprise.

But she passed by with a stare,
With a half unconscious air,
Making waves of golden froth
Upon a sea of maize;
With her large and clouded eyes
Looking through and through the skies,
As if God's rich paradise
Were growing upon her gaze.

Her lone walks led all one way,
And all ended at the gray,
And the ragged, jagged rocks,
That tooth the dreadful beach:
There Queen Maud would stand, the sweet!
With the white surf at her feet,
While above her wheeled the fleet
Sparrow-hawk with startling screech.

When the stars had blossomed bright,
 And the gardens of the night
 Seemed all full of marigolds
 And violets astir;
 Maiden Maud would sit alone,
 And the sea with inner tone,
 Half of melody and moan,
 Would rise up and speak with her.

And she ever loved the sea—
 God's half uttered mystery—
 With its million lips of shells,
 Its never-ceasing roar;
 And 'twas well that, when she died,
 They made Maud a grave beside
 The blue pulses of the tide,
 'Mong the crags of Elsinore.

One red-leaf falling morn,
 Many russet Autumns gone,
 A lone ship with folded wings
 Lay dozing off the lea;
 It came silently at night,
 With its wings of murky white
 Folded, after weary flight—
 The worn nursling of the sea!

Crowds of peasants flocked the sands;
 There were tears and clasping hands;
 And a sailor from the ship
 Passed through the grave-yard gate.
 Only "Maud," the head-stone read;
 Only Maud? Was 't all it said?
 Why did he bow his head,
 Weeping, "Late, alas! too late?"

And they called her cold. God knows....
 Underneath the winter snows,
 The invisible hearts of flowers
 Grow ripe for blossoming;
 And the lives that look so cold,
 If their stories could be told,
 Would seem cast in gentler mould,
 Would seem full of love and spring.

SCAMPAVIAS.

PART I.—THE COCKPIT.

"The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared;
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top."

I WAS sitting one dull, dreary morning with my heels staring—with great outward satisfaction—at the fire, when the bell rang, and the postman brought me a letter. It was a portentous looking document, wrapped in a huge yellow envelope, sealed with a great splatch of red wax, and franked over the address, with the ominous words, "Navy Department. Official business."

I have not the least doubt that many a poor trembling mariner has endured the same heart-sick feelings, as came over my spirits, on beholding a similar terrible engine—so calculated to scatter dismay in peaceful families—when about to be pryed out of a happy berth on shore, and sent away out upon the salt seas, to the Lord only knows where.

The long, slim icicles, which hung stiff and sharp from the branches of the trees in front of the windows, rattling in the rough blasts of a bleak March wind, were not colder or more dismal than I was, as I slowly tore off the cover of the document. I knew, by instinct, what would be the contents, and I was not a whit wide of the mark. It was very brief—these epistles usually are—and it was couched in the ordinary cast—a peremptory, and by no means affectionate, style.

This was its purport: "Sir,—you are hereby appointed flag lieutenant of the Mediterranean squadron, and will proceed forthwith to report for duty on board the frigate *Cumberland*." While perusing this explicit and expressive missive, I recollect there was a spark flew in both my eyes from the fire; and when the baby was brought to me, as was customary in the morning, to fondle and tumble about the carpet, I could hardly see the little witch, though her downy cheeks were buried in my whiskers, and the soft, fat arms were twined around my throat.

"Another cruise, my dear," said I to my wife, pointing to the paper, which had fallen open upon the floor. "But you won't go, will you?" exclaimed my

help-mate with a shudder, as we nearly let the baby drop, between us. "Why, you know I must;" I replied, mechanically, "unless I toss up my commission and resign, and one don't care to take a step of that nature, here in the middle of the month, for it's so apt to derange the purser's accounts, and—so I fear there's no help for me."

The servant announced breakfast. "What will you have?" inquired my help-mate, as she took a place at the table. "Tea, of the blackest and strongest decoction," I said sadly, for the document had taken the edge off my appetite for solids; and be assured, brother sailor, that tea is your friend on these occasions, for it gives you a stout and indifferent heart.

It is needless to relate how, for a time, there were individuals about the premises, busily employed making up all sorts of linen, and other invisible gear; while the tailors fitted me out in blue broadcloth and bullion; until finally my kit was pronounced perfect, and away I went.

Very sad it made me to go, and I was not chary of epithets upon the world at large, and the Navy Department in particular; but one may as well rail at the northwest wind, while the breakers are dashing on a lee shore, as to look for sympathy in that quarter; and so I might have saved my breath.

I joined the frigate, I remember, in a blinding snow-storm. She lay chained to the piers of the dock-yard, with her lofty masts, black yards, spar deck, and battery, sheeted in snow, while the boats coming from the receiving hulk, in the stream, were crowded with a living freight, which were to compose the crew. There were about five hundred of these last, consisting of the usual reckless, careless spirits, who roam over the ocean, from all climes, and of all nations, including a goodly portion of newly imported wild Irishmen, and a few hardy Yankee salts.

The ship was commissioned, and for about a fortnight after, in addition to

the never-ceasing confusion which reigns on board a vessel newly put in service, there appeared to be a perfect tornado of dock-yard artisans—carpenters—riggers—tinkers, and the like—who rushed distractedly about, tearing everything to pieces that had been effected before, and never seeming to please anybody.

It is worthy of remark, as a general rule, that there is always a wide difference of opinion between the dock-yard people and the mariners, with regard to the comparative utility of the various improvements or fittings of a sea-going ship, and, in the end, both parties are not disinclined to part with each other as soon as practicable.

Our trials, in this respect, were not of long duration, and one bright, pleasant morning, early in the month of May, Anno Domini 1852, the sailing orders came.

When the tide made in the afternoon, the pilot gave the word, the iron fasts were let run from the ports, the stagings hauled on shore, and slowly the vessel's head swung off from the pier-head towards the stream. There was a low, squat steam-tug in readiness for us, painted very red, and looking extremely infernal and wicked, as she lay at a wharf some distance astern, and only evinced her spleen at intervals, by short splenetic coughs from her escape pipes, as if she was viciously inclined upon bursting her boilers, out of the purest spite and rage, right under the frigate's counters.

"Are the hawsers ready?" cried the first lieutenant. A toss of the hand was the affirmative reply from the man on board the tug; and, without a moment's hesitation or timidity, the red beast screwed noiselessly alongside the ship, and seizing her with a nip like to a forceps, the broad propeller vibrated backwards and forwards for a moment; and then, as if tired of such nonsense, with a whirling spin, that made the water foam, she breasted her enormous burden slowly, but surely, down the harbor of Boston.

A little before sunset, we reached the outer anchorage of Nantasket Roads, where, the wind being unfavorable, we let go an anchor. The steam tug, having apparently done her worst in dragging us away from our homes, rested placidly beside us for a time, in the enjoyment of our grief; when, having

taken on board some pleasant friends, who had come to see the last of us on this side of the globe, they departed, leaving us poor, sad, woe-begone mortals, to brood over our sorrows alone.

At early dawn, the following day, the wind came furtively fair. I am inclined to this opinion, though I did not feel it, nor ask a soul about it; for, I was much too miserable to care for anything of the sort. Yet, I felt assured my surmise was correct, because I heard the sharp ring of the boatswains' whistles, with the cry of: "All hands up anchor." Then again there was a short race around the capstans, but presently the tramp of the busy feet ceased; the word was passed along the gun deck to "secure the cable;" and then, I knew again that we were not off yet.

I made a determined effort some hours later, and succeeded in reaching the upper air. The weather had changed, as the barometer had predicted; the horizon, where the sun rose, looked hard and gloomy; and the wind, too, was creeping stealthily, but steadily, from the same direction. Before noon, rain came, and then the pilot muttered that he felt "dubersome" about the appearances. One of the ocean-steamers was anchored near us; but presently she struck her paddles deep into the water, and, turning her nose up at sails and head winds, dashed away towards Halifax. It was a matter of discussion with us at dinner, that day, if the steward of the Cunarder had not supplied her with a superabundance of provisions, since long before night, with a rising head sea and strong gale, she must have been forced to reduce her revolutions, while, perhaps, her passengers increased theirs. In fact, with our big hull, and the very slight and almost imperceptible oscillations caused by the ocean swell, the young marine officer was heard pathetically to request the caterer not to cook any delicacies for him, of any kind or description. From that, those of the strong stomachs divined that the soldier preferred the land for a lengthened residence. The warning, however, to the caterer, seemed to be a matter of supererogation, for no opportunity presented itself during our stay at the Roads for procuring delicacies of the most frugal sort; with the exception of a merchant in a boat, from the famous town of Hull, hard by the anchorage. He came close under the frigate's

stern, and, holding up a couple of eggs, asked if "some wun of you fellers keer'd to buy 'em." He also volunteered to "go and kitch some tom cod," but, gaining no heed to his solicitations, he sailed away disgusted.

For six tedious days, the easterly gale howled dismally, while the rain fell chillingly, in concert. There we lay, ready for sea, the guns secured, the messenger passed, the capstan bars laid beside the capstans, and all dancing attendance upon the perverse wind, while

"—All the noisy waves went freshly leaping,
Like gamesome boys over the church-yard dead."

The only object which seemed to revel with delight in this dreary scene was our friend the red steam-tug. She was evidently out on a frolic. During the heaviest and wildest weather, the monster, as if conscious of her iron muscle and power, would go plunging out to sea, in and out and around the angry ledges and breakers, looking for all the world like a huge lobster, with her revolving claws ready, at a moment's notice, to snap up any misguided bark that had unfortunately been driven, in distress, upon the pitiless rocks by the gale.

How we all doled through the time, during this tedious weather, I leave to those who are fond of the sea to imagine. For my own part, I mustered up a little energy one morning, and arranged my traps in some show of order. I lived down in a dark, gloomy aperture of the ship, in a place called, for what reason brain of man cannot divine, the cockpit. It is always associated in my mind with the "spot where Nelson died"—which, by the way, aside from the cowardly musket-ball of the Frenchman, would not have been a subject of wonderment, if he had been obliged to lodge in any similar hole to mine.

Owing to the detestable internal economy of space within our old-fashioned-built vessels of war, neither officers nor men enjoy the wholesome or well-arranged quarters they reasonably should. In the present day, the ward-rooms are the most crowded apartments in the ship; and it frequently happens, as in my case, that, without swinging in a cot, *al fresco*, as it were, in the open "country," with the privilege of a wash-stand in the street, I should have been obliged

to perambulate the frigate of nights, on my individual feet, or to roost in the boats, or, perhaps, in the codfish-boxes under the maintop, since the regular state rooms were legitimately occupied by those entitled to them.

Fortunately, however, the cockpit was vacant, and there a cabin was placed at my disposal; for, as I was in "everybody's mess and nobody's watch," I had no claims to more agreeable accommodations.

There were three others who shared with me this retreat: the secretary and a brace of surgeons.

It was a perfect *ladderrinth* to get down to this pit; but, when once down, it had virtues of its own. Sunlight was never seen there by the Ancient Mariner himself. Air had been there occasionally, but in very small quantities—I mean breathing air. My private belief is, that the cockpit was solely invented for purposes of suffocation. The great bread-rooms opened into the pit, from whose capacious tinned receptacles the biscuit was daily taken to feed the mouths above. The purser's store-house, too, sent forth its tribute of slops, consisting of every imaginable material from red jackets to pepper—brogans and beeswax, thread, trowsers, thimbles, pins, pans, silks, and candles. Then, again, the hospital drugs, and the officers' private stores, were all drawn in bulk from these realms, to say nothing of the loaded shell magazines, with their villainous sulphur and saltpetre, being entombed directly beneath the deck.

The awful smell, in warm weather, of tar, ropes, damp clothing, drugs, provisions, powder, and the compound fluid-extract of pure bilge water, and the like refreshing elements, reeked here in stifling profusion; but one good mouthful of pure oxygen, I say again, was never inhaled in the pit. Ethereal spirits of that volatile nature resort nearer to the heavens.

This was the appearance of things at the outset of the cruise; and, moreover, there was an obstructed passage-way leading forward from this den to the spirit-room hatch, and designed for filling shells, thus corking us up like a bottle. At a later period, however, on getting quit of the dock-yard men, our own carpenters, with a few vigorous blows of sledge-hammers and crowbars, knocked the entire fabric away, leaving a wide space, where a large lantern shed

its gleams perpetually beside a sentinel placed there to keep guard over the residents and property; and where, too, a plethoric wind-sail poured a current of fresh air from the breezy regions above; thus making, on the whole, our life more luxurious, wholesome, and comfortable than before.

At the same time, notwithstanding the unavoidable ills of a sea life, not sufficiently alleviated by a liberal allowance of candles, and the certainty of being the first blown up in case of fire, we still existed as pleasantly and happily as human beings could expect to, six feet under water, within the walls of a ship.

To descend, however, to details: my own cabin was precisely six feet square and nearly five feet high—not quite, but an inch or two below a certain elevation is not important. Except in the struggle to put on my trowsers in a hurry, which, perhaps, could have been more easily performed by standing on my head, I experienced no difficulty or inconvenience whatever on that score.

Of the six feet square, my bunk and bed occupied about one-fourth—narrow, to be sure, in the most sanguine view of the case. Had it been occupied by my uncle Toby, before his anticipated marriage with Mrs. Wadman, I feel persuaded that Mr. Shandy would not have cast reproach upon the widow for being about to prevent her lover from “sleeping diagonally in his bed;” for, under the most favorable auspices, it would have puzzled a monkey to have laid crosswise in mine.

I often pondered, while lying awake in my narrow crib, how a gentleman in easy circumstances on shore would accept of a night's lodging like unto my retreat; to be asked to sleep in a hole six feet under ground—except it were considered a grave—with a smoked pork-shop next door, a bakery and druggery on the other, an old clothes emporium over the way, and a powder magazine beneath; then to breathe a foul atmosphere of tar, cheese, and roaches; without a ray of light, save that dimly emitted by smoky oil; and the whole catalogue of delights closed by reposing on rockers, to roll and to pitch, or swing to and fro as in a bird-cage. I wonder, I say, whether, after a first trial, the visitor would care to enjoy the like hospitality again!

A bureau, with a writing affair at-

tachment, stood in one corner; a small wash-stand in the other; a couple of shelves held my books above, and around were racks of wooden pegs to hold my watch-clothes and ordinary raiment. Outside the cabin, behind a canvas screen, was a bath-tub, where I could disport myself to an unlimited extent in salt water. All this constituted my palace afloat; and, though neither gilded nor frescoed, it still became a snug little home for the cruise, where I could be sad or merry, studious or dreamy, as the spirit moved me.

It was on the 17th of May, at daylight, that we were all astir. The wind had veered fair, and, indeed, it was high time, for the pilot was out of shirts, and threatened to leave us to our fate. The anchors were soon wrung from their resting places, the head sails hoisted, and, in company with a great crowd of outward bounders, we all steered seaward together.

On gaining an offing, we hove to for a moment, to give the pilot a chance to step into his cockle-shell of a boat. “Good-by, captin,” said he, as he strapped up the certificate of his pilotage in one of the fat pocket-books with which people of his profession invariably supply themselves. “Good-by, pilot,” said we all; “keep a look-out for us three years from to-day.” “Aye, aye—I guess I won’t,” he exclaimed, as he gave his beaver a pull, and, seizing one of the oars, sculled on board his vessel.

An hour later, we ran past the steam frigate Mississippi, gave a mutual salute of hearty cheers, and then, making all sail, before the night closed around us, the rocks, villages, light-houses, and sand-hills of Cape Cod had faded away in the distance, and the frigate held her prow resolutely towards the broad Atlantic.

For some days we went bowling along at great speed, with a single reef in the topsails, past George's shoals into the Gulf Stream, with the fogs and drizzle which hang round those warm water regions obscuring the horizon, and holding the canvas of the frigate out full and rigid. The effect, too, produced by the sudden change of medium of air and sea, caused the inside walls and ceilings of the vessel to condense in moisture, and every plank, timber, and bolt pour out oozy drops of perspiration upon our devoted heads. At last, came clear, drying weather, when, with winds

at times light, then fresh, first from one quarter, and then another, but always fair, we made rapid progress towards the Old World.

The internal organs of the ship also progressed favorably; a great portion of the crew were at first greener than the sea, in the ways of a man-of-war; but constant drilling in the ordinary routine of duty soon put everything in tolerable working order. At the outset, after recovering from the soul-harrowing effects of sea-sickness, their physical energies were devoted to recruiting their stomachs, and the effect was visibly manifest at every succeeding general muster, when they all marched around the captain for inspection.

I should say, on an *avoidupois* guess, that in aggregate bulk, the crew increased at the rate of about four tons per month. The marines, perhaps, fell a trifle below this estimate; for being of sedentary habits, and immoderately addicted to "duff," which invariably produced the colic, they were in a mass neutralized in fatness. Our friends, however, the Milesians, were the most difficult persons to bring into the traces. Paddy is tractable and witty, but stupid and blundering. They would persist in stowing their hammocks on one side of the deck in the morning, and looking for them on the other at night; being deluded into this dilemma, by remarking only the rising of the sun, and giving no heed to the stem or stern of the ship, they forgot that the sun had got round to another part of the heavens. Going up the rigging, however, was their severest trial. They were always "light in the hed, and wake in the lige, not bein' accustomed to the say," though an old quarter-master of my acquaintance was eager to bet a month's pay that, with a hod of mortar over their shoulders, they could beat a cat to the main-royal truck.

It was not, however, trifles of this nature that the officers had seriously to contend with. It was with that class of persons whose characters or habits had become distasteful to their fellow-men on shore; to whom a man-of-war is an *Alsatia* of refuge; with whom clear good-natured persuasion or reason has but little weight; and who require the strong hand, and not unfrequently the cold steel at their throats, to reduce them to wholesome discipline and obedience.

The government had abolished flogging in the navy. Since the passage of the law, this was the first cruise wherein I had had the opportunity of witnessing the effect of that measure in a ship of war. It was, at the time, with me, a matter of exceeding doubt—while the grog part of the ration was left to work its pernicious influence—whether a man-of-war could be properly disciplined, without the lash, or the substitute of cruel and unusual means of punishment, to curb the naturally mutinous and vicious.

Contrary, however, to all my preconceived convictions, trained, as I had been, for many years, under the old system, where the cats were swung habitually upon the backs of the seamen, I must candidly admit, that my views have undergone an entire change.

There is not an officer, with the true feelings of manhood, whose soul has not revolted at the disgusting practice of punishment under the old regulations; and neither, do I believe, are there many who would not willingly have seen the lash abolished, had wise and effective substitutes been devised to supply its place. This, however, in a moment of hasty legislation, was overlooked; and the only means left with the officers to control the men, were those of an ordinary nature, or in nautical parlance, "according to the usages of the sea service."

The experiment, I feel persuaded, was fairly tried on board the Cumberland, and I am equally certain with decided success. There was introduced on board the frigate a thorough and impartial administration of rewards, as well as punishments, which held out encouragement to the good, and meted out strict justice to the bad. A prison was constructed on the lower deck, where the prisoners could not communicate with their shipmates. It had transverse rods of iron at top and bottom, to which the culprits were shackled, and they were made to keep the same watch below that their shipmates did on the upper deck, instead of dozing away their time in comparative comfort.

For light offenses the men were given extra work, and deprived of liberty on shore; but for offenses of greater magnitude, confinement for certain periods in double irons, and by sentence of court martial, disrating, deprivation of

pay, or disgraceful discharge from the service.

It was, however, the minor delinquencies that required the most attention, and the burden of the duty fell entirely upon the executive officers, of whom incessant vigilance was at all times demanded. At the same time, the rights of the crew and their comforts were respected. They were treated with moderation and firmness. I never heard of an oath being spoken through the trumpet during the period I was in the ship; and eventually the frigate became the most creditable vessel, in many points of view, that it had been my lot to sail in.

I must admit, however, that the crew did not, on all occasions, work with the same quickness and alacrity, as I had known in other ships; but this was more attributable to the feebleness of the men themselves, than to any defect of the system.

Of recent years, a great depreciation has been observed in the professional capacities of the enlisted men in the navy, and California and Australia may have been, in some degree, the allurements which have drawn them away, though it is fair to presume the race has not become entirely extinct. There is another reason, however, in the belief the sailors cherish, that, since the abolition of the cats, the brunt of the work on Uncle Sam's decks will fall upon the good men; and that the lazy, skulkers and worthless will have all the play and none of the labor. Even now, I venture to assert that, were the vote taken among the men themselves, on board every ship of war in commission, a large majority would be cast for the cats.

The chronometric point from which everything dates, on ship-board, is seven bells. A man-of-war wakes fairly with bustling life at that hour in the morning. The boatswains' whistles ring through the ship; the men tumble out of their hammocks on the gun and berth decks, and preparations are made for breakfast. As sounds fly upward, and as a salute of 32-pounders might be fired without particularly disturbing the denizens of the cockpit, we were generally informed of the hour by a servitor who attended upon us—a recent importation from Cork. Unlike his countrymen, he was a dandy, and had been known to reverse the oil cruet of the

casters upon his hirsute locks, to give them a glossy hue. "Ave ye plaze, sur, to turn out," was his accustomed salutation, while lighting a candle on the bureau. Without a moment's reflection, I would throw my heels out of the bunk, and slide as gracefully as my attire would admit (taking care the while not to jolt my brains against the hard pine beams above) on to a camp-stool. Here, a few moments' rasping with the hair brushes served to restore my wits for the day, when ducking through the state-room door, into what we called the rural districts, I underwent a splash of sea-water, and then returned calmly to my vestments. There is nothing like a dip of cold water, at any time, but especially when the blood wants quickening in the sleepy morning.

By the time the boatswains again begin their shrill music, in piping to breakfast, the bell strikes eight, and then I knew by instinct that the gun-room meal was ready also, and accordingly I ascend to the upper regions. The officers' breakfast is quite "*à la trait-eur*," that is to say, each servant has something hot on the coals, at the cook-shop of the galley, for his officer. My individual prejudices were usually in favor of a grilled sea robin—the marine jargon for red herrings—stale bread with red wine and water. Eggs I never touch on the ocean—an absurd fancy which I could never overcome.

The breakfast equipage remains on the mess table about an hour; and any indifferent person, whether he be of the civil or military establishment of the ship, may sit and chat, or eat away the time, as it best pleases him. But, as the bell strikes nine o'clock, the drum takes up the sound, with a sharp, quick beat to quarters, while all hurry off to their stations. In a few minutes, the morning inspection of the crew and vessel is over—the batteries and gear examined—the retreat sounds, and all are thrown upon their resources of duty or pleasure, as the case may be. The captain and executive officer visit the different parts of the vessel, to see if all is in a state of order and cleanliness; the lieutenants exercise the divisions at the great guns and small arms; the surgeons make their professional calls upon the sick, and, if need be, the mechanics fall to work upon the canvas, wood, and iron. Every one has something to do,

and the time slips on to noon, when the sailing-master gets up the reckoning, marks off the ship's run upon the charts, and the crew go to dinner. The hours again creep on, until a little before three, when the beholder may remark, through the lattices of the wardroom cabins, the inhabitants thereof putting on coats, and making other preparations of the toilet, to be in readiness for dinner, as the bell strikes six. It was, with us, and is commonly on board a well-regulated and harmonious ship, the most cheerful hour of the day. When the clatter of removing first courses partially subsides, conversation becomes general; and, since there is rarely a man to be found, among our seafaring tribe, who has not visited some outlandish spot on the globe, or beheld some strange sight, or is cognizant of some remarkable incident, that his brethren have not seen, heard, or dreamed of, it follows that all, in turn, enjoy the opportunity of giving out their experiences, and one may readily imagine that, with narrators like sailor cos-

mopolites, there is often a world of amusement or adventure to be beguiled with.

And oh, my messmates! when we glance back upon the many merry, jovial hours we have passed together—when we reflect upon the fitful changes of this fleeting life, and of the black lines drawn, by those below us, day by day, through our names on the navy list, have we not reason to be grateful, that it pleased heaven to set a merciful watch over us, as individuals, and that we did not “sleep full many a fathom deep,” but held our wind, without being crippled in spars or rigging, under full sails and happy auspices, free from jar or discord? Well, then, my friends, I'm with you all, in spirit, once more, and wherever this may find you wandering—in green or blue water, in storm or calm, under torrid or temperate suns—I toss off a glass of our old “Batt's Pale” to your health, happiness, and speedy promotion. Bismillah! may the same blessings be showered upon the head of the drinker!

THE PROGRESS OF RELIGIOUS IDEAS.*

IT is a long time since the pen of Mrs. Child has remained in comparative abeyance. But during that period she has certainly not been an idle looker-on in the field of letters. With her activity of intellect, and her passion for research, she could not permit so many years to pass, without some important literary enterprise in view. She well accounts for her silence, by the production of these elaborate volumes.

They form a comprehensive historical work, to which the distinguished writer has devoted the researches and reflections of a long series of years. It is evidently the result of a peculiar personal experience, written with the freshness and ardor of earnest conviction, and clothed with an extraordinary subjective importance, on account of its connection with phases of mental development, in the progress of the author. For this reason, it will present great

attractions to a certain class of readers, who will find in it the reproduction of their own thoughts—the difficulties with which they have been beset, and possibly the solutions which they have attained—while, to persons of a more positive, dogmatic turn of mind, its broad, catholic statements will appear like perfidy to the prevailing faith of Christendom, and its resolute aim at impartiality like an excess of philosophic indifference. It is, however, but common justice to the author, to estimate the work from her own point of view, and that is one which has been seldom taken by writers on religious subjects.

Her motive, in the composition of these volumes, was, to present a succinct and candid analysis of the essential ideas embodied in the leading religious systems of the world, from the most ancient Hindoo records to the complete

* *The Progress of Religious Ideas through successive Ages.* By L. MARIA CHILD. 3 vols. New York: C. S. Francis & Co., 1855.

establishment of the Catholic church, intent only on accuracy of narrative, without reference to the decision of theological questions. Equally averse to the scoffing tone of skeptical writers, who regard all religions as impositions on human credulity, and to the foregone conclusions of ecclesiastical partisans, who betray a greater zeal for the support of their case than an even-handed attachment to universal truth, she has endeavored to do justice to all manifestations of religious faith—treating each of them with fairness and reverence, but showing no more favor to one than to another.

With this aim, she has exhibited each religion in the light of its own sacred books; in all cases presenting impartially the beauties and the blemishes; and ever solicitous neither to exaggerate merits nor to conceal defects. With regard to the positive truth or error of any system, she has preserved an absolute silence; not through timidity, or the want of decided opinions on her part, but from respect to the unity of her plan. But she has not failed to place each form of worship in the light in which it appeared to the sincere believers in its divine origin.

The course of inquiry in which Mrs. Child has engaged, embraces the manifestations of religion in the prevailing beliefs of the Hindoos, Egyptians, Chinese, Persians, and other Oriental nations, in the mythology of Greece and Rome, and the Celtic tribes, and in the historical developments of Judaism and Christianity. Following the great stream of eastern tradition, as the principal source of religious ideas, she finds the same psychologic facts reappearing under different forms, in every climate and age. "The same gamut, with infinite modifications of mode and time." The history of opinions is but the record of the successive steps in which Infinite Wisdom has been manifested among the errors, the frailties, the passions, and the intense spiritual longings of finite souls. The religious faith of the world has been of gradual growth. Our present modes of thought combine the mystic contemplations that were exercised in the ancient forests of Hindostan—the sublime aspirations of the Egyptians, born of vast deserts and the solemn gloom of subterranean temples—the faith in angelic hierarchies,

which illuminated the soul of the Persian—the Hebrew reliance on supernatural power, and the practical wisdom of Moses—the moonlight visions of the Infinite, which passed before the longing eye of Plato—and the gospel of forgiveness and love proclaimed by "the Great Prophet of Nazareth."

But Christianity, doubtless, contains a vital element of progress, superior to any other spiritual influence which has been revealed to the world. It is the only form of religion which has warmed up whole nations to sacrifice time, talent, and wealth, for the benefit of remote and degraded classes of people, from whom no advantage could be expected in return. Though, in the lapse of ages, it may change its external and adventitious conditions, all that really makes it a religion will remain forever.

It has been a favorite inquiry with some of the most eminent religious writers, to trace the analogy between the manifestations of religion in different ages of the world, thus showing the essential identity of the religious sentiment and its deep foundation in the nature of man. Mrs. Child has brought a rich abundance of materials for the illustration of this process. Everywhere she finds the elements of religious belief. Everywhere she finds the recognition of a Supreme Creator of the Universe; of a spiritual principle in man; of a golden age of innocence in the past, and a golden age of holiness in the future. Without deciding the question of comparative antiquity between the Hindoos, Chaldeans, and Egyptians, she maintains that the primitive ideas of religion sprung up among those old Oriental nations, whence they have descended on the stream of history, leaving their manifest impress on the character and development of subsequent ages. "From some spring in distant mountains, they have flocked down to us on the tide of time, like the little boats laden with flowers, and illuminated by a lamp, which South Sea Islanders set adrift on the waters, to be wafted to spirits in other regions. These flowers from the past have scattered seed in our gardens, and scintillations from the little floating lamp have lighted the wax tapers on our altars, the chandeliers in our churches."

No sacred writings of Chaldea and Egypt are known to have been preserved. The Hindoos and the Hebrews are the

only people of antiquity, of whose sacred literature we have any full and authentic remains. In comparing the religious ideas of these two nations, we discover a general resemblance amid characteristic differences. Both were remarkable for the fastidious care with which they preserved their sacred books. In both cases, it is difficult to determine the precise dates and authors of different portions. In both countries, the remaining fragments were collected by a compiler, believed to be inspired for the purpose—Vyasa among the Hindoos, and Ezra among the Hebrews. In both countries, the sacred books were the standard of the civil law, as well as of the religious ceremonies; in both, a new significance was given to the old record in the progress of social development and mental culture; in both, the ancient writings practically gave place to new compositions of an inferior order, the *Pouranes* among the Hindoos, and the *Talmud* among the Jews. Both nations claimed to be the exclusive depositories of divine truth, and hence regarded contact with foreigners as pollution, and in both a great religious teacher arose in the lapse of ages, protesting against the authority of the priesthood, appealing to the universal sympathies of humanity, and encouraging the common people to listen to teachers of their own degree.

The religion of Christ was the living expression of the celestial wisdom of its founder. Its superior excellence at once attracted the most truly noble minds of the age. Their convictions were echoed by the testimony of succeeding ages. Diluted as Christianity became by its admixture with worldly ideas, it contained within itself vital and indestructible principles. "Through all the din and dissonance of polemics, the gentle, sympathizing words of Jesus sounded forever, like a silver bell above the howlings of the storm. Earnest souls listened reverently to the all-pervading tones, and received therefrom a more child-like trust in the Heavenly Father, more humanity toward suffering brethren, and more assured hopes of life beyond the grave." The adaptation of Christianity to the universal wants of the soul, caused it to spread rapidly among the masses of mankind. The priests of Hindostan and Egypt, the philosophers of Greece and Rome, concealed the bright truths from the

common mind, through fear of desecration by familiar contact. Moses took a great step in advance, when he attempted to make a nation of priests of the sons of Israel. And Ezra wisely promoted his liberal purposes by erecting synagogues for the instruction of the people in the Law and the Prophets. Socrates, too, addressed his words of wisdom to the mind of mechanics in the market-place of Athens—but this was merely the dissemination of knowledge. The soul of Jesus, on the other hand, dwelt in the sphere of holiness, above the effervescence of passion and the limitations of intellect, and was filled to overflowing with a divine sympathy for the erring, the poor, and the wretched. He alone could say that he came to heal the broken-hearted, to preach good news to the poor, and to declare to the penitent woman: "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much." "Nearly two thousand years have passed away," says our author, "since those words of love and pity were uttered; yet, when I read them, my eyes often fill with tears. I thank thee, O Heavenly Father, for all the messengers thou hast sent to me; but above all, I thank thee for this, thy beloved son! Pure lily blossom of the centuries taking root deep in the muddy depths, and receiving the light and warmth of heaven into its golden heart! All that the pious have felt, all that poets have said, all that artists have done, with their manifold forms of beauty, to represent the ministry of Jesus, are but feeble expressions of the great debt we owe Him."

Such is the general conclusion at which the author arrives, as the sum of her laborious researches—a conclusion, however, to which the merit of novelty can scarcely be accorded, though, perhaps, it has never been stated with such distinctness of expression, and such variety of illustration, as in the present volumes. The cardinal idea of the identity of the spiritual nature of man has been a favorite theme with speculative philosophers in all ages; it was warmly cherished by the most celebrated fathers of the Christian church; and, in more recent times, was proclaimed as the basis of a wide-spread religious system by Fox, Barclay, Penn, and their most consistent followers among the Friends of England and America. Indeed, Mrs. Child appears

to be thoroughly imbued with the spirit of original Quakerism. That movement, in its inception, was a protest against the materialism of the age and the formality of the church, and an appeal in behalf of the presence and universality of a spiritual light in the soul of man. Mrs. Child has brought the aid of copious historical investiga-

tions to the support of this principle. Not, however, in a sectarian or dogmatic spirit; for her record of opinion is singularly free from any private influences. Her readers would scarcely anticipate the results of the inquiry, which she conducts with such a serene, intellectual equipoise, without prejudice and without partiality.

TO A WHIP-POOR-WILL.

WHY whip poor Will? what sin of mine
Deserves so harsh a word?
How impudent! I half incline
To quarrel with the bird.

Close to my chamber window, love,
That creature, every night,
Comes perching on the boughs above—
An ill-commissioned sprite.

And in that cool, sarcastic style
To pity me pretends:
Calls me "poor William," yet the while
A whipping recommends.

Poor Will! Poor Will! yet "whip poor Will!"
Thou contradictory thing;
What's my offense, and wherefore still
So cross a carol sing?

Thus at my chamber window, love,
Hid in that elm-tree shade,
From heaven's reproachful eyes above,
He screams my serenade.

Till, in the stillness of the hour,
Beneath those solemn stars,
His chant with a mysterious pow'r
My midnight slumber mars.

My little monitor! I own
That in the hush of night
Thy cry comes o'er me like the tone
Of conscience—thou art right.

Since, though for knowledge incomplete
Some pity I deserve,
Full oft with weak and willing feet
From duty's path I swerve.

And pity must be mingled still
With chastisement—I know it—
Or else my native bent for ill
Might spoil both man and poet.

OWLCOPSE.

IN THREE PARTS—PART I.

"The virtue most in request is conformity."—EMERSON.

THEN I thought this meant conformity with the established customs of society; and, though some of these did not always find my young reason docile, the sanction of time inspired my inexperience with a certain respect—my wisdom of a little while bowed down before the old, general wisdom. In order to form an entirely independent opinion, possessing true value to my own eyes, I waited until years should give me a profounder knowledge of things. Years have not been tardy. They have shown me that the most savage demand, the most tyrannical exaction, is conformity to private opinion. Those individualities, which are called throughout the world reformers, and so forth, seem to me so bleak, so hard, so exclusive, that I wait another lapse of years to see clearer the relations between progress, in which I believe with the fervor of faith, and its agents, who walk side by side with wrath—now the executioners, anon the victims.

I.

Ellen Grey belonged to a conforming family; that is, they were well off, lived in a handsome house, spent fully their income, dressed elegantly, received hospitably all who came, without the catechism of religion, politics, or opinion, and fulfilled cheerfully the common exactions of society. If a solicitor came into Mr. Grey's office, he gave heartily to church, orphan asylum, relief union, homes for friendless, without thinking of his dreadful responsibility, or of the wicked encouragement he was lending to popular evils. His poor, ignorant heart was touched with the thought that, perhaps, one suffering being might be benefited by the money he had comfortably earned. If a beggar came to Mrs. Grey's door, he went away with a stomach or bundle fuller, and even money gleamed in his fingers—without good little Mrs. Grey having thought to call him a liar, to insist on smelling his breath, examine his bandages, and expose him in the afternoon by hunting up invented quarters. She did visit much among the poor, but, as she said,

she could not look into the condition of them all in the great city; and she would rather see, with her own eyes, the bit she gave spent in grog at the corner, than to let one good soul go away unaided. She may have been wrong; but I am no more intellectual than Mrs. Grey, so I shall not attempt to decide.

One of her sons-in-law was a Know-Nothing, and wanted to trample into the dust all foreigners; but Mrs. Grey could not be made to understand it. Once, after having just heard the most convincing arguments on the subject, she chanced to find two way-worn Irishmen in the kitchen, who had walked from New York, and had not had a mouthful, they said, that day. The Dutch girl had gone to holiday church. Mrs. Grey cooked with her own hands four slices of ham, fried some potatoes, dressed tomatoes, cut up a loaf of bread, and did not seem to be amazed when every trace of it, grease and all, had vanished from the table.

The fierce son-in-law grew blue in the face, because she asked who had invited foreigners to this country; who had opened offices to them and put them in; and whether it was wicked to take advantage of benefits, and raise your condition? He said she was a simpleton; and, as he was a man, and voted, and read papers, she supposed she was, and kept silent.

Mr. and Mrs. Grey had been brought up on a farm, with little schooling, much hard work, frugal diet, simple tastes, and early bed-hours. They had iron constitutions, so that they passed unscathed through the ordeal of city-life; and, with the carelessness of perfect health, paid no attention to the diet or habits of their children. They were ambitious to give them the advantages they had been deprived of; and, judging from their own disappointment and ripened thirst for knowledge, expected to see them cling to learning with a zeal that would make them prodigies. Ellen was sent to school when four years old, and, until sixteen, she bent over the low desk, that consumptive instrument of torture, which presses

against the vital organs of the young, hollowing their chests, curving their backs, making leather-visaged, wizened-up mummies of them. Day after day she came home with bursting headaches and blood-shot eyes. Her seat had been close by the stove; and, to keep the little purple girl in the furthest corner from freezing, stove and pipe daily glowed red hot. Mrs. Grey dosed her with blue mass and vermifuge, saved the richest, daintiest morsels for her, let her take long pickles to school, and made a highly-seasoned catchup for her especial benefit.

Thanks to early privation, Mrs. Grey could have swallowed pebbles and nails without discomfort. It is but justice to say she did not know of her child's stove sufferings. Ellen was a timid, submissive creature in her own defense. She said to herself: "The school-room is small; somebody must sit there, and I am so used to it, I suspect I can bear the heat and head-ache better than the other girls." Several of her school-mates she loved dearly; it might fall to their lot to sit there, she would sacrifice anything for their sake. She grew up a delicate, sensitive girl, so dependent upon love and sympathy that all isolated occupations were irksome to her. She could not enjoy reading, unless she met a responsive look; and grew restless, when writing or sewing, if the room chanced to be empty. As one of her poetic admirers said, "she seemed born to be the shadow of another soul, an earthly symbol to it that the sun shone." All loved her, and, in the genial atmosphere of her home, she belied the saying, that the doom of highly-strung natures is sorrow.

They were a jolly family, and every day brought some pleasure, concocted together round the fire-side, or arranged in secret to surprise some loved one. Mr. Grey's father was a German, and had handed down to him many old customs, rendered still more sacred by the recollections of a tender parent and happy childhood. It was delightful to him, as the anniversary of his marriage approached, to see the scheming of his children, their frightened looks lest he should pop in upon their hidden preparations, the mysterious bundles huddled out of sight, and finally their heart-felt, innocent joy when he sat on the throne, beside his wife, looking out from his bower of cedar and roses to receive the

speeches, poems, and presents they had prepared with their own brains and hands. The neighbors said there was always a festival going on at the Greys'; and the young folks who did not visit them were really to be pitied. Marriages, births, anniversaries, Christmases, New Years, Thanksgivings, tableaux, and the like, kept them busy. Mrs. Grey would not let them stagnate, for if nothing better was proposed, she would sit down at the piano, and play, with her stiff, stumpy fingers, quadrilles, waltzes and polkas that she had had the courage and perseverance to learn late in life; or, if somebody else was there to play, she would lead off the dance, and show the spectators that both her soul and body had part in it. She said dancing was healthful and improving; for it kept her boys at home and made the girls less lazy.

II.

There must be immense preparations at the Greys' now; for Ellen is to be married. Many party dresses were made in anticipation of the event; many speculations indulged in as to the chances of an invitation, and all agreed it would certainly be the most brilliant soirée of the season. But to the wonder of everybody she disappeared one morning for the East; and rumor said there had been a family-wedding without any cake or wine—and that the bride wore a gray dress and bonnet. Some suggested that Mr. Grey had failed, or was going to; but Mrs. Tylor knew Mr. Brooks, the bridegroom; and said "she was sure it was his request that the wedding should be private."

"Why, was he a sensible young man who hated parade and show?"

"Yes," Mrs. Tylor supposed, "he was;" but thought "he did it more from principle."

"What principle?"

"Why, opposition to forms, my dear, to be sure; he wouldn't have had any marriage-ceremony, if the Greys hadn't felt so dreadfully about it. He says it's all stuff, and he had rather swear to a tree than to the minister."

III.

Ellen has returned and is shedding bitter tears at the parting with parents, friends, and relations. Above all other grief—though she is ashamed to confess it to her own heart—is the parting with Rose Lea—the affection that has no tie

of blood or duty; that has sprung from free election, and been cemented by a goodness and worth rarely equaled. Rose differed from Ellen in force of character: she felt the necessity of exercising her own will, she revolted at injustice. The cheek that blushed in proffering a present, or conferring a favor, could burn with indignation; and the voice that tenderly consoled could speak out boldly against wrongs to herself or others. She was gentle and timid as a fawn; yet full of active goodness. Though surrounded by the luxuries of wealth, she dressed as simply as a quakeress, and left the mark of her hand all over the house. She did not confine her charities to money or influence; but served to clothe the naked; ran about to look for board or lodgings for friendless strangers; took the modest penniless into her home; helped to arrange the humble dwelling of some poor but cherished friend—and all with a pretty, awkward diffidence that spoke more of the obliged than of the obliger. She loved Ellen with an admiring, pitying love—admiration for her affectionate, disinterested nature, and pity for the want of self-resource that rendered her so entirely dependent upon the sympathy of others. She knew it came partly from her feeble health and physical weakness, and lavished on her the same tender care she would on a delicate plant that languished whenever the sun stole away from the window.

They wept long in each other's arms; and Ellen drove off, beside her husband, to her country home.

IV.

It lay in a deep valley; and as far as eye could reach the Brookses were monarchs of all they surveyed. Golden rye-fields, waving wheat and oats, stately corn-stalks and verdant pastures indicate a well-stocked, well-kept farm. Mountain peaks, in gray and purple distance, set off the prospect like a dark frame around a gay summer landscape.

Ellen was delighted, and kept her husband laughing at her enthusiastic exclamations and orders to get out and gather her some of the bearded heads of grain, that she might see the difference, or a pretty weed that she threw quickly away on smelling it. Her knowledge of the country was confined to rides in the environs of the city and occasional visits to country town-resi-

dences of her friends. The novelty of a real farm was intoxicating. She threw her arms round her husband's neck, said she was so happy, she hoped to become a strong country woman, and to learn to milk cows. There were plenty of them to milk, to judge from the dotted pastures; and as they drove up to the double, ample, white house, they were greeted by such loud, cracked, discordant crows from long-legged-tailless Shanghais, that Ellen held her ears, and asked if those were really chickens.

Mr. Brooks, her husband's father, stood on the steps to receive them. He was a stately, dignified gentleman, pleasant in countenance, and courteous in manner. Ellen had seen him at the wedding, and was sure she should love him; first, because he was Phil's father; and next, because he was polite and kind to her. He did seem a little cold, but that was the sign of a warm heart; and when he knew her better, he would be less reserved. The house was neat, and comfortably furnished. Phil's two brothers, one younger, one older than himself, were kissed and shaken hands with; and aunt Tabby—Mr. Brooks's maiden sister—hurried Ellen to her room, that she might dust herself before supper.

V.

Mr. Brooks, senior, is a wealthy philanthropist, who, having been made wretched by the vices and wrong doings of society, has retired to a farm, to bring up his boys under the sweet influence of nature, and himself. Mr. Brooks is a utilitarian, and has a keen eye to the uses of life; he is a reformer, abolitionist, socialist, and gives money and aid in every way to advance progress. But, above all, Mr. Brooks is a man of principles. They are an immense pair of spectacles astride of his nose, through which he inspects all the actions and aspects of life. Mr. Brooks's mother respected him when he was a lad; his brothers and sisters have respected him amazingly, and his children respect him awfully.

Ellen soon found this out, and her timid soul sank down in a quagmire of respect. There was an irresistible atmosphere about him, that even the strong and hardened felt. How could poor human nature look boldly into the face of a man who had no vices—whose voice never grew a whit louder in dis-

cussion—who glared sternly at temptation, never yielded to weakness, and preserved his courtesy as intact at the domestic fireside as on state occasions?

VI.

Phil was occupied all day. He was the most intelligent and efficient of the boys—as Mr. Brooks always called his sons—and the chief management of the farm devolved upon him. If he had a spare moment, he was ashamed to spend it in gentle dalliance with his bride; for he was keenly alive to ridicule, and knew his father looked upon such follies with contempt. Phil had a frank, naturally genial nature; but the paternal hammer had beaten so unceasingly upon him since his birth, that it was only occasionally the original spirit gleamed forth. His mother died when he was four years old; and if he had ever been caressed or kissed by his father, it was so long ago that he had forgotten it. Mr. Brooks met the boys, after long absences, with a shake of the hand, and polite inquiries as to the state of their health. Phil, therefore, regarded a kiss as an effeminate Melinda Malvina romance, and any display of affection before the most intimate third, as a weakness that would render him superlatively ridiculous. In company he treated Ellen with a cold neglect, that stung to the quick her affectionate, demonstrative disposition. “Ah!” she thought, “if he loved me as I do him, he would not be occupied with what other people may observe; he would not sacrifice me to the fear of ridicule.” And she began to doubt the depth of his love—the capacity of his affection.

VII.

“Phil, dear,” said she, just after tea, one cool, autumn evening, “do let us have a fire in our room, and sit there this night; I’ve so much to say to you;” looking into his face, supplicatingly.

“Certainly; ’twould be delightful,” answered he, brightening up; “but—” glooming down—“father might think we were exclusive, and feel hurt.”

“You are always so tired at bed-time, that you fall asleep the moment your head touches the pillow,” suggested Ellen, timidly.

Phil sighed.

“If we do it once, we shall want to do it always; and father will think we have taken the stand to isolate our even-

ings, and break up the family circle; ’twont do, indeed, Ellen.”

She said no more, but went down with Phil to the sitting-room, to endure another Brooks evening. No pictures on the walls; no books on the table; no musical instrument but the dinner-horn, on the wide domain. Mr. Brooks argued that natural landscapes were better than artificial; and you had nothing to do but to look out at the window, to get your fill. As for statues, he had rather see a plump Dutch woman, any day. Literature was wish-washy trash; it did not advocate any great principle, but rather pegged people down tighter to old sins and forms. The tables were laden with reform and progressive newspapers and pamphlets, and the family were always in distress for a bit of waste paper, as all were religiously preserved on a shelf, in Mr. Brooks’s own room, never to be referred to in his life. Music, he said, tickled the ear. He liked to hear a ballad, or a mother singing to her baby; but cultivated music did more harm than good; a high state of art always accompanied a high state of corruption: witness Rome, Greece, and modern Europe.

Ellen was a cultivated singer; she had a fine voice, and great musical sentiment. How could she ever sing before him? He would certainly call it squalling; so she told Phil she did not care to have a piano. Phil had never heard a musical note in his home; he could not whistle “Yankee Doodle” straight through, and, therefore, for his own part, he was quite indifferent in regard to the piano. He did not perceive how easily Ellen was discouraged by the want of sympathy in others, nor how fast she was falling into the same slavery of deference that enthralled him.

Mr. Brooks reads the paper, and nods; Jim lies fast asleep on the sofa; Phil casts up accounts, and nods; Sam ties up seeds, and nods; aunt Tabby knits, and nods; and Ellen sews, fearfully wide-awake, in the midst of the oppressive silence. The Brookses are noted as a sleepy family; and there is even an anecdote of their having instituted evening readings, and been found by a friend, just after tea, all asleep, reader included, at the first page. Sometimes, in the shock of bobbing backwards or forwards, Mr. Brooks’s eye lights on an article that pleases him, or—his moral responsibility being always present—that may

be of service to the boys. He asks Sam to read it aloud. Sam is a dismal reader, never enunciates, or changes the tone, or stops, or looks up; even a lamb-like, droning article would feel that it was overdone in monotony; and the fiery, denunciatory words, that expected to burst forth in thunder-claps, fall faint and mangled victims on the listener's ear. Ellen gathers the sense of it, and tries to like it; but it is too savage to suit her mild spirit. She only knows it is invectives, vituperation, and calling of names of some party, sect, or individual. A little discussion, perhaps, follows the article; but as the boys have been modeled on the father, the differences are so slight, they soon meet on common ground.

VIII.

Mr. Brooks sees Ellen is not happy, but not an inch will he bend to her. His views of life are the right and Christian ones. She must bend to him. He continues to inveigh against the town, its follies, luxuries, superfluities, frivolities, forms, filth, vices, and winds up by pronouncing it a beastly place. Ellen loves the very smoke that grims it; the theatre, where she has often shed tears at thrilling scenes; the concert-halls, filled with recollections of floating melody and happy faces; the lecture-rooms, that opened to her noble thoughts and literary tastes; the long, gay streets, garnished with pictures, vases, all that human ingenuity can invent; the dear, old church, hallowed by saintly preaching and the kind face of the aged minister who had christened her, joined in her childish sports, sat by her bed of sickness, soothing it with sacred truths, and married her to dear Phil; the house where she was born, with the seeds she planted, now grown into trees, shrubs and flowers around it; the warm hearts that cherished her with tender love, and the merry spirits ever gushing over in vivacious streams around her father's fireside. And was that a false, frivolous existence—and her yearnings after it promptings of the devil? It must be so. Mr. Brooks was wise and exemplary, devoted to the welfare of humanity. She would try to change; to like the country and solitude; to get up some interest in milk and chickens; in fine, to imitate Aunt Tabby—unruffled Aunt Tabby, who worked at everything, everywhere, darned and patched garments of such hopeless condition that

one would have supposed the Brookses the poorest of creation, and who never seemed to have a desire beyond the routine of her daily life. So she followed Aunt Tabby to the dairy, the kitchen, the cellar, the smoke-house, the wash-room, the chicken-coops, the barn and the stable. Aunt Tabby, kind soul, was delighted; she had thought Ellen "a pretty, loving creetur, but of no born use;" and she gave her the lightest labors to perform.

Ellen went egg-hunting, first in the stable, where she stood looking a quarter of an hour at the horses' heels, and then rushed past them with a beating, sinking heart. The barn was nearly half a mile off. There was the bull, that snorted at her, and looked so red-eyed and fierce that she quivered in every limb. Then she had such a time getting the hens off their nests! Mrs. Pekin, Mrs. Nankin, and many others of similar kin, were determined to set. They had been cheated into laying over a hundred eggs, to be set on by common hens, and they would not stand it any longer. They could see their downy offspring now, being brooded and fed by false mothers, while they sat in wronged maternity over two eggs, and one of them porcelain at that. As Ellen poked at them with a long stick, their sullen eyes and swelled breasts said, as plainly as could be, that those two eggs should come into chickens, if they died for it. So they pecked the stick furiously, and when they got a hard rap on the head, sat stiller and squeaked, to give vent to their feelings. Ellen tried to pry them up, but their bodies were so heavy and slippery, and they scabbled so hard to get on the eggs again, that she did not often succeed. She was afraid to walk up boldly, throw her apron over them, capture them, and lift them out as Aunt Tabby did. They looked so big and formidable, and she had vague story reminiscences of hens pecking people's eyes out. After much open and concealed warfare and stratagem, scraping her legs in falling through the loft beams, choking over hay-dust, and getting her feet saturated in the stable-yard, Ellen reached home—hot, nervous, and exhausted, with a low back-ache that kept visions of beds, couches, sofas, anything horizontal with a pillow on it, floating in her brain.

She did some house-work, and was

finally obliged to stretch herself on the parlor sofa.

The horn blew for dinner.

"Why, Nelly," said Phil, entering, "what's the matter with you?"

"I am tired, and my back aches, dear Phil."

"Come and eat some dinner; may be you'll feel better."

IX.

At the dinner table Mr. Brooks said: "Phil, I've had a letter from your cousin John. He says his wife's sick again. I don't wonder; she'll always be sick, as long as she lives in town and doesn't work. I guess it wouldn't be much of a loss if she should die; she's a useless, ailing creature, and doesn't earn the salt that's in her bread."

"She can't work much when she is sick," suggested Phil.

"But she wouldn't be sick if she worked," retorted the father. "I guess her kitchen girl isn't sick. She fancies she has got an ache, and lies right down. Now, if her girl has an ache, she's got to work; and the consequence is, the girl gets well, and the mistress is bed-ridden, with a doctor pottering over her. There's nothing like work to strengthen and cure people. John's wife has been brought up in an idle, artificial way, and she won't be worth a fig till she changes."

"It's rather late for her to alter her constitution now," said Phil.

"Nonsense, she's only thirty; and there are cases of people having lived to be a hundred and fifty. If you treat yourself right, there's no necessity of being sick, till the final death illness. God knows what's best for us, and he made work a sacred duty to every Christian soul. There should be no drones in the human hive—no shirking off of a mite of our work, upon our brother. Labor should be equally divided; and as long as we are able to stand in the traces, we should perform our share."

Ellen ventured to say, that if we were brought up so from infancy, perhaps we might be able to do it. But Mr. Brooks contended that God was merciful, and we could regenerate our bodies as we could our souls: in proof of which he pointed to Aunt Tabby, whom he said he recollected as a very delicate, complaining girl, and who had become the tough, iron spike she was, by dint of work.

Ellen understood the lesson; she had received many such over the shoulders of a third. She knew, by secret divination, as well as if he had said it, that he thought her a gilded toy—a delicate lady, of no fixed principles—a misguided creature from the charnel-house of the past, transplanted into the hot-bed of the present. It was a terrible misfortune that Phil had not selected a strong country girl; but he must make the best of it, educate her in their views, and try to inspire her with zeal in the immense questions of the day. Mr. Brooks, therefore, talked unceasingly upon these subjects. He served them up at breakfast, dinner, supper, and through the long winter evenings. Ellen could not help admiring the ingenuity with which he would turn the most common-place remark into that great channel. He evidently considered himself a progressive delegate from God, accountable for every moment that was not spent in the cause. Blind Mr. Brooks! He did not see the satiety that filled the silent faces around him. Deaf Mr. Brooks! He did not hear the boys confess to each other that they wished progress were in the bottomless pit. And narrow-minded Mr. Brooks! he did not perceive that, to advance, one must be as universal as the God it was his secret boast to imitate.

Old Willet said of Barnaby, that "the lad needed imagination." If he had applied it to Mr. Brooks, he would have hit the right nail on the head. There was not a spark of poetry in his virtuous breast—not a gleam of sentiment in his Christian brain. If he had had any when young, it had vanished in his grim battles with sinful humanity. He was the apostle of wrath and indignation, and his tongue, a flaming sword, hacked mercilessly at the enemy. Not that he believed in war. Far from it—he was a peace advocate, and tender of the bodies of his brethren; but war upon souls—souls that did not look from the same point of view with his elevated humanity—was another thing!

X.

Ellen is in a flutter of happiness; she is making secret preparations to receive Rose Lea during the Christmas holidays. Everything has been scrubbed and bleached—pies made, turkeys and chickens cooped and crammed—and all inside the house, as Aunt Tabby remarked, is in apple-pie order. Ellen

sights as she thinks of the tasteful nothings of little expense, that poetize the dwelling of Rose. She dares not propose the purchase of such effeminating luxuries, so she plies her needle busily to make, from old duds, drapery, toilet and table-covers, mats, pincushions, and various gewgaws (puzzlers to the most practical utilitarian), to decorate Rose's room. She has embroidered for her, as a Christmas gift, an exquisite scent-bag, which is to pop out from a powder-box, on coiled wire, and amaze Rose exceedingly. The boys have admired it one by one. Mr. Brooks, too, says it is pretty, while holding it awkwardly as he would a young baby, but adds that perfumes are trifling things, being generally used to hide nastiness, beside having for their base detestable alcohol, that scourge of mankind.

Ellen loved perfumes with her whole soul; her books were full of dried, odorous flowers; her drawers, of lavender, rose leaves, and lemon verberna; her toilette-boxes, of bottles of perfume. The latter were artificial compounds, to be sure, which Mr. Brooks, doubtless, thought a departure from nature—that boundary line which every body quarrels about, imagining, as the whole upper world might at noon-day, that the sun was directly over its head, and consequently could not be directly over the head of another. Somebody says savages are the primitive original race, a speaking manifestation from God what life men were intended to lead; somebody else says savages are the fag end of an ancient race dwindled down to the lowest state of degradation.* However it might be, artificial compounds were dear to Ellen. Her memory was like a garden where each odor was a recollection of some spiritual flower that had bloomed in her being. Heliotrope—she stood in the crowd a blushing May-queen, and the scent from the handkerchief her mother had perfumed for her stole out and mingled vaguely with the scene, making it richer in love and beauty. Violet—she felt Phil's first kiss, and again the odor slid down through his curls, and she gazed up the winding celestial ladder, thinking she saw ascending humble, blue-eyed angels—spirits of the departed flowers. These perfumed dates of a delicious and poetic past were as precious to Ellen as the

history of glory and happiness can be to a nation.

As Ellen sadly carried the scent-bag—the halo of its beauty now shorn off—to its place of destination, she wished she knew what nature was; she had a secret terror of it as something cold, hard and bare, but very salutary; and as she pined to be morally and spiritually better, she determined to examine into the warp of her being and pick out the artificial threads a wrong education had woven there. She would be brave, if it did hurt and bleed.

XI.

That evening they sat round the blazing fire that crackled and sent forth sheets of flame and sparks from the great chimney place. Jim, who was of rather a studious turn, was poring over an elementary German book; Sam, poor child! whose slow comprehension and thick blood had been made slower and thicker by the absence of all lively amusements, snored lustily on the sofa. Mr. Brooks's feet looked as if they were glued to the mantel-piece, and a strong smell of scorched woolen hinted that he was enjoying a roast and nap at the same time. His faithful companion, the newspaper, that had been placed over his head to shield it, had slipped down, and left his ample baldness in full glow.

Aunt Tabby was economically twining into padding and blue-bags fragments of prodigal shirts, that in the late wash had absolutely ejected whole the last patch. Aunt Tabby does not ask whether the stitches will hold this time, or not. She is doing her duty, and would not sleep quietly in her bed or grave, if the pieces were not turned into something. Ellen worked on a pair of slippers for Mr. Brooks, and had ingeniously arranged books and work-baskets to overshadow them from the observing eye of that gentleman. She looked happy; for her thoughts were full of the pleasant surprises she was to give, and of the coming of the dear friend for whom her soul thirsted.

"Phil," she said, as he at last laid down his pen and closed the ponderous book of his farm journal, "we must write to Rose to-morrow, and repeat the invitation formally—not that she is formal, you know; but I think she

* De Maistre—Soirées de St. Petersbourg.

would feel pleasanter to see that you join heartily in the desire to welcome her."

"Reach me the portfolio. I guess I'll do it now," said Phil.

The paper rattled and tumbled from Mr. Brooks's lap. He rubbed his half-blistered parts as if the stinging felt good, yawned, stretched, got up, and said to Phil, "Did I not hear something about an invitation?"

"Yes," answered Phil, "I am going to write to Rose Lea to pass the holidays with us."

"Hum! I think you might have made a better choice," said Mr. Brooks contemptuously. "Mr. Lea is a wine-bibber and a time-server and worshipper of Mammon; his wife is a pert minx and a pleasure-seeker. I prefer you would not invite them, as I do not wish the boys to be influenced by such trash. Besides, I have received a letter telling me that Adams and Brown, two staunch reformers, will be here in a day or two; and as I desire much that you should become acquainted with them, I have invited them to visit us."

Phil said nothing. Ellen sat stunned and rigid as if struck by lightning. The force of the decree dawned on her slowly, and she felt, if she staid there, she should shriek or rave. She left the room hurriedly and threw herself on the bed, to writhe and moan as she plucked away at the artificial thread of an unworthy friendship; but like the main thread of a ribbon, the more she pulled, the more it shortened and curled up her past being—bringing memories of childhood, school-days, girlhood, and womanhood shared with Rose, so near and startling that she quivered like an aspen leaf, and stuffed the pillow in her mouth to choke back the convulsive sobs.

Phil staid some time down stairs, though he was dying to go up; but it might seem silly to be sympathetic or solicitous; so he tramped on his epicurean desires and read like a stoic three long columns of "a most able speech." When he went up, he found Ellen pale, cold, and silent. He had left her alone in her grief. If she could have wept at first on his bosom, the pang would have been softened, and the encircling arms of love might have given her peace and hope. Phil felt it now, and was so sorry and penitent, that Ellen recognized that he really loved her as well as he could, and passed the night wish-

ing they lived on a desert island, that Phil might be always alone with her; only Rose should come often, and with her warm sympathy and genuine nature teach Phil that pressing manifestations of love are nobler than neglect, even when the eye of the whole world is on us.

XII.

The next morning Ellen was ill; and the Brookses, who abused the whole race of physicians when well, but always sent for them when sick, had the doctor soon at Ellen's bedside. He pronounced her complaint a nervous fever, ordered tonics, quiet, riding, and change of scene. Ellen recovered rapidly on receiving a letter from her mother, saying she should leave the girls to take charge of the Christmas tree, and start directly for Owlcopse—the name of the Brooks estate; whether suggested by the nightly screeching of that sage bird, or the fact of the Brookses sitting wisely on the tree of knowledge during society's fancied daylight, and seeing perfectly clear when that deluded body groped in darkness, is not known to this day.

Mrs. Grey came; and, energetic creature that she was, proposed taking Ellen out to drive the first day. Now the Brookses were always very busy; they would necessarily be exceedingly busy for years to come, as the farm when they took it was an old one, in the most dilapidated and forlorn condition. The neighborhood was not thickly settled; and though they had nine or ten men always employed, they were generally short of hands. The boys worked like day-laborers. They were up early in the morning, swallowed their meals hastily, and often protracted their out-door stay late into the evening. Phil, particularly, loved dearly a farmer's life; it suited his active, somewhat domineering temperament; and his taste and ambition to excel, which, if left unbiassed, would have shown itself in handsome horses, equipages, and pictures, now found a vent in planning and executing a model farm. Mr. Brooks alone led an easy existence, pottering about just enough in the morning to carry out his dietetic principles, and sitting all the rest of the day (it was a mystery how much heat his thin legs could bear) plump up against the chimney, reading and dozing. There was an especial stuffed rocking-chair which

was respected as his. Lest the reader should wonder how he reconciled this comfortable do-nothingness with his principles of equal labor, we must inform him that Mr. Brooks had an intense respect for old age; and though he was green and well preserved, he had reached the period when he considered himself exempt. To be sure, he had never worked but in the quiet, gentlemanly way of "boss" in a flourishing commercial establishment; but we give Mr. Brooks's own excuse when referring to any inconsistency of his past life—"want of light."

Mrs. Grey inspected the whole farm with the fidelity of a reconnoitering soldier; and, on finding six horses in the stable, and a carriage and buggy under the shed, went to hunt up Phil. She found him in his shirt sleeves though the day was frosty, with a long rail on his shoulder, aiding and superintending the construction of a new fence.

"Phil, isn't there anybody who can drive Nelly and me this afternoon? It's a clear, bright day, and I think the air will do the poor child good."

"The horses will all be busy, I guess," answered Phil; "we've got to send four of them now in the wagon for a load of rails, and the other two in the cart to the mill. We've a great deal to do this week and can't spare the horses very well."

Mrs. Grey had learned by questioning Ellen that she had never been to drive except on Sunday, when the Brookses, for their own pleasure, passed the whole five-long day at a neighboring relative's. To go for the delight of driving, for the voluptuous luxury of quiet and motion combined, for the exhilaration caught from the breezy air, for the spiritual happiness floating in the shifting landscape, were sentiments with which the useful, well principled Brookses could not sympathize.

Mrs. Grey looked disappointed. Phil saw it, and remembering the doctor's injunction said: "We might put only two horses in the wagon, and leave the other two for the carriage, if you could get any one to drive you. I can't leave the men."

Mrs. Grey said she was not afraid to drive, she had done it often; but Phil observed that the carriage horses were skittish, and he hadn't any confidence in a woman's driving anyhow, they always went like the devil and ruined

the best broken horses. "Ask father, perhaps he will take you," added Phil.

Mr. Brooks was reading. Mrs. Grey did not like to interrupt him; so she sat down to wait till he had finished; but meantime he went into a gentle slumber, and left the little woman glancing at him uneasily and revolving in her mind how she should frame her request. It would not do to ask right out such an awe-inspiring, respectable person; she would hint at it and give him the chance of offering. Mr. Brooks was almost always reading or sleeping in the parlor, the only room where there was a constant fire, besides the kitchen, so that the other occupants of the parlor, out of good breeding, politeness, or respect, were either silent or carried on a subdued, ghastly conversation as if a corpse were in the room.

Ellen and Mrs. Grey were now engaged in one of those pantomimic colloquies; but the latter, being naturally strong-voiced and lively, grew so red in the face and whispered so hoarsely, that Mr. Brooks wriggled for some time as if he were being grated, and finally awoke to ask what time of day it was.

Mrs. Grey:—Two o'clock, Sir; it's a most charming day overhead; cool, but bracing and clear as a bell. Nelly, dear, you ought really to pay more attention to what the doctor says, and keep out of doors as much as possible. Don't you think so, Mr. Brooks?

Mr. Brooks:—Certainly, ma'am. There's nothing like in-door work and out-door exercise to keep the body healthy. I suspect you've realized that, ma'am.

—This was said with a glance at Mrs. Grey's buxom figure.

Mrs. Grey:—Oh! yes; yet I was never weakly as Nelly is, but one month in my life; and that, when I was thrown from a horse, and hurt my spine. I remember it took all the spirit out of me; and if it hadn't been for riding in the fresh air every day, I believe nothing on earth would have pulled me off my back. By the by, Mr. Brooks, don't you think riding would benefit Nelly? The doctor recommends it.

Mr. Brooks:—Riding is good, but walking is better. Legs were given to us before horses; and I presume the Creator intended thereby that we should use our own legs, whenever we could,

and not enslave poor dumb brutes to carry our lazy weight.

Mrs. Grey, going to the window:— The sun has thawed the frost, and the paths look very muddy. Phil says the carriage and horses are at our disposal, if we can find any one to drive us.

Mr. Brooks:— Mud is a very innocent, inoffensive dirt. It was intended we should walk in it, I suppose, or it would not have been put there. The multitude can't ride. The masses are obliged to walk. Without doubt there are now thousands of human beings delving in the mud. We should encourage no pleasure that they cannot share, particularly useless aristocratic ones.

—Hereupon Mr. Brooks again glued his feet on the mantel-piece, and outwitted the slippery newspaper by pinning it together on both sides of his head.

XIII.

Mrs. Grey and Ellen equipped themselves for a walk. The road through the farm was a new dirt one; the paths around the house had had a sprinkling of gravel, which had been washed away by the late heavy rains. Ellen was depressed, from the recent conversation, from the fresh conviction that she was expected to combat savagely against dear old ties, suffering, and ill-health. The soaked stubble-fields looked to her like her own soul, shorn of their summer glories; the still, dark, naked trees, like the grim, wintry spirits that bound up her life-sap. She was soon recalled to realities by the weight of her shoes, which she found, on looking down, were surrounded by a large circle of clayey mud, that seemed to increase in thickness at each step. Mrs. Grey had got a stick, and was punching at hers vigorously, declaring if another layer stuck on, she shouldn't be able to lift one foot before the other.

Pretty soon they came to a boggy place, cut up by horses' hoofs; and Ellen's buskin was clenched by the heel, and torn quickly off her foot. She stood on one leg while her mother fished it out and cleaned it; and, in hopping to a log to put it on, left her other shoe also in the mire. Her feet had grown thin with her body, and her shoes were a little too large.

Mrs. Grey, what with fatness, carrying several pounds of mud, holding up her clothes, and jumping to reach lumpy

places, was so distressed and out of breath that they turned back.

"Mother dear, you can imagine my winter walks here," said Ellen; "except that I haven't you with me to make them somewhat bearable. I took just such a one, alone, six weeks ago, and since then I have not had the desire or courage to repeat it. Mud may be innocent, but I dislike it very much; and it's so heavy to carry that walking becomes a fatigue instead of a recreation. I often think of the long streets so quickly dried, the crowds of people, the many human things to interest one, and the loved faces of friends beaming on me every few steps. I'm afraid I don't love the country. I've been disappointed in myself; for surely it would be pleasant if I had enough rustic appreciation in me."

Mrs. Grey suggested that nature was gloomy and bare now; perhaps in the summer she would find plenty to interest her.

Ellen smiled sadly, and said she trusted to find more to reconcile her in the little child that would soon be given to her. She should be so glad to be in the country on its account, that, perhaps, she should learn to love it for the benefit and enjoyment it would give her child. "I should like to have it much in the open air, and never—oh! never—go into a close, hot school-room." Ellen spoke with so much fervor, that she changed the subject quickly, fearful of having brought an implied reproach upon her mother.

Mrs. Grey was so occupied with the question that had tormented her since she first came—whether Ellen was happy—that she did not notice it, but said, abruptly:

"Nelly, child, it seems to me you're changed. You never were gay and noisy, like the other children; but, at least, you were always ready to play and laugh in your own quiet way. Now there's a strange expression about you; you smile with a kind of sadness, as if you thought you ought to. Tell your mother, Nell, pet, if you're happy?" And the poor woman threw herself on Ellen's neck, and sobbed.

Ellen cried, too, but asserted that she was happy. Every one had some cross to bear, and she supposed hers was light in comparison to many.

"But what is the cross, Nelly, dear? aren't they kind to you?" persisted Mrs. Grey.

"Oh, yes!" replied Ellen, quickly; "they're always polite and courteous. The boys are amiable, and would do anything I asked them; but I—I—the fact is, I would like to live alone with Phil."

"And so you should," said Mrs. Grey, energetically. "I would not ask you to live with me even, for I know young folks are happiest alone. Have you talked to Phil about it?"

"No, no," said Ellen, shaking her head alarmingly. "Phil has not a cent of his own, has been brought up to no trade but farming, and has heard such anathemas against the town, that he fancies he'd die there of some dreadful disease after a month or so. Besides, his father wouldn't like it."

"And what if he wouldn't?" said Mrs. Grey, bluntly.

Ellen looked so astonished at the idea of revolt against Mr. Brooks, that Mrs. Grey laughed, and said, in her stout little way, *she* would talk to him if he were as dignified and lofty as the great Mogul. "Why, Nelly," pursued she, "all he wants is to be talked to plainly. I'm so vexed to think I hadn't more courage than just to hint! If I had said squarely: Mr. Brooks, will you take Nelly and me to ride?"

"Well, he might have answered squarely: No; and how mortified we should have felt!" suggested Ellen.

"More fools we, then, Nelly. He would have been the one to be mortified, upon reflection, instead of dozing snugly now behind the principles he set up as precautionary barriers. I tell you," said the shrewd little woman, whose plain good sense and lively independence made her less afraid of Mr. Brooks than others were, "if people are selfish and disobliging, they ought to have the mask pulled off their faces, and not impose upon us, poor sinners! with the superior airs of principles, duty, Christianity, and so on. I don't want to be a turkey, to be driven about by any red rag, shaken before my eyes like a holy banner! But, heavens! Nelly, how pale and fagged you look! I'm glad we're near the house. It has been an awful walk. I'll leave my shoes outside," said Mrs. Grey, looking at them in dismay, "and go right up stairs and change my dress. I thought I had held it up; but I must always get to gesticulating," continued the good lady, indignantly, "and down it goes. Nelly, you had better rest a while in the parlor."

"Not in the parlor; I'll go up to my room."

"It's too cold there, child; you'll freeze."

"It is colder down there," said Nelly, shudderingly. "The walk has been short, and it will seem strange in me to be so tired."

Mrs. Grey, being rather puzzled by this answer, said nothing, went to change her dress, and then to find Phil, to whom she intended to disburden a part of her anxieties, and advise him, at whatever sacrifice, to have a home of his own.

XIV.

The result of the interview she communicated to no one; but as she was in the habit of talking aloud to herself, we suppose it would be no betrayal of confidence to insert the following fragments:—

"Now, it's strange he seems to love Nelly, and to be really distressed at what I said about her, and yet he talked all the time about his own health, dread of town life, attachment to farming, and having no other resources. He's an energetic, likely fellow, and Mr. Grey could easily find him something to do; but I do believe he had rather hang on in expectation of his father's wealth. I'm afraid he'll be gray first; for I've always noticed that your thin, cautious people, who hoard up health, take life easy, have money, and are considered incumbrances, outlive the gloomiest calculation. Phil half confessed he thought the old gentleman a bore, and said, with unction, he wished Jim would get married. He thinks Ellen will become used to the country, and, when she has a baby, won't be lonely. I trust so. I must make it a blanket."

And Mrs. Grey lost herself in reflections, whether it should be scalloped or fringed, worked in crewel or floss.

Meantime, Ellen was congratulating herself that she had had the courage not to tell her mother all. "Dear mother," she thought, "she can do nothing for me, and it would have made her so unhappy! I should be too mortified to have her know what was said of Rose and kind Mr. Lea." And again a flush of indignation, a thousand times daily repeated, reddened her pale cheek, and made her heart thump like a hammer. "I know he drinks wine for dinner, but he never abused it in his life; as for his being a worshiper of Mam-

mon, Mr. Brooks then must have been one, to get the wealth he has; a jackass means anything and nothing, he's always calling people asses. How strange it is that an austere and ceremonious gentleman like Mr. Brooks can occasionally call people such hard names! But a time server." Ellen pondered long on that sneering epithet, but could not come to any conclusion what time it was, nor how it could be wrong to serve time, as it served us constantly. She wound up her reverie with a flood of tears that assured her she never could give up the Leas, nor get them out of her heart.

XV.

Mr. Brooks had been long twinged in his conscience concerning the Christianity of eating animal food; and the next day at dinner declined taking any, preparatory to his expounding his views to the family. He had read all that had been said on the subject in the learned journals that crammed his shelves, and felt ready to explode with authority, conviction, and zeal.

"Now it seems to me," said he, "that eating meat is a low, brutish taste. Dogs and lions eat meat; horses and cows don't, and they are much kinder and nobler in their dispositions. Some assert, from our teeth and stomach, that we were made to eat it; but they argue, I guess, from the cravings of their gross appetites. Nations that live principally on rice and vegetable diet have produced the most instances of longevity."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Grey, in consternation, "you wouldn't advise people to give up meat entirely? Why we eat it three times a day. I always slice the rarest beef and mutton for supper."

"And bring up such children as *that*," said Mr. Brooks, pointing significantly at Ellen. "It's terrible to think how, through ignorance and lack of investigation, we blight the lives of our offspring."

"But why ain't I blighted?" said the good lady, glancing down at her portly person, and holding out an arm that might bolster a giant; "I've eaten it twice as long as she has, and have never been sick in my life, but once—and that from an accident—you know."

"Well; but how long will your life last?" suggested Mr. Brooks, "that's the question. We were, doubtless, intended to live much longer than we

do. Why isn't the short-coming owing to meat?"

"I don't know how I am to find out the way to live the longest, without two lives; a meat one, and a vegetable one," answered she. "It isn't safe to experiment on one's self otherwise."

"The feelings soon tell what agrees with the body; but we will waive that side of the subject and turn to another. Will you go out to-morrow, Mrs. Grey, and slay me and dress me an ox, that I may feast thereon?"

"Not I, indeed."

"Well, somebody must do it. Now am I to say to Sambo:—'Sambo, you're my brother before God; but I choose to think you more vulgar and beastly than I am. Blood won't make you faint, nor anguish sicken you. Lead that ox far out of my sight, knock him down, rip him open, cut him up, and don't even let me see a raw piece of him, if you love me and value my nerves. The cook will do the handling; and all I desire is to partake of it when in a decent state to suit my delicate sensibilities.' People may pow-wow as much as they please, but that's the Christian view of the matter."

Mr. Brooks made an oratorical poke—he was opposed to flourishes—and looked as if he would like to see anybody get upon a higher platform than that!

Mrs. Grey was floored; and for a few moments there was a triumphant, impressive silence, soon broken through by her saying, faintly, "She didn't know that butchers felt abused—she never heard them complain."

"That's the worst feature of it, my dear madam; we not only force them to a brutal employment, but we accustom them to it, so that they become brutes themselves, and compete with each other in the number of slain, and the most scientific manner of slaying."

"Well, now," replied she, "I didn't know they were any more wicked than other men. I've been to market these thirty odd years, and have a great many butcher acquaintances. They are rather fat, red-faced, and big-voiced, to be sure, but they'd say as cheerily:—'Good morning, Mrs. Grey. What now? There's a splendid steak I have saved for you, just suit Mr. Grey to a T. I have been wanting to see you, Mrs. Grey;' and the big voice would sink into a whisper as fine as any gentleman's.

'My old woman's out of sorts, and I'd like to know how to make *tapp Yorker*. I've been up with her o' nights lately, and last night she took a craving for some, such as you made her once, she said. I'll just take it down, if you've time.' And if I hadn't insisted on making it myself, he would have really written it with a bloody pencil and bloody hands, on a bloody piece of paper. I thought my basket was rather heavy, and when I got home, I found in it a quantity of mutton-chops, a soup-bone, and a lump of liver I hadn't paid for. There was one butcher used always to bring his baby in a basket when the weather was mild, to give his wife a lift in the work, he said, but I believe, too, because he couldn't bear to leave it behind. I never could go by, without stopping; he was so proud and tender of it! It was always smeared with candy. One day it had the colic, from being stuffed with the best things in the market, and he asked me, with tears in his eyes, what he should do. I took it home, gave it catnip and lobelia, and it soon got well. Do you believe that butcher never had change afterwards when I went to buy? It ran up into a bill, and he wouldn't present it. Mr. Grey sent him what he considered the amount; and the next Christmas, I had a present of a handsome silk dress, that the girls have called the butcher-dress ever since."

Mr. Brooks seemed alarmed lest the private history of all the butchers was coming, and hastened to say that conjugal and paternal love were strong animal characteristics, and argued nothing for human progress.

It was admitted that butchers were a degraded class, and of course it was their occupation which made them so.

Mrs. Grey contended that they were no more degraded than any class absorbed in material wants, and the struggle for bread. She had nursed them in sickness, and seen them under the weight of affliction; she knew they had noble hearts and generous impulses like other mortals. "They were fond of me," added the good lady, blushing; "and I'm sure I was neither conjugal, nor paternal. As for honesty, I have been as often cheated at the wagon of a farmer as at the stall of a butcher. I've killed many a chicken myself, and

believe I am less hard-hearted than some who would scorn to do it."

"But what right had you to kill a chicken?" demanded Mr. Brooks, seriously; "the Bible says: thou shalt not murder——. You laugh, Mrs. Grey; but it isn't any the less murder because you are of a different race, or stronger and more cunning than a poor dumb beast. This chicken," seizing a drumstick, and pointing it with a solemn ghostly wave at Jane, the black cook, who entered to change the plates, "this chicken, four hours ago, was running about, enjoying itself, and would be enjoying itself now, if presuming mortals had not taken away from it the measure of life God gave."

The murdered leg seemed to make no great impression on Jane, who had a slight greasy rim round her mouth, as if she had been surprised regaling on the choice tid-bits in the frying-pan. She removed the platter with the lazy indifference of one whose soul is full to satiety of what it surveyeth, and reported in the kitchen that the "old gem"-mun was gwine it awful with a leg in his hand."

We will spare the reader the rest of the discussion; for Mr. Brooks, if opposed, hung on to an argument like grim death, and when he had presented all the phases of it, turned them, twisted them, and repeated them, dressed up in a few new words and similes, as if they were original and striking thoughts. He never took a speaking part in the reform meetings he attended, never eased himself by writing articles, though possessed of fine argumentative talent, and a certain power of style. His family became the repository of all his out-door and in-door enlightenment. He sat in ready, sleepy indolence when trifling, worldly matters were broached, but showed he listened attentively by ingeniously screwing some remark into the basis of a mighty progressive edifice. He talked to Mrs. Grey long after dinner, when she whispered to Ellen she felt so buz-fuz and cottony in her head, that she was afraid she should drop to sleep unless something was done to breeze up. But such men as Mr. Brooks do not talk in vain; and the consequence of his persuasive talents was, the disappearance of meat from the table.

CALHOUN ON GOVERNMENT.*

THE close of this fine collection of the late Mr. Calhoun's writings and speeches, judiciously edited by Mr. Crallé, affords a fitting opportunity for some remarks upon the political theories of that distinguished man.

Apart from the general interest which attaches to the leading subjects of them, there is a special interest arising from the peculiar position and circumstances of the author. For many years he occupied a foremost rank among the number of our foremost statesmen. He was connected, in one way or another, with the administration of the federal government, from before the war of 1812, or from the close of the era which may be regarded as the era of the revolutionary fathers and founders of the Republic, till his death. No important political question has divided the common mind, on which he was not called to speak or to act; and it is universally conceded that, on all occasions, he spoke with ability, and acted with firmness, if not discretion. His fame, as a legislator, is second to that of none of his colleagues. Much as we Americans, in the immaturity of our intellectual development, are prone to exaggerate the powers of mere political men, we have scarcely exaggerated those of Mr. Calhoun. He fully deserved the wreaths of laurel which he won in the olympic contests of the senate, and among the bureaus at Washington.

Mr. Calhoun occupied not only a distinguished, but a peculiar position. Scarcely identified with either of the great political parties of the nation, he alternately co-operated with and opposed each; and always on grounds of his own, and with an independent body of followers on whose fidelity he could rely. Mr. Webster was never such a representative of the East, nor Mr. Clay of the West, as Mr. Calhoun was of the South. They had earnest admirers and supporters, in their respective localities, and many who adopted opinions entirely from their words; but Mr. Calhoun had lieges, who, besides admiring him and supporting him, were willing to buckle on their armor and

fight to the death in his cause. Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster were leaders, chosen by their friends; but Mr. Calhoun was a captain, who commanded his troops. It was this peculiarity of political faith, combined with this grasp of personal influence, which at one time in his career brought him into open conflict with the central government, and came nearer than any other event in our history to the overthrow of our federal system. He was called, in the bitter partisan animosities of the day, John Catiline Calhoun; but nothing could have been more unjust to his position, his character, and his abilities, than the comparison suggested by such a parallel. There was nothing of conspiracy, while there was much of gallant daring and noble self-sacrifice, in the revolt which he undertook to conduct.

Besides his general experience of political life and his original habits of thought, Mr. Calhoun was one of the few of our statesmen who have possessed philosophical genius, and whose tastes led them, in addition to the duties of practical administration, to the study of abstract principles. His enemies used to deride this latter quality, as his metaphysical tendency, implying that it was somewhat of a disqualification rather than a merit; but we suspect it was true in his case, as it has been in so many other cases, that his metaphysics was simply their ignorance, and that the subtlety and depth of thought, which they could not comprehend, they were amply able to ridicule. Mr. Calhoun was only metaphysical to the extent in which every man, who seeks to penetrate the rational grounds and first principles of science, must be metaphysical. He was not satisfied with the stereotyped and superficial theories of political action, which are commonly accepted; and he endeavored to find deeper and more primary truths. Whether he succeeded, we shall see; but the attempt, in that direction, certainly ought to have been regarded with favor; and, out of the range of party meanness, would have been regarded with favour, and not reproach.

It would seem, therefore, that Mr.

* *The Works of John C. Calhoun.* Edited by RICHARD B. CRALLÉ. 6 vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1855.

Calhoun was preëminently qualified by practical experience, and special endowment, for the task of speculating on subjects of government. We do not, however, share in the sentiment which confounds practical and speculative ability. Some knowledge of actual life is necessary to the philosopher, and some knowledge of abstract principles to the practitioner; but great skill in practice does not necessarily imply great acuteness in speculation, nor does great sagacity in speculation imply great and effective power in management. Comte, indeed, contends that speculative men are quite unfit for the duties of administration; because intellectually they are unprepared for special and pressing calls on their activity; and, morally, they are unwilling to take a sufficient interest in the obtrusive and detailed realities, with which it is the business of government to deal. But if this be true, it is equally true, on the other hand, that practical men are unfitted for the duties of investigation; for while they are absorbed in the mere functions of administration, devoted to the special and temporary aspects of questions, they are not apt to rise to those contemplations of the whole—to the more patient and comprehensive generalizations—which are the province of philosophy.

In the first of these volumes we have a posthumous disquisition on Government, which contains a summary view of Mr. Calhoun's theory of the origin, nature, and ends of the state, in the right constitution of political society. With the larger number of our modern thinkers, he begins by discarding the old doctrine of a "natural state," anterior to the existence of society, which is so gratuitous and absurd an assumption, that one wonders how it ever crept into thought. Man's only natural state is the social state, without which he could not either exist physically, or be a man at all. When the lion casts her whelp into the desert, it will grow up, through its own unaided instincts, into a perfect lion; but the human infant, cast into the desert, will perish on the spot, or degenerate into something infinitely less than man. A communion with our kind is absolutely necessary to the development of those intellectual and moral faculties which constitute us men. For this reason the Creator has endowed us with spontane-

ous, social impulses, which, without any experience of the pleasures of society, or any reasoning as to its probable advantages, lead us universally into association. They are impulses as natural as the impulse to eat; and the human being could just as easily thrive, without that food which is the nutriment of his body, as he could without that intellectual and moral reciprocation which is the nutriment of his mind and heart.

Society, then, being one of the most original, positive, and indispensable of the needs of man, must be also one of his clearest and most essential rights. If he can only exist and grow by means of fellowship with others—if that fellowship is the condition *sine qua non* of his bodily continuance and of his spiritual evolution—then by the very ordinance of the Creator, in placing him here, he is entitled to all the necessary ministrations of society. He is, moreover, equally entitled to them, to the extent of his capacity to receive them, with every other man, whatever conventional arrangements his predecessors may have made to the contrary, or the laws of previous society have determined. As the creature of the Heavenly Father, he has a right to every bounty which that Father has made auxiliary to his creatureship. This, we say, is the obvious inference from Mr. Calhoun's primitive principal; and yet he argues, in several places, to a very opposite result. In the disquisition on Government, for instance, he denies that all men are "created free and equal," alleging that they are created subject to conditions, and with the most flagrant disparities of power and skill. Men, he says, are born subject to parental authority, and to the laws and institutions of the country by whose protection alone they draw their first breath; which is true, but which does not apply to the maxim it is meant to controvert. When it is said that men are created free, the meaning is, not that they are physically or morally exempted from the laws of the mediums in which they live (which would be an intrinsic absurdity), but that freedom is the distinctive and constituent element of their manhood—the reason why they are men, and not vegetables or animals. In the same way, when it is said that men are created equal, it is not asserted that they are, or ever will be, equal in physical or moral capacity; but that, as

children of the same Father, they are equally entitled to all the bounties essentially to their existence, which he has bequeathed as a free gift to their race. Again, Mr. Calhoun has departed from his fundamental truth, when, as in the letter on the Rhode Island controversy, he contends that the suffrage is not a natural but a conventional right, resting upon the concession of others, or upon the political constitution of the state. But if society be the natural state of every man, his right to a membership in that society, and, consequently, to a voice in the control of those acts by which he is affected, is also natural. Nor can he be deprived of that right on any other grounds than its positive necessity, as a means of self-defense to the other members. But this is anticipating.

We have seen that, in our estimation, as well as Mr. Calhoun's, society is the universal because inevitable condition of man. At the same time, we may see another no less universal and inevitable fact, that wherever there is society there is government. As man is not possible without society, so society is not possible without government, or an agency for the execution of its ends. The question, therefore, arises, what is the origin of this coincidence? Why has there never been a society without a government? Mr. Calhoun's solution is, that the direct or individual affections of man are stronger than his sympathies or social feelings, and that this fact occasions the necessity for some controlling power, which shall be vested with authority to bring his repellant into subordination to his attractive feelings. By the constitution of our nature, he argues, we feel more intensely what affects us directly than what affects us indirectly through others. Each one has a greater regard for his own safety and happiness than for the safety and happiness of others, and, where they come in conflict, will prosecute his own in preference to that of others; and hence "the tendency to a universal state of antagonism between individual and individual, accompanied by the passions of jealousy, anger, and revenge, followed by insolence, fraud and cruelty, and ending in general discord and confusion, if not prevented by some controlling power," which is government. Jones, it is obvious, gathers a mushroom supper for himself with far livelier satisfaction than

he sees Smith or Brown eat it; and as Smith and Brown each entertain the same sentiments about that, each is more likely to pursue his own supper than furnish suppers to others. He will even take forcible possession of the suppers of others if they happen to be scarce and he very hungry. Government, therefore, is a provision, which Smith and Brown adopt as a shield against Jones's trespassing voracity—it is a social reaction from individual selfishness.

This view is virtually the same with the celebrated theory of [Hobbes, who] in the *De Cive* and the *De Cuperi Politico* maintains that man, in the state of natural liberty, is in a state of warfare, in which each one is struggling to advance his own interests; but he adds, that, inasmuch as experience shows that universal warfare is universal suffering, reason dictates that he should organize institutions for security and peace. ✓

In either form we do not think the theory an entirely accurate statement of the case. The external necessity for government takes its rise in the diversity of the human constitution, both intellectual and moral; for as all men have not the same capacity, nor the same goodness, they must differ in judgment and purpose in regard to nearly every question, not mathematically demonstrable, which is presented to their decision. Each one, without supposing him more wicked than the rest, or more stupid than the rest, would be inclined to his own course, by the simple fact of his individuality. Where a multitude of these individualities, therefore, are expected to act together, there must be some acknowledged rule of order by which they shall act, and some ministerial agent by which that rule is enforced. But Mr. Calhoun means more than this simple diversity of individual constitution, when he says that government originates in the superior strength of the individual over the social affections. By individual affections, as his argument assumes throughout, he means the selfish affections—those which terminate in the individual's well-being and gratification; and by social affections, those which terminate in the well-being or gratification of others, or, in a word, man is more selfish than social, so that government is needed to restrain the selfish within social ends. If this view be correct, however, if the indi-

vidual tendency is permanently stronger than the social, let us ask how society gets formed at all? As the former, which is the dispersive or centrifugal force, is more intense and powerful than the latter, which is the concentric or centripetal, why should there not be a general flying asunder of the parts? There can be no society where there is nothing to hold society together; and no government, of course, where there is no social union to be governed. In the very idea of society, then, some kind of an equilibrium, between the two forces we have named, is implied. Let self-love become paramount among men as it is among brutes, and there would be no more society among men than there is among brutes—nothing more than a temporary gregation for some predatory purpose. On the other hand, let social love reign exclusively, and there would be no free individualities among men—nothing but mechanical atoms lost in a mass. The balance, or reciprocity, between this projectile force which swings man away from humanity, or the centre of life, and the attractive force which draws him back to it, must be incessantly renewed to render social existence possible. A permanent preponderance of either would be fatal to it; for, in the one case the individual would be flung off into savage isolation or social nothingness; and, in the other, would be swallowed up by his race, to the total loss of self-consciousness. In the mutual action and reaction of the two principles he is alone enabled to live as a man, and as a conscious member of society. His relations to nature, through his senses and bodily appetites, prompting him always to self-gratification, and his relations to his fellow-man inspiring him always to social gratification, it is only through the equilibrium of the two that any strictly human fellowship or society can be attained.

Now, the defect of Mr. Calhoun's statement is, that it does not bring out the fact that the social or sympathetic affections are as liable to disorder as the individual, and just as much create the necessity for government. Love, for example, which, as it respects the individual, is a truly social affection, inasmuch as it takes him out of the narrow sphere of his personal existence, to blend it with that of another, is, at the same time, susceptible of the most frantic abuses, as regards society. The

family tie, which again, as it respects the individual, is a generous social affection, enlarging and filling out his being with the noblest and sweetest sympathies, may yet degenerate into a nucleus of cold and adamantine inclusiveness. Ambition, or that corporate sympathy, which leads great minds to the organization of parties, or the conduct of armies to victory—as in the cases of Cromwell or Napoleon—will often lead them, also, to the disastrous overthrow of every principle of order. Benevolence itself, or the pure and amiable desire to improve the condition of suffering men, unaccompanied by wisdom, will run, as many say of the temperance and anti-slavery agitations, into dangerous fanaticism. It is not, consequently, the simple excess of the individual affections, or the simple weakness of the social feelings, which explains and justifies government, but the irregularities of both, which incessantly demand adjustment.

The real origin of government, however, is in no external perception of its necessity, but in an internal necessity, in a fundamental idea or instinct, if you please, of our human constitution. Actually, as we know from history, governments originate sometimes in the extension of parental authority, sometimes in voluntary compact, and oftener in force. But lying back of all accidental or extraneous occasions, is a profounder cause, internal to human nature itself, and explanatory of these various phenomenal manifestations. We have said that man was a compound of individual and social affections, which lead him to society; but he is likewise more: for, over and above these, he is endowed with a rational and moral nature, which qualifies him for self-control. He aspires, not only to society, but, under the ever present grace of God, to truth, to goodness, to beauty; or, what is the same thing, to universal unity or order. Degraded, ignorant, or savage as he may be, this higher life will solicit admission to his soul, and, once entertained, will conduct him, step by step, through all the stages of an advancing civilization. His every attempt at government, then, from the patriarchal to the democratic, is the result of his love of unity and order—feeble at first and unenlightened, but gradually gaining strength by exercise, and wisdom through experience. Just as his sciences grow up

from a primitive love of truth, enlarged by accumulation of generalizations, and his arts from the love of beauty, disciplined into refinement, so his governments are perfected under the impulse of a love of order, made wiser and better by the mingled failures and successes of centuries. As a last result, in this process of political education, he attains to the conception of a perfect political society. It is expressed by the word justice, or equity. He finds that equity, in the political sphere, becomes the equivalent of equilibrium in the mechanical. Allowing to every force its own unimpeded action, up to that point at which it would interfere with the same free action of others, it gives freedom to each, and harmony to all. It adjusts law to liberty, stability to movement, and order to progress. It reconciles the individual to authority, because the individual, recognizing, in the principle of justice, his own better nature, to which he assents from the bottom of his soul, goes really unrestrained except by himself, while it invests the ministers of power with a divine sanction, because earthly justice is a reflection of the eternal order of God.

In this view, which we say is the highest that man has yet reached, the function of government is regarded as solely juridical; or, in other words, preventive of wrong, rather than provocative of good. It holds, that as society puts away its injustice, every social blessing must ensue. Do you ask why? Because it perceives that ample provision for every positive activity has been made by the Creator, in the very constitution of man. His physical necessities, his intellectual curiosity, and his social and moral desires will set him in motion of themselves, provided justice will but protect him in their exercise. He needs no driving wheel, but a balance; no stimulus, but security.

Let the interference of individuals be restrained, let the excesses of society itself be curbed, and his own restless impatience to improve his condition, his ambition to enlarge the sphere of his influence, his love of the eternal truth, and goodness and beauty, which forever flow from the great fountain of life, into his heart, will impel him to every acquisition and grace which can expand or adorn his nature.

Nothing could be clearer in theory; but clear as this truth is in theory, it has

been made yet more clear, by the practical experiences of the nations. Those which are the most advanced in civilization, in which wealth, knowledge, and refinement are the most widely diffused, in which willfulness and disorder are the least pronounced; where tenderness for the female sex and for children, and beneficent sympathy for the distressed, are the most active; where the most profuse provisions for education and science are made, and the interests of the liberal arts, and morals, and religion, are most enthusiastically promoted, are precisely those nations in which governments are most restricted to their primary equitable functions, and the people left the freest to develop their resources and themselves.

Be it remarked, at the same time, that politics does not exhaust the relations of society. As men have duties to each other, beyond the duties of justice, so society has a sphere of responsibility beyond the political sphere. Politics is a branch, only, of a larger domain. It is introductory, both as a science and as a practice, to another and higher science and practice. The useful or benevolent relations of men to each other, need an organic expression, no less than their juridical or political relations. The subjects treated of in what is commonly called political economy—the end aimed at so widely by the European socialists—are the relations to which we refer, are among the most vital of human interests, and demand as thorough and effective a treatment as those preliminary relations which are organized into what is denominated the state. In other words, politics is but a department of what the great French speculator, Comte, barbarously names Sociology, for the want of a better term. But the difference between the political relations of men and their useful or benevolent relations is here—that as the object of the former is justice, whose authority is undeniable and universal, they may act through force; but as the object of the latter is benefit, they can act only by voluntary consent. The state, within its sphere, compels, because justice, which it represents, is imperative, sovereign, and irresistible; but society, in the greater sphere of uses, merely solicits, consults, and agrees.

To return to politics: the great practical question is, how the administration

*The flow
assumes a
universal
love of
beauty, etc.*

of justice—the principal function of government—is to be secured. As its efficient agents must be men liable to selfish aberrations, *quis custodes custodiet?*—who will take care of the government? How shall the functionaries, who execute the just will of society, be themselves prevented from becoming oppressors and wrong-doers? With Mr. Calhoun especially, who adopts the selfish view of human nature, this is the all-important question. He treats it with extreme ingenuity and the most elaborate care. His precursor, Hobbes, had answered it in the most simple and obvious way, for one holding to that theory—confine the government to as few agents as possible, i. e., to a single hereditary monarch. Raised by his position above the ordinary temptations of avarice, fraud, and ambition, his own interest will be identified with the interests of the whole community, and he will act impartially towards all. But Mr. Calhoun was too much of a democrat by education, and too good a logician, and, moreover, had read too much of human history to be deluded by this fallacy. He accepted, therefore, the democratic solution, of written constitutions and direct responsibility to the people, yet with a difference; he thought written constitutions, in themselves, worth no more than the parchment on which they were written, against the interests of the majority resolved to violate them, while universal suffrage by itself would be only a means of giving efficacy to the will of that majority. Whatever the constitution may prescribe, the right of suffrage, he argues, by placing the control of the government in the majority, "must, from the same constitution of our nature which makes governments necessary to preserve society, lead to conflict among its different interests—each striving to obtain possession of its powers, as the means of protecting itself against the others—or, of advancing its respective interests, regardless of the interests of others." The major interest will, of course, prevail, and the minor will have only escaped the tyranny of one man, or an aristocracy, perhaps only to be reduced to the severer tyranny of a majority. There must be, therefore, some bridle contrived even for the majority.

Looking at the history of the world, and seeing how constitutions have failed,

and suffrage led to despotism, one is at first sight inclined to believe in the truth of this representation. In France, for example, both have been frequently tried, and, in every case, without success. Since the year 1789, no less than six or seven constitutions have been established, by the largest popular votes—and established merely to be annulled. The Constitution of '93 was voted by 1,801,918 for to 11,610 against; the Constitution of the year III. was voted by 1,107,567 for to 49,977 against; that of the year VIII., by 3,012,509 for, 1,562 against; and so of the rest, down to that of 1852, when Louis Napoleon was invested with the constituent power, by a vote of 7,439,216, out of a total of eight million ballots! yet, regarding these facts more closely, do they prove that constitutions and suffrages are of no avail? Amid all the changes of name, was there any real change of constitution? Amid all the suffrages cast, was there any real expression of the voice of the people? Emphatically, no! Under every *régime*, the government of France was the same—a despotic centralization. It was even more despotic under Danton and Robespierre than it became under Bonaparte; it was just as despotic under Ledru Rollin, and Lamartine, as it now is under Louis Napoleon. Changed in name, but not in powers or functions, the state was unchanged, and controlled the popular voice, in every case. Had there been, at any time, a real change of the constitution (by which we mean not the written words, but the organic disposition), there would have been a real expression of the popular will, and a true democratic success. The democratic theory embraces three essentials: first, a written constitution, limiting the powers of government to the just and fundamental objects of all governments; second, a distribution of all local power among the coördinate localities to which they relate; and third, universal suffrages, under inspectors of election chosen by the people. But these France has never had. She has had written constitutions, but no distributions of power, and she has failed, because she was always a despotism, and not a democracy. Anybody, who will calmly consider any of the constitutions that she ever tried, will say that they ought to have failed, that it was impossible for them to succeed, not in

France merely, but anywhere. Adopted in the United States, with all the imputed fitness and capacity of the people, they would have exploded similarly—in civil war.

These failures, then, can hardly be quoted against the democratic solution, because the conditions of successful experiment were not fulfilled. A man who goes to sea with a hole in the bottom of his boat, ought not to complain if he sinks. Nor is his folly a proof of the defects of the art of navigation. Where the conditions of democratic government are not observed, it is idle to expect its success; but where its conditions are observed, we have the most positive and grateful evidences of its success. Take the twenty or thirty republics of this Union—the separate States we mean, not the Federal Government—and in every one we shall find order, stability, freedom, and progress. They are organized by written constitutions, with the powers defined, with suffrage almost universal, but with numerous local centres, and they stand as firmly to-day, and operate as harmlessly, as they did sixty years ago, when the most of them were formed. Their failures or their dangers are not in themselves. They contract, and do not grow in power, while the society which they rule over is expanding in numbers and wealth, with unprecedented rapidity.

Let us, however, before defending the popular theory, ascertain more precisely the nature of Mr. Calhoun's objections to it, and the theory he propounds in its place. He contends, as we have seen, that under a popular form of government, where a great diversity of interests prevails, and where the collective will is expressed through the numerical majority, the strongest interests invariably get the control. They take all the honors and emoluments of office; they stretch constitutional powers to aggrandize themselves; they promote factions; and, finally, they lead to corruption, anarchy, and despotism. "If the whole community," he adds, "had the same interests, so that the interests of each and every portion would be so affected, by the action of the government, that the laws which oppressed or impoverished one portion would necessarily oppress and impoverish all others—or the reverse—then the right of suffrage, of itself, would be all sufficient, to coun-

teract the tendency of the government to oppression and abuse of its powers."

"But such is not the case: on the contrary, nothing is more difficult than to equalize the action of the government in reference to the various and diversified interests of the community; and nothing more easy than to prevent its powers becoming instruments to aggrandize and enrich one or more interests, by oppressing and impoverishing the others, and this, too, under the operation of laws, couched in general terms, and which, on their face, appear fair and equal." "The more extensive and populous the country, the more diversified the condition and pursuits of its population; and the richer, more luxurious and dissimilar the people, the more difficult is it to equalize the action of the government—and the more easy for one portion of the community to pervert its powers to oppress and plunder the other."

This is his fundamental position; and the remedy he proposes is, the organization of the different interests of society, on a scheme which is called "the concurrent majority." "Let the sense of each interest or portion of the community," he says, "which may be injuriously or unequally affected by the action of the government, be taken separately through its own majority, and then require the consent of each interest to put or keep the government in action. In other words, give to each division or interest, through its appropriate organ, either a concurrent voice in making and executing the laws, or a veto on the execution!" In this way all unequal or injurious action will be prevented, just as in Rome the veto of the tribunes prevented the encroachments of the patricians upon the plebeians; or as in old Poland the veto of each member of the diet prevented the passage of any dangerous law; or as in Great Britain the reciprocal checks of kings, lords, and commons upon each other prevent the accumulation of power in the hands of either. In this way, too, when all the parts or interests of a society have a negative upon the proceedings of the other parts, a spirit of mutual concession and compromise is begotten, which must lead to the most amicable and patriotic relations. As no measure could be carried without the assent of the minor interests, their liberties would be secured, and the majority rendered more conciliatory and justly disposed.

In proceeding to remark upon this scheme, the first difficulty that occurs to us is, in regard to the vague and indefinite application of the word "interest" in this country. In the older nations, where distinct and well-defined classes have grown up, under the old feudal arrangements—or where separately organized races live under a common political system—or where, again, the territorial divisions, or marches, bound peculiar interests or peoples—we can easily tell what "interests" are, and see how an organization by "interests" might be effected; but, among us, where there are no acknowledged classes; where all races are promiscuously mingled—except the blacks, who have no political existence whatever—where there are no really divided or opposite interests, though we sometimes loosely speak of an agricultural interest, a commercial interest, a manufacturing interest, a mining interest, etc., and where the geographical divisions, if they were not fast melting away, under the influence of rail-roads and rivers, would present no positive or radical antagonisms, it is hard to discover in what manner an organization by "interests" could be applied. As, according to the renown-
ed Mr. Glass, you must first catch your hare before you can cook it, so you must first get your "interests," before you can organize them. Unless you choose to consider each separate trade as the "interest" to be acquired, which would plunge you, at once, into the worst form of socialism—that which proposes to organize industry through the state—there are no interests on which to attach your theory. Our ordinary political divisions into states, counties, townships, etc., are, for the most part, arbitrary, or, at least, do not involve any very separable interests. The "majority" and "minority" interests, which appear in politics, are quite too fluctuating to be made the ground of a permanent organization. Like the Paddy's flea, when you put your finger on them, they are not there. What was the minority yesterday is the majority to-day—and the majority of to-day will become the minority to-morrow. In fact, the free and the slave states are the only strongly contrasted divisions of any kind, in this nation—and this division is not so much one of interest (at least, so far as the North is concerned) as of moral con-

viction. What real or effective diversity of "interest" is there between any of the New England states, or between New York and Pennsylvania, or between New York and Ohio, or between any of the western states? We mean, what diversity sufficiently pronounced to be made the foundation of a permanent organic consecration? In what way do "interests" of any one state dominate those of another? Is Massachusetts an oppressor? Is Illinois? Is Louisiana? Can we say that they would be, if their political equality in the federal Senate were removed, and a numerical majority prevail there, as in the House? During the legislation of the last fifty years, at least, has the House, elected by a numerical majority of the people, shown any more disposition to oppress the states, than the Senate, elected on the principle of the concurrent majority, by the states? On page 391 of vol. I., Mr. Calhoun himself admits that there has been no conflict between the several states, as the founders of the Constitution apprehended, and that the only conflict is between the North and South.

Nor is it true, as Mr. Calhoun alleges, that the "interests" of a community are the more likely to oppress and plunder each other, the more extensive and diversified they are, for the simple reason that, in such a case, the less willing or able are they to combine. We can conceive how, in a single homogeneous community, where only two or three positive interests unite, the strongest one might oppress the others, or a few weaker ones combine for the same purpose; but, in a large society, stretched over a vast expanse of territory, where ten thousand different pursuits engage attention, and the interests of persons and localities are intensely complicated, it is almost morally impossible that any one or any dozen should gain a complete and lasting ascendancy. It is impossible that any one or any dozen should be so paramount as virtually to override the others. The very fact of their diversity itself is the guarantee of their comparative equality. Let any one or any dozen attempt an undue control, and that instant the remaining hundred, though separated before, have a common motive for resisting the aggression. In proof of this, compare the condition of the southern states of this Union

with that of the northern! At the South, there is one interest—the slaveholding—superior to all others: it, accordingly, dominates all others, and it allows of no legislation, scarcely the expression of an opinion, which it may deem in the remotest degree unfriendly to its sway. There is, consequently, but one political party at the South—the pro-slavery party—and all others are crushed into utter nullity. But, diversify the interests of the South, as they are diversified at the North—let a large manufacturing population step in—let the mechanic arts flourish, if that were possible—let an indigenous commerce invite thither its traders, sailors, and stevedores—let the corn and wheat farmer take his place by the side of the cotton planter and sugar grower—and this terrible and leaden despotism of a single interest would be broken; society would begin to exhibit that lively variety of pursuits and opinions which is the safeguard, as it is the stimulant, of civil progress.

We are very far, then, from participating in Mr. Calhoun's fears as to the fatal domination of certain interests in any developed society. Parties will be there, no doubt—parties arrayed against each other in bitter hostility—combining and combating on many grounds—according to education, to prejudices of birth, to affinities of race, to mere names, to abstract convictions, to religious tenets, and what not; but the fewest and feeblest of these parties will be those which act upon mere interest. For it is a libel on our human nature to assert that men, in their political conduct, are solely or mainly controlled by their "interests." They are not; they are controlled by convictions, into which the question of interest enters only as a part, and generally a most inconsiderable part, amid a large and powerful influx of motives—from passion, honor, association, principle, reason, and conscience. And, the more deeply they are concerned in public movements, the higher the general excitement, the more entirely exempt are they from the influences of personal consideration. Indeed, Coleridge remarks somewhere, that abstract metaphysical notions have often more effect upon the feelings of the great body of the people, than the most immediate and extensive prospects of personal advantage. A few brief sentences, proclaiming the right of all

to read the Scripture, brought on the Reformation; the vague general maxims of the physiocrats aroused the French insurrection; the power of Cromwell was in the religious earnestness of his nation; and our own Revolution lived upon the vitality of the short preamble to the Declaration. More than that: this very preamble, expressing in formal phrase what seems to be abstruse deductions of political science, has had more influence, in forming the character of this mighty nation, than all the checks, and balances, and vetoes of the constitution. Not that such checks and negatives are useless; but that, in legislating for men, it should not be forgotten that they are men, with generous sensibilities, and impulses of honor, and the love of fair-dealing, and a consciousness of relations to God. In the last resort, it is on these that every hope of good government and every good cause must rely, and not upon cunningly-devised checks of law.

As a consequence of this appreciation, again, we do not share in Mr. Calhoun's dread of the ravages and mischiefs of the numerical majority. We readily concede that there are cases in which the voice of the majority ought not to prevail. In all questions which transcend the proper objects of government, not only should a majority of voices, or two-thirds, or the concurrence of a dozen majorities, but unanimity, be required to their passage. Or, what amounts to the same thing, the very entertainment of them should be forbidden by the organic law. We would write on the front of every constitution, in characters of living flame, such as Dante saw on the portals of hell:—"Thus far, and no farther." But, within the strict limits of government, it seems to us that the expedient of determining questions by the greatest number, is the most just, safe, and effective. It is the most just; because, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the majority, when they have a right to judge at all, are more likely to be correct than the minority; while to require more than a majority of voices for their determination, is really to put the control in the hands of the minority. Why should a fraction over one-third of the members of a community be empowered to defeat the wishes of the other two-thirds? Or, why should one-fourth of a nation—say five millions out of twenty

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millions—be allowed to arrest for ever the lawful purposes of the larger number? In the Senate of the United States, for instance, which represents the states equally, and is a specimen of Mr. Calhoun's concurrent majority, it takes a vote of two-thirds to confirm any treaty. Now, suppose a commercial treaty is before it, of the highest importance to the people of a large number of the states—a treaty perfectly within the just power of the government—yet, by this contrivance of requiring two-thirds, it may be rejected by eleven states, whose united population will not amount to two millions—against twenty states—nearly double the number—whose united population will be over seventeen millions! Is that just? Again, according to the provisions of the federal constitution, under its concurrent majority system, three-fourths of the states, i. e. twenty-four of the smaller ones, containing about eight millions of white people, may bring about any amendment of the constitution that they please, even the most monstrous, against the other fourth, representing a population of eleven millions! Nay, a bare majority in these states—say five millions—may carry their amendments against the unanimous opinions of the remaining fourteen millions? Under similar machinery, the President of the United States, with all the fearful and tremendous power concentrated in his hands, may be elected by several millions less than one-half the qualified voters of the states. If, therefore, the numerical force may sometimes act to the oppression of the minority, we see also, that the concurrent force may act to the oppression of the majority; and surely if either has to suffer, we ought to prefer that it should be the lesser number.

As evidence of the enormous strides of the "numerical majority" to power, Mr. Calhoun refers, in bitter terms, to the action of our federal government. He instances, particularly, the assumption of an appellate jurisdiction by the supreme court over the state courts; the creation of a national bank to regulate the currency; the passage of a protective tariff, to the detriment of the planting states; the distribution of public money in furtherance of schemes of internal improvement; and the restriction of slavery in the territories. But Mr. Calhoun does not stop to remark

that all these measures, with the exception of the first, have been repealed by the same influences under which they were established. The bank is dead; the tariff is dead; internal improvements are dead, and squatter sovereignty reigns rampant in the territories. Nor does he dwell upon the fact, while mentioning it incidentally, that these measures, whether good or bad, were all carried and repealed under concurrent and not numerical majorities. The federal Congress, consisting of the House, which represents the people numerically, and the Senate, which represents the states equally, requires a concurrent vote to the passage of any bill. As far as that is concerned, then, the concurrent system is, by Mr. Calhoun's own complaints, ineffective. Meanwhile, it is worthy of remark, in the midst of the overshadowing encroachments of the central government, where the concurrent system is so largely applied, that under the state governments, where the numerical plan exclusively prevails, there has been a steady diminution in their powers. In nearly all of them the constitutions have, from time to time, been reformed, and always with a large curtailment of their patronage, their jurisdiction, and their means of corruption. Take the state of New York, with one-sixth the population of the Union, for example: it has twice, since the beginning of the century, revised its organic laws; it has stripped its executive of a once extended power of appointment; it has abolished innumerable useless offices; it has retrenched the expenditures of every department; it has re-organized its judiciary; and it has restricted the legislature within comparatively the narrowest limits.

We do not deny that the federal government has become swollen and bloated until it is now a fearful congestion; but the cause we ascribe to original defects in the constitution, and particularly to its abnormal growth, aided by usurpations of the executive. In the constitutional surrender to the President of his vast power of appointment, and in the assumption by him, without authority, of the power of removal, we discover the source of nine-tenths of the corruption and degeneracy which has fallen upon our politics. Yet the evil, alarming as it is, by no means fills us with dismay. We believe there is virtue enough in the people to chastise and correct every

abuse. Let their minds once escape the agitations of the slavery-question, forced upon them by the infamous schemes of filibusters and propagandists, and they will be directed to their other great fountain of pernicious influence. We should soon after expect to see the Congress assert its proper control over removals; we should expect to see the diplomatic service, which is a sort of honored asylum for the decayed or rejected politicians of the states, retrenched; we should expect to see the cumbrous post-office establishment, with its bands of pretorians, now operating as a check upon the speedy diffusion of knowledge, abolished; we should expect to see two-thirds at least of the remaining appointments resumed by the people, and the overgrown functions of the executive, generally, remodeled. Our confidence would rest in the recuperative energies of the people; in their general intelligence; in their common sense; in their love of justice, and in the fact, despite Mr. Calhoun's theories, that the persons interested in bad government must always be few compared with the many who are interested in good government.

With the end at which Mr. Calhoun aims—the arrest of centralization—we cordially sympathize; but we hold that that end is to be most effectively and harmoniously reached—not by a system of independent governments with a negative upon the action of each other, which would infallibly lead to anarchy—but by an original distribution of the functions of government among coördinate local governments, with impartial

tribunals for the decision of cases of disputed jurisdiction. The organized parts of every large community should be treated as individuals are treated by society. They are all placed on an equal footing; their rights are protected by the fundamental law, and their disputes are settled, not by themselves, but by the courts. Were each one allowed a negative, in his own case, there would soon be, inevitably, an end to the social union. Adjudication, and not nullification, is the true remedy for wrongs. Nullification is but disguised revolution; but adjudication is contentment, peace, and security.

We hold as strongly as Mr. Calhoun ever did, to the necessity and importance of the doctrine of local self-government; but, we hold it on broader grounds: not simply that the separate parts of a nation may be a check upon the other parts, but because it is the most efficient means of distributing power, and of educating the people. All consolidated governments must sooner or later die of plethora; and the people under them must sooner or later lose the habit, and with that the desire of government; and a despot must step in, if for no other reason, to save them from themselves. But a true system of local governments, where the parts cannot be anarchical, nor the centre oppressive, exercises its people in the practice of every political virtue, and trains them to self-respect and felicity and honour; and is capable of being extended, as we believe that under Providence it yet will be, to all the nations of the globe.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

AMERICAN LITERATURE AND REPRINTS.

—Everybody has his private and particular quarrel with the post-office. We all lose our letters; we all waste precious time, and more precious temper, over the perpetual breaks and defects of our postal system; but few of us are fully convinced of the fact, that the existence of such a system is a disgrace to the country. We imagine the evils to be less in extent and less remediable than they really are. Mr. PLINY MILES's capital pamphlet on *Postal Reform* ought to change all this. Mr. Miles has resided several years in London, and he has been connected with our own Post-office Department. He, therefore, speaks of that which he doth know; and the results of his investigations ought to scandalize us into energy.

According to Mr. Miles, we are now cnduring a postal system which worries government, vexes and injures the public, demoralizes the officials, and pleases nobody.

At the same time, various European nations, and especially Great Britain, are quietly enjoying a postal system which enriches the government, serves and benefits the public, controls the officials, and satisfies everybody. We commend these facts to the consideration of all our readers, excepting those engaged to deliver orations on the coming Fourth of July.

In 1854, the expenses of the United States Post-office, for carrying 120,000,000 letters, amounted to two millions of dollars *over and above* the receipts of the Department. Of these letters, about *four millions*, or *one in thirty*, died, and were damned to the flames at Washington city.

In the same year, the expenses of the British Post-office, for conveying 450,000,000 letters, amounted to six millions of dollars *less than* the receipts of the Department; and of these letters rather less than *five thousand* finally died, and were laid aside to await the chances of revival.

In 1854, New York, with a population of three quarters of a million, had to content itself with *one* post-office—and that a dirty, shabby, inadequate den, far from the centre of population.

In the same year, London, with a popu-

lation only thrice as large, was served by *five hundred* post-offices.

The simple truth is, that some two hundred thousand inhabitants of New York live so far from the post-office as to be not much better off, in that respect, than the people of some small country district which the mail reaches once a week!

In 1854, the "drop letters," or those for "local circulation," amounted to 715,000; which, at one cent each, brought in a revenue of 7,150 dollars!

In the same year, the "drop letters" of only six cities in England numbered 74,000,000; which, at a penny each, brought in a revenue of \$2,225,000, of which sum \$1,500,000 was clear net profit!

Mr. Miles states, that in London he has often sent a letter by post to a distant part of the city, and received a reply within three hours. Should we not think the millennium at hand in New York if such a thing could be said of *our* post?

Mr. Miles does not content himself with attacking this or that abuse, the senseless regulation of compulsory prepayment, or our equally senseless registration system; he shows conclusively that the only conditions on which we can hope for a decent, orderly, and economical Post-office, are the following:—1. The abolition of franking. 2. A uniform rate of letter-postage of two cents on all single letters; and a uniform method of rating and weighing all letters. 3. Letter-carriers and receiving-offices in all large towns. 4. A method of remitting money by post-office money-orders. 5. A prompt return to the owners of all dead letters. 6. The abolition of compulsory prepayment, and a double charge on all letters not prepaid. He calls upon our merchants, and our leading men generally, to stir at once in this matter, with decision. We echo his call with all our heart; and, with him, we will not despair of the triumph of facts and common sense.

—Who Mr. R. A. WILSON may be, we do not know; but he writes a book on *Mexico and her Religion*, which he dedicates to the "American Party of the United States." He, himself, is a most unquestionable American: nothing seems to have daunted

him in his journeys; nothing seems to fetter his freedom of speculation. He abhors the Papists, and disbelieves the chroniclers. His book is, decidedly, interesting; and, though we cannot approve of the sarcastic levity which he sometimes uses in speaking of things sacred, we have been impressed by his apparent candor and his unquestionable good feeling. Mr. Wilson gives us a great deal of valuable information respecting the manners and morals of the Mexican world, and a sort of running commentary upon Bernal Diaz and the History of the Mexican conquest. If Mr. Wilson is right (and he makes no assertions, it is fair to say, which he does not support, or try to support, by good practical evidence), Cortez was an unmitigated liar, and Bernal Diaz a priestly fabrication; the Aztec Empire a humbug, and the conquest an enterprise not comparable to the exploits of the English Buccaneers along the Spanish main. Mr. Wilson quietly ignores Mr. Prescott throughout; but, if Mr. Wilson is right, Mr. Prescott's "History" must take its place with the romances of the Grand Cyrus. Mr. Wilson also suggests a theory—which he maintains plausibly enough—that the yellow fever in America is one of the consequences of the African slave trade. His book is altogether curious, as a capital transcript of a busy Yankee brain.

—*The Moral and Intellectual Diversity of Races* is a book of which the body has been supplied by COUNT GOBINEAU; the head by Mr. H. Hotz, translator, and the tail by Dr. Nott, of Mobile. As it happens, in such cases generally, the body is the best part of the work, and has not been greatly improved by the additions of the editors. Mr. Hotz's introductory analysis is scarcely more than a repetition of his author's conclusions, except in one case where he deviates from him to go wrong; and Professor Nott's appendix, though it furnishes some useful facts, is not remarkably important. The work itself, however, is one of high value. The translation is executed with a good deal of care and accuracy, without sacrificing freedom. But, in one place, Mr. Hotz has made a sad perversion in making a seemingly simple change. Count Gobineau divides all the races of mankind into the masculine and feminine, or active and passive races; or those again in which the emotional or

moral nature prevails, and those in which the intellectual and practical prevails. Mr. Hotz, however, renders this division into the speculative and utilitarian races, which, besides destroying the beautiful relation suggested by his author's terms, really conceals his main principle, namely, that the best races are those fecundated by the conjunction of the two characteristics, the moral and the practical, while the lowest are those, as the Chinese and Hindoo, in which one predominates to the exclusion of the other. Under the term of M. Gobineau, all the inferior races, as they are considered, immediately address themselves to our sympathies; but, under Mr. Hotz's terms, they become repulsive. Mr. Hotz has also omitted, in several places, most interesting inquiries in which the author indulges, but which do not seem to have fallen in with his translator's prejudices. When will these official translators and editors learn, that what the reading public wants is the whole of the author's thought, and not the emasculated form of it, which may be agreeable to his account-holders? The notes are, mainly, of some value.

The problem of the author is, to investigate the actual diversities of the human races, with reference particularly to their influence upon the civil and political history of mankind. He manages it with learning, discretion, and candor; he means to be a Christian and philanthropist; but some of his conclusions, it seems to us, are unwarranted by philosophy and even pernicious. What is the cause, he asks, of that overthrow or ruin of nations, which has occurred with such uniformity as to lead us to suppose that it is a law of nature? He shows that the causes usually assigned, such as fanaticism, the corruption of morals, irreligion, luxury, bad governments, are not the true causes, because nations have suffered all these and retained their vitality. But, he answers, the real cause is degeneracy, in the etymological sense of the term, or the alternation of the original blood of the nation. Or, in his own words, a nation is degenerate, when the blood of its founders no longer flows in its veins, but has been gradually deteriorated by successive foreign admixtures; so that the nation, while retaining its original name, is no longer composed of the same elements. The corruption of the

blood leads to a modification of the original instincts, or modes of thinking—the new elements assert their influence, and when they have once gained perfect and entire preponderance, the degeneration is complete.

It will be seen that this view assumes a permanent and original diversity in races, or a palpable difference in the capacity and intrinsic worth of the different branches of the human family; and, accordingly, the author argues it, at great length, and with much expenditure of learning and force, though with no novel or original views. He endeavors to demonstrate, first, that these differences are not the result of political institutions, but rather that political institutions are the result of them; secondly, that they are not the result of geographical situation: and, thirdly, that Christianity cannot change their essence, though it may modify them to a small extent. In other words, the substance of his argument is, that every civilization must grow out of the primary instincts of the races, and that it cannot be implanted or impressed, or taught by other races, as we see in the cases of the Paraguayans, the South American Indians, the Cherokees, the African negroes, and others, in which attempts have been made to impose European civilization upon them.

Now, we may admit the premises of M. Gobineau—we may admit an original, natural diversity among the races of men, because all the facts of history show that, up to the ante-historic ages, that is, for four or five thousand years back, the distinctions between the races have been permanent; but it does not follow from this that the inferior races are incapable of improvement, or a high civilization. Because they have not advanced in times past, is no reason that they may not advance hereafter. A naturalist of the time of Tacitus, observing the Germanic races, might have reasoned that, inasmuch as they had been barbarians for thousands of years, they would always continue to be barbarians. Yet, we know that these very races have produced the richest and most diversified civilization that the world has yet seen. A person looking at the condition of woman, only a few centuries ago, might have argued that she could never be much more than a toy or a slave, and yet we know to what a beautiful and glorious

stature woman may attain. The development of the races is not a question of one year or of a hundred; but depends upon the plans of that divine Providence with which a thousand years are but as one day. We do not deny the possibility of a philosophy of history, or the right of science to generalize on the facts of our brief past; but we hold that all its generalizations, at this period of the world, when the most advanced races have only begun their career of real civilization, are to be accepted with caution.

The issue between those who deny the improbability of races and those who do not, is the old issue between naturalism and spiritualism, or between materialistic science and religion. Are all men susceptible of regeneration, that is, not of a literal change of nature, but of a change of impulse or motive, from selfish and natural ends to spiritual ends, or to an inward love of goodness and truth, as the principle of their lives? This is the point in dispute. Religion, by which we mean the Christian religion, says that they are; while science, founding itself upon a simple induction of facts, maintains that they are not. M. Gobineau, though professedly a Roman Catholic, seems to take the naturalistic side of the dispute; and those who would see it presented with much fairness and sagacity may read his volume with profit.

—In criticising Dr. Mahan's work on the modern spiritualism, we called for a treatment of the subject by a regular scientific man, accustomed to the laws and procedure of scientific method. This we supposed we might find on opening Dr. HARE's new work, but were sadly disappointed. Like most others who have undertaken a favorable view of the matter, he has gone off into theological speculations instead of handling the facts in a philosophic manner. His contributions to our knowledge of the strange phenomena are interesting, as coming from a professor of the natural sciences of acknowledged position; but they do not add much to what was before known, while the supernatural communications, on which so much reliance is placed, rather confuse and perplex the question. That these occurrences could not be the result of collusion, or even of self-deception, was pretty well demonstrated before; and the experience of Dr. Hare only confirms that conviction. That

they may come from certain weak and uneasy spirits, who have departed this life without having got fully settled in any other, was also a possible belief, which Dr. Hare strengthens; but his reasonings do not go any further. To suppose, on the ground of such "communications" as he gives, or of communications previously given, that these rappings and tippings are the signs of a new opening of revelation, of a new intercourse which is to be established between earth and heaven, would be wholly unwarranted. We can only judge of the character of a messenger by that of his message; and, by this test, we pronounce the spirits, thus far, a set of sickly, pink-eyed sentimentalists, who are incapable of giving us a single thought in advance of what is already known. Some speak as Bacon; but their sentences have as little of the pith and matter of Bacon in them as a schoolboy's theme. Others take the name of Swedenborg, but of a Swedenborg that has lost all his fine sagacity and noble logic. Both Bacon and Swedenborg were clear-sighted, profound, and consistent thinkers; but their spiritual personators are weak and washy rhapsodists. Even the spiritual Shakespeare is, sometimes, made to write poems—but such a Shakespeare!

The mischief of these manifestations is, that almost everybody who meddles with them instantly turns theologian, and publishes a new gospel. Now, as the gospel that we have is an excellent one, and will be quite ahead of the world for some time yet, will nobody undertake a fair and candid investigation of them as a simple question of science? Dr. Hare has not succeeded, and the field is still open.

—Here, at last, we have, in Mr. Lewes's *Life of Goethe*, a biography of Germany's greatest son, which is not only reliable, but readable. The large book of Viehoff, and the lesser book of Schäfer, while clumsy enough to worry even a German, are not sufficiently profound to impose upon even an Englishman. Neither of these writers had access to any unpublished material; neither of them had familiarized himself with Goethe otherwise than as he appeared in print.

Mr. Lewes has been engaged upon his work for more than ten years. During this time, he has visited Germany often, has acquainted himself with the surviving

friends of Goethe, and with the places in which the great man lived; has examined files of private correspondence, and traced out the thread of many an obscure adventure.

So much for his diligence. For his capacity, it had been already attested by various literary works of no ordinary merit. Mr. Lewes's "Biographical History of Philosophy," with all its defects, is at once one of the most entertaining and one of the most really valuable treatises upon the development of metaphysical science which we possess in the English language; his novel of "Rose, Blanche and Violet" is a romance in conception, and a keen analytical satire in execution; while his contributions, over the signature of "Vivian," to the *London Leader*, have attracted the attention of the most careless members of that most careless class—the readers of newspapers.

Mr. Lewes is a man of fine culture, of critical insight, of accurate perceptions, and of catholic temper. We expected from him an excellent book upon Goethe, and we are happy to say that our expectations have not been disappointed.

Mr. Lewes strikes on his title page the key-note of his work. He writes upon his shield the device of Jung Stilling: "Goethe's heart, which few knew, was as great as his intellect, which all knew." How many of our lady readers will exclaim against this motto! The wrongs of Frederica and of Lili have never been forgiven by their sex; and it is one of the pet convictions of the cultivated female world, that Goethe was a heartless flirt, a creature who "ground up his friends and his loves alike for paint." To those who cherish this conviction, we commend the brilliant and fascinating pages in which Mr. Lewes discusses the poet's relations with the various women who, at one time or another, ensnared his roving, restless heart. Perhaps they will condemn his conduct as severely as ever; but they will surely revise their judgments of his character.

When these volumes have been read carefully, charitably, thoughtfully, to the end, the prejudice must be very toughly rooted which can interfere with an acceptance of the words with which Mr. Lewes precludes his examination of the poet's life:

"One man is the carrier of one kind of

excellence, another of another. Achilles wins the victory, and Homer immortalizes it: we bestow the laurel-crown on both. In virtue of a genius such as modern times have only seen equaled once or twice, Goethe deserves the epithet of great; unless we believe a great genius can belong to a small mind. Nor is it in virtue of genius alone that he deserves the name. Merck said of him, that what he lived was more beautiful than what he wrote; and his life, amid all its weaknesses and all its errors, presents a picture of a certain grandeur of soul which cannot be contemplated unmoved. I shall make no attempt to conceal his faults. Let them be dealt with as harshly as severest justice may dictate, they will not eclipse the central light which shines throughout his life. He was great, if only in large-mindedness—a magnanimity which admitted no trace of envy, of pettiness, of ignoble feeling, to stain or to distort his thoughts. He was great, if only in his lovingness, sympathy, benevolence. He was great, if only in his gigantic activity. He was great, if only in self-mastery, which subdued rebellious impulses into the direct path prescribed by his will and reason. "This man, we may say, became morally great, by being in his own age what in some other ages many might have been—a genuine man. His grand excellency was this, that he was genuine. As his primary faculty—the foundation of all others—was intellect, depth, and force of vision, so his primary virtue was justice—was the courage to be just. A giant's strength we admired in him; yet strength ennobled into softest mildness. The greatest of hearts was also the bravest—fearless, unwearied, peacefully inviolable."

"The following pages will, it is hoped, furnish evidence for such a judgment, and help to dissipate the many misconstructions which darken the glory of the life of Germany's greatest son."

Especially grateful are we to Mr. Lewes for the preëminence which he has given to the youth of Goethe. In this biography we see the fiery, magnificent Apollo of Strasburg as distinctly as the solemn Jupiter of Weimar. When one reflects how exclusively we have been familiarized heretofore with Goethe, as he appeared in his age, with the stately prime minister, the starred and white-cravatted excellency, it is less surprising that we should have done the great heart of the poet so much injustice.

Who could look on Schwanthaler's venerable magnate, as he stands there in the Goethe-platz of Frankfort, and fancy that

Titan in nankeens capable of passionate excesses or youthful indiscretion?

The criticisms upon Goethe's works, which Mr. Lewes has scattered through his book, are always worthy of attention—thoughtful, clearly stated, suggestive. The style of the book is attractive. Sometimes, indeed, the journalist is betrayed by a dash of flippancy or a discursive episode; but the reader is taken up at the first page, and carried cleverly along to the last. If he knew Goethe before, he will find the journey delightful; if he did not, he will find it also astonishing.

We have now only to thank Messrs. Ticknor & Fields for giving it to us so speedily and in so handsome a form, and to recommend it cordially to our readers. We are sorry, however, to see that Mr. Lewes has been misled into crediting Mr. John Oxenford with a translation of Goethe's *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, which Mr. John Oxenford never made. The translation which appeared with his name, in London, was a deliberate piracy, perpetrated upon Mr. Parke Godwin and Mr. Dana, of this city.

—The issue of the sixteenth edition of Dr. GRISWOLD's *Poets and Poetry of America* is an illustration of the interest taken by our reading community in the history of American literature, as well as of the substantial merits of the work. Dr. Griswold is an indefatigable literary mouser. On all points of gossip concerning books and book-makers, he is more extensively informed than most men. He has an innate vocation for the pursuit, with which his name is identified. His taste is certainly not immaculate, but then he makes no pretensions to literary infallibility. He is, sometimes, inaccurate in details, but his errors are usually of trifling consequence; and the main features of his statements will, for the most part, bear examination. He, perhaps, indulges too much in criticism—for the purpose of his work is historical, not critical—and the majority of his readers would give more for a page of facts than for a volume of opinions. Still, many of his comments are valuable, and, except in the rare instances which betray a tinge of personal prejudice, are considerate and discriminating. Too much praise can scarcely be accorded to Dr. Griswold

for his energy and perseverance as a pioneer. The collective literature of every country is a wilderness, and a bold spirit and robust arm are needed to penetrate its tangled mazes. Dr. Griswold, indeed, has had predecessors in his work, like Kettell, Cheever, Bryant, and Keese; but still a vast field was left for his researches, and he has entered it with resolution and success. In the present edition, many new names have been introduced; several of the articles entirely re-written and numerous attractive specimens give from our latest poets.

—*REED'S Lectures on English History.* We had occasion to commend the lectures of the late Professor REED, on English literature, for their fine scholarship and amiable spirit; and we discover the same qualities in the present volume, with some others of a higher order. It was scarcely possible to say anything original on a theme so worn as that of the English writers; and all that the reader had a right to expect was, a genial appreciation and a methodical treatment of the subject. These Mr. Reed gave. But, in the work before us, he has struck out in a somewhat new path—treating English history not in itself, nor in what are usually called the historical relations, but as it has been illustrated by the genius of Shakespeare; and treating it with much philosophical discernment and skill. Mr. Reed's fundamental idea is, that history is interpreted by the imagination as well as by the reason; and that while poetry has a precious power of its own, for the preservation of historic truth—reviving the past so as to make it imperishable—it has also a clarifying power, which divests that truth of much of the heterogeneous and impure matter, mingled with its actual contents. This thought he defends in the opening lecture, with remarkable clearness, and even beauty of illustration; and then, in the following lectures, applies it to the ages dramatized by Shakespeare. Of the ten plays, founded upon the chronicles of his country, by Shakespeare, one relating to King John is a kind of prologue; and another—the Henry VIII.—a kind of epilogue. But the other eight are parts of one continuous drama, of which the subject is the fall of the Plantagenet dynasty, and the time, nearly the whole fifteenth century. The period embraces the reigns of the second and third Richards; the fourth, fifth, and sixth

Henrys, and the fourth and fifth Edwards—beginning with the accession of the boy Richard, and—after a thousand civic conflicts and vicissitudes—ending in the catastrophe of Bosworth Field. The eight plays in which this stupendous historical theme is treated, are, as Professor Reed says, so closely interwoven with each other, that they may be regarded as the eight acts of one grand tragedy: at the same time, each play is complete in itself; but it is in contemplating the scenes as a whole that we see the real grandeur, the awful might and magnitude of the genius, which could worthily handle so immense a theme. We are commonly so much impressed by the merits of Shakespeare's more imaginative plays, that we are apt to lose sight of the greatness of this historical series; and it is only when they are brought together as a unity—as in these lectures of Professor Reed—that we feel how wonderful they are. It is needless for us to add, that in his generalizations and criticisms, Professor Reed evinces careful historical reading, fine taste, a noble and sweet humanity, and an ardent love of his topics. We could have wished that his mind had been less imbued with Wordsworth's poetry (which is quoted whenever a poetical quotation is made), not because we dislike that poetry, but because the frequency of its occurrence takes away the sense of variety, which it is one object of a quotation to give, and leads to a suspicion (unjust in this case, we believe,) of a narrow or partial culture on the part of the author. Wordsworth's poetry contains a rich store of profound thought and striking imagery; but "great poets lived before William Wordsworth." The proof reading of the volume has not been as careful as its neatness, in other typographical respects, deserved.

—*Mrs. SARAH J. HALE* proposes to edit a *Library of Standard Letters*, comprising selections from the correspondence of eminent men and women. The first volume is before us, and contains the letters of Mme. de Sévigné. Mrs. Hale has arranged these letters, not according to the dates, but according to their addresses, throwing all the letters to one person into one series. We cannot think this plan an improvement, if the object of the work be to make the reader acquainted with Madame de Sévigné. It is very instructive to see the different

faces which a woman of genius presents, at the same time, to her various friends.

The letters are translated as well as untranslatable letters can be, but the notes are dreary. The class of readers for whom these books are intended can hardly be much edified by the information, that the "Princess d'Harcourt" was the "daughter of Charles de Brancas." Nor can we think that Mme. de Sévigné is quite a model, in private life, of Christian conduct, for modern young ladies. Still Mrs. Hale's idea is a good one; and if we are not mistaken in the belief, that the taste for epistolary literature is not, and never can be a popular one, the series she proposes will be successful.

—We have to thank the Messrs. Harper for another edition of that most delightful of books, TALFOURD'S *Life and Works of Charles Lamb*. There are persons, we are told, and these well informed, who "know not Lamb." Are such persons to be pitied, or to be envied? to be pitied for their long exile from the coziest nook of all the literary world; or to be envied for the joy which shall be theirs when they enter it? How entertaining these Editorial Notes would be, could we extract into them half a dozen pages at random, from these two stout volumes! But this may not be—so reader, go buy the stout volumes, and learn to think better of life and of man.

In this new edition, the publishers have incorporated those last memorials of Lamb which the pious affection of Talfourd gave to the world a few years since—those memorials which make us reverence a hero in the man, whom we had loved before as a friend. Pharisees! whose lifted brows and hands could never fall for thinking of Lamb's one frailty, "consider now his career, and ask yourselves if the annals of self-sacrifice can show anything, inhuman action and endurance, more lovely than its self-devotion exhibits."

—From the Harpers, also, we have two new volumes of their *Classical Library*. Mr. Watson's translation of Xenophon's *Anabasis* and *Memorabilia* is to be commended for its fidelity rather than for its elegance. It is admirably adapted for a college "pony;" but the *Anabasis*, especially, is such an interesting narrative, that it deserved a more attractive English dress. Mr. Ainsworth's *Geographical Commentary* is subjoined, and is a valuable addition.

Mr. C. R. Edmonds has collected in one volume the moral writings of Cicero, to which he has appended notes, designed to exhibit a comparative view of the opinions of Cicero, and those of modern moralists. This is an excellent notion, and has been quite well carried out. The translation is curious in one respect. It so closely follows (at least in the *De Officiis*) Cicero's idioms, that Cicero's imitation of the Greek thought and style is still more apparent in this English version than in his own original Latin.

—Three novels engage our attention. We give the precedence to the best of them. This is, *Caste, a Story of Republican Equality*, by SYDNEY A. STORY, Jr. The collocation of these two "Stories" on the title-page indicates, at once, the sharpest criticism we have to make on this book. It is not elegantly, nor always correctly written, and the real interest of the narrative is impaired by the deficiencies of the author's style. Moreover, he has given a bad name to a good book. "Caste" suggests Uncle Tom, and Ida May, and the multitude of inferior books called into being by the success of these; and every sensible man recoils at such a suggestion. But "Caste" is neither an imitation nor a repetition, nor a lecture in disguise. It is a true novel, into which the element of slavery enters only as one spring of interest and of passion. The story is well managed, and, though not probable, comes within the limits of possibility and the legitimate domain of the novelist. As a rebuke of the vile prejudice against color, which vulgarizes the manners and degrades the minds of so many Americans, "Caste" cannot be too highly praised. It is written with force, and feeling, and fire.

—*Lily*, by the authoress of the "Busy Moments of an Idle Woman," is a good specimen of a bad class. The plot of the novel is sketchy and vague—the characters clear in description, shadowy in development—the dialogue pointed, lively, and clever. But one cannot help recognizing, in the leading personages, certain individuals well known in southern and northern society, and we cannot, with a good conscience, congratulate the authoress on her skillful portraiture of scenes that ought not to have been painted, and of persons who probably don't choose to see their photographs in all the shops. The book

yields such an aroma of scandal, that we beg leave to suggest an addition to the title. Let it be called, in the second edition, the "Tiger-Lily."

—Mr. Wood's *Modern Pilgrims* is hardly a novel. It is still less a romance. It is, in fact, a nondescript book—Mr. Wood having taken the name of old John Bunyan in vain, for his own purposes. What those purposes are, all of his readers perhaps will not discover. So far as we can find them out, they are to find fault with everybody, and to criticise everything. The criticisms of the author are often superficial, and always extravagant; while his frame-work of allegory is ill-constructed, bare, and unattractive. On the whole, Mr. Wood has come as far short of Bunyan, in this instance, as he fell behind Chamisso in his former work, "Peter Schlemihl in America."

—The *Widow Bedott Papers* is a collection of popular sketches of rural life and rural people in New England, by a lady. The author makes unmerciful use of the New England peculiarities of character and language, and seems to have aimed at doing for the social world of Yankeedom what Jack Downing did for the political. The book was written by Mrs. B. W. Whicher, who is now no more. And Mrs. Alice B. Neal has prefaced the book with a graceful and interesting memoir. She praises the virtues of Mrs. Whicher as warmly as her talents; and the tone of the "Bedott Papers" is, certainly, creditable to the feelings and the impulses of the writer.

—Mrs. WIET (the widow of the distinguished attorney-general) has carefully and lovingly prepared a large quarto, entitled *Flora's Dictionary*. It is, at once, a course of botany, a complete flower letter-writer, and a dictionary of quotations. It will, undoubtedly, be a popular book; for it is profusely illustrated—profusely and showily, though not always in the best taste.

—An enterprising young firm in Boston, who signalized themselves a short time since by disinterring De Quincy's "Klosterheim," in spite of the author's expressed desire that the book should be left in its quiet grave, have now done themselves more credit, and the public more service, by issuing a handsome edition of JOHN STERLING'S fascinating tale of the *Owyss Ring*. Veteran readers of Blackwood will

not need to be reminded of the power, the beauty, and the subtle pathos which pervade that singular romance. The brilliant and versatile genius of Sterling, which exercised a pervasive rather than a perceptible influence upon the English literature of the times, is most adequately embodied, perhaps, in this creation. "One builds Cyclopean walls; another fashions marble carvings." It is something, also, to have wrought a magic ring, the mystic charm of which will test the consciousness of men for several generations yet to come. To the romance is prefixed a brief, candid, and intelligible memoir of Sterling, by Charles Hale.

—MR. DUGANNE is one of the greatest of American poets. This we say, with fear and trembling, on the authority of Mr. Duganne himself; for the style of Duganne's notes upon Duganne has impressed us with a belief that he will take the life of anybody who questions the perfection of his genius.

Mr. Duganne is an "Iron Man," we are informed, and plays upon an "Iron Harp"—whether it is a "harp of a thousand strings," or merely a Jew's harp, we don't pretend to know. It is enough that he plays so deftly as to have persuaded Mr. James Lesley, of "Ironcroft," to publish his resonant strains in a gorgeous octavo, on very handsome paper.

Mr. Duganne bangs the anvil and blows the trumpet—lauds labor and incites to battle—through some four hundred pages. He is a devotee of that "philanthropy" which an Eastern professor gravely defined as "the worst passion of our nature;" and, in the fervor of his emotions, not seldom soars above the restraints of rhyme and the narrow limits of versification. This, of course, is no affair of ours; and Mr. Duganne might have misused metre to the end of his days, unmolested by us, had he not seen fit to abuse almost every respectable writer in America. When we glanced at Mr. Duganne's portrait prefixed to this volume, we thought him rather an amiable-looking man. In private life he may be all that his face would indicate, but he is a terrible fellow in print. Not contented with assailing all his literary brethren, in one of the most ineffectual and clumsy satires ever composed, he has fallen upon them again, in a series of notes à la Tom Moore, in the course of which he has the

unspeakable audacity to lift up the heel against our own sovereign lady, "Maga," herself!

—Mr. BAYARD TAYLOR has nothing to do with "Iron Men" or "Iron Harps." He is an artist, and a man of feeling, and in the handsome volume entitled *Poems of Home and Travel*, he gives us a careful selection from his works. Mr. Taylor is a thoughtful student of metre. How delicately true, for instance, is the key of that charming poem, "The Wayside Dream;" how dreary the music of the "Storm Lines," in which the poet has ventured upon an experiment and achieved a success. Mr. Taylor's domain lies in the realm of experience, rather than in that of speculation. His fine poem of the "Summer Camp" would have been finer than it is, had he not happened to think of the "Lotus-Eaters." If Mr. Taylor will compare the development of his "Pard and the Soldier" with that of the morbid and horrible story by which it was suggested, we think he will apprehend, fully, the criticism we have hinted here. For the praise we would imply, the reader will find that in the response of his feelings to such strains as those the poet sang "In Italy."

But, why do we go so far back? The judicious readers of our pages have not yet forgotten the rhythm of the "Wind and the Sea," or the stately poem of the "Mariners." These they will recover in the new volume, and other "Sunken Treasures" worth the finding. For instance, such pictures as this:

"AT HOME.

"The rain is sobbing on the wold;
The house is dark, the hearth is cold;
And stretching drear and ashy gray
Beyond the cedars, lies the bay.

"My neighbor at his window stands,
His youngest baby in his hands;
The others seek his tender kiss,
And one sweet woman crowns his bliss.

"I look upon the rainy wild;
I have no wife, I have no child;
There is no fire upon my hearth,
And none to love me on the earth."

Mr. Taylor will see that we have taken a liberty with this poem, which liberty is only our covert way of conveying to him a suggestion. Meanwhile, O reader! is not the picture finished, complete, and pathetic?

A BATCH OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS.—All the

little ones are eagerly looking, of course, for new and bright books. Christmas is coming, and New Year follows. Fortunately for the publishers, each year, if it does not produce a new crop of good books, brings forward a new crop of children to read the old ones.

This year, we have a reasonable supply of novelties. Of these, one of the handsomest and most attractive is Mr. Cranch's story of the *Last of the Huggermuggers*. Here is an artist and a man of genius devoting himself to entertain the little sovereigns of the fireside, and the little sovereigns ought to thank him. The adventures of Little-Jacket—a kind of diminutive Gulliver—among the giant Huggermuggers, his hiding in shells as big as houses, and subsisting on plums as big as cows, with all that afterwards befell him among that monstrous people, are here set forth with pomp and circumstance of solemn text, and lively, sketchy, humorous pictures.

—The *Mysterious Story Book*, and *Out of Debt, Out of Danger*, by Cousin Alice, come to us with a cordial word of introduction from Miss C. M. Sedgwick. The moral of both of these books is unexceptionable—the style sufficiently interesting; and they are simply very good specimens of the Edgworth school of story books. To all friends of that school we recommend them.

—The title of the *Bears of Augustusburg* attracted us to a pretty little volume, adorned on the cover with a gilded print of a great bear, seated beside a little girl. But we are sorry to say that the story of the Augustusburg Bears is no fairy tale. It is a German moral story—the moral of which is enforced by the most disagreeable events. There is a vast difference between realistic horrors and horrors of the imagination. There can be no objection to the slaughter of hundreds of dragons and giants in a child's story; but we must protest against the introduction of bears who crunch up pious old ragmen and respectable mothers, with their great white teeth. There are pretty passages, nevertheless, in the *Bears of Augustusburg*, and the translation is good. Like many children's books, however, it is carelessly written. This is a sad mistake. It is useless to teach a child grammatical rules beyond his comprehension, if he hears and reads ungrammatical English.

ART MATTERS.

Winthrop Præd, that witty and warm-hearted poet, who, for some mysterious reason, has never had his due of fame, once upon a time sang thus of the potent charms of some young lady:

"She smiled—and every heart was glad
As if the taxes were abolished,
She frowned—and every face was sad
As if the opera were demolished."

It is hardly safe to think how glad *our* hearts would be, could that consummation of felicity, dreamed of by the impassioned poet, be granted unto us; to waste our strength in sighing for the unattainable, is no part of wisdom. But the extreme of misery which the singer contemplated has befallen us, and now—are our faces sad? With the old year dies the Opera! Everybody can see the bathos of that sentence. Does everybody see the dash of pathos that lurks in it, too?

In this kindly season of twilight, betwixt the old year and the new, on which the star of Christmas shines, all pleasant things take on them a new value. Men think now more tenderly of those whom they love; and affections that have been too silent, perhaps, throughout the busy year, speak now in gifts and courtesies, in cordial wishes and in social mirth. At such a time all the arts of ornament and of amusement assert their importance in every heart, and the dullest eyes can discern a use in poetry and in painting, in music and dainty books, in merry games and genial acting, in the cunning of the graver and the delicate devices of the "worker in fine gold and stones of price."

At such a time to chronicle the closing of our most brilliant and admirable place of entertainment is rather a doleful duty. Does New York wish the Opera to be demolished? Or do we only desire to have the fame of fine operas, without the trouble of sustaining them?

Paris, with all the attractions and all the motives to exertion of the Great Exhibition, has listened, this season, to no such presentations of Italian Opera as Mr. Paine has given us at the Academy. The Italian Opera, at Paris, opened late in the season, with the *Mosé* of Rossini (the re-written *Moïse* of the Grand Opera).

Mosé was heard thrice, by poor houses, and was then followed by *La Cenerentola*. The first part in *Mosé* was filled by Mme. Fiorentini—a singer who is no longer young, whose voice has lost much of its freshness, and even of its force, and who, in her best days, was legitimately a *seconda donna*. The rôle of *Sinaïde* was sung by Sig'rina Pozzi—an artist of fair rank; Carrión, a smooth-voiced, but slashing tenor, of the school of Verdi, stormed the music of Amenophis; these, with Everardi, a good barytone, and Angelini, a respectable basso, complete the list. In *La Cenerentola*, Borghi-Mamo, a tasteful, accomplished, but not very powerful soprano, came upon the stage, supported by Zucchini, a basso by courtesy and necessity, in the part of Don Magnifico.

So much for Paris. We have had Madame Lagrange, the pearl of prima-donnas, who never disappoints a manager, and always disappoints the public—by doing more than they had any reason to expect—Madame Lagrange, whose marvelous vocalization wins at once, and whose other rare gifts disclose themselves continually, like new veins in a mine; and Miss Hensler, with her fine fresh, sweet tones and tasteful method, in exchange for whom Paris would gladly give us both Fiorentini and Castellani; and Mlle. Nantier-Didiée, whose most ripe, rich voice we have hardly given ourselves time to enjoy, but in whom we recognized at once the admirable artist and the gifted woman. We have had not one but two tenors in the prime of their powers—Salviani, who quietly charmed us while we were waiting to be astonished, and Brignoli, who *won't* be an actor, but who cannot help being a fine singer. We have in Rovere the best buffo whom Lablache will leave behind him when that vast voice of his shall subside into silence; and Amodio, and Morelli, and—but why should we run through the list? We have surely set forth, beyond cavil, the fact that, if the Opera has not succeeded in New York this season, the fault does not rest with the artists whom Mr. Paine has brought from Europe to enchant us.

If the fault be ours, shall we have a chance to repair it? That would seem to be somewhat doubtful now, though we are

vaguely told that the Academy will "not be re-opened for operatic performances before the first of March." And if it be re-opened then, one thing is certain, our admirable Mme. Lagrange will not be here to receive our repentant homage. The uncivilized Brazilians have claimed her, and the imperial city of Rio, which we disdainfully associate with coffee-bags has given more strength to the hands of its operatic directors than we of New York are willing to give to ours.

We shall not rejoice in Opera at the opening of the Year. But for both great and small, other merriments and entertainments will not be lacking.

Here are the Ravels—those marvelous men who now, at fifty, tumble and leap, and stand on their heads and are pressed flat and blown up just as comfortably as when they were in the flower of their lusty youth some twenty years ago. Many a boy who laughed the tears into his young eyes, so long since, at the capers of "Gabriel," may sit now beside his own sons to witness the triumph of the old tricks over a new generation.

The charms of pantomime are inexhaustible—they win their way through the gravest waistcoat, and find a spot of genial weakness in the toughest heart. "Many a philosopher," says Thackeray somewhere, "would creep around the corner to see Punch, if he thought nobody saw him."

We in America, be we philosophers or not, have a considerable fear of being "seen by somebody;" but now that the holidays have come, we may take courage from a child's hand, and go boldly to places of no great gravity, and laugh ourselves into good humor and all the good, noble thoughts, and feelings, and dispositions which good humor brings.

Then, besides our pantomimes, we have store of theatricals, those mirrors of the world, set sometimes a little askant.

Is it true, for instance, that all the successful heads of families in "our best society" are secret swindlers; that all our lady leaders of fashion are mere furbelowed cookmaids? Do we never find a gentleman and an honest man in "our best society," except he be under a cloud of misfortune and civil contumely? and are the members of that "good society" so purblind, so dim-sighted, through ignorance and vanity, that every pretender, every impostor, every

foreign barber—though he carry his basin in his hand, and curl his talk in papers—may successfully impose himself upon their credulous greed of lions?

It is not easy to dramatize a society so fluctuating and comparatively chaotic as ours; but, if it be not easy to dramatize, it is, perhaps, undesirable to caricature. We cannot recommend such fun as wholesome for the holidays.

Nor can we entirely commend the more seemly, and, at first sight, quite acceptable drolleries of the troupe of "Juvenile Comedians" whom Mr. Marsh has brought to the Broadway for us.

Children love to act. Every parlor is a play-house; every hearth-rug a stage for the little Roscines and Rachels, the little Garricks, and Keans, and Listons of every household. And since, in this yet imperfect world, even children must sometimes work—since there are still such things as factories, and the race of "small servants" is not yet extinct (alas! how few of such hapless creatures may hope to meet with a Dick Swiveller! how many must groan on into maturity beneath the awful eye of a Sally Brass!)—since such things are, and are likely for some time yet to be, we can see no objection to making the work of children as much of a play as it can be; and we would gladly give an encouragement to all the gay spectacles, and pretty tableaux, and lively, innocent making of fun which these little ones can be drilled into.

But let the drama of children be child-like. Let us not convert these little creatures into ineffectual parodies of adult actors and actresses. The farce and the comedy which are addressed to the perceptions of grown-up audiences, and have their foundations in the experience of life, are sadly ill-suited to these young, inexperienced children.

Often it must chance that the only relief from the child's inadequate presentation of parts which he happily cannot comprehend, will be found in his unconscious utterance of allusions which it would be shocking to believe he understood, and which move the laughter of the thoughtless by their contrast with the innocence of his young face and voice. Were such a contrast what it is not—a legitimate provocation to wholesome mirth—another reflection would rise to our minds: how long will a child, thus encouraged to say

things of the meaning of which he is supposed to be ignorant, remain in ignorance of their meaning?

Christmas gifts we must have, too, as well as Christmas jokes. And what gifts are so good as those upon the worth of which time must throw an ever fairer light? Beautiful books—books beautiful to the eye of the soul as well as to that of the body—books that one may learn to love—loving the giver not the less but the more, for the new affection we give to the gift's self: the painter's fancies, the engraver's faithful studies—these are gifts honorable to bestow, and worthy to receive. And nothing more marks the gradual growth of taste in our country than the slow but steady elevation of the standard of "beautiful books."

It is not very long since it was hard to find at Christmas any "beautiful books" but great annuals, in bindings like the furniture of a steamboat, or a crack hotel. But we are beginning to learn that a "Book of Beauty" is not necessarily a beautiful book; that the ideal of female loveliness is not to be sought in a smooth-faced young lady, slimping out of a cloud of laces, between two pages of hot-pressed paper, and that a gaudy coat is as vile a thing when put upon a book as upon a man. Witness the number of exquisitely-illustrated volumes of true poetry that have been issued and bought up within the last three or four years, and that heap now the shelves of the bookstores. Longfellow, Gray, Cowper, Thomson, Byron, Rogers, Milton—the thoughts and fancies of these, sketched into visible form by the pencil of a Turner, or a Stothard, or a Birket Foster, make gifts that love may gladly offer and accept.

We had hoped this year would add to our store. There were promises of an exquisite edition of Tennyson, and we heard much of a pencil busy on Keats's delicious *Eve of St. Agnes*. But the Tennyson, alas! has not come, and the Keats *has* come—and again, alas! For this is not Porphyro, nor his Madeline, and Keats must wait a little longer for his artist.

The most exquisite book of the season, that we have seen, is still Birket Foster's dainty illustration of the "*Allegro*" and "*Penseroso*." Mr. Darley's "*Margaret*"

would have been a rare gift! But it has not yet passed from his ripening hand. When he lays down his pencil from that fine labor, will he not resume it in the service of *Hiawatha*? That poem is so full of pictures, that Mr. Darley might write in beauty upon its pages a criticism that would open the eyes of many who will not, and of more who cannot see with the mind's vision.

Of pictures proper, which are their own sufficient text, we had a word to say; but the unexpected expansion of the skirts of our *Maga*, which have already crowded out a worshipful company of Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans, who were waiting to be presented to a transatlantic public, compels us to be brief.

Yet, we must advise you, reader, to step, some one of these holiday mornings, into the Messrs. Williams's, and look at the exquisite water-color drawing of John Faed's "Scott and his Contemporaries;" that admirable group of noble heads and genial faces, which you know so well in the engraving. They look, to be sure, rather like a conclave, as they sit there about that table, wearing their dignity for the world's eye.

But, could you see them at midnight, you would not think them such very bad companions for a merry Christmas supper.

Nor can we help leaving with you the thought of a new and noble work of Landseer. "The Shepherd's Prayer" will make a Christmas picture in your mind.

Fancy a wide, wide plain, stretching, far away, from a hill in the foreground, to dim, distant mountains; on the hill stands a crucifix—a wooden cross bearing up the rude image of Him who came to lead the world into the fold of God—at the foot of the cross kneels, with adoring looks, a stalwart shepherd, and around him and behind him are scattered, far and wide, in boldest perspective, his sheep—a mighty flock, whitening all the plain. Over him, and them, and all the scene, broods a thought, vast and fair as the sky—the thought which Coleridge sang so well, and Browning has sung so much better:

"God made all the creatures, and gave them
our love and our fear,
To show they and we are His children—one
family here."

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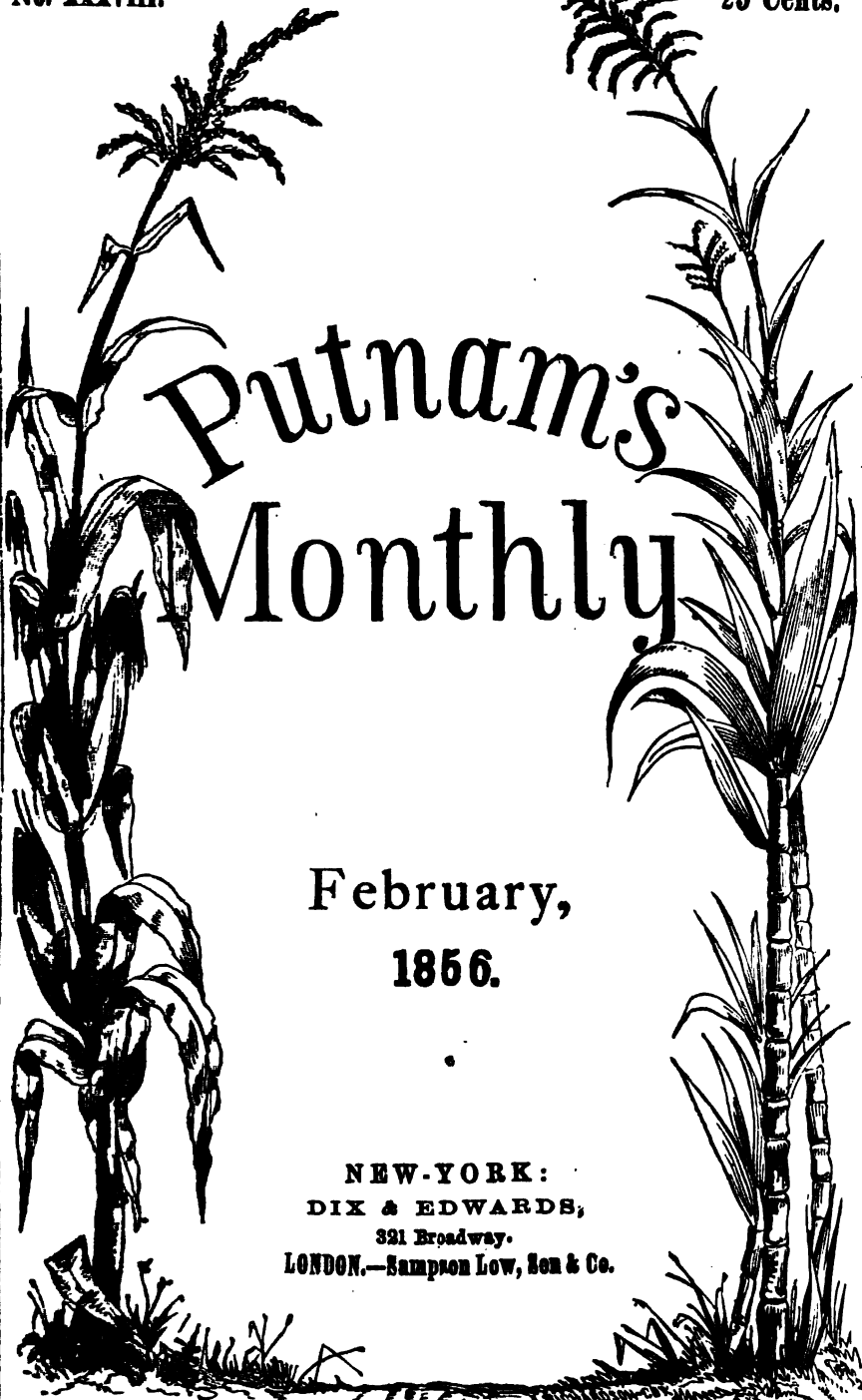
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Nov. 7

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.

VOL. VII.—FEB., 1856.—NO. XXXVIII.

SIXTY-SIX YEARS AGO—WASHINGTON AT BOSTON.

"They come, the shapes of joy and woe,
The airy crowds of long ago,
The dreams and fancies known of yore,
That have been, and shall be no more;
They change the cloisters of the night
Into a garden of delight—
They make the dark and dreary hours
Open and blossom into flowers!"

I HAVE sometimes the privilege of passing a few hours with an aged and invalid friend, now residing, in much seclusion, in one of the larger towns of New England.

Her youth was spent in Boston, with those advantages of society which wealth, beauty, and attractive manners, will always command. The recollections of such a person, reaching back through a period of nearly eighty-five years, must, of course, be full of interest, from the many persons of note with whom she has been associated, and the varied scenes and vicissitudes incident to so prolonged a life.

Recently, while passing a day with this venerable lady, some one brought, for her amusement, "The Republican Court." The author would most assuredly have been gratified, could he have witnessed the satisfaction and heard the expressions of delight with which leaf after leaf was turned, and faces and names recognized which were so many years ago.

At the request of our old friend, we read to her the chapter containing Washington's Northern Tour—most of the incidents of which she recalled, and with much more de-

tail. When we followed the chieftain into the metropolis, and paused with him before the spot from which this lady witnessed his entrance, it seemed as if the scene were passing again before her eye. She still beheld that august and venerated form, heard the gratulations and plaudits of the people—witnessing and sharing in the excitement of the gathered multitude.

With clasped hands and tears in her eyes, she told me of his grand and stately presence, of his sweet and cordial smile, and the dignity and amenity of his bearing. She assured me her recollections of Washington were so clear and vivid, and his features so indelibly impressed upon her mind, that, if an artist, she could have painted him from memory. She recalled, with equal distinctness, his triumphal entrance into the city, and the ball afterwards given in his honor.

There was great note of preparation, when it was certainly known that our first President would visit Boston, and other of the larger towns of New England. It was not confined to the military, and others in authority, but it extended through all classes of social life.

His former companions in the field

(and there were many here) rejoiced that they should look once more on the beloved face of their general. The young were carried away by a perfect furor of enthusiasm. Women, old and young, were full of joyful excitement and festal preparation. As the day approached, the town had apparently doubled its population.

Country cousins were suddenly smitten with an affectionate interest in their city relatives, and felt and expressed a strong necessity for inquiring personally into their welfare. Gifts of rural dainties arrived from distant regions, accompanied by intimations that the donors had never seen Washington. Unstinted hospitality was a characteristic of Boston, and, indeed, of all New England, in those good old days. It was the custom of the time, practiced by all classes, and enforced, as one of the practical virtues, in the education of the young.

There were, then, but few boarding-houses and taverns, and no large hotels. The army of country people, however, who, on this occasion, made good their entrance into the capital, were cordially welcomed and entertained. They came in every variety of wheeled thing then in use—the coach, chariot, square-topped chaise, sulky, and wagon. Many came on horseback; great numbers on foot; but the larger part of this immense multitude were brought in covered carts or wagons, such as would accommodate a large family, and enable the farmers and their wives to extend a kindness, and make up social parties of their less fortunate country neighbors.

At an early hour, on the 25th of October, 1789, a continuous stream of these vehicles poured into the capital of Massachusetts. Some were open and uncovered, with chairs and cushioned seats for the elders—benches, and other temporary arrangements, for the young people. They were such carriages, borrowed from the farm, as are still frequently called into use, in the rural districts, for picnics and country merry-makings—and as well furnished, undoubtedly, with store of good things, carefully packed under the seats.

These spacious carriages stood, through the day, in rows, in some of the unfrequented streets in the outskirts—which are now in the very heart of the city. The horses were unhitched, and

supplied with fodder brought by themselves. These parties, excepting those who had friends residing on the line of the procession, would usually make their way to swell the crowd on the common, or in the main street. Boys, from the schools, were arranging on the common—each lad bearing a large quill, as his badge of scholarship.

My narrator viewed the procession from a building on the south corner of Queen and Maine streets. The lower part of Washington street, from School street to the northern extremity, was formerly known as Maine, or the main street, and sometimes known as Cornhill—this last term has been retained almost to the present day. No part of Washington (still the main street of Boston) was named for the President, until after his reception on this occasion. Queen is now Court street. I will say here that, though State street had, at that time, dropped its original name of King street, it is more agreeable to me, as I am writing of the last century, to retain that, and other of the earlier names. ² The position of my friend would naturally have been one of the best in the city, for a quiet spectator, from its vicinity to a triumphal arch, and being nearly opposite the old State House. Temporary balconies, hung on the outside with flags and other draperies, were thrown out from this and, probably, other buildings. I asked my narrator if these seats, or standing-places, were to let, and received the indignant reply that no one in Boston would have been guilty of what would have been accounted so mean an act—the receiving money on such an occasion. The balconies were erected by the liberal and public-spirited proprietors, or occupants of the stores—intended more particularly for the accommodation of their own families and personal friends, but freely open to others.

Here was congregated a brilliant and fashionable assemblage of ladies, though it was necessary to secure places at an early hour, and maintain them with some energy, from the great pressure of the crowd. Projecting from the lower windows of many of the stores, at that time, were platforms or shelves, overhanging the sidewalk. The corners were rounded, and they were intended for the display of articles to be disposed of within. The city fathers would not,

in those days, allow such an encroachment on the narrow streets, even to the most favored of their children. Very possibly the old buildings stood further back than now; consequently, the street would be wider, at that time. These little platforms were eagerly sought, as "coigns of vantage," giving the opportunity of sitting, when fatigued, and, in standing, a commanding view over the heads of the surrounding crowd.]

I must call your attention here to the old State House—long may it stand! It was then frequently called the Town House; the lower floor being used by the selectmen, and others in authority, for such business as is usually transacted in town-meetings. Their entrance was from Cornhill. That part of the building belonging to the State—the Governor's chamber, Hall of Representatives, and the like—was the second story; the entrance entirely distinct, being a high flight of steps on the back, or, perhaps, the true front of the building, in King street.

A temporary balcony, light, but with a bold and circular projection, was erected on the main street front. It was supported by pillars, and richly draped and decorated. The inside was covered with a costly Persian carpet, and furnished with couches and cushions. A large arm-chair, sacred to the distinguished guest, was in the centre—which quite overhung the street. Behind this chair was raised, on a high pedestal, a statue, representing peace with her olive branch—or was it plenty? for there was also the cornucopia.

Here, also, from the south corner of Queen to King street, was the triumphal arch, quite high, and raised, artistically and scientifically, on two smaller arches. Above all this was a platform, or gallery, with a light balustrade. And here, in great glory, sits Mr. Daniel Rea, with his musical associates; we quite envy their commanding view of the scene. Above them is a canopy, surmounted by a large gold eagle. The whole is set off with mottoes, shields, banners, and the like, and is altogether splendid.

The day, unfortunately, was very cold, cloudy, and blustering. One of the most uncomfortable days of the early spring seemed to have found its way into beautiful and genial October; but no rain fell, and the clouds gradually dissipated.

Let us take a view of the dense mul-

titude closely packed in the street beneath our balcony. We shall have plenty of time; for Governor Hancock keeps us waiting five mortal hours, till preliminary questions and etiquettes are satisfactorily settled—in the mean time, Washington cannot enter the city. Very many of these people are from the country—sturdy, athletic farmers, with their ruddy-cheeked wives and blooming daughters, then, as now, intelligent, well-dressed, and self-respecting. This large proportion of country people, in the streets, is owing to the residents generally having freer access to the houses, where they view the scene from window, balcony, or roof. Then, many citizens are in the procession, and most of the boys on the common. In all this crowd, there is no one in rags—no one with the appearance of great poverty. The French gentlemen present might have asked, as their countryman, Lafayette, did, at a later day: "Where is your canaille?" Yet, many here, but a few short years since, hungered and thirsted, and were without shoes or beds in their winter encampments; or lying, ill and maimed, in temporary hospitals, apart from their families, and without the comforts of home.

There are some here, with deep scars won in battle, leaning on crutches, or with a loose and empty sleeve, buttoned over the breast. They fall into groups, and are kindly put forward by the crowd, that they may catch the eye, or touch the hand of their old commander.

Little French midshipmen are floating about, with an eye on the French sailors on shore, from their vessels, for the day. The sailors with one eye on their youthful commanders, and the other for the blooming damsels beside them. Both midshipmen and sailors are bandying jests and exchanging practical jokes with the good-natured crowd. Officials, with gold-laced hats, and badges of office, stand on the steps of the State House, and aid in keeping the street sufficiently open.

A long procession, representing the different trades and professions of the city, lead from here to the Roxbury line. They have, each, a white silk banner, appropriately painted, and richly ornamented.

They stand in open lines, leaving a space in the centre of the street, for the chieftain, with his military escort, and

the attending citizens and strangers to pass through. We think the mariners, from the shipping then in port, keep open the passage, in this part of the city. There is a great variety, and much picturesqueness in the costume. The long-waisted garment, with its peculiar collar, immense cuffs, and capacious pockets; the ample and long vest, and ruffled shirt; the small-clothes, of leather, corduroy, or velveteen; the cocked hat, with its large sides to turn downward, as a shelter in stormy weather; the shoe and knee buckles, and gathering of the hair in a queue, or a bag, are all equally familiar. But this is the dress of the gentleman of the period. Many of these honest yeomen are clad in homespun suits, manufactured from the coarse native wool—the produce of their own farms, all the varied processes of cleansing, combing, and carding, spinning, weaving, and dyeing, being performed under their own roof-trees. Nut brown was a favorite color—being a dye of domestic manufacture. The best was frequently of bright red, on a black and white stripe of home-made material.

High boots accompanied this dress, or, frequently, stout leggings, or gaiters over the leather shoe. The broad-leaved hat was somewhat rolled at the side, showing an affinity, or family likeness to the cocked hat of the wealthier classes.

How shall I describe the women? During the war, there was but little variety in our own manufactures; and imported goods were very costly, and difficult to procure. Some half-dozen years of peace had made but little change with the poorer classes—for my intelligent readers will remember the distress caused by the issue of a false currency. Clothing, especially, was very expensive; and, though made a matter of more consequence than now, as marking the distinctions of rank, still so sedulously maintained, it was often difficult for persons of much pretension to keep up the outward appearance of gentility. For this reason, all apparel was preserved with much care. I have seen specimens of mending, piecing, and darning, in garments belonging to good old families, which would have commanded a premium from some of our modern industrial societies. The raiment purchased for a young woman's bridal was still worn

by her in her old age; and young girls of the household were glad to assume the faded relics of a grandmother's wardrobe. Rich dresses, in those days, were considered of sufficient importance to be mentioned in wills, and left, as an inheritance, to relatives or friends.

Utility and strength were, therefore, the great considerations in the purchase of new material. All this will account for some discrepancies in the appearance of the women. You would see the blue or brown homespun shawl side by side with brocade and satin. Knit comforters and shawls, and warm cloaks, with fur tippets or trimmings, were called into requisition by the inclemency of the day.

Very large calashes were then in vogue; beneath which you would catch glimpses of the nicely-crimped muslin cap, or more showy head-dress of lace or ribbon. The calash, I suppose, is well understood, having prevailed, at intervals, from a period long anterior to that of which I write, and nearly to our own time.

Coarse straw hats were much worn by the younger women; bonnets of black or gray were more usual with the elder. They were placed high on the head, and somewhat overshadowed the face.

Keeping modestly in the rear, and hovering on the outskirts of this crowd, might be seen, here and there, bright, happy faces, of a swarthy hue, as interested, eager, and excited, as those of their white companions. The red men, in their addresses, called Washington Great Father: and so might these, his darker children, have hailed him as not only great, but good; for in great measure to him did they owe the blessing that they possessed themselves in peace. In conquering a peace with England, he had helped to give these poor blacks their freedom. I know little of the statistics of this subject, but referring to a trustworthy authority, find that slavery was abolished the first year of our Independence. It must have been one of the first acts of our fathers, on throwing off the yoke themselves, to give freedom to all within their borders. Honor to old Massachusetts!

The men were hardly to be distinguished, save in complexion, from others around them. But colored women, at that time, rarely wore bonnets; thus differing materially from their descend-

ants, who are often only distinguished from whites by looking closely under their veils. Their heads were protected by many-colored handkerchiefs, often quite tastefully arranged in the turban form. Their fondness for ornament also made them conspicuous; nearly every dusky throat being encircled by strings of gold beads, while most of them wore ear-rings also.

These necklaces of gold beads (a peculiarity of the time) are worthy of a more particular notice. I have seen the remains of several, belonging to aged white women, who had earned them in their youth. The beads were perfectly round and polished, and of a different tinge from the gold now in use. They were of three different sizes. I think the prices were three, four, and five dollars each. It was customary for the country girl to purchase one at a time, of the traveling merchant, exchanging the products of her loom, dairy, or spinning-wheel. There being no savings banks in those days, it was considered a good investment, as, if uninjured, they would always command their original value. When a few had been earned, they were arranged in a little loop in front. And the full necklace, when the prescribed number was completed, was worn with much pride, not only as an ornament, but a proof of active industry. Without this explanation, I should hardly have obtained credit, or been understood, had I simply stated that Yankee girls were fond of "telling their beads."

We turn back to the city dames. Of the older members of this gracious and goodly company, I shall say but little. Cloaks, mantles, and tippets, called for by the coldness of the day, so conceal the peculiar fashion and material of the gown, that the general effect is not very unlike that of a similar gathering in our own time. The difference is more perceptible in the head-dress, and arrangement of the hair. But I have two especial friends here, and as I perceive my younger readers are disappointed at so much generalizing, I am prepared to enter into a minute detail of their appearance on this occasion. One of these young ladies, and my favorite, was born in the early part of 1771, and consequently, at this time, was in her nineteenth year. The other is just seventeen. I once knew a farmer's wife, in the interior of Massachu-

setts, who, in her early years, had been seamstress in the family of these ladies. I asked her to describe them, as they appeared at this time. With unconscious poetry, she brought me a beautiful specimen of the pale iris—that old-fashioned flower, which has almost disappeared from our modern gardens. It was the emblem, she said, which always recalled to her the eldest of these sisters, partly from the airy grace and elegance of the flower, and partly that its pure, pearly tints suggested the silken robes—her favorite and usual attire. The unlettered woman expressed herself in nearly the same beautiful and simple words afterwards used by the poet:

"But not so beautiful it wears its airy cup of blue,
As turned her sweet eyes to the light,
Brimmed with their tender dew."

I shall therefore assume that the gown on the occasion was of a pearly-gray lutestring—where did it get its melodious name? It is ornamented with one very deep flounce, a small portion of the upper part of which stands up as a heading. The bodice is long and square. The sleeves fit closely to the rounded arm, and come a little below the elbow. Sleeves and bodice are both ornamented with bows of the same material. The shoes are of Spanish morocco, which was of finer green and nicer finish than ours. The heel is three inches in height, tapering, black, and polished. The night has been damp, and no sun having yet shone, the walking, of course, is bad. Therefore our friends wear each their neat little *galoches* (pronounced go-low-shoes). These are somewhat like the English clog, but much lighter. The thick sole extends but half way back, and an elastic strap from the side is drawn up over the high heel, to keep it in place. It is a protection from the dampness for the front of the foot—the only part which touches the ground. Now, those of my youthful readers who have but few associations with these olden times, expect to hear of immense paste buckles; by no means—you would be more likely to find these glittering ornaments in the street below, among those who might casually own such articles, but with few opportunities for displaying them in the drawing-room, their legitimate sphere. There were various modes of ornamenting the shoe

—immense rosettes, or a full *nache* of ribbon, were worn; but these were more suited to the house than the dusty street. Sometimes the lining was turned over on the front, forming a lappet; this was cut in points, of any fanciful shape, and covered with the kid, satin, or morocco, of which the shoe was made; they might be plain, or trimmed with gimp, plaited ribbon, or narrow fringo. But I see you all look disappointed that my young ladies should be deficient in what has usually been considered so important an accessory to the costume of the day. I must tell you the buckle was often worn of gold, silver, steel, or jet, and sometimes of iron, laquered or enameled. In order to gratify you, I shall admit that my friends might have worn the usual strap of morocco, coming up from the side of the foot, crossing on the top, and secured with a buckle of cut steel or enamel. But I shall insist that it was plain, neat, and of moderate size. Having made this concession to the prejudices or preconceived notions of my readers, I can go on, *con amore*, being carefully instructed in further particulars. The under-sleeve, then, was of embroidered cambrio—possibly of linen-cambrio, or muslin—with deep ruffles, of the most delicately fine plaiting. The square chemisette was of the same pattern and material. You will also understand that young ladies at that period were supposed to execute themselves, not only the embroidery which they might wear, but also their own fine plaiting, with their own fair fingers. We say nothing of papa's shirt ruffles. This plaiting, a fashion of the day, was done by hand, and with such accurate nicety that the fine thread of the material was usually the guide in arranging the delicate folds. The cardinal, or external garment most in use at the time, was somewhat similar to the modern opera-cloak, with its little hood, or to the *visite* of the last season. There were, of course, many variations of style, color, material, and trimming. The one to which I call your attention is of black damask silk, simply made, but cut from the latest French model, and finished with a deep fall of lace.

I approach now the most difficult part of my subject; but having devoted much research to the matter in question, hasten to communicate the result of my labors. The bonnet, then, or rather hat, was of

fine straw, similar in shape to what is now termed a flat. That is, the crown was low, the brim wide. The strings, fully a quarter of a yard in width, were probably not of ribbon; either a scarf was used, or silk, hemmed, pinked, or trimmed at the edge. They were not cut apart, but carried over the crown and through the rim of the hat; thus giving it an easy bend downward at the side. They tie under the chin. Now the extreme edge of this hat was rolled or folded back, and at the margin, on the inside, was a very peculiar trimming. I mourn that it cannot be transmitted as a model to future generations; but alas! I have bent all my energies, and my awkward fingers have essayed in vain to braid or weave it in paper modeling. I can only tell you that it was made of satin ribbon, and the effect must have been somewhat similar to a wreath of leaves, with an occasional elongated leaf, turning over on the outside of the hat, and apparently causing the roll or fold at the extreme edge.

As the mists of antiquity gather, veil-like, over this simple yet beautiful head-dress, we do not clearly discern if a small straw ornament, like a pendant and tremulous button, secures these external leaves in their place on the outside.

Dickens (in describing a hat worn by one of his heroines in the last century) speaks of "a very killing little bow" on the inside of the brim. Instead of the bow, we have one damask rose placed on one side, and apparently among the hair.

The auburn hair is thrown back from the forehead and disposed in easy folds and waves; it is unpowdered, and, though lightly crimped, is very glossy, from the application possibly of some equivalent to our *eau lustrale*. Large detached curls fall from under the hat upon the shoulders. My friends wear black lace mitts, which quite cover the arm. The eldest has a pair of bracelets made from the hair of her relatives; they are of numerous little strands or braids linked together with gold. The clasps are very large, and are delicate paintings handsomely set in gold, and covered with crystal like the face of a watch. These paintings commemorate the decease of some younger members of the family. In one an uncommonly innocent-looking lamb is surrounded by a group of children, representing the

daughters of the house. They are bidding it an affectionate farewell, adorning it with wreaths, and preparing apparently for a sacrifice. In the other, a sad-looking lady is leaning gracefully, but in great woe, on a sepulchral monument.

I speak so particularly of these ornaments, because they illustrate a custom of the time. They were executed in England to order, and the light brown hair of the deceased children was minced—I beg pardon, I should say powdered or ground and mixed with the paint of the artist, or, perhaps, was attached by some glutinous preparation. It can still be traced, even without a microscope, in small shining particles on the children's heads, in the foliage of the trees, or shading of the ground-work, wherever a brown tint could be effectively introduced.

Let me pause a moment here to say that I trust no one doubts the authenticity of this veracious history. Let me state at once, that I am not amusing myself with rehearsing matter collected from books, or practicing on the credulity of my readers by drawing on my imagination in these matters of costume or scene. The evidences before me have been carefully sifted and collated, and originally drawn from an authentic source of most undeniable authority. Having thus set myself right in the estimation of my readers, I turn to Miss Annie, the young companion and sister. My youthful friends will be astonished at the barbarous customs of the age; but though fully seventeen, she was not considered grown up, not old enough to go to balls, and by no means competent to take a lead in society. We feel dubious if she quite coincided in these views, and know that, being of an energetic and impulsive character, she was frequently checked by the stately mother, with a favorite domestic maxim then in vogue: "Young girls should be seen, but not heard." On an occasion like this, however, which is to be the memory of a lifetime, age is not in question, and she accompanies the gentle elder sister. A flounced silk would be inappropriate on a school girl, and this young lady wears a dress of chintz. The word may not be familiar to my younger readers. It was a species of calico then in high fashion, varying in quality, price, and style, as much as the fabrics of the present day; this particu-

lar one, fine and highly glazed, would have attracted attention, even at the "calico parties" of New-York. The ground was white, or of a very light color, mottled all over in arabesque pattern, with wreaths and vines of delicate little flowers; on this surface lay, at intervals, carnations of brilliant hues, their leaves and stems, all clear and distinct, so exquisitely painted as almost to rival nature, and of such monster size that the originals had assuredly won a prize medal from our modern horticultural societies. She wears over it a species of mantilla of black silk, deeply flounced with the same. Both ladies wear large brooches, and a few folds of muslin encircle the throat. The hat of the younger sister is plain, and secured on the head by a silk half handkerchief; it is slightly twisted and thrown over the crown, passing through the side, and is large enough to tie under the chin. It has a very simple and gipsy-like effect. Her dress is of the young lady's own selection; she feels very happy, and looks very handsome. I am bound to add, as an unprejudiced and truthful recorder of facts, that, to gratify her youthful daughter, who considered her hat too plain, the mother added a small bouquet of a few rose-buds, whose long straight-stems were tied together with satin ribbon, forming a quaint little bow with long depending ends—it was placed somewhere on the inside.

The trimming of these hats was the beautiful color now known as *rose de chine*.

Miss Annie's hair (dark, glossy, and curling) is turned back from the piquant-looking face. She was animated, witty, and agreeable, and afterwards became a leading belle and a *toast*. If any of my younger readers do not understand my application of this term, I refer them for information to the first gentleman of the *old school* they may happen to meet. You would now naturally suppose these sketches of my friends (present on this occasion) were completed; but not so, there is still an important addition to their attire. The day was cold and blustering, and from the camphor trunks, where, during the summer, they had lain safe from depredating moths, were brought out for each a large muff and tippet. My favored eyes have inspected one set of these furs, which remained unmodified and intact till within a comparatively short time.

The fur was long, soft, and of a silvery gray, very beautiful, and of a kind I have not seen in use for several years. You would like to know something more of these antiquated articles. The tippet was long and of a very comfortable and sensible depth on the shoulders. The muff, on the word of a grave and faithful historian, was as large as six—I might almost say eight—of the graceful little tasseled appendages of the present day. It was so large that it was once used in a game of hide and seek, as the lurking place of a goodly sized urchin, and was sufficiently capacious to prove a perfect shelter and concealment. It is easy to account for this great size, when we remember that, from the style of sleeve then in general use, the arm was bare or but slightly covered nearly to the elbow. I am tenacious and positive on this point of size, as in speaking of antiquated styles it is so common to confuse the fashions of various times, and muffs much smaller than our own had been worn within a short period. Madame D'Arblay, in her memoirs, speaks of wearing one at an evening party. Those which I have described were imported for the owners the preceding year, and attracted so much attention, being a new fashion, that their smiling friends would sometimes exclaim, "Here come the Misses — behind their muffs."

Having occupied so much space in giving a general impression of the crowded streets, with these light galleries and their fair occupants, we must hurry on to the great event of the day.

It is now well known, in Main street, that Washington has arrived at the boundary line which separates Roxbury from Boston. Several hours have gone by. Those who expected to witness the entrance of the chieftain, and afterwards to have spent the day in inspecting the capitol, or visiting their relatives and friends, begin naturally to show some uneasiness and impatience. Yet the crowd has not diminished, but sensibly increases, and, but for the coolness of the day, would be most uncomfortable, from the extreme pressure.

It is understood that the President is detained on the outskirts of the city, much against his own will, by the conflicting views and arrangements of various committees and persons in authority. The military escort was punctual at the appointed spot, and still awaited

the commands of their superior officer. The procession is arranged in due order.

Committees of private citizens are also there, but much embarrassed and evidently very uncomfortable. Officers and citizens are consulting together: apparently there are knotty points of etiquette or precedence yet to be discussed and settled. Washington, himself always prompt and decided, cannot understand these difficulties, and is anxious to go forward.

Messengers ride in hot haste to and from the State House. They are assailed by the crowd with curious questions; but instead of intelligence give short and crusty replies. Many who, at an early hour, went out to Roxbury or Cambridge to meet the President, and others who have followed him in from the country, are passing down through the thronged streets, bringing continually fresh rumors of the causes of the long detention. The fatigued crowd are of course much disquieted and annoyed.

It is now understood that a messenger has gone from Governor Hancock's house, withdrawing his own immature plans, and giving permission for the escort to move forward. We also hear that when this messenger arrived, Washington, tired of waiting, had turned his horse, probably with the intention of going back to Cambridge, and entering the city, quietly, in some other quarter. This last information is received with great excitement and acclamation by the crowd, who appreciate his spirit, and have greatly resented for him, as well as themselves, the long delay.

At last, however, the speeches are all made and replied to, the bells of the city are uniting in one loud peal, and we know the procession is at length in motion.

We must pass very rapidly through these crowded thoroughfares; yet we cannot but notice, in our haste, that the constant current flows steadily in one direction; that every window and door-step is crowded, and even the roofs are covered by eager and excited spectators.

It is now one o'clock, and we hear the roar of distant cannon from the old fortification on the Neck—once occupied, if we are not mistaken, by the British. They are answered from the heights of Dorchester, and the old forts in Roxbury, where the same sounds once carried such dismay into the ranks of

our antagonists. The long reverberation is caught up and returned by the Island Garrison, and the Royal Squadron in the harbor.

The bells ring out from the old church steeples, each telling its tale of joy to the expectant city.

There had been, through this long morning, a less rigid enforcement of the order to keep open the centre of the street, by the old Town House—then on the line above—at points which the procession would first reach. A more effectual movement is now made. The crowd is forced backward—little children are lifted in arms. There are fewer women in the street; they have generally found accommodation in the stores and houses. The throng extends quite down into King-street, and now—but hark! that distant shout, nearer and nearer it comes. We forget all fatigue. We are on our feet. Aged eyes glisten with unwonted brilliancy, and youthful cheeks are flushed with a deeper and richer bloom. Now the clamor subsides for a moment; listen and we shall catch the faint notes of the music. Till now it has been lost in that tumultuous shouting. Clearer and clearer it meets the ear—those mellow, mellow horns. It is a royal band of his Most Christian Majesty.* The music is sweet, yet spirited—brilliant and “heart-stirring.” But now it is lost again in loud huzzas.

While we listen, we know not how it has come about, but the whole space below is filled with prancing horses, and a confused mass of floating plumes and waving banners.

It is the regiment of Colonel Bradford. He has served in the Revolution, and is the personal friend of Washington. Here is the flower of the young men of Boston; and we recognize many individuals of some note, even at that time. I will spare my distant readers the enumeration, and name but one—the late Harrison Grey Otis, who is here at the head of his company. Here are, also, the Cadets, and you will understand, though he himself is not present, the Governor's Guards

are out by his express order, to do honor to the occasion. These companies are passing on to open the way into King street, while a portion yet remain in Cornhill. The procession has now halted before the old brick Meeting-house a little above us, on our right.†

Here the Lieutenant-Governor, Samuel Adams, with the Governor's Council, and other distinguished persons, leave their carriages in order to escort the President, on foot, to the State House.‡

And he—General Washington—we are told he is now in front with his two aids, but it is long before we distinguish him; for we see as through a mist, and we have forgotten to wave our handkerchiefs—they are applied to another use, for, indeed, we are in tears.

We gaze with eyes that see not: nor we alone; for all around us is this mute expression of grateful, heart-felt homage.

But this is a woman's manifestation of feeling. In the crowd below it seems as if the heart of the multitude found utterance in one loud voice, and a shout goes up, as from the throat of one mass. It is here General Washington is to alight; but the crowd below are dissatisfied; he must come forward before he leaves his horse; they must see him nearer, as the crowd above have done. To gratify the people, he advances, supported by his aid, Major Jackson, and his secretary, Mr. Lear. They pause opposite the Town House, and directly before our balcony. The horse is white, of course, to represent his favorite charger. He wears that old continental uniform, which to this day we can never see, without that odd feeling at our hearts, which expresses itself in something between a tear and a smile.

An incident occurred before Washington dismounted, which I doubt if any one has thought worth recording, but which has left so vivid an impression on the mind of my narrator, and shows so truly the temper and feeling of the people, I am tempted to transcribe it. Major Jackson and Mr. Tobias Lear were both most gentlemanly men. They were also on horseback, and advanced

* Belonging to the squadron then lying in the harbor.

† This old church, the oldest in the city, was organized in Charlestown, in 1630; two years afterwards their first house was built in King street, with mud wall, and roof thatched with straw. Seven years later the same society erected a larger and better house on the present site of Joy's Building: it stood seventy-two years, and was then burned down. Their third house was built in 1713, and was the one I refer to here. It stood somewhat back from the street, with an open area around it, which of course gave much more space for a military or civil display than at the present time. The clergyman at the time of which I write was Dr. John Clarke.

with the President. It might have been in deference to the beauty and fashion of the city, assembled in this neighborhood, or perhaps they recognized personal friends in the crowd, or more probably still, the military etiquette, to which they were accustomed, forbade their retaining their hats while their chief was uncovered; but, from whatever cause, they sat as he did, with bare heads exposed to the cold and chilling wind, and bent with him in acknowledgment of the earnest and heart-felt welcome. The very proper and natural bearing of these gentlemen gave great dissatisfaction to the populace, who thought they were assuming to themselves some part of the ardent greeting and enthusiastic reception intended for Washington. Perhaps, too, as there were three in one party, it might have led to annoying mistakes with those to whom the President's person was not familiar. However this might have been, it occasioned a most vehement and uncontrolled excitement. There was an angry outcry, and, "put on your hats, put on your hats," rang in the ears of the astonished gentlemen, who were obliged to resume their chapeaux. Still a feeling of discontent prevailed, as they obstructed the view, and prevented a free access to the beloved President. Again a cry arose; this time it was, "fall back," "fall back," a requisition with which they very good-humoredly complied, and appeared on the whole rather amused and gratified with the feeling expressed for their beloved general.

Would any one like to know what sort of a bow our first President made? It was not like Bolingbroke's, "lower than his proud steed's neck." It was not so low, nor yet so rigid as General Jackson's, when we saw him on a triumphant progress; nor yet so easy and sweeping as General Lafayette's. But I shall not give you the idea, if I confine myself to negations. It was full of feeling and discrimination, and somewhat graduated to the claims of those around him.

On removing his hat, he would fix his eyes on individuals or on groups, before bending towards them, and then slightly recover himself before finishing, and distributing in the same manner the remainder of his bow. It was a succession of long and slow bends, meeting and mingling in one, often embracing the whole width of a street or square,

so that no one could feel slighted, and many would consider themselves especially selected and distinguished. It was the bow of a gentleman—graceful, dignified, and courteous—but of one who never forgot his self-respect, in the observance and consideration due to others. All this is written for you, young American mothers, who purpose to educate your boys to be future Presidents of the Republic; more especially as I have a theory, that habits of graceful urbanity and delicate consideration for others, acquired in early life, become almost a second nature; and constantly and outwardly practiced, will lead, in time, to the traits themselves.

But here are all these distinguished people waiting. Here are the select men of Boston, and those unhappy committees of citizens. They are to escort the President, who must now dismount, into the State House. He enters, and is received by the Lieutenant-Governor and Council; but presently reappears at the central window on the main street front of the State House. The window itself has been removed, and carpeted steps lead to the balcony I have already described. Again he is greeted as he comes forward with acclamations long and loud; but at length is allowed to rest. It is a relief to know that his head is again protected by a hat; and at last he reposes on his cushioned chair.

Here, too, is a subject for the artist; for here are nearly all the men of much celebrity belonging at the time to Massachusetts. Here is the Vice-President, John Adams; the Lieutenant-Governor of the State, Samuel Adams; James Bowdoin, gentleman, scholar, and patriot; the judicial and civil officers of the State, and also many distinguished military men who had served in the Revolutionary War.

It strikes me as a singular feature in this procession, that carriages were provided for the educated men; that is, for those filling what were then known as the learned or liberal professions, who, of course, were supposed to be liberally educated. In these days of universal education, it would be difficult to make such an arrangement.

Are you all ready to listen? for there is a movement in that little canopied saloon on the dome of the arch, and Mr. Daniel Rea takes up the song. I do not know who was the author of the ode

which I have seen; very possibly it was Judge Dawes, as he had some reputation as a poet, and the really beautiful arch was erected from his design and under his superintendence. It is difficult at this distant day to pronounce on the merits of an occasional and local poem, the allusions in which have, of course, lost their freshness. Some of them, I frankly confess, I do not understand, but doubt not they were set to the right key, and in harmony with the feelings of the time. The learned judge certainly contrived to give the poem an elevation not its own.

Whatever may be thought of the words, there was no criticising the execution. Mr. Daniel Rea was a man of mark, or, shall we say, a man of much note in his day. He was one of the most distinguished vocalists Boston ever produced, and was worthy of his exalted station, and the part he bore in the performances of the day. His voice was clear, brilliant, and of exceeding power. He was supported on this occasion by a full band of associated vocalists.

I am told by friends still surviving, who saw him on this day, that the expression of Washington's face, when in repose, was very sad and anxious, that he looked ill and care-worn. We can easily believe this, as many of my readers will remember he had recently received intelligence of the death of his aged mother, and but a short time had elapsed since his recovery from a dangerous illness; in fact, it was but a partial recovery, and he was also suffering from fatigue and the long exposure to a cold and chilling wind.

Then we know he felt most deeply his great responsibility in the high office he had so recently been called to fill. The very confidence of the people, their loving gratitude to him as their defender, and delight at his election, showed how implicitly he was trusted, and how entirely they relied on his wisdom and justice as a ruler. We can easily imagine a silent prayer was in his heart, that he might continue worthy his high mission. There was much, too, in his reception, which would naturally awaken the keenest sensibility. What changes had a few short years produced! And oh! how, in the many greetings of the day, he must have missed some (once so familiar) of his former companions in arms!

I have in vain questioned the lady,

from whose relation I have drawn most of the foregoing description, for some account of the long and beautiful procession which now passed before the President. Her reply is always, "I only saw Washington." But we know that it lined the whole of the main street, Cornhill, Marlborough, Newberry, and Orange. You will look in vain, dear reader, for these names in your little modern "Boston Almanac." We know that the President, with his escort, both civil and military, had passed through its open ranks, in order to reach the State House. As he moved on with his escort, we suppose the front ranks of this procession, resting upon the town limits, must have turned and passed into Tremont street. As I am informed by a gentleman, himself an octogenarian, who witnessed the reception at the State House, that it came through Queen street, and passing under the arch towards the south, defiled before the President—thus making a sort of circuit, and retracing its own route.

It was composed principally of the different tradesmen and mechanics. The various handicrafts had been organized into societies; to these white silk banners had been distributed, which were of equal size, but each society drew upon its own taste in regard to embellishment and finish. Usually they represented the different emblems of their trades, with appropriate mottoes. I am strongly impressed with the idea that the procession was enlivened occasionally by cars or platforms, where artisans were actively engaged in their several trades. Hair-dressers, at the time, were an important body of men. I know they were out in strong force that day. It just occurs to me how very odd the effect must have been, if they were industriously occupied as they passed in curling and powdering gentlemen's wigs, on the public highway.

The boys from various public schools had now joined this procession. When, at an earlier hour in the day, Washington had passed, these boys were ranged in meet order; they had awaited his arrival; they had in some mysterious manner contrived to draw music from the large quills held in their hands. There was a slight pause as the cortège passed, so that this delicate music could be heard; and the young and vivacious though well trained performers, were

assured that it was highly appreciated by the President and his friends.

As these little fellows—your pardon, respected and venerable gentlemen! But when, sixty-six years ago, you in your youthful promise were reviewed by our first President as he sat in his arm-chair in front of the old Town House, I am assured by one who witnessed the scene, that the hero, whose feelings through the morning had been so highly wrought, gave way at length to the pent-up emotion, and, passing his hand before his eyes, Washington shed tears.

We pass lightly over the remainder of this day. Our illustrious guest was escorted to his rooms at Mr. Ingersol's house, on the corner of Queen and Tremont streets. This building, large and with an expression of stability, is still standing, though subjected to many alterations and no longer a private dwelling,—the basement being now a store, the remainder full of offices.

In this spacious and roomy mansion Washington received those deputations and societies who waited upon him during his last visit to Boston.

Here is the chamber where he slept, and the room where he dictated to his secretary; here he stood, when receiving that simple and touching address of the French officers, and here made the appropriate and dignified reply.

Here in pressing crowds came citizen and stranger—the patriots of the Revolution; the surviving officers who had fought by his side; the old historian, who records so gratefully those pleas-

ant words of encomium, which repaid him for many a toiling hour, and, last of all, hither came Governor Hancock, his best excuse for apparent negligence in his invalid state, his being lifted from his carriage and borne into the presence of Washington in the arms of his attendants and friends.

Nor was the influence and presence of woman unknown in the then fair mansion. If the spirits of former occupants, should choose those writing tables, as their mediums of communication with the present, the raps would be sometimes muffled in the subdued rustling of brocade, or heard in the dainty tapping of high-heeled shoes.

Seldom, now, does the poor and unfortunate debtor, or the erring and culpable delinquent, when summoned by writ or by process, pause to recall these memories of a former century, as with anxious heart he passes into the gray old building. The walls are silent to him; and no echo lingers to tell of the vanished past.

But to those who sit poring at the desks within, who tread sometimes on his very footsteps, and daily occupy the rooms, so clustering with associations, where he once rested—surely, for them and their successors, those dumb walls must find a language, and speak, to the listening ear, words that shall come as from one who loved country more than life, and that shall tell of “his speakings, and also his actings, all his manifold strugglings, more or less victorious, to utter the great God's message that was in him.”

THE RING.

THE fish that swims in the fountain,
It brings thy ring to me,
Though I broke it with my fealty,
And cast it in the sea!

'Twas in my youth's bright summer,
With the Danube fisher girls:
The ring was set with rubies,
But now 'tis set with pearls!

Pearls are for pure young maidens,
And not for men like me;
I cast them back in the river,
And the river seeks the sea!

When the dead puts by her grave-clothes,
And the tears I shed are dry,
I'll slip the ring on my finger,
And lay me down and die!

OWLCOPSE.

IN THREE PARTS—PART II.

I.

THE addition of Mr. Adams and Mr. Brown to the family circle, added fuel to the raging fire of progress. The talking that was done during the short time they stayed there was incredible. Mr. Brooks scarcely nodded, and was untiring in his investigation into all the ramifications of the great cause. He invited his relatives far and near to come and be improved, and they left everything to attend to the sacred call. One day was set apart to "Slavery," and they rose early in the morning, to lose no time, and were still zealously talking at eleven at night. If for a moment the conversation threatened to wander to another topic, Mr. Brooks adroitly brought it back by a leading question. The second day was devoted to "Founerism," the third to "Temperance," the fourth to "War," the fifth to "Politics in general," the sixth to "Society," as viewed through the reform medium. They created the world anew; and on the seventh day they rested.

II.

Ellen felt sad, and could scarcely repress her tears when saying farewell to Mr. Brown. She had known him but a week; yet there are some souls like the morning-glory—they bud and bloom to us in the space of an hour. His was a peculiarly gentle, genial nature, frank without forwardness, bold but forbearing. He was profoundly imbued with reform truths, loved music, painting, dancing, sculpture, flowers and beauty with holy enthusiasm, and was mild and charitable in his judgment upon the errors and ignorance of humanity.

Ellen had been impressed and agitated by the many new thoughts her residence among the Brooks had opened to her. She felt that the great principles they advanced were just and glorious, but there was a spirit of hardness, bitterness, barrenness, selfishness, and utter baldness about them, that made her recoil, doubtful and alarmed. In the absorption considered necessary to the propagation of these truths, life was made a flat reality, and seemed to Ellen to hang motionless, like the great, red,

rayless morning sun—a world of warmth and vitality, without the divine halo of beauty, grace, and inscrutable mystery, to fill the soul with upward yearnings. Ellen's feeble organization and hungry sympathy, united to a lively imagination, made her a prey to vague, dreamy reveries, and peopled her solitude with torturing fancies that were only dispersed by the presence of a kindred spirit. The riddle of life was not solved to her, at least she thought it was not, and her timid conscience was a sore reproach. There seemed a cry like this ringing in her ears: "Up wretch, lying in supineness and comfort, while fellow-beings starve, freeze, and die under the flail of the wicked! Enjoy nothing; despise pleasures, and cast away endearments, till every body and soul in the world has its rightful inheritance!"

It was the echo of Mr. Brooks's voice. She respected him so much, that she did not think to ask herself, did he practice it, but bowed down like a guilty, sinful worm before him. If she had seen the inconsistency, she would not have had the independence to retort; for Ellen was a coward—and, when anything disagreeable was said to another, or discussion threatened to be savage and personal, she felt a hot, strange sensation down her spine, trembled and crept away, overcome with emotion. Look not upon her with contempt, ye brave, manly souls; there are treasures of peace and love in the weak spirit that shrinks from wrath and suffers injustice rather than combat. Their placidity, like an unruffled lake, mirrors more purely the heavenly hosts.

Ellen had thought, till she saw Mr. Brown, that reform must necessarily be stern and rebuking; that, if she embarked in it, she must go forth upon society with a howl of indignation, and make its flesh creep, and its hair stand on end. She must not only tear the slave away, but spit upon and kick the pretended owner, as a token of her contempt. Hate must animate her actions and ire her speech.

Mr. Brown, on the contrary, breathed the spirit of love. He would deal tenderly with the deluded, gently with the dishonest and wicked; he would win

them to better ways in the accents of kindness, and stretch out a warm, friendly hand to help them up. He made converts wherever he went; because he entered into the prejudices and education of people; made allowance for their worldly interests, and did not exact from them sacrifices that can only come from a purified, perfected spirit. He was content to better the world, and trust to slow progress. Mr. Brooks wanted to perfect it before he died; to have everybody an apostle; to see every slaveholder emancipate his slaves with enthusiasm, and leave his dead, in the shape of starving wife and children, to bury themselves; every distiller burn up his establishment, and glory in poverty and rags; every warrior penitently going in sackcloth and ashes with the heads of his slain on a pole; every pleasure-seeker painfully drawing a gilded carriage filled with dead horses and bodies of the oppressed; in fine, Mr. Brooks desired to see "kingdom come" in the nineteenth century—and himself hovering over it like a redeemer. The result was, that nobody could come up to his mark; so they stood still like wary horses before a steep hill, afraid to try to pull up the weight of their sins.

Ellen had noticed that Mr. Brown was wearied with the eternal harping on one theme. He left the gentlemen arguing, and asked her if she hadn't a guitar or any musical instrument, if she couldn't sing to him; his spirit needed relaxation, and nothing rested it like music. Then he told of religious impressions he had received from it in old cathedrals; of the indefinite yearnings it aroused in him; its revelation of harmony other than its own, and how, through family concerts, it had endeared him to home, at an age when he might have yielded to fatal temptations. He seemed surprised to find that Mr. Brooks had not only neglected to cultivate that taste around him, but rather looked suspiciously upon it as a voluptuous allurement. He asked for some engravings. Ellen told him there were none; then he sauntered into what was called the library, on account of its having three shelves with a few old English classics on them—the *Spectator*, Young's *Night Thoughts*, and several *Encyclopedias*. He came back without any book, saying: "It reminds me of early college days, when I waded through the whole bulk of the *Spectator*."

He had noticed Ellen's subdued manners and unhappy expression. He divined it all, the bare, dull life she led, and more than all, the absence of caressing, demonstrative affection. He felt a painful commiseration for the rich soul in the midst of an ossifying atmosphere, and tried as delicately as possible to awaken Mr. Brooks and Phil to the consciousness of it. They were obtuse and could not perceive it. Phil was happy in the farm and his narrow existence; Mr. Brooks in tranquil old age and a splendid hobby. They had the same privations: why couldn't she be happy in her woman's line? Everybody in the world was wretched; she had a white skin, was free, had a roof of her own over her head, whole clothes on, good food to eat, and servants to work for her; what on earth did she want more? If she were a Christian, she would appreciate these privileges, and brim over with constant joy. They were not going to pander to any sickly sentimentality; and, if she didn't know on which side her bread was buttered, they would show her.

But Mr. Brown did a great deal for Ellen's own heart, by proving to her that reform was not a grim earth-death, opening to a better life through suffering, severing of dear ties, and the holocaust of genial pleasures. If she had been a strong, active woman, with a tenacity to fixed ideas, she might have found her happiness in toiling for the cause, raising chickens to sell for it, churning to send butter to town, and employing its products to buy material to work up into garments for fugitives. She did do this by feverish fits and starts, and then sank into apathy. The reader has long ago perceived that Ellen is no heroine; and all we can say in her defense is, that some vines, like the vigorous, indomitable old ivy, will grow on ugly places, under the most adverse circumstances, with nothing but water, perhaps, to root in; while others require rich earth to nourish them, and, at the slightest pull from their old hold, wither and hang down their tendrils piteously. We find our type in nature, and must take it for granted we were made with the same harmonious intent.

III.

It would be treating Mr. Adams with the little respect he deserves, to pass

him by unnoticed; but, as a faithful narrator of a progressive household, we are bound to present him. Mr. Adams was a traveling lecturer, engaged by a society to expound to the United States the theory of Fourier. He was a plump man, with such a meaningless face that he looked as if he had swallowed himself and turned the blank side out. His skin was pimply and dirty, his clothes dirty, and his hands and nails in the same condition. He made himself at home in a minute, took the most comfortable chair, and the best and most of everything at the table. He evidently carried a little plalanx of his own about with him, and appropriated to himself, with touching fraternity, everything around him. If others didn't do the same by him, it wasn't his fault—he was willing. He was so frank, and desired to have his inner life so transparent, that, endowing others with the same virtue, he read complacently all the journals and letters lying around, and even unsealed one that Ellen had left on the mantel-piece to be sent to Rose. He told the cook what he wanted for dinner; and on Saturday, when Mr. Brooks, in order to do honor to his guests and prove he had a grain of toleration, had commanded a roast of beef to be purchased and cooked that day for Sunday, Mr. Adams, sniffing the savory odor, stalked into the kitchen and demanded a piece.

"Lor! now! I couldn't cut it," said Jane, whose pride as cook was interested in its good looks; "'twould spile it for to-morrow; and as I'm gwine to church, mebbe they'll think it's me that dun it."

"But I must have some," said Mr. Adams, seizing a knife and cutting off a goodly row of slices. "I think I shall dine at Mr. Brooks's brother's to-morrow, and perhaps there won't be any meat."

While we take leave of Mr. Adams in the indulgence of his instincts, we would suggest to reformers in general, that if they really feel an interest in the propagation of their ideas, they had better be more careful in the selection of their agents, as Mr. Adams left a trail of disgust behind him, remembered by many to this day. It is very difficult for most minds to separate principles or theories from the men who profess them; and some of those who came in contact with Mr. Adams thought, however unjustly, that Fourierism conduced to selfishness and sensuality.

IV.

Letter from Rose to Ellen.

"The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel."

"NELLY DEAR:—I have been very wretched. I expected to be with you this Christmas, and the day of Christ has passed without any communion with my friend but the distant one of letters—sweet letters, loving and perfumed as the spirit of my Nelly; but my ears, as ministers say, were 'open to a call;' and as it did not come, I felt as if I had no mission on earth, and were considered unworthy the sacred trust of friendship. Nelly, you have wounded me, and I have been angry at you. Don't begin to cry and quiver that sensitive lip of yours. It is past now, and instead, I choke with infinite love and pity as I hear the fluttering of your bruised heart. When the soul is full of a great sorrowful love, it becomes for the moment angelic; and I see, Nelly, vast, shadowy wings on my back, stretching out broodingly toward you. May God grant that you feel their warmth and softness!

"I have seen Mrs. Tyler, an old acquaintance of the Brooks family, and learned through her many things that make clear the painful mystery in which I have lately groped. I am not going to say anything, Nelly. There are some cases where silence is a higher virtue than frankness; and, as you have respected, at the cost of suffering to us both, the dignity of your position, I will respect it, too. The same reason that prevents my going to you will, I suppose, prevent your coming to me; so heaven only knows when we shall meet!

"I have had another cry, and wrestled and prayed, and come back to write again. There has moved next door to us an old maid of sixty, who lost her lover at eighteen. Some one told me that she was faithful to his memory and mourned yet; but so incredulous is the heart in its lighter moments, that I inwardly accused the old lady—who is very ugly—of not having met with another offer, and so exciting the admiration and sympathy of the world by a show of constancy. As I lay on my chamber floor near the window, weeping and praying, I heard the shutter

just opposite softly open. My curtain was down, but imperceptibly parted in the middle, and I saw Miss Grover look cautiously out, up and down, and all around; then, as if satisfied that no eye was near, cross the room, and draw a curtain that concealed a picture. It was the portrait of a handsome young man, animated and brilliant. Miss Grover got up on a chair, with the lamp in her hand, and looked at it for some time, stroked the cheek gently with her wrinkled hand, talked to herself or it, and kissed the fresh pouting lips with her withered mouth. She blew out the light and was lost to me in the darkness. Did she feel that she was old, as she bade her unechoed good-night for the more than ten thousandth time since her lover was laid in the grave? Ellen, if the heart can remember and commune in the long, blank absence of death, it must give us faith and patience to endure the milder absence that has come upon us. From behind the mysterious veil which conceals our loved in the other world, no ray of the state of their souls beams down to us; but you and I have material means to bring us near, though apart. Write, write, and we shall belong to each other in spite of all earthly decree. It is late. Good night.

"Your affectionate ROSE."

V.

Letter from Ellen to Rose.

"DEAR ROSE:—I *do* feel your angel wings brooding over me, and am peering out between the feathers at the bleak, wintry world, with the most comfortable, protected expression. I should have been very forlorn and shivery to-day, had your letter not come, as mother left yesterday, and this morning Aunt Tabby was hurried off north, to a sick sister and four nieces down with the measles. Phil and the boys are out at work. I am all alone. If I were a strong-minded woman, I suppose I should be glad of it, and amuse or cultivate myself assiduously; but there's no use to disguise it to myself—and you must have seen it long ago—there is not enough in me to fill up solitude. I have the same kind of gnawing void in my heart that people feel in their stomachs when they are empty; and I believe, if I were cast alone on a desert island, I should die sooner of heart than stomach inanition. The most horrible impres-

sions I have ever received have been connected with solitude. You remember my fainting away when we visited the prison of solitary confinement, and the ague I had when we read the Prisoner of Chillon?—appropriate name, that seemed to whisper 'chill on' to my curdled flesh. Perhaps this isolated country life is intended to discipline me, and effect my cure through force of habit.

"Dear Rose, to make you understand the mystery, why the Christmas invitation was not repeated, Mrs. Tyler must have told you much in regard to Mr. Brooks's character; and now that the ice is broken, I feel impelled to rush along with the pent-up stream. I must talk to some one, for my judgment is in a sad tangle—my ideas of right and wrong knocked every way. I cannot speak of the subject to Phil, for I know, whatever the peculiarities of my family might be, I should be more wounded by his criticisms than those of any one else. Rose, I have suffered terribly lately, as much from the thought that you would doubt my love, as from the shock to my own heart. Nor can I accuse myself of cowardice; for the circumstances are such that, to have invited you in spite of the prohibition, would have exposed you to coldness, Phil to the anger of his father, on whom he is dependent, and myself also to his displeasure. I want him to love me, Rose; he gave life to Phil. Dear Phil! I wish you knew him better, Rose; he is as good as he is handsome, and I remember your saying he was the handsomest fellow you ever saw. He has a blunt way of acting and talking, and has been brought up strangely, without any mother; but he is honorable, generous, upright, and loves me, and I should be perfectly happy if we lived by ourselves. It seems to me the house is not mine; and I dare not plan, embellish, and interest myself in those duties that make up a woman's life. There is such a fearful consumption, too, that it is discouraging and beyond my strength to supply the demand. Last week I made nine crocks of apple-jam, enough to have lasted a small family a whole year, and this week there is not a spoonful left. There are six men in the kitchen beside the two girls, with appetites sharpened by labor and country air. It would make you stare to see the great loaves, nearly as long and big round as

your body, disappear with the rapidity of lightning. Mr. Brooks says they do the hardest work, so they ought to have the best food, and I think so, too; but now that I have the whole household care, I sometimes forget that I am of his opinion. I feel more and more that I am far from robust; and it would be very unfortunate for them and for me if Aunt Tabby should not return: her sister is nearly gone with consumption, and will leave four little children to be taken care of.

"Mr. Brooks thinks work will do me good; and I suppose it will. I would go through any ordeal to be strong and healthy. Rose, dear, I know you are judging harshly of Mr. Brooks; for you have not the same reason to respect him that I have. I wish you could feel more kindly towards him. He is a most excellent man—just, charitable, and humane. I mean just in money matters, and to the poor; for his zeal sometimes makes him unjust to those who do not agree with him in opinion. He is a perfect Roman in his ideas of right, and would walk up to the stake, or lead his children up, without flinching. He has protected fugitive slaves, and stood at the window, a rifle in his hand, defying the enraged multitude. Jane, the black cook, is very grateful to him, and would work for nothing, if he would let her. There come, now and then, hosts of black visitors, for whom he negotiates, writes letters, and does all he can to aid in every way. He is rather hard, to be sure, but it is so long since he has had a wife or any little children. I think my baby will draw us nearer and soften the air of the house; for it is impossible not to be tender to a helpless creature. And something they can publicly caress without seeming ridiculous will warm their hearts, and brighten the dreary monotony that clings to the society of a few people, similarly educated, always cooped up together. Have you ever read Victor Hugo's delicious poem on little children? I have it in French, and, as translations are never equal to the original, shall send it to you when Phil goes to town.

"I pity the boys. The tears often start to my eyes as I look at them, sitting dull and sleepy, like old men who have sipped pleasure down to the dirty dregs. They were quite surprised, and pleased at the Christmas presents I gave

them. Mr. Brooks is principled against presents on any given day. He says it is a meaningless form. If people need anything, give it to them when they need it. I suppose, there are many who discharge the duty of a whole year in that way; but still there is a pleasure to me in giving to those I love, on a day associated with Christ; and love is so rich that it desires to go beyond absolute necessities. I should not have known that Christmas had come or gone, except from my little preparations for it; the lovely collar embroidered by your dear hand, and a box from home filled with sweet mementos. Just think, little Abby made me a pin-cushion, stuffed with her own golden ringlets. They gleam through the black lace like stars in a dark night, and remind me of her quiet, angelic beauty. Mother says, she cried bitterly, because they would not let her shear herself for Nelly—Nelly who always curled her locks, and kissed them so. As she was subject to head-aches, they cropped her for my sake; and, if any Jasons come after my golden fleece, they will have to conquer impossibilities that will defy even the cunning of a sorceress.

"It was on Christmas I first saw Phil. You remember, we inveigled him into acting with us in the little play of Santa Claus visiting the poor family? How handsome he looked in his slouched hat, and ragged clothes; and what a perfect expression of cold and hunger he put on. I thought, then, he must have felt them in some way. Strange! I was his wife, with my jaws tied up, and a wretched looking baby on my lap. You need not smile; I am partly in my dotage, inasmuch as the bareness of the present makes me wander in the past.

"Rose, dear, you are feeling miffed that I can talk of other things than our separation. The secret must out. I am going to town; and, if Mr. Lea has no objection on account of my being a new-fangled notion, I shall, in citizen's dress, hug you, some time next week. If he should object, I have a plan arranged to paint myself red and stalk in upon you in a blanket and eagle's feather. An Indian, being outside the pale of society, can give no offense to the retrograding, stationary, or advancing parties of the day.

"I must close this letter, as Phil is ready to go to the post-office. He is standing

in the cart, in the graceful costume of a red flannel shirt and loose black pantaloons; crimson top-boots up to his knees; a brimless, battered beaver showing his luxuriant curls; a long whip in his hand, and his legs a little apart with sturdy determination. He is a picture of manly beauty and strength; and—as Mr. Brooks is feeding the calves in the barn-yard—I mean to go out, and kiss him in the very face of nature.

"Next week, Rose, I shall bow down and kiss the hem of the city garment. It may be a scarlet woman to the wise; but to the foolish, like me, it is a loving, gentle mother. Adieu, my darling; time winged with joy will pass quickly to us. Tell Mr. Lea I won't romp with him unless he will observe the old covenant—not to pinch or pull my hair down.

"Your friend, ELLEN."

VI.

Letter from Ellen to Rose

"DEAR ROSE:—I wrote you yesterday; but my heart is so full, I must write again to-day. I spoke to you in one of my letters of having made the acquaintance of a Mrs. Hooker—a charming little woman, of great taste and refinement. She has a beautiful country residence three miles from here—the only ornamental place in the vicinity; and I often longed to penetrate its mazy labyrinths, and have a sight and sniff of the green-house. I met her at a store in the village, where we were both making purchases, and was struck with her lady-like appearance, her benevolent face, and 'manières distinguées.' I had the curiosity to make some inquiries in regard to her, and found she was universally esteemed and beloved. I felt drawn towards her; for there is not a single being in this sparse neighborhood for whom I have any sympathy or affection—not that I am aristocratic, but I cannot enjoy the society of people who murder the king's English, who are set and bigoted, and cannot go higher in literature than the third or fourth class reader. Therefore I felt a gush of pleasure when I saw Mrs. Hooker driving up our avenue, and went out to welcome her with the eagerness of an old and dear friend. The favorable impression was increased by her kindness, unaffectedness, and

good sense. As she left, she said: 'We live rather far from one another, and you are not in a situation to go out much. I shall waive ceremony, and come to see you often—if agreeable to you,' she added with a blush that made her good face look beautiful.

"I was so earnest in my thanks that she came again a few days afterwards; and to-day, it being bright and pleasant, and Phil having little to do, I proposed our returning her visit. He agreed, and I went up stairs to dress myself. I heard Mr. Brooks's voice rumbling below, and wondered what he could be talking about so continuously. I went down and stopped on the last step to tie my shoe; while doing so, I caught these words:

"'For my part, I would have nothing to do with distillers, I would not let my wife visit a distiller's wife. I would shun them as I would poison. Poison! they are worse than poison; for *that* only kills bodies, and *they* kill souls. The bonnet Mrs. Hooker flaunts in was bought with a ruined soul; the chairs their unthinking guests sit in, were purchased with money wrested from a toiling wife with kicks and blows, and the cake they offer was stolen from starved, depraved children. I would rather sit under the roof of an open assassin than under the roof of that sly, hypocritical murderer they call a distiller. It is none the more Christian or respectable, because society sanctions it. I don't wish to interfere in this matter. You are at liberty to visit the Hookers, if you please; but with my consent they shall not cross my threshold. I have no other way to show my disapproval but by avoidance and disgust for them.'"

"I stole up stairs, and here I am, Rose, in a painful tumult. There seems to be so much that is just and right in what he says; and yet I am so weak, principles with me fade away in contact with individuals. I always find something to admire, and think, after all, that they are as good as I am. I know Mrs. Hooker is better—or God has given her a false face and impress. Then there is another question; is this the right course to put down distillers? Do advise me, Rose, for I can think of nothing but the grief of losing Mrs. Hooker, and treating her unkindly.

"Your affectionate
"ELLEN."

VII.

Ellen's visit to town was prevented by the sickness of Jane, and the consequent desertion of the Dutch girl, who found the labors rather arduous. The boys sought for "help" in vain, and, in addition to the heaviest duties, the nursing of the sick devolved upon Ellen. They all aided her as much as they could; but they had no experience in "woman's work," and there were out-door claims that had to be attended to. Ellen bore up two days; the third, in lifting a pot of potatoes off the stove, her weak wrists gave way, and let pot, potatoes, and boiling water, down upon her feet. Her shrieks brought in Phil, who, in an agony of remorse and grief, carried her up stairs, and accused himself in such hard terms, that Ellen repressed her groans to console him. That night she gave birth to a seven months' infant, that wailed a few hours, and died at daybreak. Her grief at its loss was greater than the bodily anguish, and when they implored her to keep her raw feet still, she replied: "Lay my child across them, and I will not move."

Days passed, and Ellen knew nothing. Then came a dim consciousness of loved faces about her—her mother's frilled cap seen through mist, and Abby's golden curls floating in clouds. She often thought she was dead, and felt a feeble happiness at being freed from earth; but sudden pains would break the illusion, and convince her she still belonged to the ills of humanity. She was too weak to reflect or care about anything, and listlessly poked at the bed-clothes or gazed at the wall, as if there were a mystic fascination in its blank surface.

Soon she heard everything that was said, and knew they were talking of taking her to her town-house. She amazed them by suddenly sitting up in bed, and saying with a flood of tears, "she must go and see her father."

"Why, Nelly, love," said Mrs. Grey, "he's been here and gone. He couldn't leave the boys alone any longer. You'll see him soon."

"I want him to carry me in his arms, and sing to me—'Oh! Mary, when the wild wind blows.'"

"Well, we'll go to-morrow, if the doctor will let you," said Mrs. Grey, cheerily.

The doctor consented. Ellen was carried on a bed, felt the fresh air blow on her cheek, saw hills, naked trees and houses sweep by her, and realized again that she was a part of the moving and living.

VIII.

How beautiful Ellen's room was, with its warm, rich hangings, pictures, vases, statuettes, and innumerable bouquets—tokens of solicitous friends. There were oranges, lemons, preserves, and highly-seasoned preparations enough sent her to have been the ruin of the strongest stomach. One tow-headed boy, whom she had taught in Sunday-school, gave her a drum, and another one, she had saved from a beating, left a piece of Burgundy pitch at the door with a message that it was the best kind to chew.

Rose sat by her bed-side, smoothed her pillow, and dressed tenderly her blistered feet. The patient smiled at the nurse.

Mr. Grey let business take care of itself, and walked up and down with Ellen's head cuddled on his broad shoulder, singing the melancholy air of "Oh! Mary, when the wild wind blows," or the sprightlier ones of "Come under my plaidie," "Green grow the rushes O," "A man's a man for a' that," and so forth. His voice was not famous, but it pleased Ellen as much now as in her childhood's illness; and she fancied herself again the helpless little being so often pillowed on his breast, gazing into his face with reverence—for he was to her faultless, the greatest and best man that walked the earth. He made a rough, two-wheeled wagon, and when his arms were tired, rolled her about in the long hall, comfortable with furnace heat. As drowsiness crept over her, he sat in the next room, playing on the flute, wild, plaintive Scotch airs. He never had had a master, and was incapable of difficult execution, but his "embouchure" was sweet and liquid, and he played with sentiment. It seemed to Ellen to turn into a human voice, and she swelled as she listened, till tears were forced out of her eyes—good tears that watered the barren waste parched up by the long drought. She had wept over wounded feelings; but these tears, called forth by music, were the first she had shed for the lost poetry and beauty of her existence. They eased the dull

aching, and did much to aid her rapid convalescence.

Phil came down often, and stayed several days at a time. The genial atmosphere made him bloom out, too; and who can tell Ellen's amazement and joy, one morning, when he came in with a flower-pot in his hand, a beautiful tea-rose bush in it, filled with flowers and buds. He looked rather sheepish, as he offered it to her with a kiss, and glanced nervously at the door, while she clung to his neck to hide her moist eyes.

Oh! Phil, Phil! Afraid of being caught, offering up incense on the altar of love. If thou wert not the victim of false education, thou wouldst be as great a hypocrite and liar as Peter denying his master—Peter, who had soul enough to recognize the sublimity of the Lord, but not enough to find his greatest glory in confessing it.

IX.

It was the earliest spring day of the year. The last icicle had oozed away, and the earth yielded to the foot with sinking elasticity. Tufts of grass, stiff and dark with the old age of a past year, peeped up here and there, from the rutted ground. A crumpled look told that they had battled through the long, dreary winter, but to revel in a few hours' sunshine, ere they gave place to a new generation. Martins twittered unceasingly, wheeling in graduating circles around their little homesteads, grimed with smoke, and bedaubed with the straws and dust of a long ancestry.

"Who would think," murmured Mr. Brown, as he hurried along the street, "that this silence and languor hide such wondrous workings! The earth is throbbing, the air quivering with its unborn, yet no ear is nice enough to catch it. It will burst upon us in verdure, leaf and flower, and we shall receive it as emotionless as we would a collar come in from the wash. I wonder if this is Mr. Grey's? It must be. What a singular, beautiful place in the heart of a city."

Just then, a pleasant voice said "good morning, Mr. Brown;" and turning around, he was cordially greeted by Mr. Brooks, who had just come from Owl-copse.

"I hardly expected to see you here," said the latter.

"I am passing through town to return home," replied Mr. Brown.

"How has the cause sped?"

"Very well. I find a wonderful increase of interest. Adams's lectures, that scarcely drew three people a few years ago, have been well attended in number and respectability. What a splendid wall this is! It must have cost a fortune itself, to put it up around so vast an extent."

"Yes," said Mr. Brooks dryly, "it is to such walls we owe the existence of poverty. Many a homeless head might have been sheltered by the bricks and mortar placed here to prevent the eyes of a brother from enjoying even the sight of wealth."

"Perhaps they have fruits or rare plants to protect," suggested Mr. Brown.

Mr. Brooks did not answer, and they passed in silence through the vast arched gate that swung to behind them with a ponderous clank. The broad carriage-road wound before them, bordered on each side by cedar, arbor-vita, larch, and fir. Their sombre tints set off the soft blue of the sky, and relieved the skeleton trees whose branches formed a network all around. The house, though of brick, was in the low, irregular form of a country house. There was a strange mixture of rural and cultivated beauty, as if the owner had sought to compromise between haunting recollections of youth and growing temptations of cosmopolitan wealth. Ducks and geese swam in the oblong pond, beside the stately swan, keeping at careful distance from the mist of spray that fell around the fountain, or diving down after fish under the leaves of the pond-lily. Chickens roamed at large, and some paces behind the conservatory might be seen the open palings of a long coop. A patch of stubble, still further back, showed that corn had been raised there.

Mr. Brooks's face grew more rigid, and his eyes sterner, as it took in the encroachments of city luxuries. He made no remark till they passed the pond, when he said:

"I can't imagine what people make a stagnant pool for, and keep it under their noses as a thing of beauty! It is like them, though, to forsake living waters, and paddle in the dead sea of their sins."

"Let us not judge ruthlessly," replied Mrs. Brown, "lest we be swallowed up in it as we pass."

When they neared the door, Mr. Brown remarked that he should like to look at the grounds before going in.

"I will excuse you," he added, "as you must be impatient to see Phil."

"I have some important business with him, which must be done before banking hours; so I shall have to let you go alone. You will come in soon, I suppose?"

"Yes, when I have satisfied my curiosity."

Mr. Brooks rang the bell, and Mr. Brown turned off into a side avenue.

"Thank heaven! he didn't come with me!" muttered Mr. Brown. "He would have made this bright day a mockery, and this beautiful garden a gaunt spectre. He has looked through a microscope at humanity, and, like the man who saw animalcules in water, turns from the healthful beverage in disgust. Their little sins, even their kindly weaknesses, have swollen into monsters. Poor Ellen! so young, lovely, and sensitive! What a sweet flower is withering in that arid waste."

He threw himself in a circular bench that encompassed a giant oak, and seemed lost in reverie.

By and by, he heard Mr. Brooks's and Phil's voices. He was conscious they sought him; but a dreamy, delicious mood was on him, and he shrank from their practical presence. The great trunk hid him. They passed on, and he saw them go out the gate with a hurried step.

Still he sat there, and did not move till a clear voice rose tremblingly on the air. It was faint and weak, and stopped after a few notes, as if amazed at its own deficiency. Again it rose a little bolder and stronger. It seemed too diffident to shape itself into a definite air, better sung in former times, but gushed out in vague, original melody, as if some pent-up yearning of its own must have expression.

Mr. Brown stole around to the side of the tree that faced the house. The up-stairs window was open. The sun shone aslant on it, lighting up a soft profile. The lips moved, but the sound grew feebler, and the chest heaved with fatigue. Ellen bowed her head on the window-sill, like one dejected.

X

Mr. Brown plunged into a sequestered

path, and there paced distractedly up and down. Suddenly, as if shaking off a painful thought, and submitting to an invincible obstacle, he advanced with a determined step.

Abby was rolling a hoop before the house; she looked bashfully at him, and commenced retreating; but, catching his glance again, seemed drawn to approach.

"Is Mrs. Brooks able to see any one?" he asked.

"That's sister Nelly, you mean?"

"Yes."

"Oh! certainly; she eats down-stairs all the time now, and she has seen ever so many people. She has promised to come down and to see us dance to-morrow night. I am going to dance."

"That's right; will you dance with me, if they'll let me come?"

"Do you know Nelly?"

"Yes."

"Does she like you?"

"I believe she does."

"Then I'll dance with you," said Abby, taking his hand confidently, and leading him into the house.

Ellen soon made her appearance.

"I am so glad to see you!" said she, shaking him warmly by the hand. "I feel sad to-day. I tried to sing, and find I have nearly lost my voice and execution."

"You mustn't let that distress you," replied he. "It is the effect of illness, and will pass away as you gain strength. Do take a piano home with you, Mrs. Brooks. I have some pieces that will haunt you gloriously; among others, a few duets for piano and violin. I shall bring my violin next fall, expressly; and, if Mr. Brooks doesn't acknowledge himself a better man, while he listens, he has less humanity in him than I supposed."

"He has a great deal of humanity," answered Ellen; "but so little fondness for music, that he could live his life out without feeling a craving for it; and anything that goes beyond what he has set down the 'intention of music' to be, would wound his ear and his principles. I have been told he wouldn't go to hear Jenny Lind, or any of the great artists, because they did not advocate reform. He preferred reserving his money for abolition and temperance-singers. I am afraid I shouldn't be happy singing abolition and temperance all the time. I hear it talked so much, I need music

as a relaxation. You'll think me selfish," continued she; "but, I don't know how it is, I feel the importance of these great questions, and yet my mind won't stick to them. I must be worldly. I don't take them to heart exclusively, as I ought to."

She said this musingly, as if to herself, and looked so humble and contrite, that Mr. Brown was touched. Notwithstanding, he laughed aloud, and told her he hoped she wouldn't take anything to heart exclusively.

"There is nothing," said he, "so fatal to our right development as exclusiveness: it turns us either into cynics, or kindly monomaniacs, or bores. Trust more in yourself, Mrs. Brooks; follow out your own impulses. Who knows but, after listening a year or two to a high order of music, Mr. Brooks might not like it in spite of himself. The firmest of us are often insensibly bent; and Mr. Brooks needs bending, sadly. The awe his austerity and absorption in great principles inspire, prevents his being attacked and seeing his errors of judgment. I know of no greater misfortune to an exacting man than to be surrounded by undue homage. Gentle revolt, and a firm adherence to one's own line of action, are the best means to disarm or correct it. You, in your position, have the power to do so."

Ellen reddened, paled, and shrank.

"Oh, I cannot, I cannot!" she cried. "I have no strength to combat, no wisdom to judge. Perhaps my own impulses mislead me, and in time I shall be able to cast off these fervent yearnings after the graces of life. Resistance would increase the coldness, and I should freeze to death. I must have love—it is weak; everybody says I am weak," with a burst of tears. "I am sorry I can't help it. It must be my back," she added, deprecatingly, after a pause. "It crawls and crimps up when I am frightened or unhappy, and takes away all my strength."

She sat with her hands pressed against her back, looking so fragile, pale, and trembling, that Mr. Brown felt it was useless to try to breathe the spirit of warfare or independence into her.

"Ellen," said he, moved out of conventional rules, "you will die if you remain there. Talk frankly with your husband. Concealed sacrifices or suffering on either side are wicked in love. What could you think of Phil, if he

should hide from you something that was wearing away his life?"

"He couldn't," said she, quickly; "I should see it; I should find it out."

She arose hastily, as if alarmed at the words that had slipped from her unawares.

"It is very warm here; my head throbs."

"You had better breathe the fresh air a little while. I have not seen the back part of the grounds, not knowing whether it was permissible."

"Oh! I am glad you've not; it's such a pleasure to me to show them!"

She wrapped herself up carefully, and they were soon wending their way down a graveled walk in the rear of the building.

XI.

Mr. Grey's "place," as it was called, occupied the whole depth and breadth of a square. He had purchased it years ago, when property was cheap, and had never been willing to part with a foot of it. "He must have room to breathe," he said; and his broad chest looked as if he had had it. Mr. Brown imagined the back part devoted to gardening, and was surprised when, after passing a little vegetable-patch, they came upon what seemed to be an impenetrable thicket.

"Well," said Ellen, gravely, "what are we going to do now? We can't get through that."

"Not without being well scratched. They are blackberry bushes, I believe."

"Yes; there used to be a path last year, but I think they must have closed it up."

Mr. Brown went forward and sideways to explore. Ellen stood still, with a mischievous smile lurking round her mouth.

Mr. Brown came back. He could find no trace of a path; they might as well turn round again.

Just then they heard a crackling noise; the bushes before them parted, and Abby's golden head peered through.

Ellen clapped her hands, and laughed at Mr. Brown's bewilderment.

"I should have made you search, and search again," she said, "if Abby had not betrayed it. You needn't fear being pricked; the thorns have been cut off there, and the bushes made to trail over, on purpose, to conceal the opening."

"Nelly," cried Abby, "come, help me to find my fawn; the string broke, and he's run away."

They entered a narrow, beaten foot-path. The low bramble-skirting soon gave place to a forest as dense as any in the most solitary region of the western wilds. The path was lost in the mass of moist autumn leaves, whose crumpling scarcely broke now the stillness of the air. Here and there they were pierced by the blood-root and anemone—delicate, pale heads that made one wonder whence came the strength to raise and part that matted, leafy net.

Mr. Brown walked silently on. "I see now," he thought, "where she drew in a great part of the poetry that no drear breath of 'uses' can chill."

An omnibus rumbled by; he started; the forest illusion was so perfect, that he had forgotten a great city was around him.

"Mr. Brown," said Ellen, "you are as still as a mouse. Everybody cries out, on first coming into this wood."

"I have cried out, too; but it was so deep, the roar of the wind bore it off as its own."

"There is my favorite seat. Wait a minute."

She disappeared in the hollow of a great sycamore, whose twin trunks formed, near their common root, an ample easy-chair, and soon came out again, with a long cushion.

"It hangs on a peg in there, and keeps quite dry. Sit down; as soon as I have rested awhile, Abby, I'll help you look for the fawn."

"I won't stay, if you're so still," said the child, peevishly. "It's just like a church, here."

"Get me some moss and flowers, then, and I'll arrange you a pretty basketful."

Abby scampered off delightedly.

XII.

"She is right," said Ellen; "a forest always produces in me the same impression as a grand church, filled with music; or rather, perhaps, a church reminds me of the musical stillness and religious elevation felt in the woods. O! Mr. Brown, can it really be wrong to go to church?"

"What!" cried Mr. Brown, in a tone of the greatest perplexity.

"Mr. Brooks says there are only two or three ministers in the United States who do their duty; and he will not lend his countenance to any bread and butter panders, who keep silent on the great questions of the day. He adheres stoutly to his resolution, and has not seen an altar these twenty years. Moreover, he has a horror of churches in themselves. He says they tend to pride and vain glory, and swallow up a fund of riches, that ought to be bestowed on the poor. Decoration is the bane of his eye. The more costly the temple, the darker falls on it the shadow of his wrath. He would batter them all down—from the oldest master-piece of a dead nation, to the poorer imitations, sprung up in a night. His children have been trained in the same feeling; and I have not crossed the threshold of a church since I went to the farm. They were willing to take me there; but the village, you know, is several miles distant, and one of them would have had to wait for me in the carriage, out in the cold. I often pined to hear some preaching; to sit in a beautiful, solemn building, with the breath of a multitude rising and bursting through the organ-pipes, in great, quivering tones; to feel hearts throb at holy words, in unison with mine."

Her face, kindled with enthusiasm, threw an ominous light in Mr. Brown's mind. The more she opened her nature to him, the more he trembled for her future.

"Ellen," said he, "you are a true oriental, in love of form and gorgeous fancy. Why are you so afraid of what you call prejudices—that is, previous education? It is well not to be too confident in one's self, but it is ill to be too mistrustful. You are as apt to reject the good for the bad, as the bad for the good. In excess of humility, you cast away your judgment-anchor, and run the risk of being tossed forever on the wave of each succeeding opinion. They may bear you to a safe harbor, but are more likely to dash you to pieces on the rocks in the infinite waste of mine's-the-only-true-view. As I said to you before, consult your own soul and instincts. We should judge ourselves with the same fairness we would another, and with the respect due to one of God's creatures. If you have done so, you must know that your heart is mainly good, and worthy of some be-

lief in itself. You long to kneel, side by side with the lowly and high; to feel in common the sacred truths of religion, mingled with the poetry of music, and the beauty of art; yet you are doubtful of the worth of this sentiment, unless the minister conforms to certain conditions you impose. Ellen! Ellen! if some one has been able to give birth to such a doubt in you, must I believe that it could find there congenial soil for its growth?"

His voice was excited and reproachful. Ellen sighed. No answer came to her. Tears welled up. Mr. Brown walked backwards and forwards a few times, and then seated himself again beside her.

"I forget," said he, gently, "that many new thoughts have crowded upon you, lately, and that many, stronger and wiser than you, are now following in the wake of fanatical leaders. Ellen, I knew Mr. Brooks when he was a young man—that is about thirty-five, and I twenty. He was distinguished for his exactitude in church attendance; cited as a model of the congregation. Was he a worse man than he is now? All I can say is, that he was gentler, and mingled more generally with his kind. What alienates him from church? He proclaims it loudly: the indifference or lukewarmness of clergymen on the subjects that preoccupy him now—the priest trodden down, nothing more logical than to destroy the altar, raze the temple. The question is to know if the pulpit must be a tribune; the church an echo of the debates of congress, the squabbles of clubs, the uproar of streets; if the mission of the priest is to address himself to actual passions, to reduce his sermon to the value of an individual counsel, a political opinion, a vote, or to insinuate into minds and hearts those high principles of wisdom and charity which command passions, tranquillize human judgments, and make us walk straight, in the midst of facts and events. Ellen, when we have toiled, voted, disputed, all the week, we need repose on the Sabbath; we want to hear words of peace and union—to raise our soul to the Creator—to pray. The divinities of Homer descend among men, and the battle grows fiercer. Let us not pull God down to the level of our passions, but rise above them to meet Him, and unity will ensue. In church, all the angularities of life are smoothed; and

competitions, antipathies, rancors, kneel beside each other, stilled by the word of God. Suppose, now, that the minister broaches one of the exciting subjects in public agitation. What happens? Ellen, have you not heard pew doors bang, and seen angry men stalk out of church, at the inflamed words of the preacher? Behold the flock, that had come from different places, by several roads, to quench their thirst at the same source, divided. There remain round the preacher only those who accord with him, and he has lost the chance of working upon the very hearts that most needed to be touched. What good will he have done? The work of Christ would not be complete, if it did not bear in itself a balm for all suffering, a truth for every error, a lesson for each century. His second word is the same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow; it is clear in itself, and answers all wants. Let ministers seek only to penetrate with it those who assemble to listen to them, and a time will inevitably come, when all mankind will be sufficiently nourished in divine love, and slavery will fall from the world, like a rotten fruit from the tree."

Mr. Brown's voice rose prophetically, and something quite near, repeated, "from the tree."

He looked around, startled.

"It's the echo, said Ellen, in a frightened whisper; for Mr. Brown's earnest words had cast abroad a solemn spell. "I always sit here, because it answers me when I sing."

"Sing now, then—do; and chase that goblin look from your face. I have bored and oppressed you with a prosy sermon; yet there is something I long to say yet. Are you tired?"

"No, not at all."

She plucked an anemone that grew between the gnarled roots at his feet, and handed it to him, saying, reproachfully:

"Look! you've nearly crushed it, with your boot."

He softly smoothed the mangled leaf that hung down, and put the flower in his button-hole.

"I am sorry to have hurt it," said he, "but I didn't see it; so I am not so much to blame."

Ellen smiled at his gravity. She answered quickly:

"You needn't laugh; you believe as

firmly as I do, that flowers have sensation."

"So I do; so I do."

"What else were you going to say to me?"

"To beg you to go to church when you can, even if art adorns it. Our imagination loves to represent God surrounded by all glories, beauties, and splendors; and I doubt not that the Catholic church owes to the pomp of its worship, to the poesy of its rites, the preponderance it has enjoyed until now, in spite of the scandals of Rome, and the horrors of the Inquisition."

"Prove to me that the pretty dress put on to please a lover is an insignificance; the exchange of the wedding ring a 'platitudo'; the flower" (he glanced unconsciously at his button-hole) "preserved till death, an absurdity; then, I will recognize that forms, symbols, ceremonies are words void of sense, and that all external signs of respect and adoration given to the Divinity are as ridiculous as manifestations of our love to beings we cherish. Then, the supreme love will be not to show any, and Mr. Brooks will become the type of the true lover."

"Mr. Brooks—a lover!"

The idea was so funny that Ellen and Mr. Brown laughed merrily. Mr. Brown got up imitating his stiff, formal gait, cold, stern face, and offered his arm to Ellen with a sentimental bow. They walked off in great glee, following the sweep of the wall, and calling aloud to Abby.

She soon came limping up to them,

leading a little brown fawn that struggled hard to get away.

"Oh! Mr. Brown, do lead it for me.

It has broken the string twice, and now it's so short, it tires my arm so. See how it pulls. Bad little thing! I've been chasing after it ever since I left you, and fell down and scraped my knee. Look here!"

Her stocking was covered with blood; her face dripping with perspiration, and her hair rolled up in tight curls from its moist, blowsy condition.

"We'll let Nelly, as you call her, lead the fawn, and I'll lead you. You'll make yourself sick running so long and hard."

He took her up in his arms, bound his handkerchief round her knee, and started off with her." Ellen followed with the fawn, which seemed quite docile as soon as freed from its mischievous tormentor.

The sun was now in its noon-day warmth, the sky blue, and cloudless. The balmy spring air was full of hope and happiness. Abby had fallen asleep on Mr. Brown's shoulder. His step was slow, and he stopped often to rest, as if anxious to prolong some pleasant dream that was fast passing away. Ellen thanked him simply for the weight he had taken from her spirits and the courage he had given her to believe more in herself. "To believe," she said sadly, "not to act."

The dinner-bell, rung furiously by an impatient hand, warned them that the summons must have been made once or twice before; and, hastening their pace, they soon reached the house.

SONNET.

THE hungry flame hath never yet been hot,
To him who won his name a crown of fire;
But it doth ask a stronger soul and higher,
To bear, not longing for a prouder lot,
Those martyrdoms whereof the world knows not—
Hope wreathed with frosty scorn, the faith of youth
Wasted in seeming vain defense of truth,
Greatness o'erturned with baseness, and fame got
Too late:—yet this most bitter task was meant
For those right worthy in such cause to plead,
And, therefore, God sent poets, men content
To live in humbleness and body's need,
If they may tread the path where Jesus went,
And sow one grain of love's eternal seed.

HIGH LIFE—AT THE NORTH POLE.

EVERY part of our globe has its beauties and its charms; and he who has traveled much, brings, perhaps, no richer treasure home from his roving than the power to see what is striking and beautiful, even in the poorest region, the most arid country. Does not even the desert Sahara paint, on the heated, quivering air, images of passing splendor? In the very home of desolation, palm-shaded oases greet, like desert-dreams, the weary caravan; porphyry rocks rise in fantastic ruins, and the merry tinkle of the camel's bell, chiming in with the pilgrim's low chant, breaks like jubilant angels' voices upon the solemn silence. On the banks of the gigantic rivers of South America, primeval forests hide in their unbroken night the marvels of tropical vegetation; parasitic vines wind and weave their airy garlands around lofty trees, and bind the queenly palm to the humble mimosa. Above, hosts of bright-plumed parrots, jeweled humming birds and resplendent butterflies bask in the brilliant sunshine and seem to live but to enjoy—below, in the damp dark of the forest, the caiman wages his bloody war against the wolf and the ounce. The tropics are gorgeous in their luxuriant beauty; the marvels of the desert are wondrous and weird; but there is a land on earth that has still greater charms and more dazzling splendors. This is the home of winter, where he dwells in grim majesty amid eternal frost, and fashions, for a pastime, a truly wonderful world, not of marble and costly wood, but of simple, frozen water.

He is a magician like no other, all over the world: light, limpid water he changes by the mere touch of his wand into crystal bridges; the dry, dead blade of grass he decks with jewels of brightest hues, and the gigantic tree even he loves to clothe in light, transparent armor. At night on the window pane he paints dreamy landscapes of unknown regions, with lofty trees and fairy flowers; the Alpine heights he crowns, year after year, with glorious glaciers as with diadems of pure silver, and over field and meadow he spreads with tender care his white, warm coverlid of wondrous texture. But his magic power unfolds its richest works high up

in the north, in the deserted home of the seal and the ice-bear, on the banks of the polar sea, where plants even cease to exist, and where during man only comes for a season.

When the short hot summer of the poles is past and the sun remains, day after day, longer below the horizon, until at last he rises no more to greet the anxiously watching eye of man, then begins the enchanted work of winter. Dense fogs brood seething and heaving over the dark blue waves of the sea; heaven and earth and ocean are all lost in one great direful chaos, only here and there fantastic, glittering islands of ice shine for an instant through the darkness. At last the heavily-laden clouds sink lower and lower, until they break into wild hosts of joyous, jubilant flakes. Now they are tossed and tumbled about in the clear, frosty air; now they sink weary and worn to the ground; but they rise soon after again to renew their frolicsome dance in the wild wind, and then once more fall slowly and solemnly, like miniature stars. Light, airy atoms as they are, they soon form little heaps; as day follows day and the snow never ceases, mountains and valleys are leveled alike, and still it rattles and rustles in the air as if ten thousand sharp needles were clinking and clattering against each other. In the mean time, long, lank, crystals of ice, like frozen rays of light, have shot from the coast far into the waves of the ocean. The surf has broken them again and again; but ever new rays venture out on the dark waters, until at last they have tied and chained the waves under a thin, transparent net of frail, fragile crystals. In vain does the wrathful ocean rise and roar; the great magician has bound it with fetters that no power on earth can break, save only the warm, loving light of the sun.

Now land and water lie alike hid under the smooth, silent pall of snow; a dread desert all around; not a bush, not a moss, not a single sign of life as far as the eye can reach; death and desolation alone seem to reign supreme. But, as ever, "out of death cometh life," so here also, at the very moment when life seems to have sunk to its lowest ebb, the polar world begins to unfold

its richest splendors. From time to time, a pale, yellow light flits and flickers awhile about the horizon and pours its magic sheen over the vast, voiceless world of ice; and when it passes away, moon and stars send down their silvery shimmer, that lights up the virgin heads of icebergs, and glides, as with sweet, silent kisses, over the slumbering plain. Every icicle and every snow-flake brightens up for an instant, as if grateful for such tender love, and from far and from near, faint fairy lights shoot up to the dark heavens, now dazzling and resplendent, now gently glowing in humbler effusion, until our senses are bewildered and a new world seems to have opened its marvels before us.

Further on, lofty glaciers are busily building; they rise to towering height, and fashion themselves into quaint ruins or slender spires; they pour mocking floods of frozen waters over the sharp edge of a precipice, and you fancy you see both the bounding billows and the rising surf. In bold, beautiful arches they climb up to the rocky coast, as if they wished to support it with their strong, storm-beaten buttresses; and on the plain they arrange themselves in lofty colonnades, like ancient Egyptian temples. More marvelous still is the mysterious life that seems to dwell in these strange structures. It is not alone the ghastly and appalling light of double and treble suns, united by gorgeously-colored arches, that illumines the heavens, nor the brilliancy of the stars as they are marshaled in countless hosts on the dark sky behind them. The icebergs themselves shine in azure and silver sheen; and the rose-colored, snow blazes up, now and then, in dazzling effulgence. But what is stranger still, and more beautiful, is the constant, unbroken play of light amidst those grottoes and ruins of ice. Now it breaks forth as in one great flood of sunshine, that pours its sudden splendor over temples and into huge caverns, and then again it divides into a thousand mocking, mysterious sparks, that shine for an instant, and playfully pass from edge to edge in the magic ruins and dreamy arcades. All would fain become light. Crystals seem to sigh for a change into a ray of brightness, and to flee from their silent, lifeless home. Everywhere light and life apparently wrestle with

darkness and death; and over the whole there spreads ever and anon a ghastly, silent shimmer, as if resurrection was breaking through the night of destruction. Deep, dark shadows rest by the side of shining heights, as the bitter pain of death mingles with the sweet hopes of the life to come.

But, like all that is beautiful on earth, this magic world also has its end. As soon as the long night makes way for the long day, it vanishes. Now foaming torrents begin to pour their floods from lofty mountain-tops; now the triumphant waves of the ocean crack and crush the heavy, icy fetters that have held them captive so long. Huge floes, covering square miles, break off with thundering roar; gigantic icebergs, undermined by the hungry waters, tremble and totter, and then bury their lofty heads in the dark ocean, while the waters dance in fierce, exulting joy, and the white foam is dashed up to the clouds. The castles fall into genuine ruins; the long arcades crumble into fragments; the fairy lights vanish, one after another, and the whole brilliant world disappears like a dream. Towering masses of ice and floating glaciers are tossed about on the unchained waves, and dash their hard brows against each other. From under snow and ice, stern, sterile rocks reappear; scanty algæ and humble mosses clothe them in spots, whilst in the sheltered valley, grateful berries grow in unhopd for abundance. The reindeer comes from the south, in search of its dainty food, and the ice-bear prowls grumbling and growling around, to surprise the unwieldy seal, and the fowl on its well-feathered nest. The white fox of the poles is seen gliding along the scanty cover, to entrap the poor little hare, that sleeps nine long months of the year; and the wolf forms numerous parties, to feast on the long-maned musk-ox. Still, even now, life is but scanty, and solitude yet prevails. Only much further south, the ice-fashioned window of the Esquimaux shines now and then, with pale, borrowed light; and the sole companion that Captain Parry knew, during his ten months' captivity on Melville Island, was a snow-owl, that managed to live on the tiny Hudson mice. For a few weeks in summer, wild fowl and sea-mews give life to the air; seals break, with powerful tusks, large air-holes in the thick

ice, and whales toss and tumble about in the open waters, and prepare for their journey towards the south.

These are the marvels of the north pole that first strike the eye of man. But greater wonders still are hid below the surface—true wonders of a new, unknown power, that men have sought for, and searched, during ages. Around our globe there are passing, from hour to hour, mysterious currents. Like the tide of the ocean, they rise and they fall; they penetrate far into the crust of the earth; they dwell—who knows how?—in all our iron; they pass on invisible paths through the air; hover around every plant; are ever active, and ever wanted in the human body; kindle the half-fabulous Aurora, and may, we have reason to think, be the bearers, if not the creators, of light upon earth. What of old was to the alchemist the magic of attraction and aversion—the love and the hatred of the elements—their meeting and their parting—their power to create and to destroy—that is to the scholar of our day the virtue of magnetic and electric currents. And these have their hidden home in the marvelous regions of the polar world.

Man's restless spirit had long searched for their secret dwelling-place. With the magnetic needle in his hand, he had wandered from zone to zone, from the depths of the earth to its loftiest mountain tops, and from the heat of the equator to the ever-frozen regions. He feared not, at last, to venture amid a thousand dangers, to encounter the glaciers and icebergs of the poles, in their native land, and to skim over the snows in his light, fragile sledge, in order to discover the long-hidden seat of the Northern magician. His eye ever bent upon the fitful movements of his tiny needle, he followed his unerring guide through fogs and mists, through tempests and torrents. The needle led him across the burning desert, and the pathless ocean. Soon he discovered that the same mysterious powers—magnetism and electricity—led the wanderings of the clouds in heaven, and of the beasts on earth. The fish in the water, we now know, follow the current of magnetism of the globe, and the birds in the air; through the muscles and nerves of our body it passes, in restless, but regular motions; from the thunder-cloud it draws its lightning;

from the metal wire it flashes in brilliant flames; it dwells in the humble eel of South American rivers, and it uplifts the ocean, or heaves continents, by its marvelous power.

The homes of these wonderful currents—their central places—lie close to the poles. Where plants live no longer, where animal life ceases to exist, there man has found, in late years, the first point of that great power. Here the magnetic needle stands nearly upright. But in striking contrast with its importance, this point, that hides one of the most mysterious secrets of the world, lies in a flat, level country, where barren sand stretches far and near, and only at a distance rises into low, prosy downs. Yet, light and heat, physical, and even mental life, all seem to spring from this mysterious centre, to encircle the earth's gigantic globe, and the smallest atom that floats in the ether. From the deserts of the poles, a spring of most delicate, nervous life thus gushes forth, in ever-restless, ever-longing desire; and there, amidst snow and ice, lies buried the primitive source of that as yet unexplored power, that many are disposed to consider as the long sought for vital force of science.

Certain it is, that the secret of the earth's life lies near the pole, from whence it passes, in oddly-traced circles, around our globe, and forms and fashions its surface. The great mountains of all the continents follow these magnetic lines; they mark the path of the Ural, and of the granite rocks of Sweden; the romantic heights of Scotland, and the grim, rugged Pyrenees, the Alps and the Caucasus, the Taurus, and all the gigantic ranges of India, are closely chained to the lines thus appointed. All that the earth bears on her broad bosom is subject to their marvelous influence; whatever there is on the globe, either follows the magnet, or seeks to avoid it. Even the air obeys the universal influence: in summer, during excessive heat, it rejects and repels the electro-magnetic power; in winter, it receives it in friendly embrace. Man has made the all-powerful agent—like all other things earthly—his slave, and his servant; he has found it to be the agent in the formation of crystals, and thus learned to create, as it were, both minerals and jewels. By its aid he now sends the intangible thought of his mind across continent

and ocean; he produces a light more brilliant than all others known; he parts the very elements of water, and changes the fluid into gases that give him both heat and light; and having but recently discovered the close connection between magnetism and light, he is now on the point of revealing its last, hidden secret.

Turning from those mysterious regions of the poles that human eye has not yet beheld, and from those marvels that human mind has not yet explored, to more southern, and hence more familiar lands, we still find that every step reveals to us new wonders and new secrets. Far underneath the eternal ice, and below volcanic rocks there lie buried the palm-forests of earliest ages. Tree by tree, they rest there, as if the tender hand of our good mother nature had laid them to slumber, strange, eloquent witnesses of those dark days, when the earth bore tropical trees where now the birch even reaches but a stunted growth of a few inches. That graywacke and those coals hide in their silent realms the secrets of the childhood of our earth. The first islands that rose from the waters, when God said: *Let the dry land appear!* they floated about in the hot heaving deluge, and covered themselves with a world of gigantic plants, such as only the Ganges and the Amazon can now present. What storms and what strife they must have seen, these first children of the earth! The oldest foundation of our globe, they now rest in silence and solitude: glaciers and icebergs crown them as with the silvery hair of hoary old age, and the long polar night fore-shadows their coming destruction.

But the fire that then threatened to melt the new-born planet, is not subdued yet; every now and then it still breaks forth with ancient fury from the very midst of the icy masses, blasts and bursts the cold armor, and casts its bloody glare far into the wintry night and over the pale fields of snow. Or a glowing stream of lava rises proudly from the trembling, tottering mountain; it descends into the snow-covered valley, destroys all the magic works of winter, and drives in wild rage streams of boiling water before it, until it falls exhausted, a fiery cascade, into the broad ocean.

As the gigantic volcano tries from time to time to free his proud neck

from the yoke of burdensome ice, so the hot springs of the Geyser carry on an unceasing warfare against the world of snow. Far down, from an almost unfathomable depth, they throw the seething waters high into the air, and gather them back again in their wide basin. In the silent, deserted valley, amidst pale basalt rocks, there rises and falls, like the beating of a monstrous pulse, the impassioned spring in aimless wrath, the only sign of life in the midst of death.

Nor are the seas of the polar regions less full of wonders. Even the boldest of mariners venture not to visit them, except at midsummer, and then not without imminent danger. Dense, dismal fogs brood over the angry waves, or wild snow storms darken the sweet light of day. Even his most trusty companion and guide, the compass, here forsakes man; the indolent needle points ever towards the bow of the vessel and forgets its proper allegiance. For so near the magnetic pole even the magnet loses its mysterious power, and the iron of the ship attracts it more forcibly. The sailor's best friend is often the walrus, whose watchful outposts fail not to warn, with loud, anxious cries, their own brethren of the approaching foe, and thus not unfrequently inform the latter of the danger that threatens his ship from floe or iceberg. Upon large masses of ice the white bear of the north ventures far into the sea, after seal and walrus; as agile in swimming as in climbing on land, he fears no danger and boldly braves even the deadly weapons of man. Amidst countless myriads of jelly like-beings, so numerous that they color the waters of the sea, passes slowly the giant of the ocean, the whale, and swallows them painfully by the million. Neither the extreme cold nor the enormous pressure of water prevents hosts of Medusæ and sea-nettles from roaming freely about; and where not a shrub nor a blade of humble grass covers the naked, barren soil, there grow in the far depths of the sea quaint, bright colored algæ in gigantic proportions, and carry, instead of flowers, gay, shining shell-fish between their branches. When the children of Iceland are threatened with famine on shore, they reap their harvest out at sea; they gather the precious sea-

wrack, and grind it into nutritious flour. And when no plant upon earth can cure the sad sufferer of his disease in the chest, the carraghen moss of Iceland brings comfort and sweet relief, if not absolute restoration. Thus here also, thanks to an all-bountiful Father in heaven, man finds food and aid where death and destruction alone apparently reign.

Around the coasts of the polar seas, stretch, far away, lands and islands, covered during nine months of the year, if not longer, with snow and ice. They are mostly fearful snow-deserts, where the furious storms of the north play a mad game with high hills of snow, and in raging fury drive and drift huge masses through the howling wilderness, and over the silent fields. Here grows no tree, and no shrub; no grain ever ripens, no fruit ever matures—in well sheltered valleys, alone, a few berries are found, a birch of a few inches high, and a wholesome, acid sorrel. Gray mosses and lichens, however, cover the vast plain, clothe the bare, sterile rock with warm, cosy verdure, and edge the banks of deep-bedded streams. A broad belt of such moss-steppes surrounds the north pole, broken in upon by steep, rugged rocks, or by immense swamps and morasses. These snow-deserts would be without life, as they have not a tree for shelter, and not a plant for food or garment, if they were not the home of countless herds of reindeer. How wondrous again, that where death and solitude reign, such fullness of life should appear of a sudden! Wherever we glance at the broad lands of our earth, in the blessed regions of the tropics, or the barren steppes near the pole, everywhere we find the same tender care and supreme wisdom of the Creator. When the cold of winter is most severe, and the season of storms is approaching, these stag-like, grayish brown reindeer may be seen moving in dense columns towards the southern forests of ever-green pines. It is a noble sight, these uncounted hosts of well-built, powerful animals, with their gracefully curved antlers carried proudly on high, until they resemble the wintry forest when stripped of its foliage. Their flexible, well-protected fetlocks rattle across the plain, as they chase each other in merry sport, and dash with winged speed over the snow-covered fields. When they have

reached the safe shelter of the woods, they stand for hours, rigid and motionless, but, for the sake of warmth, closely pressed one against another. As soon as the storm has passed over their heads, new life is infused in the apparent statues; they tear bark and moss from the trees, and scrape with powerful hoof the snow from the ground, until they reach the welcome lichens beneath. And if it were covered under a thickness of six feet, their keen, marvelous scent would never fail to find it in ample abundance. With the spring come the strange enemies of these powerful animals, gaddies of terrible fierceness, that drive them—true children of the “fly in Egypt”—with irresistible fury back to the north. Their crowds are so dense, that they change day into night; they lay their noxious eggs in the skin, the nose, and even the palate of the miserable reindeer, who soon are covered all over with pustules and swellings. They fall by the hundred, sad victims of a despised little insect; the survivors are reduced to mere skeletons, and so thoroughly frightened, that they flee in wild terror if they hear but the humming of a distant gad-fly. As they approach the north, they find there rich pastures of moss, and fatten once more on the shores of the polar seas! They follow the same paths from year to year, and the same fords across rivers; wolves and bears pursue them with hungry hostility. When the short, hot summer is past, they wander back again to the southern forests, grazing, in herds of a hundred, close by each other. But not all reach the desired haven; for, as they cross the broad rivers, Tunguses and Samojedes rush forth from their ambush, and with wild cries terrify them so, that they swim helplessly to and fro, interlace their broad antlers, and soon succumb in bloody carnage. A skillful, experienced Tungus has been known to kill more than a hundred in a short half-hour, dashing with his light birch canoe into the midst of the maddened and frightened herd. Others again are caught alive by a noose thrown over their antlers, and thus dragged ashore. A short time suffices to tame them, and then they are taught to draw the slight sledge—a hollow trunk covered with reindeer fur—and to obey the voice of their master. Thus the children of the north make their almost incredible journeys, bringing costly furs from America to distant Siberia, though

it cost them a voyage of nearly six months! One or two reindeer are tied with thongs to the sledge, and they are off. At night, he tethers his faithful servants, and lets them find their scanty repast under the snow, while he creeps into his narrow tent, made of reindeer-skins, and lights his little lamp to keep him warm. If he has no tent, he wraps himself up in double reindeer-skins, which by their peculiar mixture of wool and hair are proof against rain, snow and cold, and sleeps very comfortably on the hard-frozen snow, to continue his journey on the morrow.

Thus numerous, powerful nations, on this continent as well as in Europe, exist only by means of this invaluable animal, without which neither northern Siberia nor the upper regions of America would be a fit abode for man. Like the camel of the south, the reindeer also requires a hunter's nomadic life. Even the Lapps and the Finns, who own immense domesticated herds, must travel with them, for pasturage. Together they move down from the beloved mountains, to fish at the sea-shore during the short summer months, and together they return to their home among the rocks.

They ride them, and drive them; they milk them; they know them by sight, and call them by their names, and even their poor, insufficient language has not less than seventy-six different words for the beloved, indispensable reindeer!

But what strange, terrible fate could ever lead men to still higher regions, where even the reindeer cannot exist, where the summer sun shines but upon eternal ice and snow, and where winter has an unbroken night of more than three months? Still, there are nomadic races living far beyond the northern coast of America—the only races on earth that have neither history, nor even tradition. Their religion consists in a few childish charms; their society knows not the form of law, nor alas! the spirit of love; their existence is barely above vegetation. Capt. Ross discovered in the northernmost parts of Baffin's Bay a tribe of two hundred souls, who had never heard of other men, cut off as they were, by the ocean and by impassable mountains, from all fellow-beings. Their narrow country was to them the whole earth, and all the rest they believed to be a desolate mass of ice.

ASPIRATION.

THOU sea, whose tireless waves
Forever seek the shore—
Striving to clamber higher,
Yet failing evermore;
Why wilt thou still aspire,
Though losing thy desire?

Thou sun, whose constant feet
Mount ever to thy noon,
Thou canst not there remain—
Night quenches thee so soon;
Why wilt thou still aspire,
Though losing thy desire?

Rose, in my garden growing,
Unharm'd by winter's snows,
Another winter cometh,
Ere all thy buds uncloset;
Why wilt thou still aspire,
Though losing thy desire?

Mortal! with feeble hands
Striving some work to do,
Fate, with her cruel shears,
Doth all thy steps pursue;
Why wilt thou still aspire,
Though losing thy desire?

THE ROMANCE OF CRIMEAN HISTORY.*

OF the overflowing literature to which the Eastern war has given rise, to us, one of the most acceptable products is Mr. Milner's *History of the Crimea*.

It is a very readable, and we think a trustworthy book. Mr. Milner is a man of research, evidently a careful student, and an agreeable writer. His style is easy and attractive. He takes the reader up lightly, and carries him along pleasantly. Perhaps he lacks nerve as a narrator; and one misses the glow and grace, which only a dramatic imagination can give to the groupings and the details of history. Nor ought we to lose the chance of vindicating our critical sagacity which is offered us by a suspicion that Mr. Milner is more deeply indebted, than the uninitiated would imagine, to a certain venerable quarto entitled *L'Histoire de la Chersonèse Tauride*, by M. Stanislaus Siestrzesczewicz de Bohusz, a gentleman at whose name, indeed, our readers may sneeze, but whose merits as a chronicler we advise no one rashly to dispute.

Leaving Mr. Milner and M. Bohusz, however, to settle their accounts as they may please, we propose to avail ourselves freely of the labors of both and of many other literary workmen besides, in order to sketch the outlines of the romantic history of that far-away peninsula, on which the eyes of the civilized world have been fixed with an interest so intense during the first campaigns of the great war of the Western Alliance.

Three years ago the name of the Crimea was scarcely more familiar to our ears than that of Cambodia. Children learned its boundaries at school; antiquarians squabbled over its sites; but, for the most part of men in this western world, the Chersonesus was a very dim and shadowy fact, floating on the far horizon of fancy—just a trifle nearer to us than Cathay; just a trifle further from us than Cashmere.

And yet the Crimea has an authentic history—most stirring and most strange. Within that small peninsula, great tragedies have been enacted. It has witnessed the rise and fall of mighty

monarchs; the glory and the shame of great races of men.

War and woman—these are the staple of romance; Ulysses—

“On the ringing plains of windy Troy,
Drinking delight of battle with his peers;”

or:

“In the boyhood of the year
Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere
Riding through coverts of the deer,
With blisafal treble ringing clear;”

these are the types of those eternal passions which make history romantic.

A woman's smile or a warrior's sword shines on every page of the Crimean history; and we fear not to affirm that, if all possible histories could be fairly written, few would charm with more irresistible magic than this.

How pathetic is the picture with which it first rises upon our sight.

Three thousand years ago, the barks of the confederate princes of Greece lay in the port of Aulis, waiting for the wind to waft them to the shores of the divine Troy. They waited, but no breeze shook their sails. The wrath of the gods was visibly kindled against them; and, from one to another, the princes looked, seeking the offender. That offender was their royal chief. Agamemnon, king of men, had slain the favorite stag of Diana; and the goddess, said the solemn priest, would never loosen her hold upon the fleets of Greece, till the wrong she had suffered should have been appeased, by the sacrifice of the sinner's beauteous child—the young Iphigenia.

The sacrificial knife hung suspended in the hand of Chalcas above the maiden's devoted head; when Diana appeased at once, and moved with pity, snatched the victim from the altar, and bore her away to be a votary and a priestess in the temple of Cape Parthenium among the Tauri of the Tauric Chersonese.

Hard by the monastery of St. George at Balaklava the remains of that old temple are standing now.

The sentiment and pathos of Euripides gave immortality to the legend; and we doubt not that many an English-

* *The Crimea, its Ancient and Modern History.* By the Rev. THOMAS MILNER. London, 1855.

man, not all unmindful of Eton and of Oxford, has delighted himself in the lapses of the weary siege of Sebastopol with tracing in the nooks and crannies of the iron-bound coast, and the land-locked inlets of the sea, that still retreat wherein Orestes, the brother of the priestess, accompanied by his faithful Pylades, sought concealment after their shipwreck, and were discovered by the fishermen, whose trade it was to "fish the *murex* up" for his fine purple dye.

Homer says nothing of Iphigenia and her touching story; but the shores of the Crimea are not without an echo of his song.

Ulysses, always roaming with a hungry heart, is supposed to have touched at the Tauric Chersonese. Did he sail westward or eastward from the fields of Troy? Dubois de Montperreux carries him into the Euxine; and surely the *Times* Correspondent, himself, could give no better picture than this of the harbor of Balaklava.

"Within a long recess a bay there lies,
Edged round with cliffs, high pointing to the skies;
The jutting shores that swell on either side,
Contract its mouth and break the rushing tide.
Our eager sailors seized the fair retreat,
And bound within the port their crowded fleet;
For, here retired, the sinking billows sleep,
And smiling calmness silvered o'er the deep,
I only in the bay refused to moor,
And fixed, without, my hawsers to the shore."

Odyssey, Book X.

Thus it is that the peninsula, which, under various guises—as Taurida, the Tauric Chersonesus, Crim Tartary, and now as the Crimea—has so often flashed out on the world's history, begins to glimmer faintly, in mist and fable, there, on the shores of the Inhospitable Sea, three thousand years ago.

What was the rude race which first peopled it—a race so rude, that all strangers cast upon their shores became a sacrifice to their inhospitable gods?

Succeeding revolutions have of course all but obliterated the traces of the first Celtic inhabitants. Their remains are but slight—slight, yet significant—remains which, apparently meaningless, are yet eloquent and persuasive to the archeologist and the ethnographer. Celtic, then, the first people was. When this people reached the Crimea, it would, of course, be difficult to determine. Any research in that direction would require

to be pursued in the geologic, rather than the historic method—by that paleontologic mode of investigation employed by the geologist or the archeologist. In all probability they roamed the steppes, and dwelt among the hills of the Crimea for centuries before they became known to Greek adventure. There is even a myth which would point to the discovery of the peninsula by the Argonauts, which antedates, by a hundred years, the annals of

"Thebes or Pelop's line,
Or the tale of Troy divine."

Herodotus, too, speaks of an invasion of the Scythians into the country of the primitive *Tauri* or mountaineers, fifteen hundred years before the birth of Christ. With these the aborigines would seem to have united: and it was these Tauro-Scythes that became known to the Greeks as *Cimmerians*—an old vocable (C R M) which we find resounding through a variety of names, as *Cimmeria*, *Crimea*, *Crim* (Tartary), *Crimbres*, *Cymry*. Tradition makes these a "savage race, using stones and clubs as weapons, fierce to strangers," and even massacring those who arrived on their shores. The hostility of the inhabitants, joined to the difficulties and dangers of the navigation of the Black Sea, it doubtless was which caused the Greeks to give it the appellation of the *Inhospitable*—*ἀξενος*. This reputation it retained long enough. Ovid, the Roman poet, and Tertullian, the Christian bishop, have both poured out their execrations upon it.

And so through centuries of darkness, of *Cimmerian* darkness, 'mid which glimmers only the faint light of fable, these Kelts, these Scythians lived. On the extreme verge of ancient civilization dwelt they, "beyond the ocean stream, wholly wrapt in mists and darkness, where Helios never looks down with his illuminating sunbeams." Off to the east lay those wild, mystic Caucasian crags whereon agonized the divine Prometheus, who brought down the celestial fire to mortals; those crags the wandering Io crossed in her journeyings. Hidden in that little peninsula, all unknowing and unknown, the Kelts remained, till, in the seventh century, they flashed out on the history of the world, in a quite unexpected manner.

In the seventh century, B. C., the

Greeks commenced an extensive colonial system along the shores of the Black Sea. Its coasts were explored—Greek civilization and Greek commerce were planted thereon, and the Pontic itself came to be regarded no longer as the *Inhospitable*, but as the *Hospitable*—*Εὐχέσιμος*—Euxine Sea.

Two Greek settlements were made about this time in the Crimea. One from Miletus to the Eastern peninsula of Kertch, the other from Heraclea to the southwestern part of the Crimea—the Heracleatic Chersonesus, as it was afterwards called. The Milesians founded the city of Panticapæum, the present *Kertch*, and Theodosia, to which the Tartars afterwards gave the appellation of *Kaffa*. The settlers from Heraclea built the city of *Cherson*—not the Cherson near the Dneiper—but another city of the same name, close by the harbor of Sebastopol—Sebastopol, in fact, being built on the ruins of one of its suburbs. This little republic flourished some two thousand years. Its history is full of romance: we shall meet with it again.

The extensive settlements made by the Milesians in the eastern part of the Crimea, were, in course of time, consolidated into one power, under the name of the Kingdom of Bosphorus, whereof Panticapæum became the capital. It begins to be of importance, say five centuries before Christ, and flourished, altogether, for about eight hundred years. This kingdom would seem to have been, on the whole, not without a certain splendor. For three hundred years Panticapæum and Theodosia carried on a grand and massive system of commerce with the mother-country. Their galleys sailed, freighted with corn, wool, furs, salted provisions, and sturgeons, for Greek gourmands. Their little peninsula became the granary of Greece. The fertility of its soil enabled it to send an annual export of 400,000 medimni of corn to Athens; and even yet it has not altogether lost its ancient character. Oliphant mentions the curious fact that the buck-wheat of Kertch carried off the prize at the World's Fair, in London, 1851. "It was to Athens, in the age of Demosthenes," says Mr. Milner, "what Egypt became to Rome, in the days of the Empire—the country on which her citizens depended for the staff of life, a mart for her traders, and a nursery for her ma-

rines." Leucon, the fifth sovereign, lives in history as a wise and powerful prince. He gained the eternal gratitude of Attica, by feeding it during a great famine.

But the most romantic figure in the history of the Bosphoric Kingdom is that of Mithridates, the mighty sovereign of Pontus, that prince whom Cicero held to be the greatest monarch that ever filled a throne.

The Crimea fell into his hands when the Greek colonists found themselves impotent against the harassing attacks of the interior tribes. Crimean cohorts were ranged beneath his banners, while for thirty years he bade defiance to the eagles of Rome. Defeated at length in that famous battle fought by moonlight on the banks of the sacred Euphrates, the Pontic sovereign fled, before the victorious Pompey, into the heart of the Crimea. There in that very Panticapæum, now called Kertch, he lived out the few last and miserable years of his magnificent career. "Though old and afflicted with an incurable ulcer, he bated not 'one jot of heart or hope;' but conceived the daring project of marching westward round the shores of the Euxine, gathering the wild tribes of the Sarmatians and the Getai to his standard, and throwing these masses upon the frontiers of the Roman state!"

Well might the republic decree twelve days of thanksgiving for the overthrow of so indomitable a foe.

But the valor, and the wisdom, and the will of Mithridates, his skill in policy, and in arms, his cunning in medicine, all availed him not against an enemy mightier than Pompey. Treason and ingratitude smote him down, and he lies buried in Crimean soil. They point you now to his tomb. His ungrateful son Pharnaces did not long enjoy the throne he had basely purchased. He quarreled with his Roman masters; and on the field of Zela, Cæsar "came, saw, and conquered" him.

The Crimea passed under the sway of Rome, and it was one of the first provinces detached from the colossal empire in the great northern convulsion. The Goths overwhelmed it, and the Bosphoric province disappeared from history, about the fourth century.

The modern town of Kertch still preserves many traces of the Bosphoric days.

Vestiges of towers and mighty walls,

thousands of barriers or tumuli attest the grandeur of the ancient Panticapæum—the “city all of gardens.” Vases, statues, ornaments of all kinds have been exhumed from time to time. Many of them adorn the hermitage at St. Petersburg; many more *did* adorn the museum at Kertch, till the vandalism of the Turks and the Zouaves destroyed that curious and beautiful collection.

It is a striking illustration of the profound ignorance in respect to the Crimea, which prevailed before the eastern war broke out, that it should have been left for an American traveler, Mr. George Sumner, of Boston, to inform the British government of the existence of this collection at Kertch, and to suggest to them the propriety of looking after its safety.

Bosporus fell; Cherson, meanwhile, however, continued to flourish. And flourish she did till the thirteenth century of our era—escaping, for ages, the weakness and decay into which the Hellenic race was plunged—preserving for a thousand years, while Greece was sunk in abject slavery and degradation, her glory and her freedom—with

“A Homer’s language murmuring in her streets,
And in her haven many a mast from Tyre.”

Cherson, with her own free institutions, governed by her own elective Archon, cherishing the customs and imitating the policy of Greece, long maintained her commercial prosperity and her political liberties. It was not until about the middle of the ninth century that the Emperor Theophilus destroyed, in a measure, the independence of Cherson, by bringing it under the dominion of the Eastern Empire. Thus brought into contact with the corrupt spirit of the Byzantine power, the integrity of the little republic soon vanished; and it was thus prepared to fall an easy prey to the Tartar hordes which, four centuries later, swept across Europe. Meanwhile, however, let us glance at its history.

During these early centuries we notice the intimate relationship which Cherson held to Rome and the Emperors. Dioclesian, for some signal services which she rendered the State, granted her citizens extensive commercial privileges throughout the Roman Empire; and the Empire itself, during

the old age of Constantine the Great, was indebted to the valor of the Chersonites for a defense against an invasion of the Gothic and Sarmatian tribes, who had crossed the Danube and were preparing to fall upon the Western World. Constantine, in gratitude, sent to Cherson a golden statue of himself; and, better still, granted her a charter ratifying every commercial immunity bestowed upon the city by preceding Emperors. Cherson would also seem to have served as a place of banishment during the reigns of the Roman Cæsars. Large numbers of the early Christians, in particular, appear to have been sent thither. In a quarry near by Inkermann, St. Clement, first Bishop of Rome, by order of the Emperor Trajan, for many years labored. The rocks in this vicinity are positively “honey-combed with cells and chapels,”—the work of exiles, refugees, recluses, and monks of the early Christian epoch.

The history of Cherson, during these imperial ages, is preserved to us only in a general way; but we catch glimpses of romance throughout. Here, for instance, is a story related by Constantine Porphyrogenitus, the imperial author of the *De Ceremoniis*. Like a snatch of an old Homeric epic, it is borne across these fifteen centuries. About the middle of the fourth century, Lamachos was president of Cherson, and Osandros, King of Bosporos. The Chersonites and Bosporians had, for a number of years, been at war with each other, and it was now proposed, in order to unite the two States in amity, to marry the son of Osandros to the only daughter of Lamachos. To this the Chersonites consented, on condition that the young Asander should never return to Bosporos, under pain of death. The marriage was celebrated, and Asander dwelt with the young Gycia in the palace of Lamachos, which was a building of regal splendor, covering four of the quadrangles marked out by the intersection of the streets in the quarter of Cherson called Souza, and having its own private gate in the city walls. Two years afterwards, Lamachos died, and Gycia became heir to his princely fortune. At the end of a year, Gycia went out to decorate her father’s tomb—having obtained permission from the Senate to entertain the whole body of the citizens of Cherson at a funeral banquet on the anniversary of her father’s

death, as long as she lived. Meanwhile her husband, Asander, conceived the design of making himself master of Cherson, and overthrowing its liberty. Accordingly, for two years, he caused men and warlike stores to be secretly transported from Bosporos, and concealed in the immense ware-houses inclosed within the walls of his wife's palace. Two hundred armed Bosporians were thus collected, and Asander was waiting for the approaching anniversary of the death of Lamachos to carry out his perfidious design.

But it chanced that, precisely at this time, a favorite maid of Gycia was, for some offense, banished to a room lying directly over where the Bosporians were concealed. Here, while the girl was sitting solitary, one day, her spindle dropped, and, rolling along the floor, it fell into a hole near the wall. In order to recover it, she raised one of the tiles of the pavement; when, stooping down, she descried the soldiers hidden in the vaults beneath. This fact the maid immediately communicated to her mistress, and Gycia herself became a witness of the strange spectacle. She saw that her own husband was meditating the ruin of her native city, and she resolved to prevent him!

Communicating the plot to a chosen committee of the Senate, it was resolved to destroy the conspiracy by burning the enemy in their place of concealment—Gycia willingly giving her ancestral palace to the flames to save her country. Meanwhile, however, the expected day arrived, and she ordered the preparations for the annual feast to be made with more than ordinary liberality. In the evening, Gycia, to the delight of her husband, proposed that all should retire to rest at an early hour. Asander waited till midnight to commence his treachery.

In the interim, however, Gycia packed up all her jewels, locked every door of the palace as she passed and hastened out, accompanied by her slaves. Forthwith she commanded the building to be fired on every side, and her husband perished in the flames of her ancestral palace. So did the patriotism of Gycia preserve the liberty of Cherson.

Gycia, in her revelation of the plot, had made it a condition that, when she died, she should be buried within the walls of Cherson. This was contrary

to the Hellenic custom—nevertheless it was granted. After the lapse of a number of years, however, Gycia, suspecting that the ardor of her countrymen's gratitude had cooled, determined to try if they would keep their promise. She pretended to be dead. The event proved as she had feared: the funeral procession passed the gates of the city, when, rising up from her bier, she exclaimed: "Is it in this way the people of Cherson keep their promise to the preserver of their liberty?" To prove that they would not again violate their promise, the Chersonites caused a tomb to be erected during her lifetime, with a statue of bronze placed over it. Here, when she really died, she was buried. The tomb stood uninjured in the tenth century, when the Byzantine Emperor recorded the story of her patriotism.

A century before this little tragedy at Cherson, on the stormy coast of Scandinavia lived a certain Rurik—a rude, self-helping Norse chieftain. The heart of the man swelled beyond the narrow boundaries of his northern home. So, taking with him a band of his bold fellow countrymen—*Varangians*, as they were called—he traversed the Baltic, entered the Gulf of Finland, and landed at the spot where now St. Petersburg stands. The Slavic power was, at this period, concentrated round Lake Ilmen, in the flourishing republic of Novgorod. Flourishing the republic was; yet the citizens seem to have been at strife with each other. Rurik, regarding this as a favorable opportunity, took possession of the government of Novgorod: this was in the year 864. The Scandinavians—the Strangers, the *Ruotsi*, as they were called—soon amalgamated with the primitive Slavi; Rurik transmitted the throne to his posterity; and so, all unnoticed, in the middle of the ninth century, this mighty Russian empire, which now o'er shadows the world, entered the system of European States.

Towards the end of the tenth century, Vladimir, the great-grandson of Rurik, and the Charlemagne of Russia, desiring to embrace the Christian faith, and, at the same time, to strike a blow at the Eastern Empire, marched southward into the Crimea, and besieged Cherson. Theophilus, as we saw, in the middle of the ninth century, had forced Cherson to receive an archon from Constantinople: to attack Cherson was, therefore,

indirectly to attack the Empire of the East. Vladimir, accordingly, laid siege to it; but the inhabitants offered a most valiant resistance. For six months Vladimir in vain essayed to take his Sebastopol. Thousands of his men perished in the attempt—and it was only by the treachery of one of the Chersonites—a priest—that he finally succeeded in capturing it.

Cherson taken, Vladimir's ambitious designs became apparent; for Nestor, the Russian annalist, recounts that he forthwith sent this message to Basil and Constantine, Emperors of the East: "I have taken one of your most celebrated cities; but, since, I understand that you have a sister still unprovided for—I wish you to know that I desire to marry her. Should you take it into your heads to deny me her, I shall do for your capital what I have done for Cherson." The brother emperors, too much afraid of this redoubtable northern wooer to refuse the request of Vladimir, sent their sister Anna to Cherson. Here Vladimir was baptized, and, the same day, married Anna. Thus Cherson, among the other strange sights it saw, witnessed the first friendly alliance of the Byzantine with this mighty northern empire, and the baptism of the first Christian Czar of Russia: it took place in the Church of St. Sophia.

And now this little Republic, with all its romance, must vanish from our pages and from the history of the world. An industrious population and an active commerce had given it a long prosperity. But it found rivals, as we shall see, with whom it was unable to compete, in the wily Genoese. These shackled its trade; and, falling at the same time under the baleful Monghol influence, it fell. In the sixteenth century, its walls and towers alone remained as witnesses of its former magnificence. More recently, Koch observed only a few mounds of stones lying one upon another. Its last vestige has, in all probability, by this time, quite vanished. Within its walls was heard the busy hum of traffic—commerce gathered all its luxuries, art, all its splendors, to enrich and adorn it, at a time when painted savages roamed the British Isles, and long ere the Roman legions disturbed the forests of Old Gaul. Now the booming of the French and English cannon resounds over its silent graves!

While these events were transpiring

in the cities of the Southern Crimea, the Peninsula itself was not free from invasions on the part of its northern neighbors. During the early centuries of our era—while Europe was one vast battle-ground; while, from the gloomy forests of the North, and the limitless steppes of the East, tribe after tribe, race after race, was rushing avalanche-like on the decaying civilization of Rome—various straggling Gothic and Hunnic tribes—off-streams from the great current of population—would seem to have entered the Crimea. Remains of them exist in the southwestern mountain chain, which long bore the name of *Gothi*; and Procopius even mentions Cherson as a Gothic city. Attila, the Scourge of God, placed his eldest son upon the throne of the Crimea.

About the fifth century, the name *Turk* began first to be heard in Europe; and for many hundred years the history of the Crimea runs in the same channel with the general stream of Turkish story. The special tribe that figured about this time was the *Khazars*. From the seventh to the tenth century, they are the great name in the whole of Southeastern Europe. They made themselves so formidable, that the proud Byzantine emperors were glad to cultivate their acquaintance. Constantine Copronymus allied himself by marriage with Irene, daughter of one of the Khazar Khans. Their influence in the Crimea is proved by the name *Khazaria*, which the whole Peninsula long bore.

In the ninth and tenth centuries, the power of the Khazars was broken up by that series of redoubtable Grand Princes who so brilliantly illustrate the early Russian annals. The *Khazar* rule was broken up, but only to make way for a still more formidable Turkish tribe—the *Patzinaks*. They seem to have held dominion over the Crimea for a century and a half—not without considerable happiness and prosperity. To them succeeded the *Commanes*, only to be overwhelmed by the mighty Golden Horde, from the plains of Tartary—that Golden Horde afterwards so well known throughout all Europe, and with whose fate the history of the Crimea, for two hundred and fifty years, became bound up.

Like a whirlwind, across Europe sweeps Genghis Khan! Originally the disinherited chief of a tribe of the Black

Tartars, on the borders of the Chinese Wall, he made himself the founder of the most gigantic dominion of the middle ages, and, perhaps, the most ruthless devastator the world has ever seen. He pushed his conquests as far as the Volga, and gave his western possessions into the command of his grandson, Batou Khan, as Viceroy. Of this mighty empire, whereof Russia, Poland, Hungary were members,—and which, with something of sarcasm, Batou Khan called his *Kiptshak*—"Hollow Tree"—the Crimea formed a small part. For two and a half centuries it continued to be governed as an apanage by under khans, who derived their power from the grand khans of the *Kiptshak*. It was then that the peninsula took the name of *Crim*, or Little Tartary. These Tartars—*Tatars* is the proper form of the name, but the Churchmen of the middle ages would persist in perceiving some intimate connection between those redoubtable Monghols and *Tartarus*—so Tartars let them be; these Tartars would appear to have behaved with considerable tolerance to the subdued peoples. Many revolts, however, chequer the annals of this period. One of the principal of these was a civil war, headed by the powerful chief *Noghaï*, who had married Euphrosine, natural daughter of the Emperor Michael Paleologus. In the conflict, *Noghaï* was defeated and slain, and the tribe which he led was scattered over the northern steppes of the Crimea. The descendants of these *Noghaïs*, or *Nogay* Tartars, survive, on those very steppes, even to this day.

Towards the fifteenth century this mighty Monghol power began to wane. Like a meteor the all-conquering Tamerlane gleams into history. The Tartar Khan is hurled from his throne. About the same time, too, appears Ivan the Terrible, to free Russia from the Mongol yoke, and trample their authority under his feet. The gigantic *Kiptshak* is dismembered, and the small remains of its almost limitless dominion fall into the Khanats of the Crimea, Kasan and Astrachan.

A descendant of Tamerlane ascends the throne of the khans; and to prevent the possibility of any of the house of Genghis ever assuming the sovereignty, he causes the entire family to be put to death. But it was fated that the stock of Tamerlane should not take root in

the soil; for, from the universal massacre of the house of Genghis, a youth, named *Devlet*, at that time about ten years of age, was saved by a shepherd called *Gherai*, and brought up by him in his humble home, as his own son, tending the cattle of his foster-father, and ignorant of his high lineage. The lad grew to be a man; and, amid a whirlwind of revolutions, while the disaffected tribes were anxiously in search of a prince of the house of Genghis, *Gherai* produced *Devlet*. Accordingly he was raised to the throne, and all the reward which *Gherai* asked was, that *Devlet* should assume the name *Gherai* in connection with his own. This, accordingly, was done by his successors for three centuries and a half.

And now for more than forty years the Crimea forms the centre of an independent monarchy, under *Devlet Gherai*, "who," remarks Mr. Milner, "inaugurated a new era in its history, and whose authority was acknowledged over a wide extent of the adjoining continent." He proved himself a remarkable man, able to rectify the confusion, and govern prosperously a people intractable by natural temperament, the absence of education, and rendered still more so by the license incident to repeated political revolutions. He witnessed a great change in the political position of Eastern Europe, though not its full effect. In 1453, the Greek empire fell; Constantinople came under the dominion of the Ottoman Turks; and the keys of the Black Sea passed into the hands of Mohammed II. Christendom, in its alarm, thought of a crusade against the 'Father of Conquest'; and, strangely enough, in 1465, Pope Paul II. sent an ambassador to the Tartar Khan, to invite his aid in the project. The Pontiff must have thought him, in no slight degree, a lax Musselman, to calculate upon his joining the Christian powers in a holy war against a co-religionist. But non-interference was a maxim with *Hadji Devlet*. The next year he died; and under his successors the Khanate lost its short-lived independence, till the mock restoration of it in 1774."

During these centuries the trade of the world was in the hands of the republics of Venice and Genoa. Eagerly did they both contend for a footing at Constantinople, and the commerce of the Euxine. In the twelfth century the

Venetians would appear to have been the most favored of the two; but in 1261 the Genoese placed Michael Paleologus on the throne of the Cæsars, and he, to show his gratitude, gave to them the almost exclusive trade of the Black Sea. About the same time, the two brothers, Nicolo and Maffeo Polo—adventurous young Genoese—visit the Crimea—are well received—discern, with their keen, commercial eyes, the vast importance of the harbors of the Southern Crimea as stopping-places for their ships to and from the East—bring back a favorable report to their countrymen, a few of whom emigrate hither, and so begins the connection of the Genoese with the Crimea. We recollect the city of Theodosia, which formed one of the chief cities of the Bosporanic dominion. It fell during the early centuries of our era; and when Arrian visited it he found only some Greek inscriptions on its mouldering walls. Here the Genoese established themselves—humbly begging, cap in hand, leave to settle, and a small tract of land from the Tartar Khan. Never were such wily fellows as these same Genoese. Little by little they extended their domain and their influence, till soon they had engrossed the entire port of Theodosia. Stores and magazines arose as by magic—with more than Grecian splendor it revived, and soon its walls shut in a population of over one hundred thousand inhabitants. This second Constantinople received the name of Kaffa, the Infidel. Catherine II. afterwards restored its ancient appellation of Theodosia, and Theodosia or Kaffa it continues to this day.

About the middle of the fourteenth century the Genoese acquired the possession of Cembalo. They found it a very fine harbor—Bella Chiava, and hence the name of *Balaklava*. This obtained, they soon afterwards united it with Kaffa, by the possession of the entire south coast. These shrewd commercialists thus came to monopolize the rich Chinese and Indian trade; for, previous to the discovery of a passage by the Cape of Good Hope from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, the commerce of the Orient was mainly brought by caravan to the shores of the Caspian, and thence by the river Phasis—that ancient Phasis, renowned in the story of the Argonauts—to the Euxine,

where it was met by the galleys of the Italians. "By means of these enterprising speculators, the silks, spices, and perfumes of the 'Georgious East,' aromatic and medicinal drugs, rhubarb from Astrachan, with skins, furs, hemp, flax, and iron from Siberia, were dispatched to the Western markets. Fine white wax was one of the most valuable of the Oriental exported products, being in constant demand, at a high rate, in all the great cities of Christendom, to be manufactured into candles for the gorgeous ceremonials of the Greek and Latin worship. Salt, from the inexhaustible stores of Perekop, was sent to Constantinople and the Archipelago, with salt fish and caviar, through the domain of the Eastern church, as allowed provender for fast-days."

The Genoese won the confidence and friendship of the Tartars, Devlet Gherai regarding them as the heralds of civilization.

But, though they came as humble factors, and in a guise as peaceful as that in which the much-injured Colonel Kinney approached Nicaragua, they soon aspired to rule in the land which had welcomed them.

Devlet Gherai, after a brilliant reign of over forty years, died, leaving eight sons.

The sixth of these sons, Mengli Gherai, was a partisan of the Genoese; and they sought to raise him to the throne. This was an interference the Tartars could not brook. Too weak themselves to contend with their formidable guests, they appealed to Mohammed II., the "Father of Conquest," who was now sitting in triumph, at Constantinople, on the throne of the Cæsars. Mohammed sent over an army to the aid of the Tartars, and, though the Italians made a most determined resistance, yet their power was completely broken and abolished. Speedy and most terrible was their extermination. From one strong-hold after another they were driven, till every vestige of them was swept away. The magnificent Kaffa itself—over whose gates stood the marble lions, the symbol of the republic's power—was utterly destroyed, and forty thousand of its Genoese inhabitants were transported to populate a suburb of Constantinople, where they were soon confounded with the other slaves of the Ottoman Empire.

Some miles south of Simpheropol, the present capital of the Crimea, rises the mountain of Tchadir-dagh, with an elevation of over a mile; it is the highest peak of that range which runs along the south coast, east and west, for some hundred miles, and meets the eye of the mariner far off on the ebbless Pontic. In this mountain is a cavern, into which you crawl on hands and knees. It bears the name of Foul Kouba. Within, you see, by the dim candle-light, that the ground is strewn with bones and skulls. Here, driven from every other lurking-place, some hundreds of the Genoese took refuge, thinking to escape the Tartar vengeance. But in vain: they were discovered by some Tartar Pelissier, and literally smoked to death. So perished the last of the Genoese!

The Crimea thus became an appanage of the Sultan's vast empire, governed by Khans, under his authority. A series of these rude, ruthless men, interrupted by the wise and good Gazi Gherei and Hadji Selim, misruled the Crimea for many years. Soliman, the Magnificent, closed the Black Sea to all but his own subjects; and for three centuries it remained one vast Ottoman lake.

The Crimea, under the Tartar domination, was a land of romance to the orientals. It furnishes the scene of not a few of the Thousand and One Arabian stories. Romantic, indeed, must the history of these days have been. Think of the races then brought together—the Italians at Kaffa, the Tartars at Bakshi-Seraï—the Catholic and the Mohammedan, the oriental despot and the western adventurer! The traveler in that strange country stumbles continually on the memorials of tales which would make the fortune of a novelist.

In all the picturesque Tartar city of Bakshi-Seraï, "The Palace of Gardens," there is no object more beautiful than the beautiful "Fountain of Tears." There is a light of love on its falling waters.

Once on a time, a Tartar Khan invaded Poland, as Tartar Khans were used to do; and, from Poland, he bore away Marie, the lovely daughter of the Count Polotsky. She was his prisoner; but he besought her to make him hers. He wooed her with a delicacy quite surprising in a Khan. He gave her grand apartments in his palace, and, good Mussulman as he was, erected for her a

Christian chapel, where mass was said by a Christian priest. Marie was "long to woo;" but we shall never know how far her heart was touched. For, before the Khan himself saw any cause for hope, a jealous Georgian lady—his jilted favorite—no doubt discerning the symptoms of relenting in Marie's heart, stabbed the fair Polack unto death. The Khan was in despair; and acted as became a Khan. He caused all the women in his harem to be instantly executed; and committed the murderess to the attentions of four wild horses, by whom she was torn in pieces. And, having thus relieved his injured soul, the Khan caused a splendid mausoleum to be erected, and therein, at morning and at evening, saluted the memory of his mistress with sighing and weeping. Where the mausoleum stood, stands now the Fountain of Tears.

A more fortunate lover was the Genoese Jefrosin, who wooed the daughter of a Tartar Khan, and won her not only to his heart, but to his faith. She abjured the Koran to wed her infidel, and made him happy. Yet his happiness was as brief as bright. She died after a very few years of wedlock, at the advanced age of eighteen, and her tomb still stands in the fortress of Tchirfert-Kalet.

During the long, dull centuries of the Turkish dominion, we catch a glimpse of one figure in the Crimea, which links the story of that peninsula to our own.

In the year 1602, the fields of the Bashaw Nalbritz were tilled by many slaves. And, among those slaves, was one young Englishman, captured in the Hungarian wars, and bought by the Bashaw, in Constantinople, to do him service in the Crimea.

The Englishman wore about his neck an iron ring with his master's brand—just such a ring as made the heart of Gurth, the swine-herd, chafe in Rotherwood forest, so long ago. For dress, he had only a rude coat of buffalo skin. But he bore about in his breast an unconquerable English spirit. One day, the Bashaw came into the threshing-floor, and found his English slave there alone. The Bashaw was out of temper, and he reviled and smote his serving-man. It was a dangerous game for the Bashaw to play, alone there on the threshing-floor. The English slave lifted up his flail, and smote the Bashaw to the earth. Then he hid the

dead Turk beneath the straw of his own grain, put on himself the dead Turk's gay attire, filled a knapsack with the dead Turk's corn, mounted the dead Turk's gallant grey, and rode hastily off to the westward. In sixteen days, this fugitive slave reached Russia, and thence got back to England.

The next year, one Captain Gosnold fitted out an enterprise to the New World; and, of that enterprise, our fugitive was the heart and soul.

Is it a decent regard for consistency, or only the fear of some subtle mischief to her "peculiar institutions," which has so long prevented Virginia from paying due honors to the memory of that fugitive slave, John Smith, President of the Old Dominion, and Admiral of New England?

As the Turkish power waned, the Russian waxed. Peter the Great hankered greatly after the Crimea. "It is not land that I want," he used to say, "but sea!" In all his Turkish campaigns he sought to push his sway southwards to the Euxine. The Crimean plains witnessed many a feat of the dashing Mazeppa—

"The Ukraine's hetman, calm and bold;"

but Peter died, without closing his hand on the prize. It was left for a woman to set this keystone in the arch of Russian dominion.

In 1774, Abdul Hamid signed the treaty of Kainardji—"the glorious treaty of Kainardji," Nicholas styled it; and, on the 8th of April, 1783, Catherine II., Empress of all the Russias, declared the Crimea annexed to her realms.

The Tartar Khans, who had been cosseted by their Turkish sovereigns, were scurvily treated by the Czars, and vanished into the Caucasus, or elsewhere. One of their descendants, Krim Gherai, renounced the faith of Islam, for that of Geneva, was educated at Edinburgh, married a Scotch lady, and, early in the present century, returned to the Crimea, and settled at Simpheropol. His widow died there but the other day; having lived to witness the humiliation of the empire which humbled those who had humbled the ancestors of her lord.

In all its romantic past, the Crimea has seen no drama so grand as that

which is now enacting on its shores. Yet what marvelous things it has witnessed and shared—this small peninsula.

The misty grandeur of Troy; the sunlit glory of Greece; the magnificence of Pontus; the might and majesty of Rome; the gorgeous pageantry of Byzantium; the fury of the Goth; the terrible wrath of the Tartar; the splendor of the Turk; the artifice, the ambition, the audacity of the Russian; and now, the tremendous power of the civilized West!

Three thousand years ago, Troy, the right hand of Asia, advanced against the west, menaced the Hellespont, and the free seas beyond. Against her walls, the confederate princes of Greece brought all their ships and all their powers. Stoutly the Trojans held their own; as stoutly the Greeks, fighting all unconsciously, no doubt, for the Europe yet unborn, pushed on their resolute attack. Ten weary years! but the future was with Greece. And the right hand of the dull despotic East at last was broken.

Now, in our own day, grander armies and grander navies, contending for a future yet more grand, besiege by land and sea the strong hold of a Troy more insolent and mighty. The princes of the West may be no more noble and worthy now, than were those Greek princes of old confederate in Aulis; the struggle may outlast our natural lives; but who can doubt that the great destinies of man are fighting now, as then, for the sovereigns of the sea, and who shall fear the final issue!

A woman's face first gave to poetry the Tauric name. Iphigenia, the pale priestess, stands there by the altar of Cape Parthenium, a symbol forever of the stern sacrificial faith of the past.

A woman's face, too, looks out now upon us, serene and sweet, through the cloud of war, from those Crimean heights. No priestess ministering dreadful rites within the temple of a cruel worship, but a mild messenger of mercy; a comforter, an angel of purity and of peace. The face of Florence Nightingale shines upon those awful scenes of strife; and the battle-field and the hospital are lighted with her smile—the immortal symbol of a redeeming faith and a more glorious future.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PUNNING.

You would be a better man, if you could punlike Sir Tristrem.—TATLER.
 Those who cry out against puns, as an unnatural and affected invention, only betray their own ignorance.—AUGUST. W. SCHLEGEL.

WE feel ourselves called upon to say a word or two—if only on the principle of the Scotsman who usually went to his club “to contradict a bit”—in favor of the pun. There is, in certain quarters of the literary world—especially among writers of newspapers—an affectation of flouting and scouting a pun, and alluding to it in a screaming way as something extravagant, atrocious and unbearable. But we hold with Schlegel, who, as a German come to judgment, a man belonging to the gravest and profoundest race extant, gives authority to his verdict in favor of that little pariah. As a philosopher he likes the pun, no doubt, on good philological and psychological grounds.

Things called trifling are not always the trifles which people in general consider them. There is another intellectual practice which has been set down as a pettiness or prettiness unworthy the dignity of the mind and ridiculed as much as the pun—we mean alliteration—“apt alliteration’s artful aid.” But alliteration is closely interwoven with the history and progress of our language—or of its poetic development—though the one implies the other; for, as in all other tongues, the earliest specimens of the Anglo-Saxon appear in metre; and in these specimens we perceive that most of the words of a line begin with the same letter—a practice which was looked on as a grace and a harmony, and in time became a distinctive from mere prose. And still, in this day of perfect literature, the writer in verse feels the charm of alliteration; he plays with it and modulates it; and it gives undeniable beauty and melody to some of the sweetest lines in the language. Alliteration is respectable and necessary; and so is the pun—both belonging to the genius of the vernacular.

The pun, in the lapse of backward time, is seen to lift itself out of the modern sphere of mere facetiousness into a state of supernaturalism intimately connected with the ominous feelings and vagaries of the human sensorium. It is very old; as old as the Pythoness and older than the Parthenon. It may be

considered to date from the time of the Trojan war. We certainly perceive it at the period of the Persian invasion of Attica; and it appears also in a darker era, at the Conversion of the Angles to Christianity, marking the crisis, *à la Française*, with a *mot*. It is, indeed, a very venerable figure of speech, and was known to Pericles and Cicero under the more dignified style of *paronomasia*. The greatest minds of the world—those most remarkable in life and literature—have made puns or enjoyed them. We do not lay any stress on Rabelais, Swift, Lamb, Hood, Moore, who, as everybody knows, punned away pyrotechnically, in right of their brilliant and renowned wit. But what will the reader say to the austere emperor Julian and Cotton Mather; to Aristotle and Jeremy Bentham; to Plato and Lord Chesterfield (both also of one mind in recommending a proper attention to “the graces, the graces, the graces”), Saint Gregory and John Calvin; Horace and Walter Scott; Erasmus and Lord Burleigh; the Georgian Man in the Paper Mask and James V. of Scotland; Petrarch and Judge Story—not to mention Sophocles, Euripides, Theocritus, and other greater and graver people, who will be alluded to, as we get along? This is quite another view of the case; and these names throw round our subject an unexpected dignity with which all who approach it must be properly impressed, *in limine*, in spite of the customary ideas of disparagement. The pun has a respectable genealogy; it has kept good company, and must be treated with consideration.

Having said so much for the *prestige* of the thing, we come to the name, as it has familiarly risen amongst us. This, we find, is modern—merely as old as the settlement of Massachusetts or so. *Pun* does not appear in the older dictionaries of the language; but a cold, classic age could name it and affect to sneer at it. Cowley, defining wit, has a back-handed slap at it:

“’Tis not when two like words make up a
 noise,
 Jest for Dutch men and English boys.”

And yet it may be observed that it was what would be called an Up-see Dutch jest of the worst kind that cost him his life. Ben Jonson, who lived in a rather wholesomer period of intellect, is also found to disparage "those paranomasies;" but we shall presently convict him of a very fair English pun in one of his best poems. Glorious John has some ill-natured things against the pun—one of them as follows:

"The head and heart were never lost of those
Who dealt in doggrel or who punned in prose."

Yet it is remarkable that, in denouncing what he considers one of the littlenesses of language, he falls into what has been called another—alliteration. His verse is lubricated by that idiomatic old charm and runs all the more smoothly and happily for it.

Stewart, in his essay on the human mind, treats the pun slightly, and says, every one that pleases may be a punster. Goldsmith held something of the same opinion with respect to witticisms and good things, which he said could be elaborated with thinking. No doubt there is some truth in both these positions. Brinsley Sheridan and Tom Moore, who certainly worked hard to bring out their airy brilliancies of wit and metaphor, justify Oliver's notion; and in the same way Hood and others prove that people can hatch puns at a great rate, by brooding over them. Still a certain cast of mind, a vivacity and judgment are requisite in these cases. Nothing can make a dull thinker witty—no amount of brain-cudgeling; and it is not from every stick you can get the mercury of a happy punster. The Spectator is among those who, in that classic period, discountenanced the pun. In one of its papers, a very slighting and indeed, so to speak, a very slight argument is offered against it. Having taken a skimming glance at the subject, the writer goes on: "Having now pursued the history of the pun from its original to its downfall, I shall here define it to be," *et cetera*, and so forth—a feeble definition. The Spectator mistook when he spoke of the downfall of the pun. He neither saw how deeply-rooted it is in the past, nor how strong it was destined to come out in the future. The pun may outlive the Spectator. It has certainly outlived "Cato." Dr. Johnson looked grimly askance on the pun—

as an elephant may be supposed to look on the grimace and vivacity of a monkey. The doctor did not like a pun. But what could be expected from a man who could see no poetry in Milton's *Lycidas*, and who, in recommending some books to a friend, did not mention one on poetry or the drama? Johnson did not even know the etymology of that small word; but thought it meant to pound or to pummel, having in his idea, very probably, the energetic practice of *Punch* with respect to his consort, Judy. A little knowledge of the French would have served the doctor; for, in this case, he would have known that *pun* is only the English mode of bringing the Gallic *point* into the vernacular. Our words *point* and *pun* are, in fact, the same; only the latter received its present shape by reason of coming in through the nose, at a later period.

No one who reads a little can avoid perceiving how seductive and popular the pun has been at all times, from the very earliest; and we will here refer to a few remembered passages in which it occurs and to several of the grave men who, contrary to the general impression, have played with paranomasia; feeling, as we do, that it would be easy to find a greater number of instances and increase the interest attachable to such a subject. We shall only pick up a few rare puns here and there, going through the alleys and parterres of literature; without wandering very far out of the familiar tracks, and, especially, without maundering into the beaten ways and stale jokeries of the Joe Millers, Lord Norburys, and other professionals.

The Hebrews must have been acquainted with the pun, that is, in its grave original significance; for we find Abigail punning against her husband to king David, and saying he was rightly called Nabal; by which she meant to convey that the man was a fool for looking after his substance and grumbling when David's regiment of rapparees wanted to eat it up! The pun in those days was far from being a facetious piece of business, apparently, as poor Nabal could testify. Turning to Greece, we find the old dramatists identifying puns with the nature of the tragic volume. Among the ancients, everything falling out unexpectedly, or by apparent chance, had in it a quality of divination. Words possessed a peculiar significance, especially when they had anything of

equivocation in them, or suggested such. When the Romans, after the evacuation of their city, by Brennus, were discussing the removal of their walls to another site, we are told they heard a centurion in the forum cry "Halt" to the soldiers he was drilling. The city fathers thereupon took this chance word as a private signal from old Quirinus that they were to remain in the original place; and they did remain. The classic reader remembers many such instances. It was the same with words having a double meaning, which, for this reason, formed part of the prevailing supernaturalism of the age. Aristotle tells us that *mus* was held in great reverence because it formed part of the religious word "*museria*," the "*mysteries*;" so that "the smallest monstrous mouse that crept on floor" enjoyed a curious kind of respect—except from the cats, that had little or no idea of *paranomasia*. The ancients were fond of drawing a punning consolation from the names and titles of their divinities; and the priests and pythonesses would naturally improve the quality of their deceptive oracles by a sprinkling of *paranomasia*.

The pun, in fact, was part of a grave system, and entered into the most profound conditions of the human feelings. Sophocles shows us Ajax punning on himself in the distraction and pathos of his sufferings. And this, after all, would not seem to be so very untrue to nature; for we remember two instances of that tragic style of pun. Shakespeare makes John of Gaunt, in his old age and great sorrow, with one foot in the grave, pun also on his own name:

"Old Gaunt, indeed, and gaunt in being old,
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as the grave."

The other instance is historic—that of a king, with a broken spirit, on his dying bed. This was James Stuart, fifth of that name, who died of consumption in the thirty-first year of his age, making it hard for us to recognize in him the gallant Knight of Snowdon who puts down Roderick Dhu at Coilantogle ford. His two infant sons being dead, when they brought James word, as he lay, that the new-born child of his queen, Mary of Lorraine, was a daughter, he exclaimed, "Farewell the crown of Scotland; it came with a lass, and it will go with a lass!" playing with the interjection of sorrow as with something suitable to his heavy sentence and the

sombre state of his feelings. A great number of instances could be found, to show that persons suffering beyond hope of remedy are apt to indulge in bitter pleasantry on their condition. Ajax, in the midst of his pangs and woeful exclamations, pauses to remark that he never thought his lament, "*Ai, ai!*"—which gave the sound of his own name—would come to accord so well with his miseries. Sophocles had several other punning passages in his plays—no doubt, very gratifying to his audiences.

In the *Phænissæ* of Euripides we have another instance of the grave, bitter pun, where Eteocles, in angry dialogue with his brother Polynices, says the latter was well named—*Polynices* denoting "much contention;" and the "*Hecuba*" of the same author, enraged against Venus, comes out with a termagant kind of *double entendre*, and calls her ladyship the "Goddess of Folly"—playing upon the first syllables of "*Aphrodite*;" for, while *Aphrou* signifies "foam," *Aphron* means "a fool;" not a very happy hit, after all, and showing how hard run for a missile that old "mobled queen" must have been. Aristotle, who could make a pun as well as appreciate it, shows, in his "*Rhetoric*," the consideration which it enjoyed in Athens. It was a very good saying in the Agora—a kind of stock pun—that the Draconian laws were well entitled; for none but a *Draco* (dragon) would have enacted anything so sanguinary. He also mentions how Conon used to reproach Thrasylbulus as "*rash in counsel*;" and how Herodocus ridiculed Thrasymachus as "*rash in war*." The folk who had names capable of a double meaning, in those old times, were as often touched upon the raw, and annoyed, as such persons are at present. Neither of the above could thank God, as did the poets Shenstone and Coleridge, that their names were not susceptible of any equivocal pleasantry. In the predicament of those rash individuals was a man named Anaschetos (tolerable), who was laughed at for being really an ill-tempered, unbearable fellow; and Isocrates, who was in the habit of denouncing the Athenian desire of maritime supremacy, used to point his oburgation with a pun—to wit: "*the arche* (command) of the sea is the *arche* (beginning) of evil." When receiving friends at their houses, the people of Athens had a commonplace old

pun: "You ought not to be more of a *chenos* (stranger) than a *chenos* (guest);" a slight difference in pronunciation marking the words of this rather feeble felicity, which, however, under the circumstances, and coming from entertainers, never failed to meet the appreciation due to the very best thing of the kind; just as, with us, the "merry-thought" at table always produces the intended effect, as if it was never heard before.

Coming to Socrates and Plato, whom we should not, at first sight, suspect of a tendency to *paranomasia*, we find that, between them, they have left several puns behind them. Plato was one of the reporters of the former—a man who left no line of his own writing to posterity. We suspect the general idea of Socrates is not exactly true to his real character; for he was a sarcastic and long-winded talker—as full of jests as Sir Thomas More, and styled *constans et perpetuus irrisor mortalium*—a sort of mild Mephistophiles. whose harrowing mode of asking questions and poking syllogisms at an adversary was considered in Athens—and some are of the same opinion still—sufficient reason for stopping his mouth. He would not listen to any rhetorical flourishes in philosophy—a matter of which Cicero complains—thinking rhetoric had only the force of an open hand, while his favorite dialectics had all the efficacy of a shut fist; so that all these things, along with his ugly face and shabby person, made the majority hate him—especially as he scorned the politics and men of the agora, and spent his life, as was said, talking weakly and effeminately to a parcel of boys about crotchets and abstractions; and telling them, like a heretic, as he was, that the gods of the people were many, while the God of nature was one! Such a crabbed satirist would naturally be a punster; and his pupil, Plato, in reporting his discourses, makes him pun several times. In *Theætetus*, Socrates says when the wax in the heart is deep and abundant, objects impressing themselves on this *hear* (heart) or this *keros* (wax) become lasting. In *Gorgias*, Socrates says: "As for me, I love Alcibiades and philosophy; you love the *demus* (people) of the Athenians and the *demus* of Pyrilampes." In another place he plays with the names of Love called Eros by mortals and *Pteros* (winged) by the immortals.

As for Plato himself—we do not generally regard him as a genius capable of making puns in verse to the memory of a departed friend. Diogenes Laertius has recorded for us a specimen of his poetic *paranomasia* in the shape of a lamenting epigram on the loss of a youth, named Aster; (and that same Laertius, by the by, lately presented himself to us, in one of our public libraries, in a wonderful state of masquerade, between the covers a New York book—his name being omitted and without allusion, and the title of the translated work changed to something like—"Whims, Notions, and Conceits of several remarkable men"—as well as we remember.—Not that it is very wonderful to see the learning of the ancients reproduced, with a difference, in the books of the moderns; but such a wholesale appropriation—the stealing of an entire author at once, body and bones—is enough to strike one by the comic sublimity of the thing). But, as we were saying, Diogenes has preserved for us a curious little effort of Plato's muse—the meaning of which is as follows:

EPIGRAM:

"Oh Aster, while alive, you shone
The Morning Star; but now being gone
You are the star of Hesper, clear
Beyond all others in his sphere;
You look upon the stars; would I might be
Yon heaven, to gaze with many eyes on
thee!"

The conceit of the last couplet, it may be observed, is one which Coleridge has reproduced in his "Lines on an Autumn Evening," where he says he would, for the sake of her he loved, become the starry sky:

"Or soar aloft to be the spangled skies
And gaze upon her with a thousand eyes."

And Shelley also seems to have remembered the Platonic fancy; for, in "the Revolt of Islam," he says:

"'Fair star of life and love!' I cried; 'my
soul's delight,
Why lookest thou on the crystalline skies?
O that my spirit were yon heaven of night
Which gazes on thee with its thousand
eyes!'"

Plato does not seem to have been such a very austere philosopher after all. He loved to have the elegances and amenities of life about him; and had a grand carpet on his drawing-room, which Diogenes the Cynic expeccorated on, to pull down the pride of the owner. Plato was an advocate for the Graces,

and used to advise Xenocrates to sacrifice to them. Indeed, our opinions of the peculiar austerity of those ancient lovers of wisdom may be a misconception—putting the Stoics out of the question. Aristotle, called by Dante "*il maestro di color che sanno*," was a bit of a fop, and looked to the neat arrangement of his locks and the effect of his rings and chains, very much like Dickens or Disraeli in days nearer our own. He was a good-natured man; for on one occasion, when Plato was delivering a lecture on the nature of the soul, every one of his hearers slipped out and escaped, but the Stagyrte, who firmly kept his seat to the end. Plato liked him; but once felt called upon, as a friend, to give him some private advice about the style of his hair, which seems not to have been quite so "unassuming" as that of Benjamin Feeder, B. A. It must be remembered, however, in excuse of that master of the sages, that he very often went to court, where the king himself, Philip of Macedon, drunk or sober, was always glad to see him and accustomed to pledge him in that golden "mazer" which his majesty used always to keep under his pillow at night, for safety—or, as some think, for nocturnal refreshment.

Of course, Aristophanes, the famous wit and buffo of that bright age, made a good many puns, and the reader will find them in going through his comedies. One or two of them may be mentioned. In the "Peace," Trygeas goes up to the parliament of Jove to implore a cessation of hostilities in Greece, and there sees Mars making puns with a pestle, so to speak. The stern divinity is preparing to pound the Hellenic cities in a mortar, representatively; and he throws in *prason* (leeks) for *Prasie*, in Laconia; a cheese for Sicily, and Attic honey for Athens. In the "Acharnians," a grumbling old soldier, Tithonus—a *groggnard* of the Phalanx,—who finds himself unable to meet his little bills, has a conceit left him in his misery, and says: "When we were at Marathon we were the pursuers; but now we are the pursued [persecuted] by every knavish fellow, and taken, too;" a rather poor pun, to be sure; but fair enough, perhaps, for the bullet-head of an old campaigner.

The great pastoral poet of Greece—the best and most genuine of those who have ever written in the idyllic or rustic style, not excepting Allan Ramsay—did

not think the pun too artificial a thing for his country-folk. We happen to remember a good one that occurs in the XXVIIth Idyl, concerning Pentheus, king of Thebes, the Father Mathew of his day—or rather the Neal Dow—who tried to bring his people round to the temperance principle, by some rather high-handed edicts. This Pentheus, going on one occasion among some ladies who were sacrificing to Bacchus in a grove (delicate way of expressing it!), was set upon by the offended *bacchantes* and fairly pulled to pieces, for his principles in general, and especially for poking his nose where he had no business—evidently with the design of catching some of the ladies in the fact. Bearing his body into Thebes, the women are said to carry with them not so much Pentheus as *penthema* (mourning). The sadness of Ovid, to whom the shores of the Euxine were as austere and disagreeable as they are at present to the European allies—did not prevent him from punning. In the fifth book of his *Fasti* occur the following lines, referring to men careless of the laws of astronomy—who never, in the words of Sir Thomas Browne, "studied the chorum of the stars:"

"*Libera currebant et inobservata per annum
Sidera; constabat sed tamen esse deos.
Non illi coelo labentia signa tenebant,
Sed sua, quas magnum perdere Crimen erat.*"

The simple people did not understand the signs of the firmament, but their own; that is, their ensigns or standards, which it was always a disgrace to lose.

That Horace loved puns and made many of them on those occasions when he would banter the love-born Telephus, or grow furious in his merriment (*furens recepto amico*) to see Pompeius Varus stretched alongside his mahogany, or moralize, in a half-muddled way, on the cursed tree that was near falling on him and killing him, would be a natural conclusion from the character of that gayest and wittiest of Epicurean philosophers. We find traces of this amusement in his verses; indeed, he has written two lyrics for the evident purpose of perpetuating a couple of puns—one of them at least of his own making; and the other also, very probably. This last was a right good joke, known, he says, to all the barbers and blind strollers of the city—*omnibus lippis et tonsoribus*;—and he goes on to narrate it, *con amore*, in the Seventh Satire of the First Book. It

is the story of Rupilius Rex and one Persius, who had some difficulty in law business; and as the law was then, as it is still, pretty much of a delusion, a snare, and a *hocus pocus*, they could not agree; and it so came about that they mutually fell into a train of abusive language, before a large and miscellaneous assembly. The end of this is, that, like Counsellor Curran, who is said (see Joe Miller) to have bothered a hostile fishwoman by calling her an "old pronoun," Persius succeeded in putting down his man by a word—a pun. Having been well sprinkled with the Italian vinegar of Rex—*Italo persusus acuto*—he bawled out: "O, Brutus, you who are accustomed to put down kings, why don't you come and strangle this king; it is your proper business!" Not a word more is added; the poet feeling that anything further would only weaken the effect of that overpowering retort. No doubt he loved to repeat the story in his festive moments:—

"Oro qui reges consueris tollere cur non
Hunc regem jugulas?"

The *regem* would receive the full delighted emphasis, and the friends round the table would applaud once more with all their *belles*! Rupilius, of course, is supposed to be floored by that last hit, and unable to continue the contest.

Then we have the epistle of the jolly little bard to Vinnius Asina—whose name was only too provocative of the punning sallies of his friends. Vinnius is commissioned by the lyrist to carry some poetry to Augustus; and the messenger is addressed in the quality or under the metaphor of an *ass* (Asina), on the subject of the errand. He is advised rather to refuse the budget of poesy should he find it too heavy, than toss it off his back, in an improper mode and place. In the end the poet bids him—with a play on the words—not to stumble and break the orders he has got. To the last, the burden of the lyric is a pun. No doubt there were more puns discoverable in the verse of this gay writer, in his own day, than can be detected in ours. Passing from the vine-arbors and shady green sward of the Sabine farm into the midst of the mighty metropolis—

"The smoke and affluence and great din of Rome"—

we find a greater punster than Horace

in the Forum, with all the *turba Remi* about him—Cicero—the painful penner of that eloquence which has immortalized him, and which Brutus was in the habit of styling *fracta et elumbis*—effeminate and weak-loined. Cicero was a punster, and a very good one, too, by all accounts, and rather proud of his points; which, no doubt, he manufactured in a prepenze way, like Sheridan. One of them is: "*Ego quoque tibi jure favebo*," addressed to a cook; the word *quoque* sounding like *cocus*, a cook, and *jure* being the ablative of *jus*, which is "soup" as well as "right." A Jew of Sicily, making himself too officious in the great impeachment of the infamous Proconsul of that island, Cicero asked: "What has a Jew to do with Verres (pork)?" and no doubt the Forum or the Campus rang with a shout of "*Hoc habet*!" Juvenal, in his Tenth Satire, laughs at this propensity of the orator, making him say, in a punning burst of egotism:

"O fortunatam, natam me consule Romam!"

Which Dryden renders thus:

"Fortune foretuned the dying notes of Rome,
Till I, thy Consul sole, consoled its doom."

Juvenal says that Cicero might have defied the swords of Antony's people, if he had always talked in that manner. But though Juvenal and others before him ridiculed Cicero's puns and his pedantry and prolixity, we must remember that the orator's pointed sayings and witticisms were gathered and reported by no less a man than Julius Cæsar—that military leader preserving a strong love of literature and science in the midst of the stern anxieties and chances of war. Lucan, in the *Pharsalia*, makes him say of himself:—

"media inter prælia semper
Sideribus calique plagis superisque vacavi."

And once, in crossing the Alps with his army, he was chiefly occupied with the perusal of a treatise on grammatical analogy. Cicero, as Mr. Disraeli well observes, must have been an excellent talker and writer of witticisms, when such a distinguished man would become the collector of them—Boswellize them, in fact, though vainly for posterity—seeing they have been lost in the lapse of time.

Julian, styled the Apostate—the Frederick II. of his age, who loved to divide his mind between philosophic literature and war—has left behind him two

little poems, one of which is a versified pun—unnoticed by Gibbon who otherwise has told us so much about that very interesting Cæsar. The other short poem is on a musical organ, which the writer describes in a rather affected manner:—

"Reeds strike my wandering eyes, unknown before,
Sprung from some brazen soil and foreign shore."

The first is a punning disparagement of a rank-tasted kind of drink made from barley or oats, in Gaul, where Julian was stationed for some time with his cohorts and where he must have swallowed some of it, in his fatiguing marches—probably from the leathern canteen of a legionary—as Charles Stuart, in "Waverley," takes a drink from the can of old Ballinkeiroch. The liquor Julian writes against was ale, apparently, which, being carried in goatskins, contracted, of course, a flavor as unpleasant to his simple palate as the smoky taste of the Scottish distillery stuffs to the generality of untried gullets. For the emperor was a sincere temperance advocate, and declared himself ready to do all in his power to shut up the public-houses (and the theatres as well) of his empire. But he found that he could not do it—and did not venture on the Maine Law. When he suggested such a thing, his liquor-loving pagans protested he was going to force the Christian customs on them—and that was enough! Julian, who had brought round his Christian soldiers of Gaul to the mythologies, by a plentiful distribution of sacrificial roast beef—a story Gibbon tells with infinite gusto!—was easily induced to let the people of the ancient religion drink away and cry *Evoe!* in their craters, like their fathers before them. But he hated the barley-bree of Gaul as sincerely as King James hated the smoke and flavor of tobacco. And, with respect to Gaul and the people of it, they do not appear to have then enjoyed the benefit of those wines for which the soil has been since famous, and which, according to Beranger, Brennus first brought from Italy after his foray against Rome and planted in his own country, with the steel of his lance. The national tippie was still that of all the North, and expressed from corn; which, by the by, has been thought to transmit to our own day a term signifying the condition of any one after a festive indulgence.

Against this stuff, personified, the lines of Julian are as follows:

"Say, what art thou? Thy birth declare,
Thou art not Bacchus, by whom I swear,
I know Jove's son; I know not thee;
Thou smell'st like goats; like nectar he.
Ah, now I know! in Gaul wast thou born—
Scanty of grapes, but producing corn.
Not *Bromius*, but *bromus*, of Ceres born,
Go bind thy brows with the wreath of corn!"

Bromus means oats or barley, and *Bromius* is a name of Bacchus. The emperor, no doubt, greatly prided himself on his pun. But John Barleycorn, like our other familiar Virginia vegetable, has survived all the counterblasts of kings. Coming hastily down the corridors of time, we find the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons inaugurated by the pun of Pope Gregory, the same who, admiring the character of the emperor Trajan, succeeded in praying his soul out of purgatory, but was, at the same time, cautioned by the Virgin Mary that he was never to intercede for any other dead pagan! This Gregory, seeing a number of fair, fresh-colored island children in the slave-market at Rome, lifted up his hands and blessed them with an apostolic pun: "*Non Angli sed Angeli.*" Another strongly-marked era was subsequently accompanied by a pun which also emanated from the sanctity of the Vatican. After Galileo Galilei had set forth his great cosmical heresies, and led the men of science to regard the heavens with increased attention, one of the cardinals—if we are not mistaken—gave circulation to an expostulatory pun, gathered from the first chapter of the Acts of the Apostles: "*Viri Galilæi, quid statis intuentes in cælum?*" It was shrewdly considered that this sacred paranomasia would have a discouraging effect on the progress of heretical science.

While we are on the subject of ecclesiastical puns, we must not omit one made by John Calvin, on the licentious jocular, Rabelais, hitting him with *Rabie læsus*; for which the little joker paid him back with another, of the anagrammatic sort, not quite so decent: "*Ian Cul,*" which may pass, when we consider that *i* and *u* did duty formerly for *j* and *v*. Then there was Erasmus—"the glory of the priesthood and the shame;" that wittiest of clerics has identified one of the most characteristic of his works with a pun recognized in all the languages of Europe. He wrote an Essay on Folly—*Moriæ Encomium*

—and this he dedicated to a congenial spirit—the English Chancellor More—blazoning and explaining his pun to Sir Thomas, and ending with “Farewell, More, and be sure to defend your own folly (*moriam*) stoutly.” Rabelais, who was also an ecclesiastic—and it is a curious fact, that the most jocose and humorous writers we are acquainted with were churchmen—(Erasmus, Rabelais, Skelton, Donne, Swift, Sterne, Smith, and so forth) Rabelais, we say, was a great punster, as his readers are aware. With reference to the wall, built in his time, round Paris, he says: “*Ce mur murant Paris rend Paris murmurant*”—a clever thing, which may, perhaps, in our day, be also applied to the wall of forts built some years ago by Louis Philippe, to keep that fiery capital in order. In another page, when Panurge has been making a harangue, in which occurs the name of Herodote (Herodotus), Friar John exclaims, “*il radote*”—he doats, poor devil! The French writers abound in puns, and at all times have shown more agility and legerdemain in playing with these parts of speech than our Anglo-Saxon writers.

Having spoken of the Frenchmen, we must speak of at least one Italian—Francis Petrarch—“he of the hundred puns of love”—to parody Lord Byron’s hemistich on Boccaccio.

“Watering the tree which bears his lady’s name,

With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame.”

His puns on the name of Laura are beyond the punning of any other writer on record. Ovid was the first who identified a beautiful young lady with the laurel; but Petrarch dwells on the idea with a loving pertinacity, which must have soothed his mellifluous fancy a good deal, if not his heart. Opening his book of Sonnets, we choose, at random:

“*Quel che d’odore e di color vincia
L’odorifero e lucido Oriente,
Frutti, fiori, erbe, frondi, onde l’Ponente
D’ogni rara eccellenza il pregio avea—
Dolce mio Lauro.*”

Again:

“*L’aura e l’odore, e il refrigerio e l’ombra
Dei dolce Lauro.*”

Also:

“*Anco io il nido de pensieri eletti
Poi in quell’ alma pianta.*”

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And the sonnet of the two puns beginning—

“*Rotta e l’alta Colonna e l’verde Lauro,*”

in which he laments his patron and column, as well as his laurel; for Petrarch did not confine his *paranomia* to the latter—alluding often to the noble Colonna family, and to their enemies, the Ursini, whose name was also susceptible of a pun. In his Sixth Canzone, he says:

“*Orsi, lupi, leoni, aquile e serpi
Ad una gran marmorea Colonna
Fanno noja sovente, e a se danno.*”

The friend of Rienzi must be considered to have highly honored the pun by his remarkable use of it.

With a passing allusion to that punning or canting heraldry so much in favor with the heralds and armigers of the middle ages, and still preserved in the mottoes of some families, we come to William Shakespeare. We need scarcely refer to the crowd of puns to be found in all his plays, and will not attempt to quote them. He carries his punning propensity into all the moods of his mind, and all scenes of his dramas, using them with a recklessness which astonished and offended the readers of a feebler age. This propensity has been considered the weakness of Shakspeare; but it was in reality his strength, or, flowing from the source of his strength—his purpose and principle of writing for the people. Like those other original dramatists, the Greeks, he drew his inspiration from the human heart of the many—that is, from nature herself—and in this way came to exercise that fearless and easy strength which carried him to such great heights of poetry and passion. No man with his eye on precedents and canons, and his ambition something in the pure classic style of performance, could ever write in the style of Shakespeare. The French, who affected to be scandalized at the barbarism of the English play-wright, went to work after models, the spirit of which had perished with the last pulse of Greek civilization—the Romans were mere plagiarists in this respect, and what they wrote we all know. We have read their heavy works in books, and seen some of them galvanized by the thrilling physical efforts and artistic genius of the most remarkable actress of our time. But even the French themselves have turned from their old dramas

as from things obsolete, which have little or nothing to say to human nature in its being, doing, and suffering. Voltaire, with a pouncet-box gesture, used to call Shakespeare's literature a dung-hill—*un fumier*; and no doubt there is a deal of rankness in it. But in that is the source of his power and truth. He stooped to the people's tastes and passions; and, strengthening with their minds his own, made it one, or nearly so, with nature. The people had a liking for puns, and he gave them puns—things not a whit better than they thought they could make themselves, which, as Pascal says, is the truest test of success; and, even in the midst of his most solemn tragedies, he would turn aside, from the dead canons of a dead stage and a dead people, to pay homage to his own jolly Britons, alive and kicking in the pit, with all their gross, gay perceptions of things, and their boisterous love of anything that may set the "wooden O" in a roar. Chronology and costume, the unities and proprieties, seas and mountains were all disregarded and overstept by that wonderful dramatist, when it was a question of meeting the natural feelings and tastes of his audiences.

All this should encourage the poets and play-wrights of a nation, and also warn them. It should encourage them, by showing that the oracles of genius, so to speak, are always living in the hearts of the people; and warn them to choose their themes and inspiration at home. Shakespeare went out of England, to be sure. But he carried England with him—his clowns, his moralists, and his hearty English populace. He goes to Athens; but Bully Bottom, Snug, Peter Quince, and the rest go along with him from the neighborhood of Stratford. On all what may be called the foreign stages, while the higher characters maintain a consistent style, the moment the writer comes down to his servants and common talkers, the outlandish scene recedes, the tone of the dialogue, its quips, quiddities, repartees, and puns—all carry us back to the island-modes of thought and speech. Shakespeare's audiences never lost him. His mind was always racy of his country, while true to those general touches of nature which make the whole world kin. And his great example shows that the argument for the dramatic proprieties of age, nation, costume, and scene-

ry, is but a feeble one, after all—contending for the show of things instead of the substance. Betterton, Booth, Garrick, and the rest played classic or foreign parts in flowered gowns, wigs, laced coats, and so forth; and the ladies of that era played their corresponding rôles in the short waists, hoops, full bosoms, and little cork-screw curls of the time. These things did not prevent people from enjoying and appreciating the highest order of histrionic genius. Macready, and others, thought the pining drama wanted nothing but a change in dresses and scenes. But it wanted more, it wanted genius—it wanted "head, head, head." Such critical attempts as Macready's are the surest tests of intellectual debility. The people did not want artistic antiquaries; they wanted something in the genuine style of the old Shakesperian dramas; and this they did not get—though Sheridan Knowles led the critics at first to think the Elizabethan age had come round again.

But to return to our puns. We have detected the grave Lord Burleigh in an attempt at a pun, in a letter to his son, Sir Robert Cecil; and his effort is as clumsy as Dr. Johnson's vaulting leap over Mrs. Thrale's garden wicket. The old statesman, in dutiful allusion to Elizabeth, says: "God send her Majesty a well-disposed carry-vall, or carevale, to be rid of all her cares;" a desperate attempt to play upon the word *carnival*. James the First was also a punster. Going to the University of Edinburgh, in 1607, he wrote a punning poem on the names of the professors who disputed before him; and preachers of that age would pun in the pulpit. Ben Jonson has immortalized a good pun in the following lines of his poem to "The Memory of his beloved Master, William Shakespeare:"

—"The race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly
shines
In his well-turned and true filed lines,
In each of which he seems to *shake a lance*,
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance."

Dr. Donne, the great wit and satirist, could make a pun; and the one which is best remembered was made in his distress. He was married to the daughter of Sir George Moore, Governor of the Tower, without the knight's consent, and, for some time, reduced to poverty. Among the letters he wrote to his stern father-in-law, was one containing the

words, "John Donne, Anne Donne, undone!" It is believed the pathetic pleasantry of the pun softened the old man's heart, and led to a reconciliation.

Coming down to the times of Pope—having, in our way, seen Chancellor Hyde, in the time of Charles II., pelted by a shower of puns in his disgrace—we perceive that, in spite of his fastidiousness, the poet of Twickenham could be seduced by a pun. In the Dunciad, he says:

"Where Bentley, late tempestuous, went to
sport
In troubled waters, but now sleeps in port."
And again—

"See still thy own, the heavy canon roll,
And metaphysic smoke involve the pole."

Dean Swift—a man who touched the thoughts of the people, and drew strength from them—made puns, of course. In "Stella's Journal," he says to her: "Must you ask after roguish puns, and Latin ones, too?" Stella loved a pun, as much as himself, apparently. Again, he tells her how he went to see Lord Pembroke, had some pleasant conversation, and "hit him with one pun." The pun on the fiddle thrown down by a lady's mantle, is a good one—though far-fetched and prepense in appearance:

"Mantua, vae misera, nimum vicina cremonae."

Virgil never dreamed of the meaning hid in this line; any more than of the *sortes* which it was once the fashion to find in his hexameters. It was said of Swift, by Dean Percival, who wrote a lampoon against him, that he would trudge the town, "to eat a meal with punster base." Percival himself was not of the order of those who would seek the company of a poor man, having nothing but his puns and his pleasantry to recommend him.

Lord Chesterfield was a punster, at times, especially when, being Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he felt called on to exhibit all his festive and witty accomplishments. In a letter, written in 1760, to his friend Falkener, the Dublin bookseller, he dissuades him from publishing Swift in quarto, as too uncertain a speculation—unless, indeed, he observes, the name, quarto, should be considered as a recommendation among the bibulous *literati* of the Green Isle.

Junius, that grand master of satiric literature, was naturally disposed to a pun. When his long war against the

Tory ministries of George III.—the deadly foes of Lord Chatham—resulted in his defeat, and the ascendancy of Lord North, he expressed his disappointment in a bitter play on words, addressed to Woodfall: "In the present state of things, if I were to write again, I must be as silly as any of the horned cattle that run mad through the city." In this he alludes to the divisions among the city Whigs, produced by the conduct of the Rev. John Horne, afterwards J. Horne Tooke. And Junius, doubtless, greatly enjoyed—if he did not suggest—the flagrant practical pun which expressed the Whig sentiment of the period:—the burning of a boot and a petticoat together, in various parts of the kingdom—the boot representing the Earl of Bute, and the petticoat the Princess of Wales, mother of George III. Talking of politics—we may here observe that Jeremy Bentham once went to the trouble of finding Greek counterparts for the names of Parr and Fox, in Homer's allusions to Paris and to Thersites. But Jeremy's puns were as bad as his constitutions.

That era of the Georges was not at all fertile in *paranomasia*; and everybody knows it was a dull, feeble age, in which classic thoughts and formulas were all the intellectual fashion, and what they called wit kept genius in awe and order. The French revolution and the succeeding hurly-burly brought a change, and along with philosophy, poetry, and a great many other things, the pun shook off its lethargy, so to speak, and felt something of its older period of power. There is no need of alluding to the punsters who, on the bench, in the drawing-room, in the study, then and thenceforward practiced their jocosse *double entendres*. As for these—are they not found in all the jest-books? But we must record the pun of the era—the curious interpreter of the change that had astonished the world. This *paranomasia* has been set forth in mere prose; but it is worthy of a poetical version; and we hereby try to give one—on the model of Beranger's famous lyric, "*Le Convoy de David*." We shall call our anapaestic pun—

THE CONVOY OF M. DE SAINT CYR.

"Stand back," says the guard; "ye pass not here!"

To chairmen with a sedan chair,
Who cried, "Here's *Monsieur de Saint Cyr*,
Asking to enter the *barrière*!"

"No, no!" said the guard; "since the year One
Monsieur is obsolete; d'y'e hear!"

"Be it so, guard; let us pass on,
We'll only take in *de Saint Cyr!*"

"No go," says the guard, "your *de's* no go.
Since that warm hour and gushing vote
When the peers stript themselves, and so
Hugged the Tiers Etat, *sans culotte*;
'Tis *Citoyen* and *Citoyenne*,
Jacques Bonhomme and his wife, my
dear!"

"Well, if you say so, guard, why then
Open your barrier for *Saint Cyr!*"

"Don't talk," says the guard: "you must not
pass.

We've quashed the calendar of late;
Saints are abolished with the mass—
None of their sort shall pass my gate.
We're in our age of reason, now,
And superstition quakes for fear."

"Well, guard, we'll try it, anyhow—
Let the rest go, but let in *Cyr!*"

"Be off," shouts the guard; "that's worse and
worse!

In *Sire* the others all combine.
Take them away; your better course
Would be for Coblenz on the Rhine!"

"Well, guard, good-by; the day may come,
When you shall change your watchword
here,

And open barriers welcome home
This same old *Monsieur de Saint Cyr!*"

The chairman was a true prophet.
He knew the character of his country-
men, apparently.

The great poets, Byron and Beranger,
used the pun with good effect.
They punned against the Duke of
Wellington, said by Madame de Staël
to be the greatest man ever made of
such little materials. Byron says:—

"Glory like yours should any dare gainsay,
Humanity would rise, and thunder: Nay!"

And in the "*Complainte de ces Demoiselles*," written in 1815, Beranger
sings:

"Faut qu' Lord Villainton ait tout pris,
Gn'a plus d'argent dans o'gueux d'Paris."

In "*Les infiniment petits*," also, he
has a pun against the régime of the
Bourbons; the refrain of the song
being: "*mais les barbons regnent tou-
jours*;"—*barbons*, meaning "gray
beards," and also "Bourbons" by grace
of euphony.

Sir Walter Scott was neither afraid
nor ashamed to use a pun; and he al-
ways does so happily, as may be per-
ceived in the introduction to the "*For-
tunes of Nigel*," the description of Goffe,
in the "*Pirate*," and in other parts of
his works. But here we are reminded
that we have nearly overlooked a loftier
intellect which could also recognize the

claims of the pun—John Milton. This
great poet made puns in "*Paradise
Lost*." During the fierce prolonged
battle in Heaven, he makes his hero,
Lucifer, and the gamesome Belial dis-
charge a volley of puns against the an-
gels of the Lord, who have been already
thrown into confusion by the discharges
of artillery. This and the ironical speech
of the Almighty have been considered
to exhibit too much levity and irrever-
ence in Milton; but the poet did not
mean any irreverence—a charge which
people at all times are in the habit of
flinging too thoughtlessly.

In connection with this phase of our
subject, we are reminded of the greatest
paranomasia or pun extant in any lan-
guage; a pun which is in the daily me-
mory of millions, yet not recognized as
such—a formula having a historic inter-
est surpassing that of any other recorded
sentence—a thing which has shaken
thrones, and caused terrible wars and
revolutions, and is still as much a sen-
tence and a principle as ever it was since
it first began to operate in the world.
The curious and amiable reader, who,
perhaps, was never sent to look for
such a thing in such a place before, will
find it at the 16th chapter of Matthew
and the 18th and 19th verses. This is
the strong-hold and main-stay of the
pope; and, if ever we should be called
on to argue the matter with the man of
the tiara, we are not without a missile
to hit him with—we shall hit him with
one pun. No doubt he will stand on
his Rock and excommunicate us for ir-
reverence. But, as we have said, that
charge is easily made. There is old
Fuller—a more pious man than any of
us—who calls God the first shipwright
—with reference to the ark; and says
he may also be said to be free of a com-
pany of soldiers—in that he styles him-
self a man of war! That saying we have
referred to, which is recorded in its
full sense by Matthew alone, is another
instance of the grave meaning which
the ancients were wont to attach to
names bearing a double sense.

Coming to our own nation, we find
the pun in very general use; though, for
the most part, somewhat rudely set forth,
and hooted at a good deal by the affect-
ed part of the community. Something
spry and striking is congenial to a peo-
ple with vivacious and rather preoccu-
pied minds. The pun flourishes among
the toasts and sentiments of the land, as

in a parterre. There is scarcely a festive gathering on which that cheerful equivocation will not be found sparkling amidst the regulated or volunteer sententiousness of the occasion. At a public dinner, Judge Story's toast is: "Genius is sure to be welcome wherever it goes;" and the requital from Mr. Everett is: "Law, Equity, and Jurisprudence; no efforts can raise them above a Story;" both of which are very good things, and worthy of general acceptance. Every reader, of course, remembers scores of such witticisms. And there is very good reason for all this. Almost all the conceivable toasts and sentiments in the world—social, political, warlike, agrarian, commercial, chivalrous, and so forth—are worn threadbare with frequent use; and it asks a vast deal of ingenuity well expended, to find some new, neat way of saying what has been often said already. Here the pun comes in very well, throwing a genial flash of hilarity over scenes that, between ourselves, often stand in need of it. Our puns are protests against the trite and the prolix, and a wholesome recognition of the popular taste.

Puns were pretty much in vogue among our precursors, the Yankee portion of them; though, no doubt, the Knickerbockers had them as well. The reader of Boston history will remember Capt. Stone and his pun. He grew enraged once with Mr. Ludlow, the magistrate, and called him "Just-ass," in an evil hour, heedless of the retribution which soon overtook him in the shape of a £100 fine. No more of the Captain's puns have been recorded! Then, Cotton Mather would make puns; and we remember one of them, a very good one. It is on the name of the Rev. Ralph Partridge, of whom the punster writes: "Mr. Partridge was, notwithstanding the paucity and poverty of his congregation, so afraid of being anything that looked like a bird wandering from its nest, that he remained with his poor people till he took wing to become a bird of Paradise, along with the Seraphim of Heaven. *Epitaphium: Advocatū!*" This Latinity reminds the reader of the punning motto of Decatur's attack on Algiers—*Carpe Diem!* *Punch*, some years ago, had just such another, referring to the conquest of Scinde, by Sir Charles James Napier, a member of the most original and heroic family in England, whose bluntness and

soldierly simplicity so offended the regular men and red-tapists (those who manage the Crimea) that when, in 1842, he went in and beat down the Ameers, in a short, peremptory campaign, such as Alexander would have made, they cried out lustily against him for doing things in such a hurry. *Punch* accordingly presented a punning confession for him: *Peccavi!*—I have sinned.

Having, thus far, vindicated the prestige of the pun, we feel ourselves at liberty to admit that, though a good sort of thing, it is only so when judiciously brought forth, and favored by circumstances and the manner. We can understand the slight with which puns are often treated. People produce them in a violent and conscious way; a man presents his pun, and demands your laugh. This is outrageous; and we will not laugh. In writing, people will underline puns—after the style of the painter, who, having drawn a cock on a sign-board, wrote underneath: "This is a cock." That italicizing is a gross offense, and punishable. There be certain flavors in cookery, which, used with judgment, are pleasant and appetizing—onions, garlic, and such pungents—but which, brought up in gross plenty, are disgusting enough. It is the same with puns. They must be uttered in a peculiar way, so as to come on us with something of a surprise, and without any impertinent airs of consciousness. Dickens, who likes the pun flavor, shows he understands all this—where Toots says he is advised to take bark for the tone of his stomach; and in several other parts of his works, the double meaning coming with such ease and unaffectedness, that nothing can be better. And, talking of "bark," we are reminded of the saying of Arcesilaus, the Athenian, who, alluding to a certain actor, and taking the similitude from a Greek forest (we bar any of the reader's italics here!), said the man had a rough-hewn voice—it was all over bark. The translation of this is a very fair sort of pun; while the original, being only a simile, is, of course, unconscious of it.

In the foregoing list of puns, gathered in places mostly out of the way, where few would go to look for them, we think we have shown that *paranomasia*, which has occupied the gravest, the brightest, and the strongest minds of men, is not such an ignoble employment after all, and from the verses of Hood and some of our

own authors, we could also show that, among the sportive efforts of the intellect, ranked under the headings of wit and humor, the pun is not the least brilliant and effective. Hood has, on the whole, we believe, been the happiest hand at punning—if you can call him happy who had to write monthly *double entendres* for his bread—to eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor—like Edmund Burke, before that splendid genius sold his literature for a fine estate. Hood never italicized, and that was in his favor—keeping curiosity on the *qui vive*, and making the puns come as discoveries, “with unexpected light surprising,” like the looks of Nora Creina; which, being interpreted, means “old Nora!” And thereby hangs a parenthesis. We cannot avoid observing how that lyric of Tom Moore’s instances his occasional inaptitude to interpret the old Celtic airs in all their native raciness. The original air of Nora Creina is comic, as the movement at once

indicates—and refers to a randy old wife, who takes snuff, has not the slightest objection to a thimbleful of whisky, and then, her arms akimbo, capers a jig with the youngest on the floor. Moore gives us a mild maiden—charmingly enough, to be sure; but then he has ridiculously retained the word *creina*—ripe or old—making a queer jumble of the idea, except to the ignorant Saxons. The song jars on every Gaelic ear.

Jam satis! In ending this gossip of puns, we should do so with great satisfaction—the satisfaction of Mrs. Blimber, could she but see the Tusculan villa!—if we could have ranked two names with the great punsters enumerated—Dante and George Washington. We have a dim idea that a Dantean pun may be found somewhere; but, respecting Washington, we have our fears. Perhaps Professor Sparks could resolve the question whether the *Pater Patriæ* did ever make a pun, or not.

LIVING IN THE COUNTRY.

The Children are sent to School—Old Soldiers—An Invitation, and Cruel Disappointment—Our Eldest begins to show Symptoms of the Tender Passion—Poetry—The Melodies of Mother Goose—Little Posterity by the Wayside—A Casualty—*The Drowning of Poor Little Tommy.*

WE have sent the children to school. Under the protecting wing of Mrs. Sparrowgrass, our two eldest boys passed in safety through the narrow channel of orthography, and were fairly launched upon the great ocean of reading before a teacher was thought of. But when boys get into definitions, and words more than an inch long, it is time to put them out, and pay their bills once a quarter. Our little maid, five years old, must go with them, too. The boys stipulated that she should go, although she had never gone beyond E in the alphabet before. When I came home from the city in the evening, I found them with their new carpet-satchels all ready for the morning. There was quite a hurrah! when I came in, and they swung their book-knapsacks over each little shoulder by a strap, and stepped out with great pride, when I said, “Well done, my old soldiers.” Next morning we saw the old soldiers marching up the garden-path to the gate, and then the

little procession halted; and the boys waved their caps, and one dear little toad kissed her mitten at us—and then away they went with such cheerful faces. Poor old soldiers! what a long, long siege you have before you!

Thank Heaven for this great privilege, that our little ones go to school in the country. Not in the narrow streets of the city; not over the flinty pavements; not amid the crush of crowds, and the din of wheels: but out in the sweet woodlands and meadows; out in the open air, and under the blue sky—cheered on by the birds of spring and summer, or braced by the stormy winds of ruder seasons. Learning a thousand lessons city children never learn; getting nature by heart—and treasuring up in their little souls the beautiful stories written in God’s great picture-book.

We have great times now when the old soldiers come home from school in the afternoon. The whole household is put under martial law until the old

soldiers get their rations. Bless their white heads, how hungry they are. Once in a while they get pudding, by way of a treat. Then what chuckling and rubbing of little fists, and cheers, as the three white heads touch each other over the pan. I think an artist could make a charming picture of that group of urchins, especially if he painted them in their school-knapsacks.

Sometimes we get glimpses of their minor world—its half-fledged ambitions, its puny cares, its hopes and its disappointments. The first afternoon they returned from school, open flew every satchel, and out came a little book. A conduct-book! There was G. for good boy, and R. for reading, and S. for spelling, and so on; and opposite every letter a good mark. From the early records in the conduct-books, the school-mistress must have had an elegant time of it for the first few days, with the old soldiers. Then there came a dark day; and on that afternoon, from the force of circumstances, the old soldiers did not seem to care about showing up. Every little reluctant hand, however, went into its satchel upon requisition, and out came the records. It was evident, from a tiny legion of crosses in the books, that the mistress's duties had been rather irksome that morning. So the small column was ordered to deploy in line of battle and, after a short address, dismissed, without pudding. In consequence, the old soldiers now got some good marks every day.

We begin to observe the first indications of a love for society growing up with their new experiences. It is curious to see the tiny filaments of friendship patting forth, and winding their fragile tendrils around their small acquaintance. What a little world it is—the little world that is allowed to go into the menagerie at half price! Has it not its joys and its griefs; its cares and its mortifications; its aspirations and its despairs? One day the old soldiers came home in high feather, with a note. An invitation to a party, "Master Millet's compliments, and would be happy to see the Masters and Miss Sparrowgrass to tea, on Saturday afternoon." What a hurrah! there was, when the note was read; and how the round eyes glistened with anticipation; and how their cheeks glowed with the run they had had. Not an inch of the way from school had they walked, with that great

note. There was much chuckling over their dinner, too; and we observed the glow never left their cheeks, even after they were in bed, and had been asleep for hours. Then all their best clothes had to be taken out of the drawer and brushed; and the best collars laid out; and a small silk apron, with profuse ribbons, improvised for our little maid; and a great-to-do generally. Next morning I left them, as I had to go to the city; but the day was bright and beautiful. At noon, the sky grew cloudy. At two o'clock, it commenced raining. At three, it rained steadily. When I reached home in the evening, they were all in bed again; and I learned they had been prevented going to the party on account of the weather. "They had been dreadfully disappointed," Mrs. Sparrowgrass said; so we took a lamp and went up to have a look at them. There they lay—the hopeful roses of yesterday, all faded; and one poor old soldier was sobbing in his sleep.

We begin to think our eldest is nourishing a secret passion, under his bell-buttons. He has been seen brushing his hair more than once, lately; and, not long since, the two youngest came home crying, without him. Upon investigation, we found our eldest had gone off with a school-girl twice his size; and, when he returned, he said he had only gone home with her, because she promised to put some bay rum on his hair. He has even had the audacity to ask me to write a piece of poetry about her, and of course I complied.

TO MY BIG SWEETHEART.

My love has long brown curls,
And blue forget-me-not eyes;
She's the beauty of all the girls—
But I wish I was twice my size;
Then I could kiss her cheek,
Or venture her lips to taste;
But now I only reach to the ribbon
She ties around her waist.

Chocolate-drop of my heart!
I dare not breathe thy name;
Like a peppermint stick I stand apart
In a sweet, but secret flame:
When you look down on me,
And the tassel atop of my cap,
I feel as if something had got in my throat,
And was choking against the strap.

I passed your garden and there,
On the clothes lines, hung a few
Pantalettes, and one tall pair
Reminded me, love, of you;
And I thought, as I swung on the gate
In the cold, by myself alone,
How soon the sweetness of hoarhound dies,
But the bitter keeps on and on.

It was quite touching to see how solemnly the old soldiers listened, when this was being read to them; and when I came to the lines—

"I feel as if something had got in my throat,
And was choking against the strap!"

Ivanhoe looked up with questioning eyes, as if he would have said, "how did you know that?"

It is surprising how soon children—all children—begin to love poetry. That dear old lady—Mother Goose! what would childhood be without her? Let old Mother Goose pack up her satchel and begone, and a dreary world this would be for babies! No more "Pat-a-cake baker's man;" no more "Here sits the Lord Mayor;" no more "This little pig went to market;" no more "Jack and Jill," going up the hill after that unfortunate pail of water; no more "One, two, buckle my shoe;" and "Old Mother Hubbard," who had such an uncommonly brilliant dog; and "Simple Simon," who was not quite so simple as the pieman thought he was; and Jacky Horner, whose thumb stands out in childhood's memory like Trajan's legended pillar; and the royal architecture of "King Boggin;" and the peep into court life derived from the wonderful "Song of Sixpence:"—what would that dear little half-price world do without them? Sometimes, too, the melodious precepts of that kind old lady save a host of rigid moral lessons—"Tell tale tit" and "Cross-patch, draw the latch" are better than twenty household sermons. And then those golden legends: "Bobby Shaftoe went to sea;" and "Little Miss Muffitt, who sat on a tuffit;" and the charming moon-story of Little Bo Peep with her shadowless sheep; and the capital match Jack Sprat made, when he got his wife; and the wisdom of that great maxim of Mother Goose—

"Birds of a feather flock together."

What could replace these, should the priceless volume be closed upon childhood forever?

When we think of the great world, and its elaborate amusements—its balls, and its concerts; its theatres and its opera-houses; its costly dinners, and toilsome grand parties; its clanging pianos, and its roaring convivial songs; its carved furniture, splendid diamonds, rouge, and gilding; its hollow etiquette, and its sickly sentimentalities, what a

poor miserable show it makes beside little Posterity, with its toils and pleasures; its satchel, and scraps of song, sitting by its slender pathway, and watching with great eyes the dazzling pageant passing by. Little Posterity! Sitting in judgment by the wayside, and only waiting for a few years to close, before it brings in its solemn verdict.

What delicate perceptions children have, lively sympathies, quick-eyed penetration. How they shrink from hypocrisy, let it speak with never so soft a voice; and open their little chubby arms, when goodness steps into the room. What a sad-faced group it was that stood upon our bank, the day little Tommy was drowned.

There is a smooth sand beach in front of our house, a small dock, and a boat-house. The rail-road track is laid between the bank and the beach, so that you can look out of the car-windows and see the river, and the palisades, the sloops, the beach, and the boat-house. One summer afternoon, as the train flew by the cottage, (for the station is beyond it a short walk), I observed quite a concourse of people on one side the track—on the dock—and down by the water's edge. So when the cars stopped, I hurried back over the ground I had just passed, and on my way met a man who told me a little boy was drowned in the water in front of my house. What a desperate race Sparrowgrass ran that day, with the image of each of his children successively drowned, passing through his mind with the rapidity of lightning flashes! When I got in the crowd of people, I saw a poor woman lying lifeless in the arms of two other women; some were bathing her forehead, some were chafing her hands, and just then I heard some one say, "It is his mother, poor thing." How cruel it was in me, to whisper "Thank God!" but could I help it? To rush up the bank, to get the boat-house key, to throw open the outside doors, and swing out the davits, was but an instant's work; and then down went the boat from the blocks, and a volunteer crew had pushed her off in a moment. Then they slowly rowed her down the river, close in shore; for the tide was falling, and every now and then the iron boat-hook sank under the water on its errand of mercy. Meanwhile we lashed hooks to other poles, and along

the beach, and on the dock, a number of men were busy searching for the body. At last there was a subdued shout—it came from the river, a little south of the boat-house—and the men dropped the poles on the dock, and on the beach, and ran down that way, and we saw a little white object glisten in the arms of the boat-men, and then it was laid, tenderly, face downward, on the grass that grew on the parapet of the rail-way. Poor little fellow! He had been bathing on the beach, and had ventured out beyond his depth in the river. It was too late to recall that little spirit—the slender breath had bubbled up through the water half an hour before. The poor people wrapped up the tiny white death in a warm shawl; and one stout fellow took it in his arms,

and carried it softly along the iron road, followed by the concourse of people.

When I came up on the bank again, I thanked God, for the group of small, sad faces I found there—partly for their safety—partly for their sympathy. And we observed that afternoon, how quiet and orderly the young ones were; although the sun went down in splendid clouds, and the river was flushed with crimson, and the birds sang as they were wont to sing, and the dogs sported across the grass, and all nature seemed to be unconsciously gay over the melancholy casualty; yet our little ones were true to themselves, and to humanity. They had turned over an important page in life, and they were profiting by the lesson.

MY WIFE AND I.

WIFE, my darling, close the doors,
Draw the curtains, see, the fire,
Ever the louder the rain storm roars,
Rises happier, brighter, higher.

There, on the ottoman, nearer still,
Lay thy head on my loving breast—
Stay—another—that ringlet *will*
Take his kisses, and all the rest!

Toss him back from thy delicate brow,
Lift the light of thy laughing eyes—
Laughing tenderly—tell me now,
Which was foolish, and which was wise?

Ah! when we walked, that summer eve,
Hushed, on the shore of the sounding sea,
Was it not heaven made us believe
This was waiting for thee and me?

Was it not heaven? A single star
Shook in the sky—again and again
A white sail glimmered, faint and far,
Trembling away to the shadowy main;

Thou, with thy gaze on the vanishing ships;
I that watched for the star to appear—
Nay! not my hand, love! Speak to my lips!
Every hope had its harbor—here!

CYCLOPÆDIA OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.*

AMERICAN literature has found a complete and felicitous chronicle in these volumes. The editors have brought to its preparation an enlightened love of letters, rare personal accomplishments, a genial antiquarian enthusiasm, and untiring fidelity and patience of research. The plan of their work would seem to have been suggested by Chambers's "Cyclopædia of English Literature," to which, however, it is unquestionably superior in the character of its execution, if not in the interest of its contents. It is remarkable for the compactness with which it crowds the different epochs of our literature into a comprehensive space, without falling into a meagre and unfruitful brevity. In turning over its leaves, we are often tempted to stop and admire the ingenuity of the editors, who have been able to impart such a rich variety of incidental literary information, besides the leading notices which appropriately introduce the selections from various authors.

Tracing the progress of intellectual culture in this country from the first dawn of literature among the Puritan exiles to the latest productions of the present day, it exhibits a complete map, or rather a finished miniature sketch of the development and performances of American talent in the field of letters. The Pilgrims brought the love of learning, with their household treasures, to the promised land of religion and freedom. Many of the early pioneers had received the choicest education of the English universities. They blended generous studies with the cultivation of the field, and the practice of arms. They handled the pen with no less facility than the axe and the musket. Several curious specimens of their literary tastes are preserved in these volumes. For the most part they are quaint, rugged, erratic compositions, more remarkable for their earnestness of thought than their graces of style, and showing that strong sense of personality which prompted their writers to leave the sweet and delicate refinements of their English homes, for the sake of elbow-room in the free wilder-

ness. Among the primitive worthies, from whose remains we have more or less numerous fragments, are the famous New England divines, and Cotton, Norton, Hooker, Roger Williams, the two Mathers, the excellent John Winthrop, first Governor of Massachusetts, Governor Bradford, John Eliot, the devoted apostle to the Indians, and Peter Folger, the maternal grandfather of Dr. Franklin.

One of the most interesting sketches in this portion of the work is devoted to Roger Williams—a man who, in many respects, may be regarded as a type of the best elements in the Puritan character. Without a certain spice of fanaticism, he could scarcely have been deemed a true Pilgrim. Earnest religious convictions imply an exclusiveness and zeal which must always appear fanatical to those by whom they are not fully shared. But Roger Williams had no sourness or austerity in his religious composition. In this sense, he could not justly be called a fanatic. Rather was it true, that his nature was softened by a lambent enthusiasm. Hating error much, he loved truth more. His mind expanded in visions of Gospel freedom. He cherished a pervading sense of the infinite and unutterable sweetness of divine things. To his soul, God was not the echo of a tradition, nor the logical product of a syllogism; but a living and present reality. He thus dwelt in the sphere of universal ideas. His convictions were absolute and all-embracing; not relative and limited. Hence, by a natural and invincible necessity, he became the champion of religious freedom, for which he is justly, and not too warmly eulogized by the editors of this work. As they justly remark, with him, "the right divine of conscience was not simply having his own way, while he checked other people's. He did not fly from persecution to persecute." He founded the rights of conscience, not on prescription or privilege, but on the autocracy of the human soul, subject to no authority but the law of God, as written in its own nature. This must ever be the glorious distinction of Roger Wil-

* *Cyclopædia of American Literature.* By EVERT A. DUYCKINCK and GEORGE L. DUYCKINCK. 2 vols. Charles Scribner.

hams. On this proud eminence, he stands alone, among the Pilgrims. Nor was his attachment to principle tainted by the pride of opinion. Everywhere, he manifests a free, and gentle, and loving soul. Some little snatches of his poetry, which we find in this work, illustrate the tenderness and pious simplicity of his character. What touching naïveté in the lines which compare the material deprivation of the Pilgrims with the luxurious softness which they had forsaken:

"Coarse bread and water's most their fare,
O England's diet's fine;
Thy cup runs o'er with plenteous store
Of wholesome beer and wine.

"Sometimes God gives them fish or flesh,
Yet they're content without:
And what comes in they part to friends,
And strangers round about.

"God's providence is rich to His,
Let none distrustful be,
In wilderness, in great distress,
There ravens have fed me."

Another of these little poems alludes to his sufferings in exile; and beautifully expresses the faith in the divine Power, which formed the vital essence of his soul:

"God makes a path, provides a guide,
And feeds in wilderness!
His glorious name, while breath remains,
O that I may confess.

"Lost many a time, I have had no guide,
No house, but hollow tree!
In stormy winter night no fire,
No food, no company:

"In Him I have found a house, a bed,
A table, company:
No cup's so bitter, but's made sweet
When God shall sweetning be."

In 1683, in a ripe and kindly old age, Roger Williams died at Providence, "on the spot which his genius and labors had consecrated," leaving a fame which the lapse of years has not dimmed, as the friend of peace and the assertor of liberty.

Coming down to later times prior to the Revolution, we have Benjamin Franklin, "whose very name, since it was consecrated by the poet Chaucer, is freshly suggestive of freedom;" Mather Byles, the unrepentant punster and bigoted Tory; Jonathan Mayhew, the noble defender of popular rights, in defiance of British power, who uttered his eloquent appeals in behalf of human freedom in the West Church of Boston, where his

words have not yet ceased to find a powerful echo; Berkeley, the philosophic enthusiast, who watched, "in solemn vision," the course of empire on its western way; and Jonathan Edwards, the first metaphysician of his day, and endowed with the acutest intellect that ever drew its nutriment and inspiration from New England training.

The Revolutionary period was also fertile in literary productions, in spite of the troubled character of the times. Among the writers of that day, there was the patriotic Livingston of New Jersey; James Otis, under whose impassioned eloquence "American Independence was born;" the fiery-hearted John Adams; the masters of humor, Francis Hopkinson, and John Trumbull; the two Bartrams, father and son, each a devotee of natural science; Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton, and Jay, the leading political philosophers of their day, whose profound reasonings aided to embody freedom in constitutional forms; the sage Witherspoon; the genial satirist, Hugh Breckenridge; and to name no others, the trio of Connecticut bards, Timothy Dwight, David Humphreys, and Joel Barlow.

Of the Revolutionary writers, none receives a more elaborate notice than Philip Freneau, whose memory the editors labor, with pious assiduity, to redeem from certain prevalent misapprehensions. Although sometimes careless in their execution, his verses, they maintain, are not destitute of genuine poetic fire, and, both on account of their intrinsic merit and their historical relations, are worthy of more attention than they have generally received. Freneau was born in New York, in 1752. His ancestors were among the French emigrants, who were driven to this country by the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Having graduated at the college of New Jersey, where he had Madison for a class-mate and intimate friend, he soon took an active part in political affairs. While the British troops were in possession of New York, he was arrested as a rebel, and thrown into the infamous prison-ship, which at that time was the receptacle of the Revolutionary victims. He did not fail to celebrate the torments of this place in a pungent poem. The first edition of his political writings was published in 1786 in a single duodecimo volume. This was followed, in a year or two, by an-

other volume, containing further specimens of his poetry, and several prose compositions of a miscellaneous character. A more complete collection of his writings was published in 1795, containing some three hundred poetical pieces, including specimens of descriptive composition, with a due proportion of song, story, satire, and epigram. Freneau's prose writings are marked by the same general characteristics as his poetry. Playful and humorous in their tone, bold and original in thought, and of a polished style, they may be regarded as the first fruits of that kind of literature, which, in the hands of Paulding, Irving, and others, has gained such popular eclat among all classes of readers. Freneau was an active politician, during his whole life; and for a large portion of it was connected with the newspaper press. At that time journalism had not assumed the rank which it now holds, as a vehicle of intelligence. Still it presented sufficient scope for the exercise of talent. With a far less systematic organization than at the present day, it perhaps afforded a more congenial field for original fancies and personal humor. Freneau was a bitter partisan. He stamped his own mind on whatever he wrote. He had an evident genius for newspapers, although he continued to indulge in the composition of poetry. Upon retiring from public life, he passed the remainder of his days in New Jersey, but continuing his habits of intimate social intercourse with a large circle of prominent New-Yorkers. According to Dr. Francis, whose personal reminiscences of Freneau are embodied in the sketch by the Messrs. Duyckinck, he was a man of kindly disposition, courteous manners, and highly agreeable conversation. Upon his visits to the metropolis, he was sure of a cordial welcome from many eminent citizens. Governor George Clinton was one of his warmest friends. He found a genial associate in the learned Provoost, the first Episcopal Bishop in this country, who had himself shouldered a musket in the war of Independence. With Gates, Freneau was on intimate terms; and they often compared together the achievements of Monmouth with those of Saratoga. With Colonel Fish he reviewed the capture of Yorktown; discussed the sufferings of the prison-ship, the charms

of Italian poetry, and the piscatory eclogues of Sannazarius, with the omnivorous Dr. Mitchell; supplied Dr. Dewitt with materials for his eulogy on the American martyrs; criticized Horace and Paul Jones with Pintard; descanted on the chivalrous virtues of Baron Steuben with Major Fairlie; reveled in the day-dream of an ideal democracy with Thomas Paine; and debated the projects of internal improvement and artificial navigation with Dewitt Clinton and Cadwallader D. Colden.

When Dr. Francis first made the acquaintance of Freneau, he was about seventy-six years old. Rather below the middle height, with a thin, but muscular figure, slightly stooping from age, though with firm step, his careworn countenance was lighted up with intelligence, and he spoke with a clear and impressive enunciation. He had an elevated forehead, dark gray eyes, and an expression of habitual pensiveness. His iron-gray hair retained the traces of its early beauty. He had no love of display. His simple dress might have been taken for that of a farmer. His favorite theme in conversation was New York—the city of his birth; and next in interest was his collegiate career with Madison. In spite of the neglect of many years, he preserved the attainments of his classical studies to a remarkable degree. His death took place in 1832.

Dipping at random into these tempting pages, we often light upon passages worthy of note for some merit of expression or thought, independent of their connection with the general course of the narrative. Thus, apropos of Chief Justice Marshall's early tuition by a Scotch clergyman, we have some interesting statements in regard to the influence of the clergy in educating the youth of this country. "This is one of many instances in which the great minds of America received their first discipline at the hands of the clergy. At a somewhat later day, in Virginia, William Wirt, another legal eminence, received his first culture and generous love of learning at the hands of a clergyman—the Rev. James Hunt from Princeton. James Madison was educated by a clergyman, and also Legaré. Hamilton, in the West Indies, was taught, and sent to New York by a clergyman, Dr. Knox, at Santa Cruz;

and two clergymen of that city, Drs. Rodgers and Mason, received him on his arrival. In New England, it was the general rule. The clergyman was the sun of the intellectual system, in village, township, and city. John Adams in his early life—we may take him as a fair type of self-culture, seizing upon all neighboring advantages—was almost as much a clerical growth as a pupil of St. Omer's or the Propaganda. Throughout the South the clergyman was the pioneer of civilization. This is a missionary influence, which does not suggest itself so prominently as it should to the American of the present day. We are apt to think of the clergyman only in his relation to the pulpit; and confirm our notions of his influence to the family and the parish, in those concerns of eternal welfare, which are locked up in the privacies of the home and the heart. These spiritual relations, indeed, have the grandest and widest scope; but there are others which should not be separated from them. The clergyman not only sanctified and cemented the parish, but he founded the state. It was his instruction which moulded the soldier and the statesman. Living among agriculturists remote from towns, where language and literature would naturally be neglected and corrupted, in advance of the schoolmaster and the school, he was the future college in embryo. When we see men like Marshall graduating at his right hand, with no other courses than the simple man of God, who had left the refinements of civilization for the wilderness, taught, and with no other diploma than his benediction, we may, indeed, stop to honor their labors. Let the name of the American missionary of the colonial and revolutionary age suggest something more to the student of our history than the limited notion of a combatant with heathenism and vice. He was also the companion and guide to genius and virtue. When the memorials of those days are written, let his name be recorded, in no insignificant or feeble letters, on the page with the great men of the state, whom his talents and presence inspired."

A considerable portion of this work is devoted to the literature of the South, which is here more fully displayed than it has ever been before. The record

presents an imposing array of names, especially among the more recent writers of the southern states. Kennedy, Legaré, Cooper, Pinkney, Calvert, Gayarré, Simms, Charlton, Meyer, the Cookes, Thompson, Hayne, and several others are made the subjects of honorable notice; and full justice is done to their various accomplishments in the different departments of literature.

The period, extending from the commencement of this century to the present time, includes the great writers in prose and poetry, who are everywhere recognized as the chief illustrations of American letters, and whose names are too well known to require even a passing allusion. Of the latest contemporary authors, whose brilliant reputation affords the promise of permanent fame, we have many interesting details that have not before appeared in print. Among these, the editors have given sketches that furnish a gratifying proof of the freshness and vitality of our literature, of Thomas W. Parsons, whose recent volume of sinewy poetry at once raised him to an eminence which was no surprise to the connoisseur who was acquainted with his previous translations from Dante; of John Milton Mackie, whose *Cosas de España* and other contributions to periodical literature exhibit the sparkling effervescence of an intellect ripened in the gravest studies; of Donald Mitchell, who has opened a new vein of sentiment and pathos in the effusions of *Ik. Marvel*; and of Curtis, the versatile Howadji, whose pen luxuriates alike in pictures of sunny lands abroad, and in polished satire of social follies at home. In the critical judgments, which the editors or these volumes express, we find no trace of bitterness or of favoritism, but the manly utterance of opinions, which are usually in accordance with the verdict of public taste. The work is finished with an elaborate nicety that betrays the spirit of true scholarship—the love of excellence and completeness, without regard to toil. Minute inaccuracies are, of course, discoverable amid such a multiplicity of details; but, we think, none can be found which will impeach the general fidelity. A large collection of portraits, autographs, and cuts of authors' residences, forms an appropriate embellishment to the work, and adds much to its interest and value.

THE RANGER.

ROBERT RAWLIN!—Frosts were falling
 When the ranger's horn was calling
 Through the woods to Canada.
 Gone the winter's sleet and snowing,
 Gone the spring time's bud and blowing,
 Gone the summer's harvest mowing
 And again the fields are gray.
 Yet away, he's away,
 Faint and fainter hope is growing
 In the hearts that mourn his stay.

When the lion, crouching high on
 Abraham's rock with teeth of iron,
 Glares o'er wood and wave away;
 Faintly thence, as pines far sighing,
 Or, as thunder spent and dying,
 Come the challenge and replying,
 Come the sounds of flight and fray.
 Well-a-day! Hope and pray!
 Some are living, some are lying
 In their red graves far away.

Straggling rangers, worn with dangers,
 Homeward faring, weary strangers
 Pass the farm-gate on their way;
 Tidings of the dead and living,
 Forest march, and ambush giving,
 Till the maidens leave their weaving,
 And the lads forget their play.
 "Still away, still away!"
 Sighs a sad one, sick with grieving,
 "Why does Robert still delay?"

Nowhere fairer, sweeter, rarer,
 Does the golden-locked fruit-bearer
 Through his painted woodlands stray,
 Than where hill-side oaks and beeches
 Overlook the long, blue reaches,
 Silver coves and pebbled beaches,
 And green isles of Casco Bay;
 Nowhere day, for delay,
 With a tenderer look beseeches,
 "Let me with my charmed earth stay!"

On the grain-lands of the mainlands,
 Stands the serried corn like train-bands,
 Plume and pennon rustling gay;
 Out at sea, the islands wooded,
 Silver birches, golden hooded,
 Set with maples, crimson-blooded,
 White sea-foam and sand-hills gray,
 Stretch away, far away,
 Dim and dreamy, over-brooded
 By the hazy autumn day.

Gaily chattering to the clattering
 Of the brown nuts downward pattering,
 Leap the squirrels, red and gray.
 On the grass-land, on the fallow,
 Drop the apples, red and yellow;
 Drop the russet pears and mellow,
 Drop the red leaves all the day.
 And away, swift away
 Sun and cloud, o'er hill and hollow
 Chasing, weave their web of play.

"Martha Mason, Martha Mason,
 Prithee tell us of the reason
 Why you mope at home to-day:
 Surely smiling is not sinning;
 Leave your quilling, leave your spinning;
 What is all your store of linen,
 If your heart is never gay?
 Come away, come away!
 Never yet did sad beginning
 Make the task of life a play."

Overbending, till she's blending
 With the flaxen skein she's tending,
 Pale brown tresses smoothed away
 From her face of patient sorrow,
 Sits she, seeking but to borrow,
 From the trembling hope of morrow,
 Solace for the weary day.
 "Go your way, laugh and play;
 Unto Him who heeds the sparrow
 And the lily, let me pray."

"With our rally, rings the valley—
 Join us!" cried the blue-eyed Nelly;
 "Join us!" cried the laughing May:
 "To the beach we all are going,
 And, to save the task of rowing,
 West by north the wind is blowing,
 Blowing briskly down the bay!
 Come away, come away!
 Time and tide are swiftly flowing,
 Let us take them while we may!

"Never tell us that you'll fail us,
 Where the purple beach-plum mellows
 On the bluffs so wild and gray.
 Hasten, for the oars are falling;
 Hark, our merry mates are calling:
 Time it is that we were all in,
 Singing tideward down the bay!"
 "Nay, nay, let me stay;
 Sore and sad for Robert Rawlin,
 Is my heart," she said, "to-day."

"Vain your calling for Rob Rawlin,
 Some red squaw his moose-meat's broiling,
 Or some French lass, singing gay;
 Just forget as he's forgetting;
 What avails a life of fretting?

If some stars must needs be setting,
 Others rise as good as they."
 "Cease I pray; go your way!"
 Martha cries, her eye-lids wetting;
 "Foul and false the words you say!"

"Martha Mason, heed to reason,
 Prithee, put a kinder face on!"
 "Cease to vex me," did she say:
 "Better at his side be lying,
 With the mournful pine-trees sighing,
 And the wild birds o'er us crying,
 Than to doubt like mine a prey;
 While away, far away,
 Turns my heart, forever trying
 Some new hope for each new day.

"When the shadows veil the meadows,
 And the sunset's golden ladders
 Climb the twilight's walls of gray—
 From the window of my dreaming,
 I can see his sickle gleaming,
 Cheery-voiced, can hear him teaming
 Down the locust-shaded way;
 But away, swift away
 Fades the fond, delusive seeming,
 And I kneel, again to pray.

"When the growing dawn is showing,
 And the barn-yard cock is crowing,
 And the horned moon pales away:
 From a dream of him awaking,
 Every sound my heart is making
 Seems a footstep of his taking;
 Then I hush the thought, and say,
 'Nay, nay, he's away!'
 Ah! my heart, my heart is breaking
 For the dear one far away."

Look up, Martha! worn and swarthy
 Glows a face of manhood worthy:
 "Robert!" "Martha!" all they say.
 O'er went wheel and reel together,
 Little cared the owner whither;
 Heart of lead is heart of feather,
 Noon of night is noon of day!
 Come away, come away!
 When such lovers meet each other,
 Why should prying idlers stay?

Bare the timbers, quench the embers
 Of their red leaves, in December's
 Hoary rime and chilly spray.
 But the hearth shall kindle clearer,
 Household welcomes sound sincerer,
 Heart to loving heart draw nearer,
 When the bridal bells shall say:
 "Hope and pray, trust alway;
 Life is sweeter, love is dearer
 For the trial and delay!"

THE HAUNTED KING AND THE LOADED DICE.

"The stretched metre of an antique song."

THE BOOK OF THE SWANS.

AS the Rajah Nala was walking in his garden at Nishadha, thinking of the beautiful Damayanti, his eye was arrested by a flock of swans. They came from a cloud above the garden, dropping from its white bosom like a garland of pearls. Some alighted in the tanks, where they swam merrily; others in flower-beds and on the boughs of trees, and one at the Rajah's feet. "This is strange," said the Rajah to himself; "I must see what it means." He stretched forth his hand to clutch the bird, but it fled before him, leading him down the path into a thick grove. At the end of the grove he caught it.

"Slay me not, king of men," said the swan imploringly. "Know that I am no bird, but the soul of a loving poet in its second transmigration. Pronounce over me the sacred words of the Veda, and I shall see the soul of my beloved in the flock of swans. In return for this divine kindness I will fly to Vidarbha, and praise you to Damayanti. She shall think of no one save you."

"I pity all lovers," said the Rajah with a sigh; "and, whether you serve me or not, I will help you to obtain your mistress." He pronounced the mystic spell, and the swan saw the soul of its beloved. "We will both praise you, king of Nishadha," sang the thankful bird, and calling his mistress with a human voice, the pair flew away in the direction of Vidarbha.

By noon they reached the stately city, and, seeking the garden of Damayanti, they dropped in a bower of roses. Now Damayanti, being fond of roses, had bent her steps to the bower to pluck one. She saw the swans as she entered; they stood side by side like lilies—like two white lilies whose heads lean together.

"Nala dwells in Nishadha," began the swans. "Wert thou wedded to him, Damayanti, his noble strength and thy perfect beauty would bear divine fruit. We have seen the gods, and the Gandharvas, their singers; the graceful-gliding people of Patala, and the demons who change themselves at will; but never the peer of Nala. He is the sun

among men, as thou art the moon among women. If the peerless wed the peerless, blessed shall the union be."

"I love Nala," said the wondering Princess; "return and tell him so."

"We go," sang the swans; and while Damayanti plucked the rose they flew back to Nala, and told him all.

The swans took the heart of Damayanti with them. She dwelt no more with herself, but with Nala. The roses faded from her cheeks the more they bloomed in her bower. She grew pale and melancholy, and gave herself up to thought. Her handmaids pitied her secret grief; and one of them, who had heard the song of the swans, told the royal Bhima that his daughter pined for the Rajah Nala. "When maids are sick with love," said the wise old King, "it is time they were wedded." So he summoned the neighboring Rajahs to the betrothal of Damayanti. They crowned themselves with garlands, called their armies together, and, mounting their elephants, marched to Vidarbha. Bhima received them with honor, and they sat on thrones of state in his palace, while the streets swarmed with their soldiers.

The news of the approaching betrothal reached the gods, and Narada and Parvatas ascended to the world of Indra. The Cloudy saluted them. "How fares it with you and your world?"

"It is well with us," replied Narada, the friend of the beautiful Krishna.

"But why come ye alone? Where are mine ancient guests, the kings and guardians of the earth? They are always welcome."

"The renowned Damayanti, the daughter of Bhima, is about to choose a husband; therefore remain the kings. They are hastening to Vidarbha with all their pomp—suitors for the Pearl of the World."

"Let us go also," said the gods; and on the instant they were in their chariots hastening to the earth. As they sank through the air, they saw Nala on his way to the court of Bhima. He drove his chariot as skillfully as the fire-god drives the sun. His hair streamed behind him from his garland of flowers;

his robe fluttered like flame. Now he checked the speed of his flying coursers, whereat they tossed their manes and pawed the ground impatiently. Anon he plied the thong, and they left the wind behind. The celestials stayed their chariots in mid-air.

"Ho! Nala," they shouted, "we have a message for you. Stay, and do our bidding."

"Speak, I will do your bidding," answered the Rajah, folding his arms and bowing his head. "But who are ye, and what is the service ye require of me?"

"Know us," said Indra: "we are the Immortals, and we seek the love of Damayanti. I am Maghavan, the Cloudy; this is Yama; and yonder are Agni, and the King of Waters. Go to the maiden of Vidarbha, and proclaim our coming—say:

'Indra, Agni, Varun, Yama, each to seek thy hand are come;
One of these celestial beings, choose, O virgin, for thy lord.'"

"Spare me, and send me not upon this cruel errand. For how can I, enamored myself, plead for you?"

"Speak, I will do your bidding: such was your promise, Rajah. You know our bidding. Do it. No more delay."

"But how," sighed the unhappy lover, "how shall I enter the palace of Bhima? It is guarded strictly, night and day."

"Thou shalt enter," said Maghavan; and even while the god spake, Nala found himself in the garden of Damayanti. He entered the bower of roses, as the swans had done before him, and there he beheld Damayanti and her maids. It was as if he saw an early morning sky peopled with radiant clouds and governed by the crescent moon. Against a background of rose-buds sat an hundred virgins, clad in white, airy and graceful; and in their midst was Damayanti, the Moon of Beauty. Her eyes were as soft as lotus blooms, her waist as slender as the stalk of the young bamboo, and the waves of her black hair were sown with pearls.

The heart of the Rajah leaped within him, like a stag pursued by the hunters; but he remembered his promise to the gods, and prepared to plead their cause.

The handmaids of Damayanti sprang from their seats, amazed at his beauty and strength; but none dared to accost him before the princess. Damayanti

shared their amazement and was silent, till she remembered that she was the daughter of a king; then, her royalty lending her speech, she thus addressed the Rajah.

"Who art thou so beautiful and strong, and how hast thou entered our palace? The wardens of the king are watchful; his mandates are stern."

"I am Nala," answered the enamored but faithful Rajah; "Nala the messenger of the gods."

'Indra, Agni, Varun, Yama, each to seek thy hand will come;
One of these celestial beings, choose, O virgin, for thy lord!'"

"I hear your words, Rajah, but I cannot obey them. No god shall be my husband. I am content to love a man. Thou art the man, O Nala! Before I saw thee I was enamored, the swans sang thy praise so sweetly; and now that I see thee I cannot but give thee my heart. Wilt thou not give me thine in return?"

When the princess began she smiled, and her eye beamed in the Rajah's face like a star; but as the river of her thought deepened, her eye dropped to his feet, and the smile vanished, leaving a blush to reign in its stead.

Nala was delighted to know himself beloved; but his promise to Indra haunted him; so he pressed his hand on his rebellious heart, and persisted in his errand.

"But what is a man to the gods? Compared to the gods men are as dust: displeasing them, they hasten to death. Who is she that would not wed Agni, who compressed the world in his fiery hand? Or Yama, the King of Justice, of whom the world stands in awe? Or Indra, the Sovereign of the Gods?"

"I am she," said Damayanti; "I worship the gods as gods, I cannot love them as men. I will choose a man, and a man only for my husband. Thou art the man, O Nala."

The soul of the Rajah fluttered like a loori who sees its mate through the wires of a cage. "I have delivered my message," he murmured, kneeling at her feet; "I have plead for others; hereafter I shall plead for myself. Till then weigh me in thy thought."

The blush came back to her cheek, and after the blush the smile. "Come to my betrothal with the gods, dear Nala, and I will choose thee for my husband."

She plucked a rose-bud, and handed it to the Rajah. He pressed it to his lips, and wishing himself back to the gods stood in their presence.

"Have you seen Damayanti, and delivered our message? And what says the maid?"

"I have seen her," answered the Rajah, lifting himself to his full height, like a man ennobled by a heavenly thought; "I have seen the beautiful maiden, and faithfully plead your cause. She rejects your suit, O gods, and chooses a mortal for her husband: even me, your unworthy messenger."

"She may change her mind before the day of her betrothal," replied Indra.

"I hope not," muttered Nala. And the swans at that moment flying past him, he charged them to sing his praises anew.

The day of the full moon came, and Bhima summoned the Rajahs to the betrothal of his daughter. In loving haste they thronged the hall of state. It was splendid with columns of gold, and a triumphal arch of pearl. Fragrant were the garlands over their profuse locks, and rich their pendent ear-gems. Some were swarthy and vigorous, with arms like battle maces, others were as lithe and delicate as the five-headed serpents.

They seated themselves upon the thrones, a door was flung open, and Damayanti appeared. She was dressed royally, as became the daughter of a king. Her silken vest glittered with golden spangles, her wrists were loaded with bracelets, and bells of silver hung at her ancles and tinkled as she walked. Her steps were lighter than the steps of a gazelle when it picks its way among flowers.

She glided before the kings like a cloud, looking among their number for her betrothed. She found him leaning against a column. And yet she found him not. There were five Rajahs before her instead of one, five Nalas, alike in form and garb. The four gods had assumed the shape of their messenger to perplex the princess in her choice. She scanned them again and again, but could not discern Nala from his counterfeits.

"How shall I know my betrothed?" she said to herself. And something whispered—"Pray, and the gods will help you." She folded her hands on

her bosom, and bowed her head, and prayed:

THE PRAYER.

"When I heard the song of the swans I said—'The lord of Nishadha shall be my husband.' *By this truth reveal him to me, ye loving gods.*"

"I have not answered from him in word, or thought. *By this truth reveal him to me, ye faithful gods.*"

"I have pledged him my vow, and it must be holily maintained. *By this truth reveal him to me, ye holy gods.*"

"I will die rather than take another for my husband. *By this truth reveal him to me, ye pitying gods.*"

The prayer of the woman prevailed. The gods assumed their own immortal shapes, and Nala was revealed to his beloved. He stood in the shadow of the column with a drooping garland, while the four gods, Indra, Agni, Varun, Yama, hovered in the air crowned with stars. Unlike Nala, they cast no shadow!

She gazed a moment in their divine eyes, her face bathed with thankful tears, and turning to the Rajah she lifted the hem of his garment and threw a zone of flowers over his shoulder.

"I take Nala for my husband!"

"You have done well," said the gods: but the kings said nothing for sighing. The king of Nishadha stepped from the shadow, and clasped the hand of his beloved.

"Since you take me for your husband, fair Damayanti, know me your faithful lord; as long as my soul dwells in my body—so long am I thine!"

"Be happy!" said the gods, and each gave Nala a double blessing. Indra a firm gait in the sacrifice, and the faculty of seeing the godhead. Agni the stars at noonday, and the boon of fire whenever he wished it. Yama eminence in virtue, and a subtle taste in food. And Varun the power of making water come at his call, and flowers of matchless fragrance.

Thus Nala won Damayanti.

THE BOOK OF THE LOADED DICE.

Let no man think to live without enemies, although he be as pure as the gods. There are always black hearts in the world, and they delight to throw dust on the robes of the good and wise. But the wise and good often fall by their own weakness. If the gods are always waiting to help those who perform their duties, the demons are also waiting to haunt those who neglect

them. The sky is not broad enough for a god: no chink is too narrow for a demon. But let no man despair. The Vedas are a well of truth.

The gods blessed Nala and Damayanti; and having no further desire to remain on earth—for what to them was the pomp of the Rajah's bridal, the splendor of his marriage?—they returned to the sky. Midway between Vidarbha and Mount Meru they met Kali and Dwapara flying earthward like two dark clouds.

"Whither so fast?" said Indra, the Slayer of Giants.

"I am going to the betrothal of Damayanti," answered Kali. "My heart has entered into the maiden, and I mean to make her my consort."

"The gates of that bridal are closed," said the bright-tongued Agni. "She hath chosen Nala in our presence."

The brow of Kali grew black; fire flashed from his eyes. "Heavy be her doom," he muttered with a stormy voice.

"Not so, Evil One," replied the Sovereign of the Gods. "She weds the Rajah by our permission. He is brave and good; he reads the four Vedas, and the Purana, and adores the gods with offerings. He is gentle to all living creatures, and his word and vow are sacred. Whoever curses the noble Nala shall find his curses recoil on himself. He shall be plunged in the torments of hell."

So said the Lord of Heaven and vanished.

"I can curb my wrath no longer," thundered Kali to his evil companion. "I will enter into the heart of Nala, and cast him from his kingdom, and the sweet embraces of his bride. Thou shalt assist me, Dwapara, embodied in the loaded dice."

When the marriage feast was over, and the kings had departed, each to his separate kingdom, Nala bade the king of Vidarbha adieu, and returned to Nishadha taking Damayanti with him. Before them flew the swans, singing a nuptial song: the demons came behind.

Twelve years, twelve happy years passed like a day; the last was sweeter than the first, as evening is sweeter than dawn. The flight of the summers brought Nala and Damayanti two fair children, Indrasen, a noble son, and Indrasena, a beautiful daughter. But it brought them sorrow also; for, when

the wings of the twelfth summer were broken by the arrows of autumn, the demon Kali entered into the heart of the Rajah, and Dwapara was embodied in the loaded dice. Twelve long years the demons watched the Rajah, seeking an opportunity to overthrow him; but his wisdom and discretion baffled them all that time. Nor would they have ever prevailed against him, but that one eve he omitted to wash his feet before praying to the gods.

It may seem a small thing to you, ye men of this atheistical age, to neglect the ablution of water; but what says the Law-giver Menu, the son of Brahma: "Men's bodies are cleansed by water, as their minds are purified by truth." Be warned by the fate of Nala!

Kali entered into the heart of the Rajah, and straightway beckoned Pushkara, the Rajah's brother, to play at dice with him. "By my subtle aid," said the malignant fiend, "thou shalt win the kingdom of Nishadha."

"Come, brother," said the envious Pushkara, when the Rajah had finished his prayer; "come, and play with the dice." Here Dwapara changed himself into a set of loaded dice.

The Rajah shook his head.

"You fear to lose," said the cunning gamester.

The Rajah shook his head again.

"Well, I must play with myself then." And Pushkara rattled the dice, and threw as badly as he could. The Rajah resisted the temptation for a long time; but hearing the rattling of the dice, and seeing how badly his brother threw, he consented to play.

It was dusk when the pair began, and they were in the idol-wing of the palace. They played all night by the light of the sacred lamps, under the very eyes of the idols. The hours passed like moments, and every moment was knelled to its grave by the rattling dice. No matter how carefully he threw, Nala always lost.

At midnight the God of Sleep came to the palace. And being blinded by the lights in the idol-wing, he peeped through the lattice to know what it meant. He saw two sleepless men whose feverish unrest warred with his drowsy quiet; and being displeased thereat, he flew to the chamber of Damayanti, and struck her eyes with his heavy fingers. She slept till dawn, tormented by evil dreams.

At dawn she woke, and wondered at the absence of Nala. She waited and waited, but still he came not. At noon a Brahman told her all. The news of the king's losses were soon noised abroad, for Disgrace is an ill bird that no cage can hold. The Councilors of State and the citizens assembled at the gate of the palace to endeavor to restrain the folly of their ruler. They knocked, and knocked, but he heard them not, he was so intent on the dice. But the Master of the Chariots heard them, and guessing their errand told it to Damayanti.

"Noble princess, the city stands at the gate. Go thou to the king, and tell him so. Say that we, his loving subjects, will freely pay all that he has lost; but that we entreat him to play no more."

"Rajah, the whole city is at the gate," whispered the princess in the ear of her husband. "They come to speak to their Lord; deign to admit them." The Rajah shook his head, like one who is addressed in a strange tongue, but answered not a word. She addressed him again: he turned his back upon her.

"It cannot be Nala," she said, and shut herself up to weep. "It is not Nala," said the citizens, and they went back to their homes sorrowfully.

When the gamesters began to play their stakes were light, a few gold coins at a time; but when the loaded dice had emptied the Rajah's purse, he threw for the diamonds in his head-dress, and the jewel in his signet. Losing these, he gambled away his chariots and horses, and then commenced on the royal treasure. The Lords of the Treasury went to him, and, paying what he had lost, entreated him to play no more. He turned his back upon them and doubled the stakes.

Damayanti sat in her chamber, and the kingly children, Indrasen and Indrasena, sported at her feet.

"They are the children of a king," she thought; "but they will never inherit the kingdom of their father. He will lose his kingdom; and I, unhappy mother that I am, I shall lose my children. But no," she said, "I will save them while there is time." She beckoned Vrihatsena, her old nurse, and made her call Varshneya, the Master of the King's Chariots. He was just returned from a journey, but, honoring

the queen in her misfortune, he came at once, his thong in his hand and the dust of the street on his robes.

"Varshneya, thou knowest the reliance the king hath always placed in thee. In this, his hour of peril, thou must help him. The more he is worsted in play, the more the frenzy of play maddens his heart. There is some cheat in the dice, for the king always loses, while Pushkara always wins. He hears not the voice of friend or kindred; neither will he listen to me, his true wife. Varshneya, thou must aid me. Yoke the steeds of Nala, the flying steeds, and place our children in the chariot, and bear them to Vidarbha. Leave the royal children with King Bhima; also the chariot and the steeds. He will provide for thee, if it please thee to remain in Vidarbha; or thou art free to go where thou wilt. Go, good Varshneya, go."

Varshneya obtained the consent of the Rajah's council and departed, taking the kingly children with him. Bhima received them with open arms; also the chariot and the steeds. He urged Varshneya to remain in Vidarbha; but the master of the chariots could not bear to look upon the beggared children of his sovereign. So he excused himself and went to Ayodhya, where he became the charioteer of the king.

In the meantime, the Rajah, his master, had gambled away his kingdom.

"All is lost!" he cried, dropping the accursed dice.

"Not all," dear brother, answered the wicked Pushkara. "Damayanti yet remains. Let us throw now for Damayanti. I stake my kingdom against her."

"Throw," whispered the demon to the haunted king.

"Yes, throw!" rattled the dice, creeping into his hand. "You will win all back." But Nala resisted.

The baseness of his brother's soul was a dagger in his faithful heart. He spoke not, but stripped himself of the last remains of his splendor. Crown, sceptre, robe—he gave Pushkara all, retaining for himself only a single vest, wrapped in which he wandered from the palace. The whole city stood at the gate to see him depart; but he saw them not, for his eyes were fixed on the ground. Neither did he see Damayanti, his true wife, although she walked beside him.

So Nala lost his kingdom.

THE BOOK OF THE WANDERINGS.

No sooner did the fallen king and queen leave the city than Pushkara issued a proclamation, forbidding the citizens to harbor them under the pain of death. He also sent spies abroad to see that his commands were obeyed. The royal fugitives wandered around the walls of the city three days and nights; their drink was water, their food berries and roots. The Rajah was like a man bereft of his wits, or like a man walking in a dream. He strayed aimlessly from place to place, seeing all things, but understanding nothing. Damayanti followed, guiding and guarding his footsteps.

On the morning of the fourth day, while it was yet dusk, she was startled by the appearance of her old nurse, who warned her and the Rajah to fly, because Pushkara had given orders to slay them both. They arose and fled, and not a moment too soon; for they had hardly gained the highway before a band of horsemen spurred from the palace, and surrounded their old hiding-place. The Rajah was fain to wait and see the end, but Damayanti persuaded him to continue his flight. It was enough for her to see the ruffians brandish their spears in the distance.

The road in which the fugitives found themselves was beautiful. It wound through groves of mangoes, and past lovely gardens. Berries grew on its edge, and brooks of clear water rippled along the hedges. But by and by it changed: groves and gardens there were none; even berries and brooks were few. At last it became a belt of dust in an interminable plain of arid grass. The Rajah began to complain for want of food; but Damayanti complained not, for she felt her husband's sufferings more than her own. As long as there were berries enough for him she forgot her hunger.

The noon of the sixth day found them in a desert of sere grass. There were no trees to shelter them from the fierce glare of the sun, and no brooks or springs at which they could quench their thirst.

"We shall die in this desolation," fretted the Rajah; "bird or beast, no living thing is near."

"My lord is mistaken," answered Damayanti; "yonder are three fine birds."

"Where?" asked the Rajah, casting his eye over the dreary plain.

"There, beside the path," and she pointed to a grassy hollow, as large as the nest of an eagle.

"They are asleep," whispered the Rajah. "I will catch them, and have a banquet."

He drew off his vest, and, holding it in his hand for a trap, cautiously stole towards the birds. They were birds of a strange species, white, with black spots on the breast. Their heads were tucked under their wings. "They are fast asleep," said he, spreading his garment over them; "I have them now."

They snatched the vest from his hand, and sprang up in the air!

"Instead of your having us, Nala," said they, with a human voice, "we have you." And they waved the vest in his face!

"What are ye, ye accursed birds?"

"We are the dice, Nala—the dice that lost you your kingdom. We have followed you ever since you fled from the palace, to see if you had nothing else for us to win. While anything remained, our joy was incomplete. But we are content now, for we have robbed you of your last garment. You are now as low as the lowest—a naked, foolish king!"

When he saw the dice flying away with his garment, he desired to die alone.

"Wife, hear, and profit by my advice. We have come to a forest from which many roads diverge; but all lead to the south. This on thy right hand passes the city of Avanti and the heights of Rishavan. That passes Vindhya, the great mountain, and Payoshni, the river that flows to the sea. Somewhere near, perhaps in yonder forest, are the retreats of the holy hermits. This road will lead thee to Cosala, and that—it is lined with shady trees!—to thy father's kingdom."

"I cannot think of your counsel, Nala; for only to hear it breaks my heart. How can I leave thee, when thou art naked, and worn with hunger and thirst? There is no herb or balsam in sorrow like the care of a loving wife. Let me remain."

"What dost thou fear, thou timid one, that I will leave thee? Fear not. I might abandon myself, but never thee."

"Why, then, dost thou still point out

the road to Vidarbha? If it be well for me to go thither—if thy better counsel says, *'Let her return to her kindred'*—so be it. We will go to Vidarbha together, and be happy there with our children."

The Rajah rose above his ruin, crowned by the remembrance of his lost royalty.

"Thy father's kingdom is a mighty one; mine was once mighty, too. I left Vidarbha, a king: I cannot return thither a beggar. Where I once appeared in glory, to thy joy and pride, I will never appear in misery, to thy sorrow and shame. I return as a king, or I return no more!"

The princess smiled on her husband, and, wrapping a portion of her own garment around him, they wandered hand in hand, searching for water and food. They found neither, although the country by degrees grew richer. At dusk they reached a hut of reeds. Its owners had deserted it, leaving nothing behind them—not even a mat for weary travelers to lie on. The royal beggars sat on the bare ground, and were soon fast asleep. But there was no rest for the haunted king, for Kali created a troop of dreams to trouble him. He dreamed of his lost kingdom, the desertion of his friends, his weary, hopeless wanderings, till, even in sleep, he could bear no more. He woke with an evil thought.

"Is it better for me to die, or to abandon the queen? If I remain with her, she will suffer shame and want; but if I leave her, she may reach her father's kingdom!"

He tried to forget the thought, but it returned again and again, until it persuaded him to desert his wife!

"It is for the best," whispered Kali.

He crept from beneath the garment of Damayanti, and rose softly. "You are naked, king," whispered the demon. "Damayanti must divide her garment with me," thought Nala; "but how shall I take it, and not wake her?" He groped around on the floor of the hut, and at last found a sword. It was hacked, and crusted with blood! Kali nerved his hand, and helped him to rob his sleeping wife. He divided the garment, and fled from the hut; but his heart relented, and he came back.

"Once nor sun nor wind visited thee roughly; but now thou sleepest on the bare ground! How will it fare with

thee when thou shalt awake and find thyself forsaken by thy lord? May the sun and wind bless thee! May the gods protect thee!"

So prayed the Rajah above his sleeping wife, and again fled from the hut. A few steps, and his heart relented; he came back again. Good and evil divided his mind, as the sword had divided the garment. He went backwards and forwards like a swing. But evil finally prevailed—the wretched king fled, and left his poor wife moaning in her dreams.

Hardly had he gone before she awoke. Not seeing him beside her, she shrieked aloud: "Where art thou, Nala? Speak! Hast thou, indeed, deserted me, or do I dream? Never before hast thou broken thy promises—wilt thou leave me, and break them now? No! I wrong thee by the thought. Thou art only hiding to tease me. It was wrong of thee to startle me so; but thou hast had thy sport, so desist—mock me no more, but return. I tremble with fear. Thou thinkest that I cannot find thee! Thou art behind the rushes on the edge of the jungle. I see thee—away! he is not there. Unhappy that I am! he has forsaken me! Rajah, Nala, come back! I will be no trouble to thee. Nothing shall make me mourn, save thy sufferings. Return, Nala, return!"

So mourned the deserted queen by the hut of reeds. And morning beginning to break, dawning whitely in the east, she commenced her search for Nala. Through the rank jungle, where the grass was as stiff as a spear; through the haunted forest, where the undergrowth was dense and black; past the holes of poisonous serpents, the dens of savage beasts. The dead leaves under her feet, the moss and vines in the jungle swarmed with crickets, whose low chirp made itself heard above the chatter of the birds. Birds flitted in the air, or darted from bough to bough, or stood on the banks of the lucid pools, wondering at their images in the water. Now and then a stag came to the pools to drink, or a hump-backed buffalo crushed the undergrowth, in search of the grass he loved. She saw the tawny lion and the spotted leopard slink to their dens, and the wild boar rooting among the leaves. Through arbors draped with vines, and through glens washed with dew; past pools, and rivers, and torrents, and over the shaggy hills. But no sign of Nala!

"Why hast thou fled, O Nala? Remember thy vow, call to mind thy plighted faith, and return. Am not I thy beloved, thy wedded wife? Is it well for me to be alone in this awful forest, where bears and tigers prowl—alone with but half a garment? I wander like a sick deer whom the herd have left behind!"

"From whom shall I obtain tidings of my lord? Who will say—'*Lo! he is here!*' The tiger approaches me with open jaws—the tiger, the lapper of blood. 'Hast thou met my lord,' I ask him, 'Nala, the king of men? If thou hast seen him console me, and show me his hiding-place. But if thou hast seen him not, devour me; I have no further need of life!' The tiger glares at me a moment strangely, and then disappears in the jungle."

"I wander and wander until my feet bear me to the holy mountain, Vindhya. It rises over the forest like a lofty banner, a banner of many colors. Its hundred peaks are clothed with flowering trees; the teak, the sal, the sisu, cocoa nuts, arecas, and all manner of palms: they grow to the very summit. Gigantic creepers festoon their trunks, fruit ripens in the shade of their limbs, and at their feet blossoms a wilderness of flowers. Birds call to and answer each other on the stately cliffs, and water birds dip their wings in the spray of falling streams! The springs from thy peaks, O mountain, wash this forest, the birds fly in its bowers. Have they not seen the Rajah? But thou, thyself, seated upon thy cloudy throne, looking over land and sea, hast thou not beheld the kingly fugitive? Answer me, stately Vindhya, monarch of mountains; speak, console an afflicted woman!"

The spray fell with the streams, the birds twittered on the cliffs, but the mountain was silent. A light wind ran from summit to base, and bowed the heads of the trees, but voice there was none!

"I know not where to find my love," moaned the miserable queen, "I am like a bird that hath lost its mate, a leaf that is parted from the tree: the wind blows, the sun shines, but the dead leaf lives no more. Neither does the poor bird sing, but fly, fly, fly, till she drops down dead in the dust."

The unhappy queen wandered three days and nights. The fourth morning found her in sight of the forest of her-

mits. It was a grim and solemn wood, with grassy spaces in its depths. In one of these spaces the holy fathers had built a circle of huts, and there they dwelt, each in the solitude of his own thoughts. They mortified their bodies by wearing the bark of trees for raiment, and by feeding on roots and leaves; their drink was thrice-strained water lifeless and pure. The cattle of Brahma grazed in their pastures, and tribes of monkeys gamboled in their trees. The Pearl of Women entered the circle of their dwellings, and saluted these sacred men.

"Hail! and welcome!" they exclaimed with one voice. "Be seated, lady, and command us."

"Blessed are you, ye holy men, for sorrow troubles you no more. Ye live blamelessly, with your beasts and birds. The grace of Heaven waits on your thoughts and deeds."

"Heaven, indeed, blesses us—since we have seen thee. But who art thou, thou radiant one—the goddess of the wood, or mountain, or the clear soul of the river? Blessed spirit speak!"

"No goddess am I, but a woman—a suffering woman." Here Damayanti opened her heart, and related the history of her life, from the day when she first heard the song of the swans down to the moment in which she spake. "And now tell me," she said, "ye truthful Brahmans, tell me if ye have seen my husband, the royal Nala. If I see him not, I shall die ere many days, for I cannot live without him."

"There will be a time hereafter," said the eldest of the Brahmans, a white-haired man of four-score. "Beautiful! the hour will come. We see it now, through our devotions; but thou must watch and wait. Assuredly thou shalt find thy husband again, and he shall regain his kingdom. We see him seated upon his throne, glittering with priceless gems. Be patient, lady. The gods are in the sky, the sky is over all!"

"I will try to be patient," said Damayanti, and she bowed her head and prayed. When the prayer was finished she turned to thank the Brahmans, and lo! they had vanished. Nor only they, but their huts, and the cattle that had grazed around; only the monkeys remained, and the trees with their beards of moss! Then Damayanti knew that the gods had sent her a vision to teach her patience.

From forest to forest, from plain to plain; past many a river, and many a pleasant mountain. Wild deer in the woods, butterflies in the plains, and strange bright birds overhead!

At last she came in sight of a caravan on the banks of a river. The river was cool and clear, bordered with golden canes, and set with emerald islands. Red geese clamored on its banks, cuckoos sang in its reeds, and ospreys dropped in its waves like falling arrows. The merchants of the caravan were watering their horses and elephants, when Damayanti approached. Seeing her wild eyes, her pallid face, and her matted hair, they started back in terror, thinking her a demon of the desert. Some jeered at her, while others pitied. These last inquired the cause of her sorrows. She related her history again, and ended by asking if they had met the Rajah in the course of their wanderings.

The captain of the caravan answered her.

"Illustrious lady! I have seen leopards, tigers, and elephants, lynxes, buffaloes and bears in the uninhabited desert, but no sign of the Rajah Nala. Save thyself, I have met no human being. I swear it by Manibhadra, the god of travelers."

"To what realm and city is your caravan bound?"

"To the city of Subahu, the sovereign of Chedi."

"I will go with you, for it may be that I shall find my lord there."

Late in the afternoon the caravan reached a lake, wide and pleasant, fragrant with lotus blooms, and bordered with grass and flowers and shady trees. The merchants halted under the trees and camped for the night. At midnight, when they were all asleep dreaming of their gains, a herd of wild elephants came down to the lake to drink. They scented the tame elephants and rushed upon them, rolling over each other in their fury like a slide of rocks loosened from the brow of a mountain. Their path was strewn with the trunks of trees. The instincts of the tame elephants revived, and they returned the charge of their foes. Then began a terrific battle from which few escaped with life. For elephants not only fought with elephants, but they trampled the dreaming merchants by the lotus lake. They beat them down with their trunks, gored

them with their gleaming tusks, and trampled them under their feet like so many weeds. Some managed to escape into the thickets, some climbed the nearest trees, and others plunged into the lake and hid behind the canes. A new impulse seized the elephants; they ceased to war among themselves and turned against the horses and camels. The noble horses and the patient camels were no match for their clumsy enemies: they were gored and trampled to death.

Then the elephants attacked the merchandise, ripped open the bales of brocade, overturned the jars of perfume, and scattered the pearls in the sand. In the midst of the confusion Damayanti awoke.

"For whose sins are we punished thus?" exclaimed the merchants. "Have we not all worshiped Manibhadra, and the Lord of the Yakshas? Have we not addressed all that might impede us? We started on our journey with good omens, and no planet was adverse. How hath so evil a fate befallen?"

And others answered them: "It is that evil woman with the pallid face and the matted hair. She is either a demon, or a sorceress whom the demons obey. Could we but lay our hands on her we would stone her, or beat her to death with our staves."

"Let us search for the witch," said others; and, lighting their torches, they dispersed in various directions. But Damayanti had heard them, and fled in time. She fled all night, not knowing whither; through forests, over plains, and past lakes and rivers. In the morning she saw a city in the distance, a mighty city. It was the capital of Subahu, the king of Chedi. She wandered up and down its streets, followed by a crowd of boys. As she drew near the royal palace she was seen by the queen-mother, who was walking on a lofty terrace.

"Go," said the queen-mother to her nurse: "go, and lead in that wanderer. She is a stranger in the city, and the crowd troubles her. Despite her pallid face and matted hair she looks a queen. Clouded as she seems with grief, half clothed and wet with night-dews, she makes our palace radiant."

The nurse dispersed the crowd, and brought Damayanti to the queen-mother.

"The greatness of thy birth, lady, strikes through thy present sorrow like the wing of the lightning through

clouds. Tell me who and whence thou art."

THE SONG OF DAMAYANTI.

"I am the handmaid of an illustrious race. My palace was as proud as this; but now I have no home. I wander in woods and caves, feeding on berries and fruit, and drinking water. *I follow my lord like his shadow.*"

"My lord was tempted by fate to stake his kingdom on the dice. He lost, and we fled together. He had one garment left, but that was stolen from him by the birds. We wandered together many days and nights. At length I slept; and, while I dreamed of my children, he severed half my garment and fled. *I follow my lord like his shadow.*"

"You shall have a home with me, lady, while the servants of my household seek your husband. He may come hither in his wanderings; remain and be my friend till he comes."

"Great Queen! I will remain on one condition—that I may live secluded from men. If any man demand me in marriage, let him be punished. If he demand me the second time, let him be put to death. Shall I go or stay?"

"Stay, Damayanti; all shall be as thou wilt."

So saying the queen-mother called her daughter Sunanda.

"Sunanda, this lady is your handmaid. She is noble, and of your own age. Make her your friend."

"I am your friend," said the artless Sunanda, and kissed the hand of the fallen Queen.

So ended the wanderings of Damayanti.

THE BOOK OF THE CHARIOTEER.

In the meantime Nala had entered into the service of Rituparna, the King of Ayodhya. And thus it happened.

He had not fled far from the hut of reeds and his moaning wife before he saw a fire blazing in the jungles. A voice like that of a man called to him from the flames. "Haste, Nala, haste!" "I come!" said Nala, and he plunged into the flame. It parted before him like a curtain, and he stood in a hollow, enclosed with a wall of fire. Looking around to see who it was that called him, he saw an enormous snake coiled in a ring at his feet.

"I am Karkotaka, the serpent," said the trembling snake. "Because I de-

ceived the famous hermit Narada he smote me, and cursed me. 'Live in the palace of fire,' he cried, 'till Nala shall lead thee thence. No one but Nala can save thee.' Save me! O Nala, and I will show you the road to happiness. Think not I am too heavy to be lifted. Take me in your hand, and see how light I can grow."

The Rajah stooped and lifted the great serpent, who shrank and shrank till he was no bigger than a worm. Again the wall of fire parted, and the Rajah stepped back into the jungle. As soon as he felt the cool air he stooped to lay the serpent in the grass.

"Bear me a few feet further," entreated Karkotaka; "and as thou movest count thy steps."

The Rajah counted his steps, but before he reached the tenth, the serpent bit him, and he was suddenly transformed into a man of the fourth caste. He was deformed, and had short arms.

"You are as vile a serpent as Pushkara," said the Rajah bitterly, looking down on his altered form.

"Fear not, I have but changed you lest you should be known. I have not poisoned you, but the demon who dwells in you. Steeped in my venom he shall suffer the deadliest pains, until he releases you from torment. To you my poison is harmless. But now depart, and call yourself Vahuca, the Charioteer. Go to the city of Ayodhya, the palace of Rituparna, and become his charioteer. In exchange for your skill in taming steeds, he will give you his wonderful skill in dice. Possessed of that you shall win back your kingdom and be restored to your wife and children. These garments," here the serpent drew from under his scales a pair of celestial vests, "will restore you to your proper form."

Nala took the vests and wrapped them in the garment which he had stolen from Damayanti. The King of Serpents returned to Patala, his kingdom, and Nala started for Ayodhya.

On the tenth day he entered the city, and sought the royal presence.

"I am Vahuca, the Charioteer. There is not my equal on earth in the art of taming and driving horses."

"Vahuca, I bid thee welcome. Be thine the office to make my horses fleet of foot. Thy pay is ten thousand suvarnas. Varshneya and Jivala are

thy companions. Be happy with them. Vahuca, abide with me."

So spake Rituparna the king, and Nala abode with him and became his charioteer. He secreted the vests of Karkotaka and the severed garment of Damayanti, and tried to forget the loss of his kingdom. By day he cheated himself with a show of happiness, so many and swift were the steeds, but when evening began, his grief and loss revived. Every night he sat in the king's garden and moaned—"Where wanders she to-night?"

He was overheard by Jivala.

"Vahuca, for whom dost thou grieve?"

THE SONG OF NALA.

" 'Tis an old story.

"A perfect lady was wedded to a man bereft of sense. He parted from her, (why, the song saith not,) and went on his way alone. Nightly he broods over his sorrows and sings this verse—*'Where wanders my love to-night?'*

" 'Tis the old story!

"The perfect wife follows her husband in the dreary forest. She knows not whither she flies. She hungers and is athirst. The forest is full of savage beasts. She walks amongst them and sings—*'Where wanders my life to-night?'*"

So sang Vahuca the Charioteer in the garden of the king.

But now the Rajah Bhima, the father of Damayanti, collected a band of Brahmans and sent them to seek his son and daughter.

"Go, and find my children, and make me happy. Whoever brings them to me shall receive a thousand head of cattle and the grant of a town. Nay, let him but show me where my children are, and the cattle are his."

The Brahmans traversed the world, through kingdoms, cities and towns, but found no tidings of Nala and Damayanti. Among their number was the Brahman Sudeva, whom a vision led to the city of Chedi. He wandered up and down its streets, reading the faces of all who passed, until he drew near the palace of the king. It was a fortunate day in the kingdom, and a fortunate day to Sudeva, for he saw the queen-mother and the princess Sunanda standing on the palace terrace, and beside them a stately lady in mean attire. It was Damayanti!

"It is she," said Sudeva; "but how

changed she is! Once she was like the full moon, the desire of the world; now she is like the waning moon when it sets in a cloud. She is an uprooted flower, a tree where no bird sings."

He pored over her pallid face and addressed her in the language of Vidarbha.

"I am the Brahman Sudeva, and I have come hither in search of thee, by the command of thy illustrious father. The king thy father and the queen thy mother are well; thy brethren, too: also those babes of thine, the girl and boy. But they ask for thee continually—'Where is our mother that she comes not?'"

"See how fast our handmaid weeps," said the princess to the queen-mother. "Without doubt the Brahman is the bearer of ill news."

The queen-mother left the terrace, and beckoning the Brahman to a inner chamber questioned him concerning Damayanti. He told the queen-mother the whole sad story. How that her handmaid was the daughter of a king. How she had a king for her husband. And how her husband had lost his kingdom at play. "Furthermore," said he; "she has a birth-mark between her eyebrows, a mole in the shape of a lotus."

The queen-mother listened with astonishment, and when the Brahman had called Damayanti, she threw herself on her neck and embraced her.

"Thou art mine own sister's daughter," she said joyfully, "my dear, dear sister's child. We are the daughters of king Sudaman, he who reigns in Dasarna. Thy mother was wedded to the mighty Bhima, I to Viravahu. I saw thee once in my father's palace, a babe in thy mother's arms. I remember the lotus-mole. Thou must return to thy father, Damayanti, to thy father and children."

"I have been happy with thee, mother, thou hast been so kind to me. This thy palace is pleasant, but there is one in Vidarbha more pleasant, because it contains my children. Give me leave to depart at once."

"Be it so," said the queen mother, and she ordered a palanquin for Damayanti, who departed for Vidarbha, guarded by the Brahman Sudeva and a valiant army.

Bhima received his daughter with great joy, and the whole city welcomed

her back to Vidarbha. Her children were well, but both much grown; she left them buds, she found them flowers, the sweetest flowers that ever hung on a mother's bosom. There was but one thing wanting to make her happy—the presence of her lord and husband.

"If you would have me live," she said to her father, "help me to find my husband."

Again Bhima called together his Brahmins and bade them seek the Rajah Nala. Before they set forth Damayanti taught them what to say.

"In all places," she said: "wherever men are assembled be this your speech.

"Where didst thou fly, O gamester, after robbing me of half my garment?

"I wait thy return in the forest. Pity me and return!"

"Should any reply, note him well, and forget not his answer, for ye may light upon my lord in your search. And lest he should mistrust that ye are sent by me, and may again reproach him, return without delay."

The Brahmins departed, and began their search. They traversed forests and plains, explored the cells of hermits, the hamlets of husbandmen, the streets of cities. Wherever men were assembled was heard the wail of Damayanti—"Return, gamester, return!"

The first Brahmin that returned to Damayanti was the wise Parnada. "In the course of my wanderings," he said, "I found myself in the beautiful city of Ayodhya. I spake your words thrice in the ears of the multitude, but no one replied. The king himself was there in his chariot, the prosperous Rituparna. After the king had gone, and the crowd were dispersed the king's charioteer came to me. He was ill-shaped, like a man of the fourth caste, and his arms were short and deformed. His name was Vahuca. He saluted me courteously, and groaning in spirit spake words like these. 'Women are better than men, for in grief they possess their souls. Forsaken by their faithless lords they feel no anger. She feels no anger against her lord whose garment was stolen by the birds. He has lost his kingdom, and forsaken her; but she loves him still.'"

"I love him still!" cried Damayanti, and slipping a purse of gold into the hands of the Brahmin she sought her mother.

"Let not what we have heard be

known to my father; he has cares enough of his own. But call the wise Sudeva that I may speak with him. He brought me to you, mother; he shall bring my husband to me."

Sudeva came.

"Go to Ayodhya, good Sudeva, and speak with Rituparna the king. Tell him that I hold my betrothal; say—'If thou wouldst win the princess Damayanti, speed, Rajah, speed! The time is reckoned, and when the sun rises she will choose a second lord.'"

"Vahuca!" said Rituparna, when the Brahmin had delivered his message, "the princess Damayanti holds her betrothal in Vidarbha. I must go thither in a day."

It was an hundred yojannas!

"Can it be true," thought the wretched Nala, "that my wife will wed again, or is it but a woman's stratagem to bring me back? It may be I have wronged her so that she loves me no more. For my own sake I will obey the king and drive his chariot to Vidarbha. When I am there I can judge for myself." Then aloud to Rituparna: "You shall go, Rajah, in a day!"

He went to the royal stables and made a close inspection of the coursers, debating in his mind which to take. At last he picked out four that blended strength with fleetness; high in courage and blood, with broad nostrils and strong jaws. They were born in Sindhu, and were swift as wind. He harnessed them to the chariot, and the king sprang in it followed by Varshneya. Nala gathered up the reins and they were off. The coursers sprang through the air as if to unseat them. When Rituparna heard the rattle of the chariot wheels, and saw the science of Vahuca he was silent with wonder.

"Is this Matali the Charioteer of Heaven? is it skillful Salihotra who has taken a mortal body? or is it Nala, the wondrous tamer of steeds?" So thought the king as they left the city behind. "If it be not Nala then is Vahuca his equal. They are alike in age and science. But the deformity of Vahuca, his ill-shaped body and short arms—these confound me."

Over rivers, over mountains, through forests, over lakes, they shot like birds. The rushing of the chariot blew off the mantle of the king.

"Hold, an instant, and let Varshneya alight, and pick up my mantle."

"It is too late," said Nala: "it is now ten miles behind us!"

"Wonderful!" said Rituparna. And coming in sight of a tall Vibhittak tree he resolved to show the charioteer his skill in numbers.

"How many leaves are there, Vahuca, on yonder tree, and how many fruit? How many of each have fallen? There are one hundred leaves in the grass, and only one fruit. There are fifty millions of leaves on those two branches, and fruits two thousand and ninety-five."

Nala checked the steeds.

"It may be as thou sayest, O king, but it is invisible to me. I will make sure of it by counting. Until I have numbered the leaves and fruit I cannot know whether it be true, or not. Let Varshneya hold the bridle of the steeds."

"We have no time to stay."

"Either stay, or go. Varshneya can guide the steeds. The road is straight."

"If we reach Vidarbha before sunset I am content."

"The sun shall not set before you arrive," said Nala leaping from the chariot, and numbering the leaves and fruit. "It is even as thou sayest, O king! There are fifty millions of leaves on the two branches, and fruits two thousand and ninety-five. Thy power is marvelous, and had I anything to offer in exchange I would solicit the secret."

"I am skilled in numbers," said the king, when Nala had taken the reins again, "because I possess the science of dice."

"If my lord will make me a master of the dice I will give him my skill in steeds. All that he has seen and more will I impart."

"Be it so," said Rituparna; and the two kings exchanged their magic arts.

No sooner was Nala master of the dice than the demon that haunted him fled. Tortured by the curse of the Serpent, Kali suffered the deadliest pains, writhing like a serpent himself. But now that he had released Nala from torment the poison ceased to work, and he resumed his proper form.

"Curse me not, Lord of men," supplicated the demon with folded hands; "for I have long writhed under the curse of your queen. When I made you desert her, she cursed me in her heart, and from that hour I have borne the very ecstasy of pain. The venom of Karkotaka burned me also. I am plunged in the fires of hell."

"Go, Evil One," said the generous monarch, and the demon disappeared in the Vibhittak tree, which stands to this day accursed. No eye save that of Nala saw the form of Kali, and no ear save his heard the voice. Varshneya and Rituparna saw a dark mist, and heard a mysterious wind; then they were off like darts.

When the setting sun touched the domes and spires of Vidarbha, the sentinel on the walls saw the coming of Rituparna, and proclaimed it to Bhima. While the Rajah was thinking how to receive his guest with due pomp, Rituparna rode through the city gate, and up the broad street, which echoed the thunder of his chariot. The horses of Nala heard the echo of the chariot, and pawed and trampled as if their master were there. When Damayanti heard it her heart throbbed at the old familiar sound. The elephants in the stalls waved their lithe trunks, and the peacocks on the roof stretched their long necks, and clamored as at the sound of rain!

"If Nala be not in that chariot," said Damayanti, "I will mount my bier, and be consumed by the golden fire." She ascended the palace turret from whence she saw the chariot. It stood in the middle court and held Rituparna, and his two charioteers, Varshneya and Vahuca. Vahuca caught the steeds by their bridles, and the Rajah descended from his seat and greeted King Bhima.

"Hail! and welcome: but wherefore comest thou?" asked the king; for he knew not that Damayanti had sent a herald to Rituparna.

"To salute my lord," answered the Rajah, with a ready tongue.

"Hum!" thought the king. "He would never ride an hundred yojannas for so small a matter as that. But I shall learn the real cause hereafter; so let me wait."

He feasted Rituparna grandly, and gave him a wing of the palace, in which to rest. "Rest after your long journey, Rajah. Rest in the arms of sleep!" Rituparna and Varshneya lay on their couches, and Vahuca sat on the shaft of the chariot.

Damayanti remained on the terrace.

"The noise of the chariot was like that of Nala, but no Nala was with it. Can it be that Varshneya hath caught the trick of his lord, or has Rituparna obtained his magic science? But who

is he that sits on the shaft of the chariot?" She summoned her handmaid, Kesenia, and commanded her to converse with the charioteer.

"From what region come ye, charioteer, and for what purpose? the princess would know."

"King Rituparna heard that Damayanti held her second betrothal. 'She weds to-morrow,' said the Brahman:—'speed, Rajah, speed!' It was but an hundred yojannas, so I drove the king myself; I am his charioteer."

"Who is the third that journeys with thee? and who art thou?"

"The third is Varshneya, the charioteer of the King of Nishadha. When Nala was driven into exile Varshneya went to Ayodhya. My name is Vahuca. I am famous for my skill in driving."

"Does Varshneya know where Nala fled? What hath he said to thee?"

"Neither Varshneya nor any living man knows aught of the King of Nishadha. He wanders up and down the world concealed; only Nala's self knows where Nala is, and he will betray no sign."

"Go to him again, Kesenia," said Damayanti, after listening to the report of her handmaid; "take your stand by the chariot, and watch what he does. Should he demand fire or water, as perchance he may, let neither be given him."

Kesenia went, but soon returned.

"I have never seen or heard of his like; he must be a god! You know the second gateway, how low it is! When he passed through it he bowed not his head, as others do; the portal rose above him. After the King, your father, had feasted the Rajah, the golden vessels were brought to this man to cleanse. No water was given him: he looked at them and they were full of water! When they were cleansed and he needed fire to dry them, none was given him. He plucked a handful of dry grass and held it towards the setting sun: it blazed on the instant! He handled the fire unharmed, and dried the vessels. Mixed with the grass were a few withered flowers: he molded the flowers with his hands, and they stood erect on their stems, and blossomed anew with the richest fragrance; I saw no more, but fled to thee."

"It must be Nala!" cried Damayanti, joyfully, remembering the gifts of the

gods; water and flowers from Varun, and the boon of fire from Agni.

She took her children, Indrasen, the noble boy, and Indrasena, the beautiful girl, and sent them to the charioteer. He wound his arms about them, and folded them to his breast: his heart run over with love and he wept. But seeing that Kesenia watched him, he dried his tears. "They are so like my own children that I broke out in tears: but visit me no more, maiden, or men will suspect evil. Depart in peace!"

He kissed his children, and handed them back to Kesenia.

"Mother," said the princess, "we have watched Vahuca narrowly, and we suspect him to be my husband; his form alone makes me doubt. Have him called hither that I may satisfy myself. Tell my father, if thou wilt, that no man may accuse us of wrong."

She left the chamber, but returned in a moment with matted hair and pallid face, wrapt in the garment that she wore in the hut of reeds. It was severed as on that fatal night!

The charioteer shuddered as he saw it.

Damayanti spoke.

"Tell me, Vahuca, didst thou ever hear of an upright man who abandoned his wife at night in a forest? Who was he that forsook his wife? Who but Nala, the king of Nishadha! What offense had I committed that he fled, leaving me oppressed with sleep? I rejected the gods, and made him my husband. I was true and faithful to him, and I bore him children. I gave him my hand in the presence of gods and men. 'As long as my soul dwells in my body,' (such was the oath), 'so long am I thine!' Why did my lord depart?"

The charioteer hid his face in his hands.

"It was not my fault that I lost my kingdom by the dice. It was the demon Kali who possessed me. It was he who dragged me from thee in the hut of reeds. But he was punished by thy curse and poisoned by the bite of the serpent. I became a hell to him, a hell that grew hotter and hotter. But he haunts me no more, Damayanti; the end of our sorrows is at hand. But how can a noble princess swerve from her lord and choose another husband, as thou dost, thou false one? The heralds go up and down the earth by the command of the

king. "The daughter of Bhima is about to take a second husband! Fly to the wedding, Rajahs!"

"My lord, my lord, no heralds proclaim my betrothal. I did send the Brahman Sudeva to the court of Rituparna, but it was to draw thee hither. The words were for Nala alone, not for the Rajah. I knew that no man save Nala could reach Vidarbha in one day. This is the truth. I swear it, and touch thy feet. I have committed no evil against thee, not even in thought."

She called the wind to witness, and the life-giving sun and moon.

The wind answered from the air:

"I have watched her day and night for three weary years. She hath not sinned, O king, but hath kept the treasure of her virtue. Cast away your jealous scruples, and take her to your bosom!"

The sun and moon said nothing; but the sun lifted his disk from the west, and shot a fiery shaft in the eyes of the Rajah, while the moon sunk behind a cloud.

The Rajah drew from his robe the half of Damayanti's garment, and from that the celestial vests. He slipped his arms through them, and was restored to his proper form. He was no longer a man of the fourth caste, but a young and beautiful king. Damayanti shrieked and rushed to his arms, sobbing and laughing in a breath. Nor did their bliss end here; for Kesenia, guessing the result, entered with the royal children.

"Lay your head on my heart, dear wife, while the children lie in my arms."

Great was the rejoicing in Vidarbha when it was known that the Rajah Nala was found. Triumphant arches were erected in the squares, festoons of flowers were hung from door to door, and the streets swarmed with soldiers and gaudy banners. When Rituparna knew that his charioteer Vahuca was Nala the king, he entreated pardon for any discourteous thing that he might have said or done.

"I was treated, O king, more like a brother than a servant. I dwelt as pleasantly with thee as in my own palace."

So said Nala, and the two kings made a league of friendship.

When they had sojourned a month in

Vidarbha, Nala and Damayanti bade king Bhima adieu, and started again to reclaim their kingdom. They rode in a splendid chariot, attended by sixteen elephants, fifty horsemen, and six hundred men on foot. The horses of Nala pawed and trampled; the echo of his chariot shook the earth. When the royal party reached Nishadha, they found the whole city waiting at the gate to receive them.

"I have wealth again, Pushkara," thundered the king, as he strode through the door of his palace. "Come and play."

"Dear brother!" said the false Pushkara.

"I risk all I have, even Damayanti. Stake the kingdom against her, and play for your life. He who wins a treasure must be prepared to lose it, or die. If you shrink from the game of dice, there is a game of swords. Rattle the dice, or stretch the bow in battle!"

"Thou hast treasure to play with me again. I thank thee, brother. Damayanti, too, is a part of the stake. I thank thee again. When I win the treasure, as I shall, she shall stand by my side and wait upon me."

"Talk no more, but throw the dice!"

In a single throw Nala won back all that he had lost—his jewels, his horses and chariots, his treasures, his kingdom!

"The kingdom is mine again, Pushkara; all mine. It was not thee by whom it was won before, but the demon Dwapara embodied in the loaded dice. What prevents me from driving thee out of the land, as thou didst me? ("Forgive him," entreated Damayanti.) But have no fear; thou art my brother still, my father's son. I give thee thy life and estates. Be happy, brother. May you live a hundred years!"

"There is not your equal on earth," said Pushkara, falling at his feet. "May you live a thousand years!"

"Glory to Nala!" shouted the multitudes around the palace, "Glory to Nala, the great, the merciful king. May he live a million of years!"

So Nala won back his kingdom.

Here end the books of the Haunted King and the Loaded Dice. And now, good people, bow while the Brahmans chant the Vedas. "HEAR US! HEAR US! BRAHMA!"

LEWES'S LIFE OF GOETHE.*

WE may apply to Goethe the sentiment of his own *Shakespeare und Kein Ende*, and say that his interest is perennial. The questions which he continues to excite among the critics seem endless, whether we regard their variety or their duration. What has been written about him constitutes of itself no small body of literature. Not to mention the anecdotes, conversations, sketches, lampoons and eulogies, of which he has been the occasion, we might reckon the critical essays upon his works by the thousands. All that he ever said and did has been put in print: his physiology even has furnished a theme to Carus and Hufeland: while his smaller poems have originated bushels of controversial pamphlets, and his larger ones become the texts of elaborate courses of lectures at the universities. Only Dante has caused more dispute, and only Shakespeare been so voluminously bewritten.

The questions which exercise the critics are, whether Goethe was a poet, and of what rank; whether his conceptions of art were the lowest or the loftiest; and whether, personally, he was a god or a demigod, or merely a well-dressed and specious-looking devil? Between Menzel and Riemer, between Heine and Carlyle, we may find all sides of these questions argued with infinite talent and an inexhaustible enthusiasm. It seems to be necessary, in the critical world, to have a theory of his existence and character, just as it is to have a theory of Hamlet, or of the authorship of Junius. Mr. Lewes's book, therefore, is only one more contribution cast upon the heap which, for the last thirty years, has been rising like a pyramid around the bones of the great king of German literature.

We have already expressed our opinion of the work, in a way which, on a closer perusal, we find but little occasion to qualify. As a narrative, it abounds in interest; much of it, indeed, is an acquisition to literature; but the critical parts of it we cannot estimate very highly. Mr. Lewes's principles of art are so superficial, founded as they are on the shallowest of all philosophies,

when applied to the deeper problems of art, that his judgments of Goethe's works are not always worthy. Their more obvious rhetorical qualities he feels and appreciates; but their interior significance, their real artistic value, he often misses. Cherishing a kind of phobia, as every Positivist must, against everything that does not lie on the surface as plain as the nose on your face, and having adopted, at the outset, that stupid commonplace of some of the Germans, that Goethe was a Realist, while Schiller was an Idealist, he flurries and flounders, before the Wilhelm Meister and the Faust, like a frail coasting shallop suddenly driven far to sea. He persists, too, in trying to measure the vast billowy waters with the line and lead that may have served him so well among his native creeks and inlets.

As the result of all that has been said of Goethe, the opinion is fast settling down into a conviction, that the phrase which best describes him is this: the Artist of his age. Mr. Carlyle calls him the Spokesman of his age, and Emerson, varying the term, the Writer; but, it is clear in the case of both, that they use the words as in some sort synonymous with the words poet or artist. He was more than the mere secretary or recorder of the *visa et cogitata* of his time. He was the man who best expressed its results—the utterer of its aspirations—the lens which brought its varied tendencies to a focus. He was an artist in this sense, that his endowments were peculiarly those of the artist; because his whole life and training were artistic; because he produced some of the best specimens of art, in its worthiest department—that of poetry, and because he was so thoroughly possessed by the idea of art, and devoted to it with such a consistent and absorbing devotion. His entire outward and inward life was one great picture; the soft atmosphere of beauty was the element he breathed; while he saw, in the issues of art, results as grand, universal and beneficent, as those which the philosopher ascribes to his science, or the vision of the enthusiast discovers

* *The Life and Works of Goethe*: with Sketches of his Age and Contemporaries, from published and unpublished Sources. By G. H. LEWES. 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

in the unfoldings of his religion. He was not, however, like our Shakespeare, the artist of humanity and all time, but only of his age. His mission was to interpret to the first half of the nineteenth century the riddle of its being; to gather up its weltering miscellany of facts, sciences, philosophies, and arts, and to hang them on its front as a garland of flowers; to exhibit the poetry of its vast prosaic explorations; to detect the unitary and the universal amid its infinite details; and to mould its distracted activities into some sort of organic vitality. Whatever his deficiencies, then, they were the deficiencies of his era, and whatever his greatness, it was the greatness of that era consummated in a single head, or, rather, precipitated from its solutions by the wonderful electricity of genius into a single and brilliant result.

We shall the better perceive the force of these truths if, following Mr. Lewes, we first run over briefly the leading incidents of his career, and the more prominent traits of his writings.

All the earlier circumstances of Goethe's life seem to have been peculiarly adapted to the development of his fine natural parts. Frankfort, his birth-place, cosily lying among the gardens and green fields of the silver-flowing Maine, though a provincial town, was bustling with ancient associations, and beginning to be animated with modern activity. Its fairs and imperial coronations, its quaint old customs and fantastic parades, its cloisters and trenches, and old buildings, contrasting with the bustle of commerce and free-citizenship, were things likely to excite a youthful imagination. The little Wolfgang, with an organization so sensitive that already, in his ninth week, as Bettina amusingly tells us, he had troubled dreams, who could be convulsed by a look at the moon, and was savagely intolerant of any kind of deformity or discord, and withal insatiable in its thirst for nursery tales (of which the good mother fortunately had a store), was early and richly nourished by both the gloom and the glitter of his native city. A genial, brown-eyed, handsome child, he appears to have absorbed all influences with a keen relish, and yet with calm thoughtfulness. For the most part he saw existence on the sunnier side, in country rambles, amid cheerful friends, rural occupations,

home sports, studies of art, and coronation magnificences. Yet the darker aspects were not wanting to him, as we see in what he has told us of his trembling visits to the Jews' quarter, of the skulls of state criminals grinning from the highways, of the judicial burnings of books, of the seven years' war, with its excitements and family feuds, and of the great earthquake at Lisbon, which spread consternation over the world. Mr. Lewes, in his account, has omitted many of these details, because they were already so charmingly narrated in the autobiography.

It was a good thing for the young Goethe, with his sensibilities and impulses, that his father was of a rigid didactic turn, with a hand and eye for art, and an unyielding zeal for discipline as well as knowledge. For he was thereby indoctrinated into science and history, into half a dozen languages, into riding, and drawing, and dancing, and other graceful accomplishments. The warm affection and active fancy of one parent fed his heart and imagination, while the stern monitions of the other trained him into character and self-command. On the one side was the dear and noble literature of the nursery, with its ballads and snatches of old song, and puppet-shows, opening the child's paradise; and on the other was classic lore, severe tutorships, and innumerable accuracies and warnings, with now and then an appeal to ambition. At the same time, the social position of the family drew about it decided men—men of strong natures and cultivation, whose houses were furnished with books and pictures, and whose talk was full of character and thought, all which aroused the intellect of the boy; while, in executing their little errands among artists and tradesmen, he was brought in contact with the humbler classes, where he saw life in its narrowness and debasement. It was, indeed, in one of these excursions from his own charmed circle into the nether regions, of want and despair, that he was led into that first serious experience, which imparts so singular a pathos to his boyish life—the passion for Gretchen, at once full of simplicity, fervor, and distress—a passion which rose upon him like a fair young dream, and then, after a few months of delicious dalliance, withdrew into the night, leaving him dark and lonely, and incon-

solable. It was an experience that never entirely passed away; for when the impetuous boy had grown into the world-famous man, the vanished Gretchen reappeared as the sad, sweet, imperishable figure of the Faust.

Goethe's youth was a continuation of the same favorable influences, controlled by a strong inward force, which had marked even his childhood. His student years at Leipsic, Strasbourg, etc., of which Mr. Lewes gives the best account that we have seen, vastly better than Goethe's own, where the most interesting parts are strangely disguised, cover a period when opinion on all subjects was undergoing a singular ferment. Full of buoyancy, of hope, of wild, uncouth, provincial life, yet glowing with the consciousness of uncommon strength, "he had," as Wieland said afterwards, "the devil in him at times, and could fling out before and behind like a young colt." He seemed prepared for all fortunes—for fun and frolic, for adventure, for study, for logic, and for love and religion. Among the musty professors, and the wild, break-neck, but withal intellectual students, he was at home with all—a young unacknowledged giant, secretly glorying in his prowess, now and then using it in very grotesque fashions—yet docile, pretensionless, avid of all sorts of knowledge, and possessed of a great, free, and laughing heart.

German literature was very much in the same inchoate condition as himself—in the flush of a mighty youth—striving to emancipate itself from the swaddling bands of timidity, imitation, and awkwardness, and dashing forward to a career of original and self-sustained power. A watery deluge, says Goethe, swelled up to the very top of the Teutonic Parnassus. Yet a rainbow of promise began to form itself upon the clouds. One by one, minds of considerable magnitude managed to emerge from the prevailing obscurity. Gunther, Gottsched, Gellert, Gessner, each in his line, did something to bring back the national writers from the stateliness of Roman decorum, and the tinsel of French glitter, to German nature and truth. But the most complete revolution was effected by three men, very different from each other, Klopstock, Lessing, and Wieland, of whose efforts Mr. Lewes gives a just critical view. The struggle was long and difficult,

giving rise to the fiercest battles of words.

Goethe, with constitutional ardor, threw himself into the thickest of the fight. He penetrated to the very heart of the mystery which had baffled inferior intellects. His good sense, his prodigious attainments in both ancient and modern learning, but more than all, the unerring instincts of the born poet, enabled him to unravel the twists of the critics, and expose the inner and deeper principles of art. Early taught in the school of the noble old Hebrew prophets and singers, and more recently initiated into the wizard ring of Shakespeare's genius, he contemptuously broke through the entanglements of a formal and shallow pedantry, and soared away into the clearer regions of poetic truth. He saw the barrenness, the constraint, the utter futility of the prescriptive principles which then prevailed; he saw that artists were laboring over the stiff and hard shell of the matter, not even suspecting the existence of a kernel; and then, with doubt, it must be confessed—with hesitation, with manifold trial and sorrow, and perplexities—he labored painfully but surely into a conception of what the modern spirit demanded of art.

Yet his attention was not exclusively confined to the literary and artistic strivings of himself and his contemporaries. All the sciences, and nearly all learning, along with civil society itself, partook of the general confusion, while his nature was such that it could not rest till it was all set right in his head. Medicine, philosophy, jurisprudence, religion, he pursued with almost as much fidelity as art; and he endeavored, with the same native and decided force, to master and mould their elements into unity. And the singular triumph of his activity, the great beauty of his power, was, that these tormenting and momentous inquiries were carried on in the midst of a most exuberant and joyous outward life—curious adventures, such as are known only to the roistering student-life of Germany; frequent and frolicsome rambles by flood and field; tavern-scenes; visits to distant famous structures, even to manufactures and mines; love-commitments that stirred the profoundest depths of emotion; a constant interest in all the doings of courts and cottages, alternated with protracted studies, with deep, almost

agonizing questionings of the riddles of the world. Thus, whatever the matter in hand, his broad, mercurial, rich nature was found to get at the bottom of it, to comprehend it, to make it entirely his own. No half-way tasting of existence, in any of its forms, was satisfactory to him: no manifestation of the great soul of humanity, be it a rural pastime or a great world-venerated intellectual system, could be uninteresting to him: he looked at mankind, in all their likings and leanings, with open eye, with a sunny, open heart. In the paraphrase of his own distich—

"Life, his inheritance, broad and fair;
Earth was his seed-field, to time he was heir."

With such a nature, and such a development of it, having met and overcome most of the trials of the more impulsive periods of life—a naturally strong, noble figure of a man, richly adorned and embroidered with all the graces that fortune, family, education, and society can superadd—Goethe found a sphere for which he was peculiarly prepared, in the brilliant court of Karl August. The young Prince of Weimar, attaining his majority and his power just about the same time, was fortunately one who had a heart capable of love, as well as a head fit to rule. The sudden but lasting attachment which sprung up between himself and Goethe, was as honorable to both as it appears to have been cordial and dignified. Thoughtless radicalism has imputed to Goethe, that this, on his part, was devotion to the ruler, rather than to the man; but the fact was, that this friendship was one of reciprocal respect and equal favor, where any social advantages conferred by the arch-duke were more than compensated by the celebrity conferred by the poet. The life of neither of these illustrious personages was made up of court-parades or court-intrigues, but of useful labor in their several spheres. Karl governed his little province with a manly sense of his duty: Goethe immortalized it by the best works of the best modern literature. Indeed, it was a rare and beautiful sight, this intimacy and good-will—cemented in earliest youth, and carried on to late old age—between one worthily born of a race of kings, and another destined to become greater than any king. There was nothing in it to carp at—there was much

in it to admire. Goethe, it placed at once in a position where his majestic and graceful intellect could freely unfold—in a circle of cultivated friends, possessed of leisure and means for the pursuit of art, and capable of the most delicate appreciation of his own lofty endowments. An organization so fine, and yet so magnificent, found its genial atmosphere in the almost ideal refinement of the court. The simplicity of his manners could not be corrupted by it, while it nourished and enriched his imagination. True, Jean Paul has said that "under golden mountains many a spiritual giant lies buried;" but had they been greater giants, they might, as Goethe did, have melted these mountains with images of beauty. His court life was valuable to him, however, not because of its glitter and show, but because it simply gave him freedom. 'Tis a mistake to suppose that genius always thrives best in loneliness and poverty; as life, in every sort, finds its most sure and healthful growth in a fitting and congenial medium. Burns as a peasant was no greater than he would have been as a prince: on the other hand, a larger nurture would have aided in a larger development. Men of strong native force will, it is true, overcome obstacles of formidable compass; but the same force will exert itself all the more effectively, where such obstacles are wanting, or are of a less oppressive magnitude. In the one case, we may get a rugged, monstrous upshoot—a very Polyphemus of savage energy: in the other, we are likely to have a mightier, self-poised, majestic Jupiter. True enough, "gold mountains have buried many a spiritual giant;" but there have been many more, we think, in this world, buried in mud-holes and ditches.

Goethe, we have said, valued his prosperous condition for its freedom: it gave him opportunities for a rare and expansive culture; it gave him books; it gave him the instruments of art; it gave him access to *all modes of life, to all classes of society*, to noble and ennobling companions; and, what was better than all, and so essential to his being, the means of a free communion with nature by observation and travel. That impartial judgment of men and things, which was one of the kindly traits of his character; that many-sided interest in all that relates to the

intellectual destinies of humanity; his unceasing researches into the realms of science, and his miraculous activity in those of literature, are all to be more or less ascribed to the graceful comfort of his external circumstances. Had he been cramped and tortured by the pressures of indigence—as poor dear Richter was—this impassive Goethe—the delight of women and the admiration of men—might have become a rude, double-fisted iconoclast, battering away at all established things, with the fierce rage and revenge of a demon. It would have been a sight, truly, that, for men to look at and tremble! such sights being necessary, too, at times; but we are persuaded that Goethe has served us better in another way.

Let it not be thought, however, that Goethe's life at court was in any degree the life of a courtier. It was a life of universal activity, and of broad intercourse with men. With a princely family at its head, whose taste diffused a love of art and letters, while its active beneficence cherished the best affections of the people; with the two most illustrious of poets to give tone to its opinions, and provide its amusements; with the excellent Herder and kindred spirits, for its preachers and models of virtue; visited all the year by Richters, and Humboldts, and De Staëls, by the most eminent in rank, and science, and virtue, of all lands; the centre of thought and literary productiveness to cultivated Germany—it was just the sphere for his peculiar taste. Yet he was not confined to it. He often sought the refreshment of more rural scenes: now wandering away into the sublimities of Switzerland, and then again losing himself amid the beauties of Italy. Who, indeed, can estimate the influences upon his spirit of these far journeyings? The record of them is in his works—in those conceptions of the All-Fair, which, filling his soul, overflowed into his speech. What must Italy, for instance, always so enrapturing to the northern imagination, have been to the fancy of Goethe? A land of wonder, of magic, of glory. Its monuments of the highest that man has achieved in art; its statues, its pictures, its architecture, and its music, its waters and its skies—so early longed after, so passionately enjoyed, as the lover longs for his mistress, and dissolves in the soft ecstasy of her

embrace—translate him into a new and heavenly world. "This day," said he, referring to his first sight of the paradise of art, "this day I was born anew."

Thus, in endless studies, in the freest interchanges of friendship, in the creation of immortal thoughts, in delicious visits to the most delicious climes, the years of Goethe's manhood passed away. For eight years and more he knew "no rest and no haste," like a star, keeping on its "God-appointed way;" and when death came it met him busy with the pen—the implement at once of his pleasure and his power; and he sank, as a child sinks to sleep with the glow of the day's activity still on his cheek, looking forward to a morrow of hope and joy. "Let the light enter," were his last words, echoed back, let us hope, from a region where all is light.

Having seen the life of the man, let us next consider some of those works which were the fruits of it; and, what instantly strikes us, in regard to them, is their variety, in itself a proof of power, if not of merit. He wrote elegies, epigrams, ballads, songs, odes, satires, novels, biographies, translations, essays, tragedies, and books of science, and most of them with a peculiar and exquisite skill. His poems modulate through all the keys. His prose is the most graceful and transparent in German. His works of science, though partly superseded by more recent labors, are yet authorities in the closet. We read them all with delight, and, while we are reading them, think the one immediately before us the best of the whole. It is only on mature critical reflection that we learn to discriminate their comparative value. A few are then seen to be worthless, like *Stella* and his comedies generally; others again, like *Clavigo*, not superior to the average of productions in that kind; but the greater part fix themselves in the memory as permanent and indestructible forms.

Assuming the *Iliad* to be the standard, the walk of art in which he was least eminent was the epic. His *Achilleis*, it is true, seems like a fragment of the old Grecian song, and only a fragment; for it has none of the breadth of outline, and intensity, and weight of interest, which give so much grandeur to the pages of Homer. Could we call

the Hermann and Dorethea an epic, instead of an idyl, we should still have the same qualifications to make; for while it is perfect in its way, full of sweet pastoral simplicity and artless grace, breathing the odor of new-mown hay, and cheerful with the song of birds, its interest is scarcely more than individual or private. The dark burden of war gathers its gloomy folds transiently over the lovely scene; but soon rolls away into the distance, leaving the landscape as gentle as ever, and the men and children and cattle come forth to resume their labors in the glittering fields. Nor can we estimate the dramatic power of Goethe as highly as some have done; in which respect we agree with Mr. Lewes. His dramas are wonderful poems; but are rather dramatic in their external form than in inward principle. It is in considering them as poems, and not as dramas, that they impress most by their richness and variety. Their very names, when enumerated, recall, to the reader familiar with them, a series of the most beautiful images. There is old Goetz of Berlichingen—the burly robber-hero—"the iron-fisted self-helper"—with his robust earnestness, his heroic, tender affection, his violent, deep-rooted feudal hatreds—perishing at last, like the era of which he was a type—in a calm, almost voiceless, despair. There is Egmont, encircled by a mild splendor, like the glory which wreathed the head of his own Clärchen in the vision, walking through the distractions of a tumultuous, corrupt time, as the moon wades among the gathering night-clouds. Noble, famous, rich, glowing with purpose and hope, he is yet too wise or too weak for his age; he cannot yield and cannot conquer, and so exhales, from a troubled, weary environment, amid sweet dreams of love and glory, but to the sound of muffled drums. There is Tasso, in all his strength and weakness, surrounded by the splendors of a court and the applause of the world, yet pining in hopeless love, in morbid self-communings, lofty ideals alternating with miserable jealousies, and the tenderest, noblest of minds going out in darkness, till he seems like some grand ruin of his own Italy, lifting its masses of foliage into the crystal air and deep-blue skies, when the sun retires behind the purple mountains and leaves it alone with the shadows and the stars. And,

then, there is the Iphigenia—that stately Grecian maiden translated into a Christian clime—as severe in her beauty as the creator of *Antigone* would have chiseled her, and yet as lovely, and tender, and sweet as the modern religion can render the soul of woman. All these are inimitable pictures; but our space, and a more important work at hand, warn us not to dwell upon their detailed graces.

The most original, grand, versatile, and altogether wonderful of Goethe's dramas, is unquestionably the *Faust*, which stands alone in its kind, as the *Iliad* and *King Lear* do in their kinds. We know of no poem in any language to the writing of which there was requisite a more various and exalted combination of faculties. Other poems may be more organically perfect, and demonstrate a larger possession of certain high faculties, but none a more general possession of several of the highest faculties. It is epic, tragic, and lyric, all at the same time—a complete story, and a development of character, mingled with gushes of song. Almost every feeling of the human breast is expressed in it, in every style of art. The grand, the pathetic, the thoughtful, the capricious, and the supernatural alternate through its mystic pages, as in a dream: grotesque and scornful faces peer on us from the air; visions of baffled efforts, and wasted hopes, and broken hearts, break in among choirs of angelic voices, and men, and monsters, and seraphs, and the Supreme God, take part in the ever shifting play of faces. Wild as the drama is, however, tumultuous and many-voiced as are its sounds, from the harsh discords of devils' laughs, to the sweetest, tenderest human utterances, it is singularly true in its delineation of character. The personages, of the first part more especially, are real living beings, as much so as *Macbeth* or the Moor. *Faust* himself, with his far-reaching thoughts, and insatiate but baffled thirst for knowledge, is as near to the mind of every thinking man as ever was the generous, unhappy *Hamlet*. His early yearnings for truth, his weariness at the stale, flat, and unprofitable commonplaces of the world, his eagerness to love, his great wrestlings with evil, and his subsequent self-abandonment and woe, reach the depths of our hearts, and seem experiences that

have been, or may yet be, our own. We feel, the most of us, that we, too, have been borne along the same tempestuous waters of life. His companion, Mephisto, has also been our companion. We recognize him as a well-known individual, always true to the laws of his own being, who has whispered many a temptation into our ears, or, what is worse, has whispered many a consolation. He is a hideous disguised consistency throughout; and, as some one has said, the identical devil of modern times. But in equal clearness—strongly contrasted from him by her innocence, and from Faust by her contented simplicity—stands the gentle Gretchen, whose story unseals the deepest fountains of love and pity. We take to the artless maiden, as a true product of nature, from the first; we grow happy with her in the brief paradise of affection and reverence that opens upon her young hopes; our heart breaks with her, in her cruel betrayal, and, when she departs, during that horrid night in the dungeon, her poor distressed brain, like Ophelia's, quite shattered, we listen to her expiring words as a voice from the spirit-land, summoning us all to judgment on her account. It seems as if the whole world were condemned by the sad issue of such a tragedy.

The prose writings of Goethe manifest the same original and masterly genius as his poems. We might give in evidence of this his *Werther*, which set all Europe agog, and his *Elective Affinities*, which extorted from all Christendom a howl (while all Europe, and all Christendom, devoured both); but we shall confine our remarks to *Wilhelm Meister*, which is, doubtless, his master-piece. As a narrative, it is pronounced generally destitute of interest; for, like the needy knife-grinder, "story, God bless you, it has none to tell, sir;" while there is only the slightest development of plot in it—no highly-wrought or intense scenes, no grandiloquent or morbid personages, who stamp and tear about for nothing, and only events, for the most part commonplace and unimportant, following each other in a languid way that quite persuades the admiring reader to a gentle sleep. Compared with the mob of incident that dash and thunder through more modern tales, it is tame even to extreme dullness.

Yet, by observing a little while, we find in it a clear self-existent world, filled with actual men and women, whose actions, though not great or extraordinary, are very much the actions of humans. They are characters of real life; their foibles and virtues alike drawn with an unsparing hand, presented as samples of this very various world for our study, and not as heroes for our worship. The author writes as though he had no further interest in them than he would have in the same number of indifferent individuals anywhere; he merely raises a curtain to let us see what they are at, and all their sayings and tricks, some of them fantastic enough, he watches with imperturbable gravity. At times, we are inclined to think that he despises the whole pack of them, yet he goes on parading them with the utmost calmness, betraying not the slightest disapproval or vexation at anything they do, and shrinking from no untoward discovery. He writes their biography with the most scrupulous fidelity—a fidelity which has this advantage for us, that we get a deeper interest in their proceedings. We come gradually to watch their movements, to listen to their long talks, and even to suspect that, after all, they may possess some deep significance. This suspicion is helped out by certain general remarks we happen upon—quite too simple and obvious as they seem at first—but which cling to the memory, and transform themselves, in some way or other, to profound suggestions, as if the observation and insight of a long, busy life were suddenly deposited there. Then we are aroused here and there by single passages of a splendid and majestic eloquence; criticisms of art, brief but rare, penetrating, comprehensive, keen, far-reaching glances into practical life and the philosophy of trade, business, and human nature, accompanied by a most provoking tolerance of all seeming human weaknesses, and a most genial sympathy with all human strivings. There are also chance allusions that open up wondrous depths; obscure hints growing every moment more palpable, till they stand forth as luminous, world-embracing truths; light sparkles of wit, which merely flash at the outset upon the senses, but, before the end of it, condense in the mind into rare gems of wisdom; manifest traces of an al-

most universal culture in the author; little outbreaks of song, that make the whole heart ache, we know not why: to say nothing of entire pages of poetry, in the shape, perhaps, of a critique on Hamlet, or of lofty sentiments, and noble original views of religion—all flowing in a language of liquid sweetness. The upshot of the matter is, that our dull-seeing, slow-moving "Thespis cart" is changed, as if by enchantment, into an ideal world: the theatrical life of the hero, with its trivialities of all sorts, its high aspirings and slender realizations, is seen as an illuminated picture of a still higher life; where every incident has a higher end, and every character embodies higher phases in human development. The vivacious Philena, the clear-minded Jarno, the beneficent Natalia, the manly Lothario, the dignified Abbe, the cultivated Uncle—the mysterious melancholy Harper, and that singular child of enthusiasm and suffering, the wild boy-girl Mignon—a beam from heaven struggling through the dank vapors of earth—all attach us to them with a feeling of brotherhood, as elements of that manifold rich life of which we, too, are a part—as notes and tones in that universal melody which nature is ever sending up to her God.

If Goethe, who is everywhere great, is anywhere 'greatest,' it is in his songs and ballads. It was his habit through life, to turn all his experiences into poetry, that he might thereby work off the burden of his emotions, whether joyful or sad. His songs, therefore, are remarkable for their freedom and spontaneity. Yet a writer in the *British Review*, in a generally able article, describes his lyrics as marked by "deliberateness," comparing him in this respect with Wordsworth. Now, to us they seem to be the very opposite of deliberative. They are the very outpourings of his mind in all its moods; a melodious diary of his daily and almost hourly changes of feeling; simple breathings of the inward life; sparkling jets of momentary thought and affection. There is perpetual freshness and reality about them, like the bloom of new spring-flowers. They are outgrowths of every-day existence, speaking of the present, the actual, the world around and in us, and possessing a hearty human interest. Even when their meaning is insignificant, they ring

through us, to haunt the memory and imagination, like snatches of Mozart's music. The correspondence of the form with the substance is so perfect, yet simple, that the charm defies all analysis. It is felt but not detected. As Carlyle says of Burns's song, too, they sing themselves; they are favorites with composers as they are with the people; and once heard cling to the brain like spells. Then again, how diversified these lyrics; some as simple as the whimperings of a child; others grotesque, naive, or full of a devil-may-care animal spirit; others tender, plaintive, thoughtful; others wild, unearthly, and smelling of the cloister; and others again, proud, lofty, defiant, like the words of a Titan heaping his scorn upon the gods. Dwight, one of our finest critics of art, says of these, that "they are as remarkable for their wild grandeur of thought and language as they are for their irregular, unrhymed, dithyrambic measure. There is something in their Greek, chorus-like, mysterious style and movement, which cannot be lost without losing all their poetry. They breathe the old Greek atmosphere of Æschylus. The soul's proud assertion of itself in 'Prometheus;' the child-like, unquestioning awe and wonder, and even admiration, with which the sublimity of destiny is celebrated in the 'Limits of Man,' in such lofty unalterable language, as if destiny itself had fitted each word in its place; the delicious unrest of the 'Spring' feeling, the yearning to be taken up with which nature's beauty overcomes the ravished soul, so sweetly clothed in the fable of 'Ganymede;' the simple majesty of the 'Godlike;' all have an air of unpremeditated inspired beauty and grandeur, which defies imitation; and they lose much of their reality and charm in any other language. What ballads, in any literature, are comparable to the 'Bride of Corinth,' the 'Erl-King,' and the 'God and the Bayadere?'"

Without dwelling, however, upon the mere literary excellence of Goethe's performances, or even attempting a general characterization of his literary genius, let us proceed to explain why he is called so emphatically the artist of his age. It is the more important because his biographer, true to the behests of an incompetent philosophy, seems to ignore this as part of the mat-

ter altogether, and stands dumbfounded in the presence of the pervading symbolism of Goethe's writings. A work of art, as well as a product of nature, is to him a simple fact, having relations to other facts, but no inward spiritual meaning. He is, therefore, perpetually quarreling with what he terms the mysticism of Goethe (although he has already pronounced him a great realist), and is pained at the obvious lapse of his faculties in the latter parts of the *Meister* and the *Faust*. But this "mysticism" is as much a part of his being as his clearness of vision, or his serene wisdom, and demands as much the nicest study on the part of his critics.

The explanation of it, in our view, is simply this: that Goethe, as a man of genius and poet, was profoundly penetrated and possessed by all the vague struggling influences and aspirations of his time, and sought to give them melodious expression. The breath of the Divine Providence, which animated his century, only animated him the more interiorly and strongly, and the task of his genius was, to embody the movement of life in permanent forms. He lived from the middle of the eighteenth century (1749) to the beginning of the nineteenth (1832), through the most remarkable period of crisis and transition that the world ever saw. An old era was coming to an end, amid the decay and destruction of many things, and a new era was endeavoring to get formed. There was agitation, confusion, perplexity, everywhere; "private life," as Varnhagen von Ense says, in unfolding a similar view of Goethe, "—— full of suffering, and the world at variance with itself; for, the old forms of society, long diseased and baneful, were unable to bind the fresh life to their own death, and the new unfolding forms were yet without a sanction."

Now, these were the elements with which the poetry of that epoch, or so much of it as was true and not a reminiscence, had to deal. Accordingly, we find, in the series of Goethe's works, a complete bodying forth of the successive steps of progress in the mighty struggle. In the earliest, the *Goetz*, we take a look back into the feudal time, and see it perish before us, in the person of the tenacious, stalwart hero, with a cry of woe to those that come after. *Wehe der Nachkommenschaft!* Then follows the *Werther* with its vapid sen-

timentalism, and passionate whinings, and morbid self-love and sorrow, expressive of the chronic discontent of society, full of skepticism and black despair, and which, unable to reconcile itself to its condition, or get extricated therefrom, goes off in explosive violence.

In the *Elective Affinities*, though written long afterwards, there is a recurrence to the same theme, but with greater depth of passion, and less external vehemence. Restlessness has subsided into impatience or suppressed hope. The soul asserts its natural freedom, but submissively, and with a sad consciousness of its impotence in the presence of inevitable circumstances. Without revolting openly, therefore, against existing forms, it postpones its fruitions to another world, where hearts long severed may unite again in the bonds of a free, spiritual attraction.

In Wilhelm Meisters' Apprenticeship the view of life has reached a higher plane. Doubt and distraction have not wholly ceased, but the prospect of a free and noble natural existence is not shut out from the present earth. Casting aside all petty personal grievances, the hero submits to all manners of living and doing, in the hope of working off every disquietude by a placid and perpetual activity. In the very exertion of his powers, he is made conscious of new and potent charms in life, so that its most commonplace details are set to a music, not wholly divine, and yet more than earthly. The moodiness and madness of the self-torturing spirit, give place to tranquil, serious endeavours: the clouds fall away; a mild effulgence reveals vistas of pleasant fields, and, though we reach no great ethical height, no broad Christian views of things, we still catch glimpses of the infinitely rich and varied possibilities of life, under a noble human culture. But it is only in the *Wanderings* that the inadequacy of the previous view is filled up, and work becomes worship, and the discordant elements of society are reconciled by a scheme of coöperative and constructive freedom.

"In the *Wanderjahre*," says Varnhagen "a comprehensive view of a new order is drawn in firm, not rigid characters, with poetical freedom. The necessities of daily life take their rank by the side of the highest elevation of mind; Christianity works in the form

of mild piety; education spreads out her establishments, powerful and all-comprehensive; the taste for art, richly bestowed on individuals, becomes a universal advantage; the mechanical arts and trades, led by wise arrangements from their destructive rivalry, take their station without fear beside the higher arts, certain of receiving from them due honor and appreciation; natural disposition and capacity determine and ennoble every occupation. The false and incongruous position of woman disappears before rightly-assorted marriages, which bring together unequal classes. They are exalted into free ministers of a religion of love and beneficence. A new estimate of things and of actions, a new choice and distribution of the lots of life, a new sense of the good and the beautiful, are disclosed, by means of an Association, extending over the whole earth, full of liberal activity, of respect for the highest and for the least; busied in extinguishing crime and want, and affording the rich prospect of mankind advancing in culture and in industry; whose maxim may be, in worldly things, a fair share in the possession and enjoyment of the stock of good existing for every member; in what relates to the attractions of mind, the liberation of the prohibited possible from all fetters that can be broken." It is evident from this, that if Goethe had given us a third part of the *Meister* (necessary to the completion of the original design), we should have had, in Wilhelm's *Meisterjahre*, a wonderful anticipation of the various socialistic experiments of this age. But the time was not then ripe.

For the full and condensed expression of all this, however, we must turn to the two parts of *Faust*, which, begun in the author's earliest years, and completed only near his death, runs parallel in its development to his own being. It is the grand resumé and consummation of his thought and hope. Abyssal, wild, and heterogeneous as it seems, there is yet a unity pervading it which, though not wholly organic, gives to it a certain consistency and life. All the spiritual worlds are gathered to watch its issues; all humanity is involved in the result. As a legend, the fable had its origin in the middle ages, but in its actual working out, the century of Goethe is transfixed on every page. *Faust* comes before us as one who has

exhausted science in the pursuit of individual and selfish ends; as a representative of the age of "victorious analysis" and natural research. Having worn away the golden days of youth in the service of the intellect, his manhood is weary of the result, is saddened, disappointed, withered, and would fain throw away its barren and empty life. A nameless unrest surges through his soul, and no attainment in knowledge, no conquest of nature, is able to speak the word of peace to the billows. All his selfish-seeking turns to vanity in the fruition. It drives him but further from his fellow-man and from God. A chill isolation and solitude is the recompense of his toil. Musty parchments get heaped about him, and skeletons and grinning skulls, till, in the agony of baffled endeavor, he curses life and all its fancied joys, and even that patience which endures its woes. There is henceforth for him only contempt, and mockery, and denial. And it is of this mood that Mephistopheles, his evil spirit, his other and lower self, the incarnation of the intellect and the senses, is born—Mephistopheles, who hurries him along, from moral indifference to sensual indulgence, from debauchery to seduction, and from seduction to murder, till his soul, in its hideous riot and self-abandonment, breeds the monstrous crew who celebrate their triumph in the fearful witch-dance of the Brocken. The principle of evil works itself out, at the close of the first part of the tragedy, in a scene of heart-rending dislocation and distress.

In the second part we are shown the social effects of the same evil—an incoherent society, which is but one vast masquerade, where the spokesmen are fools, and the only recognized nexus—money—a stupendous paper lie. *Faust*, as the representative of humanity, plunges into the midst of the mad whirl, strives to penetrate the mystery of its iniquity and errors, but in vain. He summons the antiquated faiths, and finds them the children of chimera: he worships the spirit of ancient beauty, in the person of the rejuvenated Helen, and she disappears as suddenly as she had appeared, leaving him only the vesture; he engages in war and commerce, and everywhere guilt, and care, and distress dog his steps—till at last, old, blinded, baffled, rich, and miserable,

he deliberately abandons his quest, surrenders his purpose of directing his own way, abjures his individual ends, and gives himself up to work. "What ho! ye myriads of humans," he cries, "relinquish your empty search and go dig the earth! Spread yourselves, in free, creative activity, over the globe—lay fire to the snug little private dwellings of the fond old couples—fill in the remorseless marshes and pools—rescue the land from the devouring ocean, till nature is brought into obedience to man, and ye shall all stand a free people upon a soil as free." But no sooner has Faust discharged himself of responsibility for himself, no sooner has he resolved upon a life of spontaneous creative activity, than he finds the goal is won. He calls upon the beautiful day to linger because his earth is now transfused into heaven. The sin, and suffering, and sorrow of the past are forgotten in the glories of a better consciousness; legions of angels drop roses from the celestial voids; even the rocks break forth into song; and all who had ever sinned and suffered reappear, as the leaders of a heavenly throng who welcome the spirit of Faust to the regions of the redeemed, in a mystic sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and praise.

This is, of course, the very meagerest outline of Goethe's richly varied magnificent representation—like a single thread drawn from a tissue of cloth-of-gold—and yet, we venture to say, that it will not fall upon the reader with a stronger sense of the impotence of the conclusion than the original does, amid all its splendid accessories of music and picture. For everybody must feel, how much soever he may be impressed by the miraculous vigor and variety of the poem, that it nowhere strikes the highest key; that it nowhere utters the demiurgic word; and that the massive and beautiful world it builds up in the realm of thought is, after all, a bubble world, destined to no continuous life, as in gorgeous sunset we see innumerable colored lights dart and flash among the gold and silver-edged clouds, but we do not behold the sun. Glimpses there are of the great open secret of destiny, in that high doctrine of spontaneous labor for the good of others, in that immortal line—

"Das Ewig-Weibliche zieht uns hinan;"

but the author has not surrendered him-

self fully and joyously to its divine inspiration. Neither he nor his age felt, though it might have seen, nor does our age feel while it sees, what was proclaimed eighteen hundred years ago, that out of the heart are the issues of life; that goodness is greater than truth; that affection is better than culture; that wisdom is only wisdom in so far as it is a manifestation of love.

Mr. Lewes adopts as the motto of his book a sentence from Jung Stilling, to the effect that Goethe's heart was as large as his intellect; but in doing so has missed the point precisely which explains alike his failures and his successes. We do not mean to intimate by this that Goethe was destitute of heart, as the slang-whangers of criticism boisterously contend; for we do not see how he could have been a poet at all, without a large endowment of that sympathy which is the alchemy of genius. But we do mean to intimate that, large as his heart was, it was not commensurate with his intellect. Over all the outgoings of his spirit the intellect kept watch and ward, and, like a muffler over the mouth, too often discharged his breathings of their inward vital heat. His grand ideal of universal self-culture, to which all the circumstances of his existence were bent—his readings, his study, his companionships, his travels—was an ideal prompted by the head, and not by the heart. Those multifarious excursions into the realms of nature, while the warmer provinces of human history lay neglected, were excursions dictated by the head and not by the heart. That long life of shifting love-relations was a life over which reason rather than feeling presided, and as the persons of Frederica, Lilli, Sybilla, Kätchen, and the French girl, rise before us, with disheveled tresses mantling their wan and mournful faces, we see the noble form of Goethe standing stern and impassive in the midst of them, like a mountain from which the cold winds of the summit have torn all the clinging vines and clustering flowers. We admire Goethe for the manful courage with which he met and worked down the ills of life, "carved a way for us through the impassable;" we are charmed into ecstasy by the eolian melodies which ever floated about his brain; and we are awed into mute reverence by the prodigious grasp and grandeur of his thought, and its deep reverberations

through his soul. We lay our hearts against his, and feel the pulsations of a mighty spirit, which has looked through all the ways of men, and firmly chosen its own high path. But in the midst of our admiration and delight we feel an atmosphere around us, which does not quite repulse, nor yet quite win

us. We are dazzled by the necromancer, in his sky-woven robes—may even be healed by his most potent charms—but we do not call him friend. We do not clasp him to our bosoms as we fancy that we might the old child-like Homer, or the genial Shakespeare, or even the stern “father of Tuscan song.”

A PLEA FOR QUINCES AND QUINCE-TREES.

LE GRAND, in his “*Vie privée des François*,” has informed us that the quince first came from Cydon, a city of Crete. Later naturalists, with but few dissenting voices, have accepted this authority as conclusive, in confirmation of the common tradition. Even if we cherished any doubts on the subject, we would hardly adventure now, as the *fugaces anni* have somewhat stiffened the Hotspur joints of life within us, to assault a body of testimony so respectable, and sustained by so many stalwart followers. We apprehend, too, if we did, that our chivalry would be rewarded like the task of Sisyphus, or that of those almanacs and country newspapers, which annually insist, in the face of the popular illusion, that the “Irish potato” is a native of South America, instead of Ireland. It is wiser, then, to let the Cretan origin of the quince pass as a dogma of the orchard. This tradition, indeed, aside from the presumptive evidence afforded by the botanical name of the fruit (*Cydonia*), and from any claim formerly presented by the islanders themselves to the honor (which, according to Titus L. 12, might be religiously regarded as apocryphal), derives significance from the glimmerings cast upon the subject by ancient classic literature. Pliny informs us that quinces were often suspended about the images of the gods in the sleeping-apartments of Roman houses. The most plausible reason we can find, for the selection of the quince among fruits, as a decoration for the Pagan divinities, rests upon the presumption that it flourished in Crete, and especially about the venerable steep of Mount Ida, so far back as the era of mythology. We are told by the poets, that Jupiter received his edu-

cation there, in a cave, under the tutorage of the Corybantes. How probable, then, and how agreeable the surmise, that a quince-orchard was the airing-ground of the student Thunderer! With this conjecture once established, we have no difficulty whatever in explaining, by honest, logical sequence, the mystery of the subsequent sacred association of the fruit. This hypothesis also confirms a suspicion we have long entertained, that the celebrated golden apples which Juno presented to Jupiter upon their wedding day, and which were intrusted to the safe keeping of the Hesperides, were quinces—the *Chrysomeliana mala* of Columella, and the *Aurea mala* of Virgil. This supposition admitted, the nuptial gift of the divine bride, by the genial allusion it contained to the early associations of her lord, becomes invested with a truly graceful meaning.

In social winter nights, with “Dory” upon our knee, and other upturned diminutive faces below, embroidering the domestic hearth, it was not unpleasant formerly to tell, by the hour, of the enchanting favors of fortune suddenly amassed upon men of our acquaintance, especially, as it happened, upon certain worthies whom, as common lads of the town, it was once our agreeable prerogative to hold in contempt; but who, by virtue of this blindfolded divinity’s unbounded grace, had mounted rapidly to posts of distinction in society far above our head. Our uncle’s clerk of the counter, for example, had become one of these roseate favorites, who, at an early day, left us for Texas, and a career of glory, when we all thought he had left for Texas, and a career of ruin. The misery of the thing was, however, that all such phenomenal exemplifica-

tions of American progression, afforded no healthful moral lessons for the proper culture of the little school of hearts before us. For the life of us, we could not mould them, at the end, after the manner of useful apologues, to any good purpose. We have accordingly concluded that it is better, as a general rule, for a prudent parent to exclude fast men and filibusters from his fire-side tableaux. The steady, systematical growth of fortune, by sober industry (with a side lift, perhaps, from the railroad), as disclosed in the conservative life of the farmer, or fruit-grower, makes a much safer picture for the young scions of the homestead. It is not so charming, we know, and your boys upon the rug may soon become drowsy; but when you observe this tendency, consider, for your solace, that the orthodox scheme of moral culture is analogous, in many elementary respects, to the practice of medicine, and is based upon the doctrine, that the heart of childhood is replete with morbid germs of evil; consider that your "olive plants," bobbing at your feet, form no exception to this organic law, and therefore that the prints of frugal virtue you are sketching from life for them, may, in the manner of other opiates, after all their drowsiness, preserve them in the end to become useful members of society.

The farm and orchard are the country's anchor of hope. Our public men and political journalists, with some few exceptions, have evinced but little sympathy with the tranquil enterprise of fruit-growers, and the astonishing recent improvements of the orchard, which, nevertheless, are diffusing through the country its truest wealth, and providing all classes of society with cheap and healthful luxuries. Higher grades of political science—for example, the policy of protective duties—are more fascinating, and engross, accordingly, both the facile plasticity of the newspaper press and the lucubrations of more systematic economists. Thus, some proposed change in the tariff, which, perhaps, promises, at best, benefits of little or no perceptible advantage to the aggregate of society, will elicit, for months, daily animated comments from the press, that serve to awaken public attention, from one extremity of the Union to the other; whereas, a fine exotic pear or grape—procured and

naturalized, with much expense and trouble, by some rural philanthropist—or a valuable seedling apple—patiently obtained, after years of experiment, and liberally propagated by ingraftment—is suffered to pass as a sterling contribution to our national wealth, without a notice from our metropolitan journalism. The public good effected and the name of the benefactor are virtually doomed to attract the interest of no wider circle of readers than that of the congenial few who peruse the agricultural monthlies. The prototypes of our pomologists, in the old Roman republic, had their services rewarded in a very different manner. Those, especially, who introduced foreign fruits into the domestic orchard, were publicly honored, as the great benefactors of their country. Sir William Temple has noticed the fact with his usual felicity: "The great captains, and even consular men, who first brought them over, took pride in giving them their own names; by which, they ran a great while in Rome, as in memory of some great service, or pleasure, they had done their country; so that, not only laws and battles, but several sorts of apples and pears, were called Manlian and Claudian, Pompeyan and Tiberian." Delille, in his "*Les Jardins*," charmingly paints this feature of Roman appreciation, as it appeared at the triumph of Lucullus, who had brought home the cherry-tree, from Pontus:

"Quand Lucullus vainqueur triomphoit de
l'Asie,
L'airain, le marbre et l'er frappoient Rome
éblouie;
Le sage dans la foule aimoit à voir ses
mains
Poster le cerisier en triomphe aux Ro-
mains."

We augur better things, however, in the future, from the patriotic genius of our own model republic. The American Pomological Society, aided by the numerous horticultural institutes disseminated over the country, is rapidly accumulating the statistics of the American orchard; and, we doubt not, the day is close at hand, when its important claims, having become palpable, will be honorably acknowledged by the great moulders of national sentiment.

But the American orchard has not yet attained its perfect symmetry. From some inexplicable cause, the quince-tree, especially, has been much neglected by our industrial votaries of Pomona.

This venerable tree—which comes down to us from antiquity, studded with classic seals—is treated like a step-dame, in the proud family of fruits. Banished from the pleasant fruit-grove, where the apple, pear, and peach sport their genial gifts, and from the garden green, where the cherry and plum mature their luscious tribute, it finds precarious toleration, perhaps in the weedy sward that borders some neglected paling of the homestead. We will not attempt to conceal our chagrin, as we inquisitively paced the beautiful hall where our County Horticultural Society exhibited, last fall, the wonderful trophies of the season's fruitage. Apples and pears, represented by a hundred varieties, beamed all around, in their pale or ruddy prime; and late peaches, cream-colored, golden, or tinted like the blush of love, enchanted the eye from every side; but not a quince—a solitary orange-quince—encountered our searching glances! Could we suppose that this omission was peculiar to our own pomological exhibition, we might, indeed, for the honor of the neighborhood, deplore the local indigence; but, at the same time, would extort abundant consolation from our attainments in the geography of the Union, and our knowledge that sectional disparagement has often been amply repaired by a just national appreciation. No such cheering relief, however, exists. The Report of the Commissioner of Patents, for the year 1854, upon the subject of Agriculture, recently published, may be justly taken, where it treats of fruits, as a true index of the estimation which the quince enjoys among fruit-growers generally over the country. The section devoted to fruits embraces nearly one hundred pages, and is compiled in part of thirteen reports, which had been forwarded from twelve of the chief fruit-growing states to the American Pomological Society, during its session at Boston, in Sept., 1854, and partly of "condensed correspondence," received directly from various points of the Union. Of the reports, which form the main body of the section, but four mention the quince at all: and whilst the sum of what is said upon the subject, in these papers, is made to inflate a

space of eleven lines, the information might, without detriment to its value, be compressed within the fold of a single line! We give, as a sample of the curious in national statistics, the circumstantial flourish with which the meagre intelligence, contained in one of these documents in relation to quinces, is ushered before the public, by the United States government:—"Statement of William Reid, of Elizabethtown, and J. W. Hayes, Newark, Essex County, New Jersey, being that portion of their report which relates to quinces, to the American Pomological Society, at their annual meeting held at the city of Boston, in September, 1854."* Expectation rises on tiptoe. Here is the statement:—"Apple and pear-shaped quinces are both cultivated. The apple-shaped we think best for general cultivation, and, with ordinary care, produces fine crops." That antiquated fable of the mountain in travail will sometimes steal irreverently upon the mind, by the malignant law of association. The "condensed correspondence" is comparatively diffusive in relation to the subject. The casual notices of the quince, dispersed throughout this part of the section, if accumulated upon a single page, might cover, perhaps, about half its face. Gershom Wiborn, of Victor, Ontario County, N. Y., is the only correspondent, in fact, who expends more than a feather's weight of serious thought upon this fruit. Thanks to Gershom Wiborn, even for his measured appreciation!

Modesty itself is constrained to censure this degradation of the quince, when the venerable grace, with which ancient classic learning has invested it, is duly considered. This estimable tree singularly followed the stream of civilization, in its shifting course, through early time. We first faintly perceive it through the chinks of mythical antiquity, in its native Crete, expanding its golden fruit amidst the earliest dawn of science and literature. Thence it probably passed, as a companion-piece, with the laws of Minos to the continent, where, we know, it embellished the classic plains of Greece, during the era of their surpassing glory. In genial fellowship with literature and

* Other portions of this "report," given here and there through the section in relation to the fruits of N. J., form valuable contributions, and abound with interest.

the arts, it was afterwards domesticated in Italy. The charming enthusiasm, which impelled the pens of ancient naturalists, when they described the multifarious excellences of this fruit, is unusually refreshing. We are assured by the elegant Columella, who scattered incense upon the altar of its virtues, that it contributes to health as well as pleasure. The elder Pliny, with the fond instinct of the true pomologist, eloquently descants upon its valuable properties, and paints the tree, as it appeared about Rome, with its branches depending to the ground, jeweled with starry fruit. In fact, the clever criticisms of this early naturalist soon become lost, amidst his enchanting panegyrics. Different varieties of the quince (more than we possess now), he tells us, were cultivated in profusion throughout Italy, both for ornamental and useful intents. Like the orange and lemon in our northern states, it appears sometimes to have been grown fancifully in boxes, which were exposed for admiration in the ante-chambers of the great. Its health-imparting and medicinal properties are extolled to the heavens. Never did our modern tomato, whose supposed fine hygienic qualities, a quarter of a century since, almost invested it with the character of a panacea, elicit higher praises. The warmth of our ingenious author, enlivening his classic page, must inevitably fill the modern admirer of the quince with enduring delight; but possibly a less amiable sentiment may triumph, for a moment, at one point, (shame upon his pride!) when he finds this Roman commander and dignified sage voluntarily humiliating his patrician mind to compete with rustic housewives in their own province of empiricism. In these plebeian lists, he affirms the juice of raw quinces to be an infallible remedy for phthisic, dropsy, and the spleen!

One of the most fascinating effusions of Virgil's genius, the beautiful lament of the shepherd Damon in the eighth Eclogue, honors the quince by placing it among the select exponents of a higher order of nature—hypothetically conceived to illustrate the irremediable determination of the lover's despair.

The conception was suggested by the third Idyl of Lucretius. We copy some lines to our purpose:—

"Nunc et oves ultro fugiat lupus, aurea duræ,
Mala forant quercus, narcisso floreat alnus,
Pinguia corticibus sudent electra myricæ."*

With the first triumph of letters in modern Europe, the quince once more glimmers upon our view. The genial, robust taste of England, during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., educated by her Spensers and Shakespeares, her Raleighs and Bacons, assigned it its appropriate place among the gems of the orchard. We find in Peachem's "Emblems," published in 1612, the following description of a fruit inclosure belonging to that period:—

"The Persian peach, and fruitful quince,
And there the forward almond grew,
With cherries knowne no long time since;
The winter warden, orchard's pride;
The phillibert that loves the vale,
And red queen-apple, so envide
Of school-boys, passing by the pale."

We turn, with undisguised satisfaction, from the degeneracy of taste around us, to peruse the eloquent import of this early picture, in which we discover the quince enjoying its ancient peerage among peaches, almonds, and cherries, and maintaining an equal state beside the august queen-apple. We are led, by this survey, to admire, more than ever, the noble sense of appreciation which distinguished the Augustan age of England.

Among fruits prepared for the table, the quince affords the most healthful of simple domestic luxuries. An exquisite edible is, therefore, almost excluded from our daily repasts, in consequence of the meagre supply which, if grown abundantly, might gladden the whole land by its virtues. Arcestratus traveled over land and seas to examine, with his own eyes, the esculents and culinary arts of different nations, that he might, by new discoveries, improve the voluptuousness of the table at home. We cherish not, indeed, his philosophy, nor the aspirations of Apicius, or Aristoxenes, or the English Chesterfield, to excel in culinary finesse, and have our name gratefully invoked, by elegant

* Now also let the wolf voluntarily shun the flocks; the solid oaks produce quinces, the alder-tree flower with daffodils, the tamarisks distill from their rinds unctuous amber.

epicures, at select dinner parties. Our aim is somewhat plebeian, but, at the same time, we imagine, more truly philanthropic: and, we must confess, to an incorrigible temper of idiosyncrasies, if it be thought that our passion, for having the table-use of the quince extended among families generally, should be prudently suppressed; lest, perhaps, like some visionary hobby, it might raise a smile, and shroud our reputation with the umbrage of ridicule. It was not the design of Providence, we are sure, that the quince should be confined, in its gastric uses, to poignant dainties, and secluded in the form of jelly, marmalade, or pellucid preserve, within the inner pantry, beside West Indian rarities. It possesses, as we have seen, a historical right to a more catholic destiny. Apple pasties and "apple butter" are always enriched by the delicious, acidulous seasoning of this fruit; and, among stewed dishes for the table, few are found to compare with the quince for thrilling excellence. Fruit-growers express uneasiness lest an enlarged culture of the quince tree might soon tend, by a profusion of the fruit, to cloy the market. We think its current high value, proclaiming, as it does, the great excess of demand over the supply, should of itself allay, to some extent, the pulse of apprehension here. Modes, however, both old and new, exist for preserving this fruit by the quantity. Downing assures us, that "dried quinces are excellent;" and the recent introduction and generalization, in domestic economy, of the *hermetic seal*, disclose new and cheering prospects in the future for the cultivator of perishable fruits, and serve

to give his timid forecast but the air of hypochondriac presentiment.

The quince-tree is not fastidious in its habits, requiring, for its healthy growth and productive power, neither a rich soil nor high culture. Indeed, in a genial mould, the hand of wisdom will refrain from its cultivation altogether, in order that its expanding branches, by a slower development, may carry with them sufficient solidity to resist the desolating epidemic to which it is liable (fire-blight). Downing, we are aware, recommends a deep, fertile soil, and annual cultivation; but that genial professor of horticultural æsthetics had not, we apprehend, duly considered the evils to which a rapid, tender growth exposes this tree; or, rather, those evils have become more decided, and enjoy a more fatal prevalence since his lamented death. The finest samples of quinces produced in the country have ripened upon thin soils.*

What, indeed, of its kind, is more truly beautiful than a full-grown quince-orchard, studded, in the mellow days of autumn, with radiant fruit, like globes of gold? No wonder the classic garden of the Hesperides, if our conjecture in reference to it be correct, professed so potent a charm for the mighty knights-errant of mythology! No wonder the genius of Virgil found, in a forest of quinces, the enchanting token of a transcendental style of nature! Within such an orchard, for its congeniality and suggestive force in the pursuits of literature, we might not envy Petrarch his *Val Chiusa*; and in such a retreat, with a purer frame of mind, we might identify the "Golden Grove" of Jeremy Taylor, which was consecrated to sacred thought.

* "In no portion of the United States have I seen quinces to compare with those grown in the mountain region of North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. In this county (Habersham) it is not unusual for them to measure from 5 to 5½ inches in diameter, fair, smooth, and beautiful to look at; in flavor, equal if not superior to any I have ever met with."—*Pat. Off. Cor. of J. Van Buren, of Clarksville, Georgia.*

A WORD FOR MEN'S RIGHTS.

THE notions which rule inside of men's heads, and the phrases in vogue to represent them are hardly less liable to fluctuation than is the fashion of the outward adornment, whether by hats, caps, bonnets, periwigs, or powder. Sixty or seventy years ago, scarcely anything was so much talked of as the rights of man. Where this phrase came from, we cannot tell. It is not to be met with in any writer of prior date to the middle of the last century. James Otis used it in his famous tract on the Rights of the American Colonies, nor are we aware of any earlier appearance of it in print. Sudden, however, and obscure as its first appearance was, it took, and soon became one of the most fashionable of phrases. It played a great part in the American Revolution. It found its way into our Declaration of Independence, and into the fundamental laws of most of our states. It played a still greater part in the French revolution. Ten or a dozen French constitutions, more or less, were founded upon it. Thomas Paine wrote a famous book, with this title. For a while, nothing was so much talked of as the rights of man—talked of, we say—for, as happened in the case of the thirsty Indian, so with respect to these rights, it was pretty much all talk, with very little cider.

In sixty years, however, fashions have changed. The rights of man—once in everybody's mouth—are seldom heard of now-a-days—unless it be in an abolition convention—or, if mentioned at all, in Congress and other respectable places, these rights, once the hope of humanity, are referred to, only to be sneered at, as a flourish of rhetoric—a chimera of the imagination.

Still, we are not left speechless nor hopeless. Hope still remains at the bottom of the box, with a fine sounding phrase to back it. Let the men go to the deuce. What of that? Does not lovely woman still remain to us? To-day, the fashionable phrase is—woman's rights.

The women have discovered, or think they have, that they are, and long have been tyrannized over, in the most brutal manner, by society, the laws, and their husbands. Woman's rights is now the watch-word of a new movement for

social reform, and even for political revolution—the women, among other things, claiming to vote.

It must be confessed that such general outcries are not commonly raised, without some reason. They are the natural expressions of pain and unsatisfied desire. It was not without reason that America and Europe, towards the close of the last century, raised the cry of the rights of man; and so, we dare say, it is not without reason that the rights of woman are now dinged into our ears. Nor is this cry without a marked effect, not merely upon manners and society, but also upon laws. Almost all our state legislatures are at work, with more or less diligence and enthusiasm, modifying their statute books, under the influence of this new zeal. To that we do not object. Putnam is for reform. Putnam is for progress. Putnam is for woman's rights; but also for man's rights—for everybody's rights; and, in that spirit, we are going to offer a few hints to our legislators, whose vaulting zeal, on behalf of the ladies, seems a little in danger of overleaping itself, and jolting on t'other side. It is well to stand straight, but not well to tumble over backward, in attempting to do so.

Those who go about to modify our existing laws, as to the relation of husband and wife, will do well to reflect that the old English common law on this subject, if it be a rude and barbarous system, little suited to our advanced and refined state of society—which we do not deny—is also a consistent and logical system, of which the different parts mutually rest upon and sustain each other. In the repair, or modification of such a system, it is material that every part of it should be taken into account. Changes in one part will involve and require changes in other parts; otherwise, alterations, made with a view only to relieve the wife from tyranny and oppression, may work a corresponding injustice to the husband. Nor are the changes already made in our laws, partly by legislation and partly by usage, free from glaring instances of this sort.

The English common law makes the husband the guardian and master of the wife, who stands to him in the relation

of a child and a servant. In virtue of this relation, the husband is legally responsible for the acts of the wife. If she slanders or assaults her neighbors, he is joined with the wife in the action to recover damages, and he alone is legally responsible for the amount of damages recovered, even to the extent of being sent to jail in default of payment. He is likewise responsible for debts contracted by the wife to the same extent that a father is responsible for the debts of his minor children. Even in criminal proceedings, it is he who must pay, or go to jail for not paying the fines imposed on his wife; and there are many cases, even cases of felony, in which the wife, acting in concert with her husband, is excused from all punishment, on the presumption that she acts by his compulsion, though in fact she may, as in the noted case of Macbeth's wife, have been the instigator. Public opinion goes even further than the law, and holds the husband accountable, to a certain extent, for all misbehaviors and indiscretions on the part of his wife. Not only is he to watch that she does not steal, he is to watch that she does not flirt, and every species of infidelity, or even of levity on her part, inflicts no less disgrace upon him than upon her—disgrace which the received code of honor requires him to revenge upon the male delinquent not only in defiance of the law which forbids all breaches of the peace, but even at the risk of his own life.

The law and public opinion having anciently imposed all these heavy obligations on the husband, very logically and reasonably proceeded to invest him with corresponding powers and authority. Standing to the wife, as he was made to stand, in the relation of father and master, the law very reasonably invested him with all the rights and authority of a father and a master. How, indeed, was he to exercise the authority and to fulfill the obligations which the law and public opinion imposed upon him, of regulating the conduct of his wife, unless invested at the same time with means both of awe and coercion? Accordingly, the law and usage of England authorized the husband to chastise his wife—in a moderate manner—employing for that purpose a rod not thicker than his finger. The husband was also entitled to the personal custody of his wife, and was authorized in proper

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cases—if, for instance, she seemed disposed to run off with another man—to lock her up, and, if need were, to keep her on bread and water.

Now these, it must be confessed, were extensive powers—harsh and barbarous powers, if you please—though the law always contemplated that, in his exercise of them, the husband would be checked by the same tenderness towards the wife of his bosom which tempers the exercise by the father of a similar authority over his children. But however extensive, however harsh or barbarous the powers of the husband may be, we appeal even to our female readers—if, indeed, a single female has had patience and temper to follow us thus far—we appeal even to that single female (or married one, as the case may be), to say how, in the name of common sense, is the husband to keep the wife in order, to the extent which the law and public opinion demands of him, except by the exercise of these powers, or at least by the awe which the known possession and possible exercise of them is fitted to inspire? If the fractious child is neither to be spanked nor shut up in the closet, how is domestic discipline to be preserved? What more effectual sedative to an excited and ungovernable temper, which might provoke both suits for assault and actions for slander, than retirement in one's closet with the door locked and a glass of cold water to cool one's burning tongue?

And so of another great topic of complaint on the part of the advocates of woman's rights—the power which the husband has by the common law over the wife's property. He being responsible for her debts and her acts, and being bound to provide for the support of the children, has, as a corollary thereto, the custody and disposition of the wife's property, if she chances to inherit or to acquire any—which, unfortunately, in the middle ranks of life, where these notions of woman's rights most extensively prevail, is, we are sorry to say, but too seldom the case.

Such are the relative rights and duties of the husband under the old English common law. Under this law a husband is not a mere chimera, a surd and impossible quantity. There is a logical consistency about him. He is, as Horace says of the stoic philosopher, *teres et rotundus*, round and whole.

armed at all points, provided with powers adequate to the duties expected of him.

In America we have no such husbands. Long before the cry of women's rights was openly raised, the powers and prerogatives of the American husband had been gradually undermined. Usage superseded law, and trampled it under foot. Sentiment put logical consistency at defiance, and the American husband has thus become a legal monster, a logical impossibility, required to fly without wings, and to run without feet.

Women care nothing for logic, but they have a sense of justice and tender hearts, and to their sense of justice we confidently appeal. Who can wonder that the men are so shy in taking upon them the responsibilities of the married state? Those responsibilities all remain exactly as in old times, while the means of adequately meeting them are either entirely taken away, or are in a fair way to be so. By the law as it now is, we believe in every state of the Union, the husband cannot lay his finger on his wife in the way of chastisement except at the risk of being complained of for assault and battery, and, perhaps, sued for a divorce, and (which is worse than either) of being pronounced by his neighbors a brutal fellow. The nominal custody of the person of the wife, which the law still, in some of the states, affects to bestow upon the husband, is a mere illusion. If he attempts to lock her up, she can sue out her *habeas corpus*, and oblige him to pay the expenses of it; and if she wishes to quit her husband's house, and go elsewhere, he has no means of compelling her to return. He may sue those with whom she takes refuge, for harboring her, but if he obtain damages at all, they will be only nominal. In many of the states, laws have been enacted and soon will be in all of them, giving the wife the exclusive control of her own property, acquired before or after marriage, by gift, inheritance, or her own industry.

While the wife is thus rendered to a great extent independent of her husband, he, by a strange inconsistency, is still held, both by law and public opinion, just as responsible for her as before. The old and reasonable maxim, that he who dances must pay the piper, does not apply to wives—they dance,

and the husband pays. To such an extent is this carried, that if the wife beats her husband, and he, having no authority to punish her in kind, applies to the criminal courts for redress, she will be fined for assault and battery, which fine *he* must pay, even though she has plenty of money of her own, or, in default of paying, go to jail! Such cases are by no means of unprecedented occurrence in our criminal courts.

Now, what sense or reason is there in making the husband responsible for the licences of the wife's tongue, after he has lost all power to control it? If the wife is to hold her property separately, ought she not to be sued separately, both for debts and damages? If her property ought not to go to pay the husband's debts, why ought his to go to pay hers? If the husband has lost the power to control the goings in and runnings out of the wife, why ought public opinion to hold him any longer responsible therefor?

We have no objection to an amendment of the law in relation to husband and wife. Public opinion demands it. The progress of society requires it. But the new wine ought not to be put into old bottles, nor the old garments to be patched with new pieces, lest, as the proverb says, the rent be made worse than before.

But there is yet another recent innovation in the law, liable to still more serious objections. Not content with placing the unfortunate husband in an absurd and anomalous condition, not content with still demanding of him certain duties and obligations, at the same time that he is deprived of the powers and the rights essential to their fulfillment, reducing him in fact to a position hardly less ridiculous, and not at all less embarrassing, than that of a short-tail bull in fly-time—the law (as if conscious that, before entering into such an unequal alliance, the men would grow pretty critical as to the personal qualities of the women in whose power they were about so completely to place themselves) seeks to entrap us into matrimony against our inclinations, by holding, as it does, that any man who shows signs of having been impressed by a woman, becomes, if she is single, her lawful prize, and is bound to marry her if she insists upon it, or else—stand a suit for breach of promise.

Though suits for breach of promise of marriage are comparatively a recent thing, in order fully to understand their nature it is necessary to go back to the dark ages. We pretend to be protestants; we rail against the popish church; yet in how many important matters are we still the mere slaves and tools of that church! The canon law was one of the most crafty devices of the middle age theocracy, and is a standing topic of reproach against catholicism; and yet in the most delicate of all our relations, that of marriage and divorce, we protestants are to this day substantially governed by the canon law! The canon law was made by monks, men forbidden to marry themselves, and therefore destitute of any personal experience by which to shape their legislation on this subject. They had, indeed, the Roman law as their guide, but this they departed from in the most essential particulars, as being altogether too reasonable to suit their ascetic theories or serve their purpose. The monks who made the canon law looked upon marriage as a sensual and unholy state, only to be tolerated in the gross laity, to prevent something worse; and they seem to have exerted their whole ingenuity to render this sinful condition as uncomfortable as possible. Hence the excessive hostility of the canon law to divorce, it being held a just punishment of the immorality of marrying at all, that persons unsuitably or unhappily married should be kept during their natural lives tied together neck and heels, so that their torments in this world might give them, as it were, a relishing foretaste of what married sinners had to expect in the next. But while unhappy marriages were thus cursed with a perpetuity beyond the reach of the parties or the law, the ingenious canonists at the same time suspended over the heads of every happy couple the terror of an involuntary and forced separation, which should unmarry them and bastardize their children. One of the means employed for this devilish purpose was the doctrine of pre-contracts. A promise to marry was, according to the canon law, equivalent to a marriage, and every subsequent marriage to another party, pending the life of the party to whom the promise had been made, was vitiated by it. The canonists even went so far as to allow suits for the

specific performance of these marriage contracts—the officers of their courts, on the suit of some disappointed virgin, entering the household of love, breaking up the family, stigmatizing the woman as a concubine and her children as illegitimate, and compelling the man to take his legal wife—as by virtue of some pretended pre-contract she was held to be—into his house and his bed. It is from this canonist doctrine of pre-contracts that our suits for breach of promise are derived. The common law, indeed, being the work of ruder hands, is ignorant of that beneficial process of the Roman law—the suit for specific performance. In the case of the non-performance of a contract, the common law contents itself with attempting to set matters right, by awarding damages for the non-performance. In this particular case, even this defect in the common law was a very fortunate thing, as otherwise, instead of merely having damages to pay for refusing to marry against our inclination, we might have been brought up to the ring-bolt of specific performance, and forced into the yoke any how.

It is often said that no woman of any delicacy or self-respect ever would or ever does bring a suit for breach of promise of marriage. That may be so; still nothing prevents a great many women, who would be entirely unwilling to confess to any deficiency of delicacy or self-respect, from taking advantage of the law, or more properly speaking, of the public sentiment out of which the law grows and which sustains it, to force their once lovers, but lovers no longer, into a reluctant and repugnant marriage ceremony. Whose private experience does not enable him to recount instances, in which men of sensibility and honor have suffered themselves to be thus forced into unsuitable matches, of which the unfortunate result has corresponded with the inauspicious beginning? Contrary to every principle of common sense, as well as to every instinct of sentiment, as are suits for breach of promise of marriage, yet undoubtedly they are fully sustained by the prevailing public sentiment. Otherwise it would be impossible to explain the extravagant lengths to which courts have gone in inferring a promise of marriage from the most trivial circumstances—waiting on a lady home from church; go-

ing to see her of a Saturday night; asking her twice of a winter to a ball; corresponding with her, though nothing is said in the letters about love or marriage; allowing her to darn your stockings. There is, indeed, no circumstance, however light or trivial, upon which the busy tongues of a country parish get up a rumor of an engagement, which is not held amply sufficient by our courts of law to establish the fact of a promise of marriage, and to lay the foundation of a suit for damages.

It is not, however, upon these extreme cases that we rest our opposition. We object to the proceeding in any case, no matter how solemn and formal the promise, nor how often renewed. We object to the whole idea of obligation in such a case, and, of course, to the enforcement of such supposed obligation by law. The whole thing is a gross abuse—to speak the truth—a scandalous abomination. The very idea of marriage, according to any but the grossest and lowest conception of it, implies the free and full consent of both the parties to it. On the part of the man, if not of the woman, it implies something more, not a mere tacit consent, but a forward, active, joyous consent. A great deal of sympathy has been expended over women forced by tyrannical fathers to give their hands without their hearts. A miserable case, truly, but altogether less miserable than that of a man, drawn, by a false sense of honor and a ridiculous public opinion, to speak a public lie, and, in the face of God and man, to pledge himself as a husband, when he knows he cannot be one. All promises are made with this implied reservation—that he who promises shall have it in his power to fulfill. This is true even of mercantile promises. No man is held to be under any moral obligation to pay his debts, any further than he has the means to pay; and upon giving up the property that he has, our insolvent laws will discharge him from the legal obligation. A promise to marry carries with it the implied reservation that he who promises shall continue to love. The promise is not, and is not understood to be, either by him who makes, or her who receives it, a promise merely to assume the legal responsibility of marriage; it is a promise to assume the moral and sentimental responsibilities also; and if, by change

of circumstances or change of mind, it has become impossible to fulfill one part of the promise, if it is impossible to love, the whole necessarily falls to the ground.

What is the object and intent of that intimacy called an engagement of marriage, unless to enable the parties to live together in that freedom of intercourse which the mutual expectation of marriage inspires, for the very purpose of giving them an insight they would not otherwise have into each other's character, and an opportunity of repentance and retraction before taking the irrevocable step? And if this be the object of an engagement—as who will venture to say it is not—how absurd to hold a man bound to marry, by the very process of seeking to discover whether it will be judicious for him to marry or not?

Of all miserable things in this world of misery, a miserable marriage is the most miserable, yet every acute observer must have noticed that the misery of many of these marriages arises from causes too immaterial, so to speak, too spiritual to attract the notice of the casual observer. At a time when our courts and our legislatures are besieged by wives and husbands struggling to get rid of uncongenial partners; when the laws on the subject of divorce are loudly complained of in so many quarters, as failing to afford that relief which they ought, one measure, it would seem, might suit equally well both the friends and the enemies of the freedom of divorce. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. It may be necessary to allow those married persons to separate, who have become not merely tiresome, but hateful to each other; but how much better to avoid the blunder of bringing such people together? Divorce at the pleasure of either party, after the marriage has been consummated, and especially after children are born, is limited to some very weighty objections; but what can be the objection to allowing the freedom of separation in cases where no marriage has yet been celebrated? If, indeed, to seek the intimacy of a lady with a view to discover if she is fit to be your wife, is to carry with it the obligation to make her so, at all events, we are in no respect better off than the Chinese, who marry their wives without ever having seen them. So far, indeed, as the wife's person is concerned, we have an advantage

over the Chinamen, in the privilege of seeing so much of it as she exhibits to the world at large in the street, or as she displays to a select circle in a ball-room. Looks, however, in this climate, are not much to be depended upon. American beauty fades with marvellous rapidity; while, as to the lady's temper, and mental and moral traits, which in our state of civilization are of at least equal importance with her face, if we are so impertinent as to peep into them, the law and public opinion insist that in so doing we have contracted an obligation to marry her. Thus, in fact,

we are worse off than the Chinaman. He, if not suited with one wife, can take another, and so on, till he is suited. We, when once married, are done for. We can neither get rid of our uncongenial wife nor take a congenial one. Under these circumstances, we ought at least to have the privilege of making a choice with our eyes open, and not be held by the very act of examination to have precluded ourselves from declining to accept an article, which, however taking it might seem at first sight, proves, on being more closely looked at, not what we wanted.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

AMERICAN LITERATURE AND REPRINTS.

AFTER carnival comes lent; after the access of fever, the reaction; and after the book-plethora of the holiday season, a depletion as remarkable. Last month, we were overwhelmed with new publications, and this month we are compelled to hunt them up. Yet, the month has not been deficient in literary interest, in that it has witnessed the close of the great contest between the publishers and the critics—a contest which, at one time, threatened to become a protracted Crimean campaign. We are not going to revive the dispute, nor even state the grounds of it, lest we should state them wrongly; but, we mean to say, that we are glad that it occurred, and to express a hope that good may come out of it to both parties.

It is universally felt, we believe, that the literary criticism of our newspapers is not what it should be. It is neither intelligent nor just; but, with few exceptions, a system of indiscriminate laudation and puffery. Books, which are not only utterly worthless, but pernicious in the extreme, we have seen praised, in such terms as a conscientious writer would not allow himself to use in regard to the master-pieces of eminent genius; and that, too, by critics who set up to be no inconsiderable authorities. We have seen novels, that were ungrammatical, trashy, immoral, and silly, described as works of high art, and the authors of them placed on a level with Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray. It was

only the other day—though we are not green—that we were induced to purchase one of these on the strength of notices which we read in two of the leading papers of this city, and had not perused more than fifty pages of it, when we were compelled to fling it out of the window, into a congenial mud-pool, where we hope it still rests. It was a sentimental, inflated, half-crazy rigmarole, without characters, descriptions, thoughts, or feelings, and yet it had been pronounced one of "the most instructive and entertaining romances of the day," "full of fine insight," "abounding in humor and wit," and of "intense interest." Indeed, we know of a dozen novels, that are now circulating on the rail-road cars, and covering parlor-tables, under the endorsement of leading literary journals, which have no more merit in them than a saw-dust pudding has of nutrition; and whose reputations have been entirely made by persevering puffery. This "puffery" is partly the work of editors, and partly of publishers; proceeding, in the case of the former, from a gross moral indifference as to what they allow themselves to print, and, in the case of the latter, from a knowledge of the fact that the public are always attracted by notoriety. Our reading world is, unfortunately, not discriminating. It is apt to take success, however temporary, or however produced, as a proof of desert, and to run after the lion of the moment, as children run after the circus, when it

comes into the village. More than one of our former literary celebrities, who have handsomely feathered their nests, by some sudden access of popular regard, cannot now get a publisher for anything they write, and are quite as much puzzled at their utter desertion now, as they were formerly at their unexpected triumphs. They are as dead as any of the forgotten worthies of the Lower Empire, or the historians of the era of Ramses the Great. Their entire elevation was factitious; and, having been sent up, by force, "like a rocket," they have come down by their own weight, "like the stick."

It is, of course, impossible for the newspaper writers to express mature and careful judgments of all the books they review. They cannot get time to read the new works, much less to digest them, and to write about them, with elaboration and finish. If they describe the nature of their contents, and, from a rapid perusal, state the general style of their execution, it is all that they can do, and all that should be expected of them. But they can prevent themselves from uttering unqualified commendations of books which they have not read, or which, if they have read them, they must know to be of no worth, or only of mediocre merit. They can prevent the publishers from insinuating into their columns notices written by their own paid puff-writers, and then quoting these manufactured opinions as the sentiments of the journals in which they were printed. We do not intend to say, however, that this is an habitual practice of publishers, or that it is done at all by all publishers, although it is done by some, and allowed by the editors. We wish some new satirist, like the author of the *Vision of Rubeta*, would arise, to perform judiciously the work which he undertook with so much vehemence and rancor—that of criticizing the critics, by holding their criticisms up to the light. What a funny, or, rather, what a sad exposure it would be! What an awful miscellany of remembrances for the unhappy editor? What a wild Walpurgis-dance of queer shapes—mingled of monsters, mice, and men—could the literary opinions he has expressed take form, and throng about him in living reality, as Swedenborg says our affections will, in the next world. The grotesque dreams of poor painter Blake, after a hearty pork

supper, could not have been more fantastic or numerous.

—*A Critical Dictionary of English Literature, and British and American Authors, living and deceased, from the earliest accounts to the middle of the nineteenth century*, by S. AUSTIN ALLIBONE. Philadelphia: Childs & Peterson, 1855. We have here four hundred and sixty pages of this work, extending to the end of the letter C, affording a sufficient sample and promise of the complete book; and bound in triplicate to exhibit the form, execution, size, and fashion of the volume as it will appear when ready for delivery. This enables us, *ex pede Herculem*, to form a satisfactory judgment of the whole, as it will be when ready for publication.

The principal features of the work are the following:—

1. It is arranged in alphabetical order.
2. British and American authors only are within the plan; but, in several instances, writers whose works have naturalized them in the republic of English literature are included.
3. A succinct biography of each writer of note. Those of the first class are treated briefly in particulars, but with ample comprehensiveness of incident. To Addison, for instance, five columns are given; to Akenside, three; to Lord Bacon, fifteen; to Joanna Baillie, two; to Bancroft, three; to Robert Barclay, five; Jeremy Bentham, four; to Richard Bentley, six; Albert Barnes, two; to Henry C. Carey, four; and others of like rank in proportion. Less space is given to the less distinguished; but the dates of their birth, death, and of their several publications, in almost every instance, of all the host of minor authors, are punctually recorded.
4. The number of authors whose works are noticed is about thirty thousand.
5. The critical judgments of the works, and of the character and genius of the authors of distinction, are very seldom the opinions of the compiler. He has adopted the plan of recording the opinions of men of acknowledged authority upon all men of celebrity. This is promised in the preface, and the promise is fairly kept and very fully performed throughout that part of the work which is already printed.
6. The work is so full and complete as to names, that we have not been able to think

of, any, among living or dead authors, whose initials fall within the scope of the sheets before us, which are omitted.

7. The dates of publication of all the books noticed are given with wonderful thoroughness and exactitude. Books which have worried and provoked us with the difficulty of ascertaining the time of which they spoke, have their ages faithfully registered in this record of brain-births. The fullness of these tables is worthy of all praise, and is of the highest importance to the general reader, who is, at the same time, a student and a thinker.

8. "The second division," says the preface, "consists of a copious index of *subjects*; so that the inquirer can find at a glance all the authors of any note in the language, arranged under the subject or subjects upon which they have written. Under Agriculture, the farmer will find authors' names alphabetically arranged; and, by turning to each one, can see the title or titles of the work or works, and probably an estimate of the value of his labors." The same thing holds as to Antiquities, Chemistry, Divinity, Drama, Law, Medicine, Biography, etc. This arrangement, the compiler very justly believes, will confer a great value upon his book, presenting, as it does, in one volume, a Comprehensive Manual of English Literature—Authors and Subjects—a Manual which is to the literature of the language what an ordinary dictionary is to the words of the language. It strikes us that Clergymen, Lawyers, Physicians, Merchants, Farmers, Mechanics, Booksellers, School Committees, Librarians, and Literateurs, must all find, in such catalogues of authors, under their several departments of science and letters, with the references afforded to critical notices in the first division of the work, an invaluable help in their several researches.

The volume will probably contain 1500 pages. The size is, we believe, called royal, or imperial octavo. It measures as much surface to the page as Webster's quarto dictionary, but is much more shapely—being an inch longer and an inch narrower, and thereby much more portable and supportable also. The publishers have done everything for the volume in paper, type, and elegance of execution, which the present perfection of their art affords—matters, in a book of this character, only

short of the importance of the authorship itself, in their available uses.

The author of the Critical Dictionary—author, we say—for, although the work is in the main necessarily a compilation, and the better for being a compilation of criticisms as well as of facts, it is by no means a servile collection of authorities—seems to us singularly well qualified, and as happily conditioned for the successful execution of his herculean undertaking. He is a merchant of Philadelphia: not a book-maker by profession. His resources are ample for his achievement, vast as it is; and, as to the spirit in which he has worked, we cannot but commend the fairness of his book in all the particulars of which we are competent to judge. Wherever he betrays a prejudice, it obviously grows out of the honest earnestness of his opinions. It is impossible that he should be free from all the biases of faith and feeling which find occasion in such a work, and just as impossible for him to repress them. Indeed, in the instances where we fancy we detect them, they may be no more than the antagonist sentiments of our own; at any rate they are his convictions, and have just as much intrinsic weight and authority as those which conflict with them. But they are never material, either as merits or demerits; they are not confused with the staple of his articles, and can work no evil to any one, either subject or reader. A healthy intellect and a good conscience are evinced wherever the author appears in person in his pages. The book is the work of years of loving labor in the field of Biography and Bibliography. It will stand long on the most convenient shelf of the libraries of the people; for it is a book to answer the inquiries started by our every-day reading; and this is not its most eminent value either, though this might be enough—it will excite to study, and direct the way for thousands who may have no other prompter or guide in intellectual industry.

—MR. T. B. READ is an artist who revives the good traditions of the great age, by painting in words as well as in colors. His genius is essentially mild, fanciful, gracious. His poem, the *New Pastoral*, is full of fair Virgilian pictures; and all who love the meadows and the quiet of green fields, will pause and linger over many of his pages. But Mr. Read has been living

long in Italy, and within the immediate sphere of a poet very different from himself—Robert Browning—and this fact, we doubt not, must go for something in explanation of the mistake which we think he has made, in employing himself upon a subject at once so metaphysical and so intense as that of the *House by the Sea*. The House by the Sea was the home of a man

“—————Whose look
Seemed to reflect some parchment book,
Writ in a cave by a wizard gray,
To spirit both body and soul away.”

This man was Roland, who had lived and suffered in the world, had been “as a weed that is chafed by the beach; but now, having been thrown high out of the way of the waves, had fixed himself on his lonely perch, and resolved that henceforth his

“Sole companion should be
His sorrow embodied.”

From his window he looks over the world and the sea, and his eye fell on the “child and the light of the fisherman’s home”—a fair young creature, who comes into the poem

“Singing as if her soul would pass
Into the air, and o’ertake that bird
Which sang in the sky, less seen than heard.”

As Roland gazes on this lovely girl, at her evening prayer, old emotions rise in his heart, an unpleasant “mad demon” tempts him with a horrible laugh, and makes him cry out bitterly for death—that death may save him from being false to one whom he had loved, and wronged, and lost, and on whose dying heart he had sworn an oath “to be true, ay, as true as the tomb to her dust.” His departed Ida comes back from the spirit world to interpose between the tempter and her lover. Then begins a drama, of which the ingenious reader will easily foresee the end, but not as easily the machinery. The demon throws ashore in a storm the form of a beautiful woman, which Roland rescues, and bears up to his house. The beautiful woman revives, and, wonderful to see, is his own lost Ida! She tells him a tale, most mysterious, of her misfortunes, and of how she came to be drowned! He, simple soul, is quite deceived. The false Ida of course finds the fisherman’s daughter, Agatha, and lays a spell on her, whereby, after a good deal of suffering and song, Agatha, driven to despair for Roland, leaps into the sea. Roland plunges after her, deems her dead,

and bears her to the church. Just as they reach the sacred hill, a serpent-ring, which the false Ida had given to Agatha, “leaps from her finger, and as lightning, passes a crooked flame that vanished in the grass.” Of course, in the church Agatha comes to life under Roland’s kisses. The false Ida stands without at the doors, like a wild beast beyond a circle of fire; and, seeing her plans all come to naught,

“Shrieked a fiendish shriek of wrath,
And with a hollow, sepulchral sound,
Her body fell upon the ground,
And lay a corpse along the path!”

Well rid of his demon, Roland lived with Agatha, his wife, who daily grew more and more like his “lost Ida;” he kept no more aloof from men, but “lived and moved”

“Among his fellows revered, beloved,”

having learned that the worst temptations are not in the world, but within the darksome, selfish mind.

Such is the theme of the poem, ill suited, as we have said, to the poet’s genius, but treated at least with tenderness and feeling. If the *House by the Sea* is not so grand and awful as the builder could have wished, it has, at least, some chambers which only a poet could have planned, and is adorned with not a few true and lovely pictures.

—A piece of work, which ought to have been done long ago, has been done, at last, and very well done, by Mr. FRANK MOORE. The *Songs and Ballads of the American Revolution* is a collection of the most popular lyrics, in which the Whigs and the Tories of England and America gave vent to their opinions and sentiments, in those days of trying struggle, through which the great colonies passed to the power and dignity of independent states.

Our fathers were by no means so familiar with Apollo as with Vulcan and with Mars; and, it must be confessed, this record goes to prove that the Tories, who had the worst of the battle, had the best of the ballads. The Know-Nothings of our day will be shocked to find that one of the most popular of the revolutionary war-songs was the work of an Irishman. “Paddy’s Epistle” is decidedly superior to most of our native effusions, in rollicking spirit and lyrical movement.

As illustrations of the temper of the times, these Ballads are invaluable; and

Mr. Moore has done a good service in collecting them. We have been specially struck with the evidence they afford, that the notion of separation from the mother country was one of slow growth, and very reluctantly admitted by the popular mind. It is clear that our ancestors felt themselves to be contending for their rights as Britons, and that they, as well as all thoughtful men in England, knew that the liberties of England were at stake in the New World. Mr. Moore's book is printed as well as its decided merits deserve; and it makes one of the neatest volumes of the season. Moreover, it has a good index; a merit which we specially notice, because we consider the man who makes a good index to a good book to be a public benefactor, of no ordinary sort.

—Still handsomer than Mr. Moore's book—indeed, in some respects, we think, the handsomest book yet issued in America—is a small volume of *Selections from the Writings of Walter Savage Landor*, edited by GEORGE S. HILLARD, and published by Ticknor & Fields, of Boston. The paper of this volume is soft in color, delicate in texture; the print is the large, grave, clear, and graceful type of the earlier days of printing. A worthy casket, in short, it is, for the finely cut cameos and polished gems which Mr. Hillard's taste has selected from the affluent cabinet of Landor.

It is strange that a writer so large of heart, so brave in spirit—a man, of genius so unquestionable, and of such ripe culture—the last, and by no means the least, of the literary giants of the past age—should be so little known, as Landor certainly is, in America. Of all Englishmen, he should be the most familiar to right-minded and high-souled republicans; and we shall be glad, indeed, if this beautiful volume shall serve the purpose intended by its accomplished editor, and prove a tempting vestibule to the temple of genius and wisdom, which has been reared by the author of the *Imaginary Conversations*. We ought not to forget that Mr. Hillard's book is enriched with a fine steel engraving of Landor's strong, stubborn, high-spirited head, taken from a drawing, which we owe to the friendship and the talent of the Count D'Orsay.

—The *Cousin Veronica* of MISS WORMLEY is a novel, mainly of Virginia life, although a few of the opening and closing scenes are laid in England. It turns upon the clauses

of a singular will, which a heady old gentleman, Mr. Lomax, made in regard to the disposition of his property; whereby it was to go to two cousins, in case they married each other within a specified time. These cousins had been attached to each other; but this method of binding the bargain, by making the inheritance of property conditional upon it, was a pretty sure way of rendering them doubtful about the sincerity of their attachment. The course of true love between them does not, therefore, run smooth; but, at the same time, after some divagations and ripples, gets to the end that the reader wishes. The story is well told, with a good perception of character, and a marked local fidelity. A little more humor and variety in the incidents would relieve it; but, on the whole, it is a sensible and interesting tale, suggesting sound truths, and awakening good feelings.

—The *Ravelings from the Web of Life*, by GRANDFATHER GREENWAY, as Mr. C. J. Cannon calls himself, is a series of vigorous tales, varied in character, but healthful and sound. There is a vein of humor in some of them which shows a genial nature on the part of the author, and a close observation of the oddities of American life.

—The *Blind Girl of Wittenberg* purports to be a translation from the German, and we suppose it is, though it would have been more satisfactory to the reader to be told more about the original. It is a story of the time of Luther, in which that decided and peculiar character plays a principal part. He is vividly drawn, in all his impetuosity and boldness, and with an occasional glimpse at his weaker side. As a picture of the time, it is painted with no little fidelity.

—Among the other novels of the month, are *Amy Lee*—by the author of *Our Parish*—and *Lily Huson; the Autobiography of an Orphan Girl*.

—The woman who was the first, we believe, in this country to break through the prejudice which excludes the female sex from the liberal professions, Miss HARRIOT K. HUNT, has written an account of her life. It is called *Glances and Glimpses; or, Fifty Years Social, and Twenty Years Professional, Life*. We opened it with expectations of finding an original and impressive narrative of peculiar experiences; for we

though that a person capable of achieving so signal, and, as the world goes, eccentric a career, would be equally capable of describing it with a marked and bold hand. But we must say that we have been somewhat disappointed in Miss Hunt's book. It is earnest enough, truthful enough, and vigorous enough—a hearty protest against the monopolies which man has taken to himself—but otherwise rather dull. The events of her life have not been very astonishing, nor are they told in a very skillful way. She has fought (manfully, we were going to say, but wont) valiantly for the rights of her sex—has encountered a good many rebuffs, and has traveled extensively over this country; but for some reason or other, she does not invest the incidents of her course with any special charm. Her sentiments are noble, her purposes good, and her judgments of men and things both honest and charitable; but she does not possess the art of conveying to others her own impressions with vividness and magnetic power. It is owing, perhaps, to the fact that her nature is deficient in the poetic element, that we find her narrative slightly tedious. Or, perhaps, the fact that the work is one of principles rather than of events, has, to a certain extent, falsified the promise of the title, which holds out the hope of a look into life, instead of into abstract truth.

—*Life of St. Bernard.*—No character of the twelfth century stands out more prominently than that of St. Bernard, the pious and indomitable monk of Cîteaux. Along with Anselm Francis, Bonaventura, Peter Damien, and Loyola, he occupies a most conspicuous position among the saints of the Roman calendar. As preacher, ascetic, mystical writer, controversialist, reformer, administrator, diplomatist, and statesman, he is equally distinguished, and evinces an ability which would have won for him a foremost place in almost any condition of society. He was one of those strong, earnest natures, of which heroes are made, who grasp life with keenness and tenacity, and work out their convictions with a kind of inevitable and tremendous force, as if they were fatalities.

The "Life" before us is a translation from the French of the ABBÉ RATISBONNE, which is, we believe, a standard in French ecclesiastical literature, executed with skill by some sisters of St. Mary's Convent, in

Greenwich, England, and introduced by HENRY E. MANNING, D. D. It is presented opportunely, at this time, as St. Bernard was one of the most strenuous asserters of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, in his day, which has now become an established dogma of the Church. Written, as all biography should be, by one who sympathizes with the subject of it, we have a genial, unquestioning narrative, which meets with no critical obstructions, and furnishes a picture of the man as he must have appeared to his contemporaries. We that read it may take the opportunity to be critical, if we please, but we like biographers who allow us the chance, and do not cheat us of it by assuming the entire business to themselves, as if they alone were Rhadamanthuses, and all the rest of the world only the court crowd.

—OLMSTED'S *Seaboard Slave States.*—We have lately had many fictitious representations of slavery, but in this important work—the most elaborate and carefully prepared that we have ever read upon the subject—we have a true account, from an eye witness. The author, a young farmer of the North, has traveled at leisure over Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia, to observe their actual condition, their trade, and society, and has given the result in a series of letters, written with the utmost truthfulness, and yet with vivacity. He directed his attention more particularly to the influence of slavery upon the material prosperity of the people, and has shown, as well by an array of statistics, as by his observation, and the confessions of planters, and other interested parties, that they are uniformly deteriorating. His calm, clear, and unprejudiced statement will be read with deep interest, both by North and South alike, and ought to have an effect in correcting the opinions of those who suppose slavery to be commercially a benefit. As a book of travel merely, it is highly fascinating, by its sketches of manners, etc., and as a book of principles, it is no less valuable.

—MISS MURRAY'S *America.*—A book on the United States, by the Honorable Miss Murray, is likely to secure numerous readers, without much regard to its real deserts, by these two facts: first, that Miss Murray is announced under a flourish of trumpets, as "Maid of Honor to Queen Victoria,"

which will give a fillip to our democratic curiosity; and second, that she is understood to take a different view of slavery, and its influence, from that which all English men and women are expected to take, which is something new.

As to the book itself, it is simply respectable, with nothing particular to commend it. It is made up of the letters written home, during an extensive tour in Canada, the United States, and Cuba, containing a great many personal details, of no interest to the public, and a great many descriptions of places, which have been elsewhere much better done. Miss Murray was greatly surprised at the general good-nature and civility of our people; remarks upon the delicacy and want of out-door habits of the women; says the men are physically degenerated by their excessive business anxiety, and admires the almost universal comfort. The discussion of slavery, though not very original, nor very striking, evinces an amiable disposition, and a desire to do justice to the slaveholders.

Mr. E. G. SQUIER was "formerly Chargé d'Affaires of the United States to the Republic of Central America," and, since he relinquished that lofty position, he seems to have constituted himself perpetual Chargé d'Affaires of Central America to the "rest of mankind." Some time ago, he gave us two goodly tomes of information and disquisition concerning the amorphous State of Nicaragua; he has published more articles on the subject than we have space to enumerate, and now he re-appears with a fat volume of *Notes on the States of Honduras and San Salvador*, with maps and illustrations.

The world ought to be much obliged to Mr. Squier, who has, no doubt, rendered service enough to the cause of geography, to warrant his dedication of his new "Notes" to the illustrious Ritter. The States of Honduras and San Salvador ought to be particularly grateful to him. The maps of their dominions, drawn by Mr. Hitchcock, under the direction of Mr. Squier, are the best yet given to the public; and, if we are to believe Mr. Squier, Honduras and San Salvador can never have known how great were their charms, till this new admirer came to tell them. What Nicaragua, the former object of the Chargé's special regard, will say to this political coquetry, is another question.

If Mr. Squier's fancies were as valuable as his facts, his "Notes" would be worthy of all the currency they may obtain. He writes with fluency, and describes with force. It is worth noting, perhaps, that his best passages reminded us constantly of a gay little work on the "Mosquito Coast!" entitled *Waikna*; which work, we are sorry to say, was more vivacious than veracious, and the paternity of which has never been satisfactorily fixed upon anybody in particular.

But Mr. Squier has a pet theory and a pet terror; and these pets of his, being no better behaved than pets in general, contrive to worry his readers sadly. They are as vexatious as a lady's lap-dog, that *will* unexpectedly snap at your legs; or a spoiled child, that snatches off your wig. Whenever Mr. Squier comes in sight of an Indian, a Sambo, or a negro, off goes his theory of the "irreversible laws which decree the disappearance of the lower forms of humanity." Whenever he "smells the blood of an Englishman," up jumps his terror, and scents treason in the air. The "meteor-flag" is to him a portent, dire as was a comet to the rustics of the middle ages.

If all that Mr. Squier has written, about "manifest destiny" and "British intrigues," were merely nonsense, it would not much matter. But nonsense ceases to be trivial, when it is taken up into the creed of a great party, and the policy of an administration; it then assumes an importance which forbids us to dismiss it, without inviting to it the serious attention and the decided rebuke of all patriotic and intelligent men.

—The process, known in America as "Annexation," wears, in Asia, the name of "Absorption." The phrases differ delicately enough, but the operation is substantially the same; or is varied, at the most, by some such specific distinction as might be established between an Englishman, leisurely consuming his chop in a London coffee-house, and a Yankee bolting his chunk of pie at a railway-station. Mr. Squier subtly invites his countryman to a prospective banquet of "Annexation." Dr. ALLEN, in his work on *India, Ancient and Modern*, chronicles the gastronomic feats of "Absorption," already performed by Britons, in the East.

Such a book, as this of Dr. Allen's, has really been a desideratum. Many a stump

orator declaims about British tyranny in India, who could not, for the life of him, tell what British India is, or how it came to be British India. India is a peninsula so vast as almost to deserve the name of a continent, and it is peopled by nations which differ from each other as much as from the English nation, professing different religions, speaking different languages, governed by different laws. The history of the political changes, by which these nations have been gradually brought under the dominion of Britain, is complicated and interesting; and, unless it be clearly understood, nothing like justice can be done to the individual Englishmen, who, from time to time, have taken a prominent part in Indian affairs, or to the general policy of that great East India Company, which has been the grand agent of British dominion in Asia.

Dr. Allen was, for twenty-five years, a missionary of the American Board in India; but he writes very little like an ordinary missionary, and very much like a discreet, clear-sighted, and unaffected gentleman. He seems to deal as fairly and frankly with questions of religion as with questions of policy and economy; and he gives us a great deal of valuable information upon all subjects connected with the welfare and the prospects of India. He speaks in a firm, fearless way, of the steps by which England has mounted to supremacy in the East; but he is fully convinced that India owes to the English domination all the greatest blessings which she now enjoys.

Prosperity, peace, and progress England has given to her Indian possessions, and, in the worst days of the worst governor-general, the native populations have been more justly ruled and more reasonably treated than they ever were before by indigenous rajah, or foreign sultan. We ought, perhaps, to except the extraordinary reign of Mohammed Toghlick, who, during his forty years of power, built fifty canals, forty mosques, thirty colleges, one hundred caravanseries, thirty reservoirs for irrigation, one hundred hospitals, one hundred public baths, and one hundred and fifty bridges; and all this in the middle of the fourteenth century, while the sovereigns of England were wasting their substance in a mad attempt to ravage and desolate the kingdom of France.

Dr. Allen is satisfied that the British

power is fairly rooted in India, and we think our readers will be edified by the language in which a leading Indian press speaks of the prospects of England's Eastern dominion: "Every one out of England is now ready to acknowledge that *the whole of Asia, from the Indus to the Sea of Okhotsk*, is destined to become the patrimony of that race which the Normans thought they had finally crushed six centuries ago, but which now stands at the head of European civilization. We are placed, by the mysterious design of Providence, in command of Asia."

It is a comfort to think that the "destiny" of Asia is just as "manifest" as that of America.

—Who will not be glad to hear that Dr. Kane is about to give us another delightful book about the Arctic regions?

It is a snug thing to sit by one's fireside, and read of the perils of gallant men in unknown seas. We get the heroism without the pains and the chills, and are, all of us, better and braver men for the fortitude and the courage of our hero. We don't utter a prophecy—we merely draw an inference—when we say that Dr. Kane's new book will be "delightful." It is simply impossible that a man, who has done such good things as Dr. Kane has done, and has once described his deeds with such modesty, and taste, and feeling, should not write a delightful book.

Messrs. Childs and Peterson, who have charge of the publication, have engaged the best ability they could command, for the copious illustration of the text, and will make it one of the most elaborate and elegant works ever issued in America.

—The *Year Book of Agriculture*, by DAVID A. WELLS, is, as the title imports, an annual of agricultural progress and discovery, for the years 1855-6, exhibiting the most important discoveries and improvements in agricultural mechanics (with views of machines), chemistry, horticulture, botany, geology, meteorology, together with the statistics of American growth and production, classified tables of American patents, catalogues of fruit adapted to different sections, and details of foreign agricultural movements. Mr. Wells, the editor, is known by his *Year Book of Facts*, which records the general progress of science, and has done well in separating agriculture into a distinct pub-

lication. Its interests are now so broad, and the improvements suggested and discussed so numerous, that they require separate and enlarged treatment. In this country, particularly, the cultivation of the earth has become a matter of such vital moment, that every fact, likely to benefit it, ought to be made universally known. Our newspapers do much towards spreading the light; but their agricultural columns are, for the most part, got together with so little care and discrimination, and they are so easily lost or mutilated, that we need some permanent record of facts and statistics, such as we have in this book. We think Mr. Willis's selections are made with skill, and a wise reference to the probable wants of the largest number of readers. The illustrations are well-executed, and add to the value of his volume.

—It is rare that one meets with a book that is at the same time didactic, charming, and brief; and yet he may find it in the little essay of Mr. R. STORRS WILLIS, on the music of the churches. No person in the country is better qualified than he, by education and taste, to write on such a subject, and his neat and pretty volume is worthy of his ability. Mr. Willis has not made a learned disquisition on the technics of sacred music, but a plain, practical, and intelligent exposition of what is wanting in its present condition. He writes with vivacity, but at the same time with accuracy, and an earnest feeling of his subject. He writes both for pastors and people, and we wish both pastors and people would take up his expostulation, and give it serious heed. We are sure they will be delighted by his enthusiastic love of his art, as well as improved by his strong common sense. Nothing more needs the hand of judicious reform than the music of our churches; and it seems to us that the recommendations of Mr. Willis are judicious. We desire not only a better style of execution of music, but a more sincere and devout use of it, and a more general participation of the people in its use. What he remarks of the listless manner in which psalms and hymns are sung in our Protestant churches, must strike everybody as true; while the picture he paints of a Sunday in one of the German cathedrals, shows how much better the thing might be done. His protest, too, against the hortatory or doctrinal character of so much of

"sacred poetry," is deserved. Again we say, let both pastors and people read this little book.

—*The Criterion*.—We ought to have announced last month the appearance of this new literary weekly, and should have done so, if we had had room. It is modeled after the *London Athenæum*, being devoted exclusively to reviews of books, and literary intelligence. As far as it has gone, it has shown great intelligence, independence, and spirit. The editors, whoever they may be, are practiced writers, capable of thinking well, and of expressing well what they think. As such a periodical is much needed, we hope the undertaking will be largely supported, by publishers no less than by readers.

—*The Crayon*, heretofore a weekly, has been changed into a monthly. It preserves its old form and spirit, however, with an increase in the number of pages. As the only periodical in the country exclusively devoted to art, as well as on account of the ability with which it is conducted, it deserves the amplest support.

—*The Home Journal*, always a favorite in the family circle, adds to its usual attractions for the coming year a new poem, by MORRIS, a new tale, by WILLIS, and a new poetic narrative, by JAMES T. FIELDS. In its contributions, as well as its selections, the *Home Journal* has a character of its own—blending the light and the agreeable, in the most readable way, with the instructive and useful.

—*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper* is, thus far, a decided success—we mean as to its execution. The plates are as finely finished as those of the best London illustrated papers—far better than anything of the kind hitherto published among us—and show not only skill, but talent in the artists.

—We must afford space for *Dr. Antonio*. And this not only because Dr. Antonio is a delightful novel, but also because the author is an Italian, whose command of the English language, remarkable as it is, is his least brilliant attribute. M. RUFINI is a fine type of the best class of modern Italian minds, at once clear-sighted and impassioned, poetic and practical, large in sympathy and decided in conviction. It is such men as Rufini that have given to Sardinia her high and honorable rank among the nations,

and every Italian state boasts such men; Manin was not alone in Venice, nor Poerio in Naples. None see more plainly than these men the true causes of the degradation of Italy, none know better than they, how far that degradation is from being hopeless.

Rufini lives in London. His first attempt to write an English novel was attended with extraordinary success. *Lorenzo Benoni* was welcomed as a positive addition to our wealth of fiction; and the picture which it gave of Italian life, political and social, at once astonished and enlightened the English reading world. *Dr. Antonio*, too, is a novel of Italian life, full of the beauty—full, too, alas! of the sadness—of Italy. The story is simple. An English baronet and his daughter, traveling along the glorious Cornice-road, between Genoa and Nice, beneath the purple Apennines, and above the blue Mediterranean, are overtaken in their carriage, and the lady's ankle is broken. Dr. Antonio, a Sicilian refugee, practicing medicine at Bordighera, is on the road and comes to their help. The wounded lady is conveyed to the Osteria, and Dr. Antonio devotes himself to her cure. Of course, Dr. Antonio is young, handsome, accomplished, honorable—an Italian gentleman of the highest stamp. He falls in love with Lucy, and Lucy with him; but he soon sees that the father of Lucy will never consent to her union with a "foreigner." So they linger on in their dream, that must ever be a dream, till at last Lucy's brother comes from India—a great hulking dragoon—sees the state of the case, and whisks Lucy and his father back to England. Lucy suffers, goes into society, marries, becomes a widow, and goes back to Italy pale and ill, in 1848, to find Dr. Antonio a leader of the Sicilian patriots. The frightful scenes of the Revolution transpire at Naples. Dr. Antonio and Lucy come to an understanding in the moment of the outbreak; the Doctor hurries away to do his duty to his country, is wounded, captured, and

condemned to nineteen years' imprisonment.

He is sent to Ischia. Lucy takes a villa on the island; buys a yacht; concerta measures for Antonio's escape; carries them through; is foiled by Antonio himself, who refuses to leave his companions, and in her despair dies. This catastrophe is the great blot of the book. It is unnatural, unartistic, thoroughly disagreeable. It is at war with the character of good sense, good feeling and dignity, which the author had constructed in Doctor Antonio. Such a bit of melodramatic heroism might be perpetrated by a Frenchman tipsy with vanity, but never by a grave, earnest, just, and rational man.

The English baronet is somewhat overdrawn, but well conceived; the Italians of the lower order are genuine, living, and breathing creatures. The style of the book is admirable, the English very correct, and just dashed with a dainty foreign flavor, which adds piquancy to its grace. Here is a scene which shall speak for itself:

"Lucy turned sharply around, and embraced at one glance the wonderfully varied scene before her. To the north, a long, long vista of deep, dark, frowning gorges closed in the distance by a gigantic screen of snow-clad Alps; the glorious expanse of the Mediterranean to the south; east and west, range upon range of gently undulating hills, softly inclining towards the sea; in the plain below, the fresh, cosy valley of Taggia, with its sparkling track of waters, and rich belt of gardens, looking like a perfect mosaic of every gradation of green, chequered with winding silver arabesques. Ever and anon, a tardy pomegranate, in full blossom, spread out its oriflamme of tulip-shaped dazzling red flowers. From the rising ground opposite, frowned mediæval Taggia, like a discontented guest at a splendid banquet. A little further off westward, the eyes took in the campanile of the Dominican church, emerging from a group of cypresses; and, further still—on the extreme cliff—the sanctuary of Our Lady Della Guardia showed its white silhouette against the dark sky."

ART MATTERS.

A month since, we were chanting the dirge of the Opera. It left us with the New Year, crowning the season with an excellent performance of "Don Giovanni."

People are asking each other, "How much did Mr. Paine lose?" Nobody asks—How much have we lost?

They went—singers, performers, and

manager—to Baltimore and Washington. But what chance had Meyerbeer and Rossini against Banks and Richardson—what hope for sweet melodies among men with souls set on the manifest destiny of Central America, and the misbehavior of this or that foreign potentate? In Boston, Mr. Paine will fare better. Boston saved Mr. Hackett; Boston may send us back our Lagrange, and our Hensler, and our Salvini, and our Nantier Didiée, wreathed in smiles, and Mr. Paine himself, with a purse fortified for another siege, and other bombardments in Fourteenth-street. And then, perhaps, we may go in a grave, conscientious way, as becomes our responsibilities, to pass judgment on Mr. Arditi's new opera—"The Gipsy"—unless, indeed, it should have been performed during the recess, as some people seem to expect, notwithstanding the dearth of singers.

It is whispered—only whispered, mind you, and that in a select circle of persons, of tried discretion—that ere very long we may have Jenny Lind in America again. She has been singing in Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, at Exeter Hall, and the critics wrote about her just as they used to do in times past. Madame Goldschmidt's voice is as splendid, her genius as triumphant as Jenny Lind's; there is nothing changed but her name, and even that alteration is masked. Tears ran down the cheeks of the good people of Brighton—just in the old fashion—when she sang them "John Anderson, my Jo;" and the great artists of England thought, with a sigh, when they listened to the Sanctus of Angels, that they might never hear the like again.

Three doors from her London residence, Madame La Marquise di Candia has just presented her husband with a daughter—a future queen of song, perhaps. Perhaps when the fledgeling shall have passed into the nurse's arms, the mamma may become Grisi once more. There is Mr. Smith, of Drury Lane, who would give his eyes for her to open his new opera season—always provided the subscribers come forward, and pay up their guineas in advance.

The last of the trio of *divas*—Madame Alboni—has just been engaged at the Italiens, in Paris. They wanted her badly. Up-hill work there, too, for the manager. And though a maestro, Pedrotti, has written a new opera-buffa—*Florini*—where-

with the refined audience of the most fashionable of theatres have expressed their joyous satisfaction, the critics are by no means easy in their minds about its merit, or success.

With us, concerts have not been numerous of late. It is well known that all musicians are men of fortune; that most of them roll in wealth; but still, this is hardly a reason why they should go on, month after month, and year after year, giving concerts to people who, to tell the truth, don't care much about hearing them. The second Philharmonic was, however, very well attended. Something was due to Gade's graceful symphony; something to Weber's *Euryanthe*; much to the famous skill and taste of the excellent orchestra. At the next concert we are to have an overture of Cherubini's, and one of Sterndale Bennett's; the symphony is by Mr. Bristow, and report speaks loudly in its favor. Mr. Gottschalk, too, fares well. He has promised us a series of *matinées* and *soirées*. Of course, no lover of music will miss them.

We shall not see Rachel again. Pity the poor people who said, when she was here before, that there was time enough—they would go see her when she returned! She was to leave Havana on the 9th; by this time she is safe once more in the fold, and Jules Janin is a happy man. We hope he will find his "daughter" uninjured by her wanderings among the savages of America. We venture to say, he will find that she has not been gouged, or otherwise mutilated, as he seemed to apprehend; that she was never forced to dance the waltz round a camp-fire, or chased by buffaloes through the streets; that she was not always in fear of her life from the native females of the country, and that it did not always happen that, by the end of the fifth act, every seat in the theatres where she played was whittled to shavings. Startling as these facts will appear to the chubby critic of the *Débats*, he will need to fortify his mind for still ruder shocks; he will be told that audience after audience—chiefly composed of persons whose knowledge of French was so slight that to follow the play was a task—gathered to hear Madame Rachel wherever she performed in the United States, and thoroughly appreciated her; that she bore away larger rewards than were ever reaped by

English, German, or Spanish actors in Paris; and that, when she left us, the day of her departure was marked with a black stone, by all lovers of high art and classic drama.

Now that she is gone, we have nothing to do but to laugh. So we go to see King Charming and the Blue Bird, and the ugly princess that wanted to marry him, and the pretty one that he wanted to marry; and we shake our sides at the puns and the funny things that all these funny people say to each other. To see Pocahontas, too, the best burlesque ever written in America; and we laugh more than ever at the droll sayings of King Powhatan and his comical court. Why not? See what Jules Janin's friends are doing. At the Français, they have a new piece, *Joconde*, in the style of the younger Dumas, which would have brought a blush to the cheeks of Margaret of Navarre, and made Boccaccio repent his excessive modesty; at the Variétés, Clairville has reviewed the year, in a two hours' string of puns, honestly christened *Le Royaume des Calembours*. In London, people are trampling each other, to see a grand burlesque on the meeting of the Cloth of Gold, whereof the crowning charm consists in processions of gorgeously-caparisoned horses, and queer-looking knights, with long candlesticks, in guise of spears, and other enormous originalities. Pocahontas is high art, compared to this.

We hear it said that the theatres are doing badly—that the war, and the Nicaragua troubles, and politics, and the "cold terms," injure them. It must be that these sly managers don't want us to know how rich they are growing. Else, why should we have a new theatre—a very pretty one, too, with boxes à la *Européenne*, and some very good actors and actresses—springing up, all at once, and doing a famous business, without hurting its neighbors, apparently? Why should people, who are able to dig or sew, think of writing plays, in the absence of any sort of copyright? All are not crazy, and there must be nuggets somewhere, to reward so many diggers. We hear of a new five act comedy, by Mr. Brougham—whose industry is such, that Lope de Vega was a trifter, in comparison, and who, it is said, would not sleep, if he

had not thrown off, at least, a farce after supper. Of a great American piece, with a double-dyed American character, of the Western go-ahead sort in it, for Mr. M. Vickar. Of a couple of comedies, by Mrs. Bennett-Barrow, both of which are highly commended. Of farces and burlesques beyond counting—a burlesque on poor old Don Quixote, a promising subject; another, on the minstrel Blondel, whose trials and touching devotion to his master were made the subject of a pretty comic opera, nearly a hundred years ago, by Grétry—and so on.

These grapes do not grow on thorns. Some of them, perhaps, had better not grow at all. Time will do justice on what is silly and mischievous. Time, too, will surely teach that wit is not incompatible with truth, and that plays may be moral and reasonable, without ceasing to be amusing.

We are to have a child's theatre, it seems, with a host of well-known juvenile comedians, and some infant phenomena besides, whom fame as yet ignores. We hope, if this project be carried out, that the management will follow the example of the French *Gymnase des Enfants*, in the selection of pieces. When the Gymnase was started, the manager applied to several dramatic authors, for pieces specially adapted for children—with child-like dialogue, and plot turning on the passions and accidents of childhood. Our children's theatre could not do better, at first, than adapt these French pieces—many of which are very beautiful.

We must bestir ourselves, or the Athenians will call New York Boeotia. They have been importing ancient sculptures into Boston by the ton. Seventeen tons of them they have landed at once—tons of Assyrian bulls, tons of stiff Babylonian archers, tons of date-trees done upon stone. The whole to be sold for the benefit of the owners. They say the Bostonians will not let a single ounce of all these treasures go out of the city. What an excellent thing it would be for some enterprising person to buy up the whole seventeen tons, without warning to the Athenians, to unite them with Abbott's Egyptian collection, and lay the foundation of a grand Museum of Antiquities at New York!

THE SCHOOLFELLOW,

An Illustrated Magazine for Boys and Girls.

Every number will contain original matter, from the best American Authors; with selections and translations from late English, German, and French Publications, and will be finely and profusely illustrated. It will be the aim of the publishers to combine in the engravings and the letterpress of THE SCHOOLFELLOW, the utmost possible beauty, variety, interest, and substantial instruction, with an elevated moral tone, and reverent spirit. The general character already established for THE SCHOOLFELLOW may be inferred from the following

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS ON THE JANUARY NUMBER.

It is the intention of the publishers to give this work a high place among the juvenile periodicals of the country, and, judging from this earnest of their enterprise, we anticipate a successful fulfillment of their promise.

The number now issued is distinguished by the agreeable and instructive character of its contents, the good taste of its embellishments, and the beauty of its typography. We think the future numbers cannot fail to gain a kindly welcome in the family circle.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

It is filled with reading matter that cannot fail both to interest and instruct the youthful mind.—*Pittsburg Post.*

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The number is full of attractive reading for young people, and from the tact evinced in its pages, there can, we think, be no doubt in regard to its increased circulation and value.—*Boston Eve. Transcript.*

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A Big Potato, by Paul Read.
The Deserted Bark, by Paul Read.
The Story of the Great War.
Fire-side Fancies.
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New York, February 1st, 1856.

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The January number is a fine specimen of what this valuable publication will be for the future. The course Putnam is pursuing will stamp it with permanency, and the reason for this permanency will be the substantial literature which its pages offer to the public. Putnam is the pioneer, in our opinion, of a new era in literature, and which must, at some future day, take possession of the people. The present is the age of romance, and light literature has its millions of votaries, but the coming age will be an age of substantialities, and then Putnam will lead the van and establish a fame which other cotemporary magazines can never pretend to aspire to.—*Brooklyn, L. I., Morning Journal.*

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We feel ourselves called upon, however, just now to repeat, that from intimate and continued examination of all the publications of this class, we are convinced not only of its unrivaled superiority as a household and literary periodical, but as identified with the best interests of the cause of letters in this country; we would testify to its great utility and value. Subscribers to periodical literature for the ensuing year should consider the fact in connection with this periodical, that they will equally benefit the cause of American literature and their own welfare, by a support of Putnam.—*N. Y. Morning Express.*

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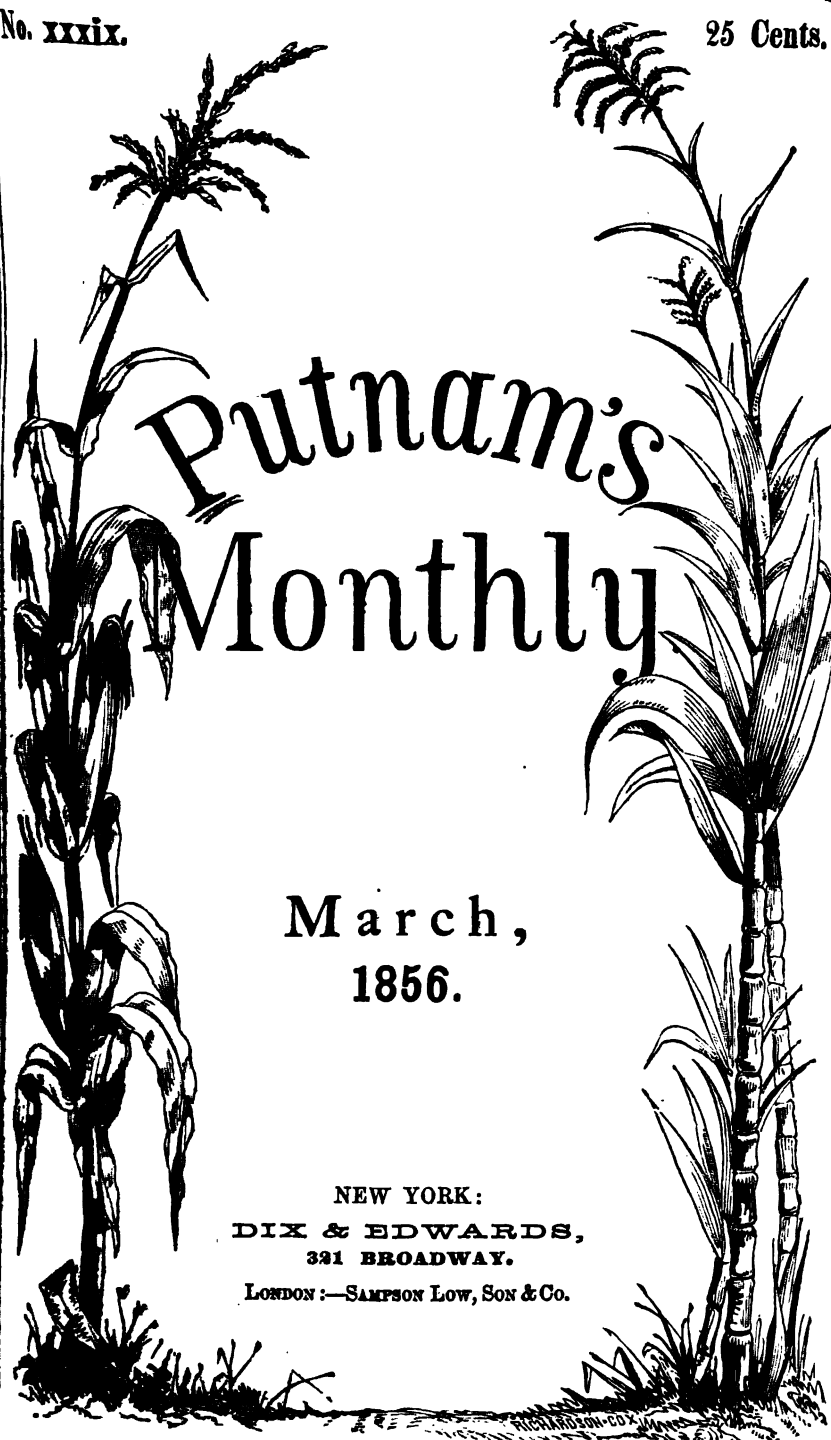
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No. XXXIX.

25 Cents.

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Putnam's Monthly

March,
1856.

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Rev. J. W. Schlessman, New York
of Brooklyn.
(Class of 1852.)

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.

VOL. VII.—MARCH, 1856.—NO. XXXIX.

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.*

THE formation of the Christian church, in the early ages of its history, was a process involving many elements beside Christianity proper, as represented in the gospels.

Jewish cabalism, Greek and Roman polytheism, Egyptian mysticism, Persian dualism, Indian gymnosophism, are among the confluent streams which emptied their tributary streams into this providential river, and became coefficients of a faith whose triumphs are owing in part to its having appropriated all that was vital in foregone and contemporary creeds and rites.

And not only did the church inoculate itself with ideas from without; it also absorbed into its system, and transubstantiated into its own kind, by "the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus," the blood and temper of many climes. The dreaming Oriental, the volatile Greek, the practical Roman, the impatient Goth, the fiery African, are all represented in its organism.

To the last named country the church is indebted for three, at least, of its

greater lights, Tertullian, Cyprian, Augustine. The first distinguished by his moral purism; the second by his stout defence of episcopal authority; the third by his theology and his great example.

St. Augustine, whose life and character we now propose to discuss, has become identified with an influence far exceeding that of his compatriots, and coextensive with the Christian church.

The morals of Christendom refused to adopt the stern requirements of the eloquent Montanist, its ecclesiastical polity soon transcended the views of the fervid Carthaginian.

But the doctrine of the Bishop of Hippo has survived the decline of the papacy; has reproduced itself in the formularies of Protestantism; has been transplanted from the Old World to the New, by the fostering care of the Puritans, and constitutes, to this day, the staple of American theology. Since the days of the Apostles, no Christian ecclesiastical has exerted such sway, or obtained such following.

Externally, the life of St. Augustine

* *Der heilige Augustinus. Sein Leben und Wirken, für Freunde des Reiches Gottes dargestellt.* Von PHILIPP SCHAFF. Berlin, 1854.

Die Kirche Christi und ihre Zeugen, oder die Kirchengeschichte in Biographien. Von FRIEDR. BOEHRRINGER. Zürich, Bd. I.

Histoire de St. Augustin, sa Vie, ses Œuvres, son Siècle, Influence de son Génie. Par M. FESJOLAT. Paris, 1845.

S. Aurelii Augustini de Doctrina Christiana Libri Quatuor. Ed. CAR. HERM. BRUDER. Lipsiæ, 1838.

Ursprung und Wesen des Bösen nach der Lehre d. heiligen Augustinus. Von I. NIRSCHL. Regensburg, 1854.

was less eventful than those of most men of note in his time—that maelstrom of history which tossed individuals and nations like foam-flakes in its boiling eddies. The deep interior life of the man was very imperfectly expressed in his fortunes, and had no correspondent developments in his external history. He was one of those whose life is a continual drawing from the circumference to the centre.

Tagaste, an obscure corner in the north of Africa, not far from the site of old Carthage, is illustrated by the birth of the greatest of the Fathers. Its historic insignificance, although mentioned by Pliny, excludes it from the ancient maps. Cellarius, the most faithful of geographers, ignores it. French soldiers, under General Randon, in 1844,* for the first time, perhaps, since the Vandals, uncover its site. And Spruner, the latest authority, has noted its locality in that part of what is now Algeria, where Algiers and Tunis join. The 13th November, 354, is the date of his birth. Cast amid humble conditions, the greatest of earthly blessings was vouchsafed to his childhood—a pious mother, whose dearest wish was to see the son of her affections safely folded in the bosom of the Catholic church. Her life was breathed in prayers for this end; and the strongest human influence which Augustine experienced, was the prayers of Monica. Gratefully conscious of her agency in securing so able a defender of the faith, the church has raised to “sainted seats” the “Elect Lady,” whom filial gratitude had already canonized. Few worthies in the Christian calendar have earned more dearly their title to be there. The name of Monica suggests the impersonation of all feminine and Christian graces. We figure to ourselves a form and face such as Carlo-Dolce, or the Pre-Raphaelites would have loved to paint, with as much of spirit as flesh and blood can take up, and as little of flesh and blood as an earth-inhabiting spirit can make itself visible by. With a brute of a husband, passionate at home, and unfaithful abroad, and three children, of whom, at least, one gifted but turbulent boy was a source of ceaseless anxiety—with a feeble body and a sensitive spirit—with

small means and large requirements—with little wit, great cares, and, as her conscientious nature conceived them, awful responsibilities—the burdened soul had fainted within her, unless she had “believed to see the goodness of the Lord.” But she believed and did not faint. She administered, with untiring diligence, her arduous economy, and tended her little flock, and still clung to the horns of the altar.* She encountered her stormy husband with gentleness for wrath, and soft persuasion for ingratitude and sin. She waited and wept, and hoped and suffered, and still hoped. The substance of her life was sorrow, and the form of it was prayer; the spirit of it, love, and the strength of it, patience, and the grace of it, meekness. Hers was the pure soul which an elder poet compares to a “drop of Orient dew,” which, lighting on a flower,

“Scarce touching where it lies,
But gazing back upon the skies,
Shines with a mournful light

* * * * *
Till the warm sun pities its pain
And to the skies exhales it back again.”

Her pious wishes, long deferred, were fulfilled at last. Her husband, who had lived in profession, as in character, a pagan, solicited and received before his death the regenerating water of Christian baptism. And at last, after thirty long years of watching and weeping, her favorite, Aurelius, with whose second birth, as he tell us, she had travailed more sorely than with his first, was likewise united to Christ, through the baptism of the Catholic church. Her mission was accomplished when this son of her tears, disengaged from the enemy's tares, and bound in a fair church-sheaf, was now at length fit for the garden of the Lord: a consummation to which (unconsciously to herself and to him) she had contributed more than all the persuasions of Ambrose, and all the refinements of his own dialectic mind.

O, woman, great is thy faith! O, loving, sad, and patient Monica; long suffering, late rewarded! Who more entitled than thou to sit in sainted seats? Who more than thou ever strove and prayed? Who has so nobly illustrated

* Ponjoulat.

the mediatorial office of woman, showing how, as it is written,

"The ever womanly
Draweth us on."

Young Augustine mixed at school and at play with the boys of Tagaste, and, if eminent at all among his companions, was not distinguished by any saintly tendencies. The saint in him was latent, dormant. The boy was patient, and wide awake.

The boy loved play, and found study a weariness of the flesh. Greek was his aversion; the circus and the theatre his delight. A sportive boyhood might not portend any lack of manly virtue. Of graver import are the fibbing and thieving which those "Confessions" of his reveal. All this he repents in after years with a penitence almost morbid, and scarcely consistent with the Augustinian theory of human nature, which, by denying to man, unrenewed by superadded and exotic grace, not only goodness, but the faculty of goodness, might seem to preclude all occasion of remorse. With especial compunction he recalls the robbery of a pear-tree, committed in a spirit of juvenile frolic, with some of his associates. In the excess of his self-condemnation, he refines upon his guilt, and, dissecting the act with retrospective analysis, finds more of evil in the heart of it than appears on the face. Why should he steal his neighbor's pears? He had better pears of his own at home. It could not have been for the sake of the fruit, which was not eaten. It must, therefore, have been the love of sin, as such—the mere delight in evil—which prompted the act. "Behold my heart, O God, let my heart tell thee what it sought when gratuitously evil, having no temptation to ill, but the ill itself." . . . "What, then, did wretched I so love in thee, thou theft of mine, thou deed of darkness." . . . "Fair were those pears, but not them did my wretched soul desire for; I had store of better, and I gathered them only that I might steal. For when I gathered them I flung them away; my only feast therein being my own sin, which I was pleased to enjoy. For if aught of those pears came within my mouth, what sweetened it was sin." We cite the passage as equally characteristic of the boy and the man: the act itself, of the boy; the reflection upon it, of the man. The boy, head-

long, impetuous, thoughtless, vicious; the man, regenerate, holy, God-seeking, but self-dissecting, morbid. A healthy feeling would have wrought a more perfect self-forgiveness. A healthy judgment would distinguish between youthful love of fun indulged to vicious excess, and love of evil, as such.

There is in all men something immovable and immutable; an individuality common to the child, to the youth, and the man; a backbone of the character which remains unaltered through all the revolutions that sweep over the heart, and through all the vicissitudes of life. We may change our opinions, our habits, our pursuits, our tastes; we may change from heedless to earnest, from sensual to moral, from godless to devout; but we cannot change the radical innermost self. We bear not the root, but the root us. Religion may alter the expression of the character, but not the type; may convert the worldling into a saint, but not one individual into another. There is a ground which survives through all the metamorphoses of nature and of grace. As it was in childhood, it remains in old age; as birth delivered it to this world, death will hand it over to the next. We find in Augustine the child one quality, at least, which especially distinguishes Augustine the man—ambition. The same passion, which, sanctified by heavenly grace, engendered the pure and noble aspirations of his riper years, inspired, also, the literary labors of his youth, and was manifest even in the boy, in scorn of inferiority, in love of boyish distinction, in eager efforts to excel in games; for which end, as he tells us, he often had recourse to trickery and deceit. Ambition is a quality indifferent in itself. Its character depends on the qualities with which it is associated; on the course it adopts; the direction given it; the objects at which it aims. Side by side with this quality in Augustine, there was early developed a principle of life, by which it was refined and ennobled, and consecrated to the highest ends. That principle was love of God—or not so much love, at present, as a certain vague desire and aspiration—the dawn of that future passionate striving and longing after God which breathes from every page of the Confessions, and which, after his conversion, expressed itself in all the tenor of his life. If ever a human soul, in the words of the

Psalmist, panted after God, the soul of Augustine did surely so pant. From earliest childhood, when his only petition was to be saved from chastisement at school, through all the aberrations of his youth, the idea of God was familiar to his thoughts, and the want of God was the secret of his heart. Many a devout soul has found its private experience expressed by him in those words, often echoed, and often imitated—words which a well-known Moravian hymn has fitly paraphrased—*Inquietum est cor nostrum donec requiescat in te.*

"My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest till it finds rest in Thee."

On one occasion, while yet a child, when sudden illness threatened his life, he expressed a desire to be baptized.

The necessary arrangements were made; but the danger passed, and his mother deferred the salutary rite, thinking, he says, "the defilements of sin would, after that washing, bring greater and more perilous guilt." This too subjective view of baptism he condemns. "Why does it still echo in our ears, on all sides, 'Let him alone—let him do as he will—for he is not yet baptized'? But, in the matter of bodily health, no one says, let him continue to be wounded, for he is not yet healed. How much better, then, I had been healed at once."

At school, in the neighboring city of Madaura, he distinguished himself by his proficiency. His childish impatience of mental labor had already begun to yield to the rising visions and dawning promise of the intellectual world. He returned to Tagaste, and remained a year in his father's house, preparatory to entering the university at Carthage. It was his sixteenth year—equivalent to the twentieth of colder climes. At this early period of his life, he began to plunge, without reserve, into sensual pleasures, and suffered all the billows of lust and passion to go over his soul.

His father died, and, with him, the means of collegiate education would have failed, had not the liberality of a friend of the family supplied the defect. He went to Carthage—the chief university of Africa—and there devoted himself, with all the ardor which a passionate thirst for knowledge could inspire in such a nature, to various branches of letters and science—above all, to the study of rhetoric.

The high schools of learning are seldom schools of morality. It is oftener folly than wisdom which gives the tone to society, where young men are thrown together, without the restraint of their natural guardians, and away from the influence of home. The ancient universities seem not to have differed, in this respect, from those of modern time. Life, at Carthage, was the same thing as life at Heidelberg, or Halle, or Oxford, or other-academic cities of modern Europe—not to speak of institutions nearer home. Augustine, with whom love of pleasure was second only to love of knowledge, was not likely to mend his manners among the turbulent youths assembled there.

The vicious indulgences commenced at Tagaste were continued, on a larger scale, with no other check than the intellectual life which now developed itself, with ever-increasing intensity. He became a member of the noisiest of college clubs—one of those associations which universities often develop, under one or another name—a club which rejoiced in the name of "The Destructives." Its character is sufficiently indicated by that appellation. Augustine joined these rioters, more for the sake of popularity and the dashing renown which, in such communities, attaches to such a life, than for any sincere enjoyment they afforded him. His better soul recoiled from their orgies, and the graceless associates with whom they connected him. He appears to have freed himself soon, entirely or in part, from this sordid communion.

As a refuge from coarser diversion, he frequented the theatre, where the enjoyment, if equally empty, was more sedate. In after life, he criticizes this passion for theatrical amusement in that half-querulous, half-argumentative tone, which characterizes so much of his Confessions. "Stage-plays also carried me away, full of images of my miseries, and of fuel to my fire. Why is it that man desires to be made sad, beholding doleful and tragic things, which yet he himself would by no means suffer?" . . . "I, miserable then, loved to grieve, and sought out what to grieve at; and that acting best pleased me, and attracted me most vehemently, which drew tears from me. What wonder that, a lost sheep, straying from Thy flock, and impatient of

Thy keeping, I became infected with disease?"

The love of theatrical exhibitions, indulged to excess, is rightly characterized as disease. The cause of that disease is a want of practical interests to occupy mind and heart.

The moral nature, if not the material, abhors a vacuum. Young men and young women, whose inner life, or heart-life is deficient, will seek, in some way, to fill the void. In the absence of wholesome nurture, drawn from the affections, or the intellect, or devout sentiment, home, science, art, religion, they will fill it with less substantial food, with phantasms and spectral shows, and ballet-dances, and the east wind. The heart must live—it must be fed—if not by nutritious diet, then by innutritious, or even deleterious. If the life has no inside to it—if the solid contents are wanting, transient satisfactions must entertain the hollowness which they cannot fill. The cure for this passion is, to make life itself—the actual, every-day life—so full and rich, that the need shall no longer be felt, nor the wish to escape from its emptiness.

It was during his residence at Carthage that Augustine connected himself with the sect of the Manicheans, a flourishing heresy of early Christendom, and one which then divided with the Arians the contempt and abhorrence of the Catholic church.

For even at that early period the Catholic church was a powerful and compact body amid the formations of the Christian world. For a century past it had been shaping its doctrine, defining its position, and eliminating all that would not conform to its tests. The moment Christianity began to cool, like the igneous vapor of which some have supposed that the worlds were formed, it began to part and divide. The several fragments formed themselves into separate bodies or *isms*, and the principal fragment called itself Catholic, apostolic, and assumed peculiar and divine authority. Not to be a Catholic, in the judgment of this church, was not to be a Christian. To be out of the pale of that organization was to be out of the fold of Christ. When, therefore, the good Monica learned that her son had joined the ranks of a sect, she mourned over him with a sorrow far exceeding anything she had hitherto suffered on his account. All his previous aberrations

and excesses seemed to her trivial compared with this act of revolt, as she deemed it, against the authority of the church. She argued, not unreasonably from her point of view, that heresy was worse than irreligion; that the soul of her child was more imperiled, his chance of salvation more seriously impaired, by false doctrine than by unbelief. So many an orthodox mother in these days would rather her child should be without faith, and without any tincture of religious life, and confess no Christ and know no God, than adopt the views of another sect. And if Christianity were a system of dogmas, instead of a dispensation of grace and truth, if salvation were the product of opinion, and the form of faith more essential than the fact of faith, then, certainly, a state of indifference and unbelief would be preferable to a Christian confession without the pale of orthodoxy, because more receptive—as a vacuum is more receptive than a solid, and a fallow field a better condition for the planter than a forest. The mothers are right from their point of view. Their error lies in connecting salvation with opinion, and in limiting the grace of God to certain confessions. Yet, even here, in its very exclusiveness, the early church, as we believe, was guided by divine instinct, and followed unconsciously the leading of that Holy Spirit whose organ it was, and whose foolishness is wiser than human wisdom. The student of history must see that Christianity, i. e., the principle of divine life introduced into the world by Jesus Christ, could not have survived the agony of time—the storm and rack which followed the dismemberment of the Roman empire—could never have descended to us—that it must have been dissipated, if not extinguished, in the flood of Gothic migrations, had it not been committed to a compact, vigorous body, able to resist and retain. What the church then wanted was strength—organic strength. And that it could not have without exclusiveness. Although in the formation of it many foreign elements, as we have said, were embodied, it had need to define itself sharply against the unlimited and unconditional influx of ideas and beliefs from without, in order to preserve its identity, and to perfect its strength. It had to be exclusive to maintain its own. It could not be liberal without being loose

and in constant danger of dissolution. A strong body must have a sharp and rigorous outline. That which does not withstand, says Coleridge, cannot stand.

The Manichees professed to be Christians. But with this profession they incorporated a system of philosophy derived from Manes or Mani, a Persian philosopher of the third century, who claimed to be the Paraclete, or "Comforter," promised by Christ to his disciples. It would lead us too far from our theme to attempt so much as an outline of that philosophy. Its distinguishing feature, characteristic of Persian thought, was dualism. That is, in addition to a self-existent, eternal Good—the God of the Christians—it maintained a self-existent, eternal Evil. This Evil is embodied in matter, identical with it, but still an active agent, a Prince of Darkness, forever warring against the Good. The Manichees carried this dualism into human nature. They held that man has two souls, a good and an evil, the one the offspring of God, the other the child of the Devil. The system, in short, is the Magian or Zoroastrian doctrine, modified by Christian ideas. Its details are curious, combining much that is significant and much that is sublime with puerile vagaries, grotesque conceits, and intolerable platitudes. If we separate what is purely theological in it from the ontological and anthropological fantasies in which it is imbedded, we shall find it perhaps as near to the mark of gospel truth as Augustinian Christianity. Its moral code was rigorous to a fault; so rigorous that only a portion of those who received the doctrine of Manes were able to comply with it. Accordingly, there were two classes of Manicheans, the "Auditors," to whom greater liberty was allowed in practice than the canon allowed in theory, and the "Elect," who constituted a higher grade, and were bound to a stricter life. The latter were required to mortify the flesh in all directions. They ate no animal food and drank no wine, subsisted on herbs and fruits, and often fasted entirely. They lived celibate, in rigorous sexual seclusion. They held no property, but renounced whatever they possessed on entering the order, and, wedded to lifelong poverty, were supported entirely by eleemosynary aid. The life even of the Auditors was, in many respects, more strict than that of the Catholics,

and, so far as the negative part of morality is concerned, appeared to advantage beside that of the Church. The radical vice of the system was its rationalistic character. Whatever of Christian truth there was in it, was so plighted and confused with philosophic speculation as to lose entirely the evangelic simplicity and authority which distinguish revealed truth from all the fabrications of human wisdom. It was not a religion, but a speculation. It put theory before gospel, and Manes before Christ.

Monica grieved, even to anger. She could tolerate the libertine, but not the heretic. A bishop, whom she consulted on the subject, once himself a Manichean, reassured her. She would have him argue the matter with Aurelius. But the wise man knew better than to grant her request. He knew how little is gained in such cases by disputation. He bade her take heart, and employ no means but prayer for his conversion. The boy would come right at last. It was impossible that the son of so many tears should be eternally lost. She was further consoled by a vision, which assured her that where she was there her son should be also. Augustine, to whom she related the circumstance, would have put a different interpretation upon it. Monica was to turn Manichean. She indignantly repelled the supposition. "The vision said not that I should be where you are, but that you should be where I am." He was more impressed with the answer than with the vision.

Our saint had now completed his academic course, in which one book, especially, had stirred his soul with profound effect. It was a work of Cicero, now lost, entitled "*Hortensius*;" a treatise of philosophy, commending not this or that school, but the search after absolute wisdom.

The soul of Augustine was regenerated by it. He refers to it in his Confessions as the date of a new consciousness—a marked and decisive moment in his mental being. "This book altered my affections, and turned my prayers to Thyself, O Lord, and made me have other purposes and desires. Every vain hope at once became worthless to me, and I longed, with an incredibly burning desire, for an immortality of wisdom, and began now to arise, that I might return unto Thee." One thing he missed in the splendid

Roman—the name and idea of Christ. “That name,” says his French biographer, “the son of Monica had imbibed from his mother’s breast, and across all the tempests of his young heart the name of Jesus Christ had remained a divine perfume.”*

He embraced the profession of “*rhétor*,” or public speaker, and teacher of the arts of speech. The choice was characteristic. It was that profession of all others which yielded the readiest rewards to ambition. It afforded scope for literary culture, yet brought him continually before the public, and linked him with the living world. No profession, however, is more dangerous to the souls of them that practice it than that of public speaker—a profession whose success depends on dexterity of tongue, on the turn of a phrase; on plausibility, not wisdom, nor intellectual or moral worth. It endangers that which is most vital in man, and the loss of which is most fatal—his sincerity.

It is not a favorable indication of the state of the Roman empire at that time, that the public speaker had grown into such repute; that the calling of the rhetor had become so generally popular; that the grave, old, taciturn Roman had grown loquacious. “Given,” says Carlyle, “a general insincerity of mind for several generations, you will certainly find the talker established in the place of honor, and the doer hidden in the obscure crowd. All men devoutly prostrate, worshipping the eloquent talker, and no man knows what a scandalous idol he is. Out of whom, in the mildest manner, like comfortable, natural rest, comes mere asphyxia and death everlasting. Probably there is not in nature a more distracted phantasm than your common-place, eloquent speaker.”

Augustine himself, in after years, appears to have taken this view of his profession, which he satirizes with an irony as bitter as Carlyle himself could wish: “In those days I taught rhetoric, and, overcome by cupidity, made sale of loquacity.” . . . “And Thou, Lord, from afar perceivedst me stumbling in that slippery course, amid much smoke, emitting some sparks of faithfulness.”

As rhetor, then, behold him established in his native city of Tagaste,

and occupying with good success that slippery path; not a mere talker, indeed, but a teacher of talk.

In his twenty-second year, young, lively, enthusiastic, at once a glowing idealist, a dreamer of romantic dreams, and a gay gallant and polished man of the world, he was just the person to attract pupils, and bind them to him with passionate devotion.

And he did attract them. His life-long connection with his friend and pupil, Alypius, began at the lecture-room, in Tagaste.

The school flourished, the rhetor prospered; but a great affliction now befell him, and embittered his brief success. A beloved friend, a companion of his boyhood, bound to him by affinity of tastes and pursuits, by early association and all that nourishes youthful friendship, was struck down by death. In the insensibility of a fever they had administered to him the rite of baptism. Augustine, who had been converting him to Manicheism, made sport of the ceremony.

But his friend in a lucid interval, with an independence he had never before exhibited, bade him forbear. It was no Manichean speculation that could comfort him in that extreme. And so he died in the simple faith of the church. The soul of Augustine was dissolved in boundless sorrow. “My heart,” he says, “was utterly darkened, and whatever I beheld was death. My birth-place was a torment to me, and my father’s house a strange unhappiness.” He lived to repent this inordinate grief; and, in one of the most eloquent passages of his autobiography, condemns the love which cleaves to the finite with such mad devotion. No English version can do justice to the terseness of the original—a terseness of which only the Latin is capable. “Happy he who loves Thee, and the friend in Thee, and the enemy because of Thee. He alone loses no dear one, to whom all are dear in him who is never lost. And who is he but our God—the God that made heaven and earth, and who fills them by the act of creation. Thee no one loses but he who dismisses Thee. And he who dismisses Thee, whither can he go or whither flee, but from Thee complacent to Thee irate.”

The city was a desert in which this

* Poujoulat.

void had opened and where this shadow lay. He removed to Carthage, where a wider and richer field was open to his ambition. He had already attained to public honors, had contended for literary prizes, and received "agonistic garlands," from "proconsular hands." He, now in his twenty-sixth or twenty-seventh year, composed a work on the Beautiful and the Fit. "I think two or three books. Thou knowest how many, O Lord, for it is gone from me, I know not how." His life, at this period, was devoted to study—undefatigable in its assiduity and wide in its range; but probably more discursive than profound. Yet he boasts, with a good deal of complacency, to God, of having mastered Aristotle's predicaments without teacher or guide. Meanwhile his own predicaments, what with the ill-manners of Carthaginian youths, and the unquenchable fire in his bosom, were getting daily more intolerable, and finally drove him from Carthage across the sea to the fore-appointed goal of his spiritual quest.

There was one name which must, in those days, have filled the provincial mind with wonder and longing above all others. Rome, even then, with Byzantium for the capital of the East, and Milan, the seat of the Augusti of the West, was still a synonym for empire. It was still a name which outweighed the world, comprising more and greater memories than any secular name that was named of men. It was still the *urbs acē ēξοχή*. Whoever uttered it enunciated in one word a one thousand years of power and glory. Our rhetor was not insensible to these attractions. The world's metropolis drew him to new and nobler triumphs; and revolving his future course, like St. Paul, he concluded within himself: "I must also see Rome." The difficulty was in escaping from Monica, who vehemently opposed his design; but, if he would go, insisted on accompanying him. She feared to trust him away in the wide, wicked, Manichean world, where "grievous wolves" lay in wait to devour him. She had followed him to the sea-shore, suspecting his intent. But he persuaded her to pass the time in a neighboring chapel, while he waited the embarkation of a friend who was to sail with the midnight breeze. She spent the night in prayers that he might stay, and all the while his vessel was cleaving the

seas on the wings of the southwest. And when morning dawned there lay some leagues of Mediterranean waves between mother and son—he to her a speck on the blue waste—she to him a cloud in the horizon. It was deftly but not well done. "And I lied to my mother (and such a mother), and escaped. For this, also, Thou hast mercifully forgiven me, preserving me, thus full of execrable defilements, from the sea, for the waters of Thy grace."

His stay in Rome was brief and embittered by sickness of body as well as the old unrest. His professional success was marred by the graceless habit which the Roman students had, of quitting the classes before the end of the course, leaving the tuition-fees unpaid. "These also," he says pathetically, "my heart hated." When, therefore, the prefect of the city was applied to by the authorities of Milan, to send them a rhetorician at the public cost, Augustine petitioned for the post, and obtained it through the influence of Manichean friends. To Milan he went, unconscious of the good which awaited him there, in that city of his new birth—the native city of his inner-man—where out of the body of death, the soul was to lift itself into newness of life. His mother now joined him, having braved all the perils of the way, that she might, if possible, interpose her influence between him and perils more dreaded than those of land or sea.

His state of mind at this period was one of predominant skepticism. He despaired of finding the absolute truth. His faith in Manicheism had long been shaken by the inability of its teachers, and especially of the celebrated Faustus, whom he had encountered at Carthage, to resolve the objections which had arisen in his mind respecting some parts of the system. But no new doctrine had yet replaced that system in his belief. Platonism, or rather the modification of it by the new Academy which had had such influence on the Greek Fathers, and through them on the early Church, took possession of his mind, and kindled there, as he says, an incredible glow, (*incredibile incendium*); but without satisfying his heart, which craved, unknown to himself, a religion instead of philosophy, and authority instead of speculation. He was just in the state to receive the impression of a nature more

powerful than any he had yet been subjected to.

The bishopric of Milan was at this time invested in a man whose praise was in all the churches of the West—a man who combined in beautiful harmony the spiritual potentate with the tender shepherd; the practical counsellor, worldly-wise, with the holy man of God; the liturgical artist with the faithful preacher—a man who could rebuke emperors and comfort poor old women as well—the fancy-type of the true ecclesiastic. What August-dried fields are to September showers, the soul of Augustine was to the preaching of Ambrosius, whose very name seemed a happy preface of immortal food. The first effect of this prelate's discourses was to open to him the Scriptures. On the Old Testament especially, which to Augustine had always been a sealed book, it poured a flood of light, interpreting, typically, those passages which had been most repulsive to his taste, with a liberal disregard, it must be confessed, of the literal import. He now began the study of Paul's Epistles, which, though never entirely comprehended, filled his whole soul, displacing the sages of Alexandria. His mind was now set in the direction of the Catholic church. But a great moral gulf remained to be overcome, and a moral revolution to be accomplished, before he could attain to reconciliation with God in Christ. He was still far estranged from God by abhorrent desires and averted life. He was practically an endæmonist, given to sensual pleasures to such a degree, that only, he confesses, the fear of a judgment to come, implanted in his childhood, restrained him from the vilest excesses. The Epicurean philosophy, as a practical system, was the one he would prefer, could he only ignore a future retribution.

The slave of libidinous passion, honestly desiring to shake off that yoke, he turned his thoughts to marriage as a way to escape. His mother, who also saw in wedlock a refuge from lawless indulgence, seconded his views on this subject with great eagerness, and joyfully took upon herself the task of discovering an eligible match. The undertaking proved less easy than her alacrity had figured it. The fastidious exigence of Augustine had embarrassed it with hard conditions. Monica thought him, as we say, "too particular." He

denied the charge. He did not expect perfection, but he never could think of marrying a woman who did not at least possess these four qualifications:—1st, she must be beautiful; 2d, good tempered; 3d, cultivated; 4th, she must have property. These were his four "predicaments," as rigorously determined as Aristotle's ten. The number of females, in whom these four conditions could be united, was limited. But, after much seeking, and inquiring, and advertising, to the effect that "a teacher of rhetoric, recently from Carthage, aged thirty, intending to marry, would receive proposals," a damsel was found whom mother and son agreed in thinking an unexceptionable party, but whose friends, considering her extreme youth, exacted a space of two years before they would give her in marriage. Meanwhile he dismissed the mother of his son Adeodatus, between whom and himself an unrutal connection had subsisted for twelve or thirteen years, and who had accompanied him from Carthage. The unhappy woman, who loved him with devoted affection, was sent back, like Hagar, to Africa, only, as it shamefully turned out, to make room for another similar connection pending the intended marriage. The blackest spot in Augustine's history is this passage. But the time was at hand when the grace of God was to triumph over lust and passion in that sin-bound soul.

We come to the story of Augustine's conversion. From the time of his arrival in Milan, many consenting influences had tended to that result. The way was prepared. His moral sense had been roused; his conscience convicted of sin; his heart desired the needed change; he longed to be delivered from the bondage of corruption. To will was present, but how to perform that which is good was not yet found. "For as the needle of a compass," says Taylor, "when it is directed to its beloved star, at the first addresses, waves on either side, and seems indifferent in its courtship of the rising or declining sun, and when it seems first determined to the north, stands awhile trembling, as if it suffered inconvenience in the fruition of its desires, and stands not still in full enjoyment till after first a great variety of motions, and then an undisturbed posture; so is the piety and so is the conversion of a man wrought by degrees

and several steps of imperfection. At first our choices are wavering, convinced by the grace of God, and yet not persuaded, and then persuaded, but not resolved, and then resolved, but deferring to begin." It needed an impulse from without to polarize the wavering will, and precipitate the new creation. That impulse came, as it often does, in the carriage of a trifling occasion. He was sitting in deep dejection with his friend Alypius, whose interior state resembled his own. A countryman of theirs, Pontitianus, an officer of rank in the army, and a zealous Christian, entered the room, and was surprised at seeing on the table, instead of some classic or Manichean author, a copy of Paul's Epistles. He began a religious conversation, in the course of which he told of Anthony, the hermit, who had followed literally the command of Christ to the rich young man, to sell all that he had and give to the poor, and then to follow him; also of two friends of his, on the eve of marriage, who, reading the story of that sacrifice, had renounced their betrothed, and given themselves to God.

Augustine received the narration as an admonition to himself; and when their friend was departed, he exclaimed to Alypius: "What suffer we? What is this? Do you hear? The unlearned arise, and take the kingdom of Heaven by force, and we, with our heartless learning, behold! we wallow in flesh and blood. Are we ashamed to follow, because they preceded, and not ashamed *not* to follow, at least?" He seized the volume of Paul's Epistles, and rushed into the garden adjoining the house. "I raved in my spirit," he says, "indignant, with stormiest indignation, that I did not enter into Thy will and covenant, O my God, though all my bones cried aloud to me to enter. But thither goes no one with chariots, or with ships, or with feet."... "To go thither, and to arrive there, is nothing else but to will to go—but to will it bravely and wholly."... "And Thou Lord didst stand by me in my hidden parts, with severe pity and duplicated lashes of fear and shame, that I might not relapse, and the feeble and slender cord be broken, that yet remained; but recover strength, and more strongly bind me. And I said to myself, Do it now! Do it now! And, while I spoke, I all but entered into Thy will. I almost

did it, and did it not. And still I struggled, and there wanted but little, and I was there. And a little less. Now, now, I could touch—I could lay hold. And I was not there, and I did not touch, nor lay hold. Hesitating to die unto death and to live unto life." So raged the conflict in Augustine's breast. At one time, his pleasant voices plucked him by his "fleshy garment," and asked him if he meant to abandon them forever—if, after that moment, he would never more know pleasure. Then, again, the "chaste dignity of continence" beckoned, and showed him multitudes of youths and maidens, and people of every age, who had lived a pure and virgin life. That continence, "not sterile, but fruitful mother of joy, children begotten of Thee, Lord, her spouse." "Why standest thou on thyself," she said, "and findest no footing? Throw thyself upon Him, and fear not—He will not stand from under, and let thee fall." And still he hesitated. He turned his eye inward, and shuddered as he looked through the rifts of passion, down into the unsunned depths of his breast—into hideous gulfs of bottomless guile—into weltering abysses of insatiate lust, and saw the hells opened—hell underneath hell—in his darkling, selfish heart. Then, by contrast, came glimpses of the Christian's heaven. He saw, in the jeweled splendor of its mystic foundations, the golden city, and the nations of them that are saved, walking in the light of it, and the river of life ever welling. He heard the Spirit and the bride say "Come!" and he felt that it needed but an effort of the will to obey the call, to come and take up his everlasting rest. And, when he found himself incapable of that effort, still cleaving to the flesh, a tempest of despair broke loose in his soul, and gushed, in fierce torrents, from his eyes. He cast himself on the ground, in the utter abandonment of helpless woe. It was the death-agony of the carnal will, dying to self and sin. And he lay as one dead, his only last thought—"Wretched man that I am, who will deliver me from the body of this death?"

"*Tolle, lege!*" "*Tolle, lege!*" "Take and read," sang the voice of a child at play, in some neighboring house. Like a call from heaven, it struck the ear of the prostrate penitent. "Take and read." Yes! he will read. In the Scripture help may be found. For

what else was Scripture given, but to succor such as he. He unrolled the codex which lay by his side—the Epistles of Paul, in the Latin version—and resolved that the words on which his eye first lighted should decide his purpose, and determine his destiny. They were these: “Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh in your desires.”* He found the passage providentially adapted to his condition. With awe he perceived that God had spoken to his soul. And he, that was in the grave, heard his voice, and came forth unto the resurrection of life. The old man had dropped from him, like grave-clothes; corruptible had put on incorruption. He stood there, a new creation—his purpose irrevocably fixed—his will subdued by victorious grace; and now, through grace, victorious. The needle was turned to its beloved star, and suffered no “inconvenience in the fruition of its desires.” The moral nature, self-determined with elective polarity, pointed Godward, its axis parallel with that of the moral creation—the law of liberty.

His purpose of marriage was abandoned; he resolved to live celibate—for so the ascetic spirit of the time required that all should live, who would follow Christ to the uttermost, with practical obedience. He renounced his profession, and withdrew from public life, intending to devote himself to theological studies, and the service of Christian truth. He was now thirty-two years of age; and, if spared to complete the normal term of human existence, might look forward to many years of profitable labor.

Seldom has a man, at that period of life, had such a future unrolled before him. Never did man more nobly redeem the promise of his future with his life and works.

The space we have occupied with the forming period in Augustine's history, precludes a full exhibition of his ecclesiastical, episcopal life, and leaves but little room for a critical estimate of the author, the theologian, and the man. To complete the biographical outline, the following data must suffice. The interval between his conversion and his baptism, spent partly at Cassiciacum—the country-seat of a friend—and partly at Milan, was given to

philosophic and literary labors, and produced the treatise “*Contra Academicos*,” directed against the skeptics of the Neoplatonic school; with several other works, of minor importance, on grammar, rhetoric, mathematics, music, and immortality—of which, the last two only were completed, and have survived. If these writings possess but little philosophical value, they show, at least, the prodigious intellectual uberty of the man. It seems to have been his desire, before entering the church, to wind up his accounts with secular philosophy, and to gather and preserve the fruits of his past intellectual life. At the Easter celebration, in 387, he received from Ambrose the waters of baptism, and was made a member of the body of Christ. He soon after departed, with his mother and son, for Africa. At Ostia, on the way, Monica died. “For one thing only have I wished to live,” said she, in her last moments, “that I might see thee a Catholic Christian. God hath blessed me, beyond measure, in this. Why should I yet linger?” With this event terminates the historical part of the Confessions, published in the year 400. For what else we know of Augustine, we are chiefly indebted to his friend, Possidius.

After the death of his mother, he spent some months in Rome, where he wrote two works against the Manicheans. In the autumn of 388, he returned to Africa—to his native Tagaste—sold the property inherited from his father, and gave the proceeds to the poor; reserving only so much as might suffice for the bare necessities of life. Here he lived three years, with his friends, Alypius and Evodius; acquired great reputation for his sanctity and wisdom, and wrote various works—polemic, dogmatic, philosophic. In 392, he was called to the office of presbyter at Hippo Regius, the modern Bona; and, in 395, in his forty-first or forty-second year, on the death of Valerius, the former incumbent, he was appointed bishop of that see; an office which he held until his death, displaying in it all the executive ability required of Christian bishops, in an age, when the bishop, like Melchizedec, united, in one office, monarch and priest; and when the destinies of society, and the future of humanity, were committed chiefly to

* According to the Vulgate.

the shepherd-kings of young Christendom. With the dignity and power of a sovereign, he lived the life almost of a pauper—so simple his habits, so abstemious his vegetable fare. He was virtually bishop, not only of Hippo, but of Africa; in fact, of the entire West—the leading mind of the Latin church. His activity was directed, in part, to the inner, organic polity and well-being of the church, and partly to literary labors; most of all, to the refutation and extermination of the heretics who threatened the integrity of its doctrine—Manicheans, Pelagians, Donatists. Toward the latter, especially, he exhibited implacable severity; seconding, if not originating the fierce persecutions of that sect by the Emperor Honorius, and thereby precipitating the calamity which, soon after, overwhelmed the African church, and finally extirpated Christianity from the very field which he himself had tilled with such success. In 428, came Genseric with his Vandals—summoned and aided by the vengeful Donatists—took possession of the land, and laid waste the churches of the Catholic faith.

"The conquest of Africa," says Gibbon, "was facilitated by the active zeal or the secret favor of a domestic faction. The wanton outrages against the churches and the clergy, of which the Vandals were accused, may be fairly imputed to the fanaticism of their allies; and the intolerant spirit which disgraced the triumph of Christianity, contributed to the loss of the most important province of the West."

Hippo Regius was besieged; but, before it fell, the fleshly citadel of its bishop was stormed and carried by the arch-Vandal, who spares neither Donatist nor Catholic, heretic nor saint. After a ten days' illness spent in prayer and penance—with the penitential psalms affixed, for convenience, to the wall, by his bed-side—on the 28th of August, 430, he laid down the burden of his seventy-five years, and passed victorious on, from life to life. His vacant bishopric had no successor. Africa fell into the hands of Genseric. That cherished jewel of the Roman empire, "*speciositas totius terræ florentis*," sparkled awhile in the diadem of the Vandal. A century passed, Belisarius seized and set it in the crown of Justinian. Another century, and

Omar mounted it in the ring of the caliphate. The Greek supplanted the Vandal—the Saracen supplanted the Greek. Africa was blotted out from the map of Christendom. But Christian Africa had produced one fruit, whose fragrance escaped the desolations of the sword, and whose seed has survived the dissolutions of time. In Moorish Bona, to this day, the memory of Augustine endures, as that of the Gheber saint, who taught the religion of the Son of Mary, before the birth of Mohammed. In many a New England Sunday-school, to this day, the unconscious catechumen receives, from the Assembly's catechism, the hereditary burden of Augustinian theology.

As an author and a man of letters, St. Augustine occupies a place which belongs to no other of the Fathers of the church. Less learned than Justin Martyr, or Gregory of Nazianzen, among the Greeks—than Jerome among the Latins; less profound than Origen; less forcible than Chrysostom, and not more eloquent than Lactantius, he is yet the only one of them all who has acquired an extra-ecclesiastical reputation—the only one who is anything more than a name to the common run of educated laity; who possesses a literary fame, independent of church authority or calendar renown. As an author, he is characterized, first of all, by immense fecundity. Setting aside the quality of his writings, in the mere matter of uberty he ranks among the wonders in that kind, and may be classed with Lope de Vega, Voltaire, G. P. R. James, and other monsters of the pen. One shudders at the sight of those ponderous six folios, which yet do not contain all his writings. Some have been recently added to the number, by Cardinal Mai, from the unpublished MSS. of the Vatican.* Others, it is said, remain to be added. Possidius speaks of a thousand and thirty essays, but confesses that all were not known to him. It would seem to be the work of a life, only to read what that enterprising pen has traced. In fact, the reading might prove, perhaps, the more difficult task of the two.

Boehrer divides these productions into nine classes—philosophic, apologetic, polemic, dogmatic, exegetic, ascetic, homiletic, auto-biographic, and the Retractions.

* Schaff.

For the general reader, the Confessions, the Meditations and Soliloquies, and the City of God, are the most attractive, and, perhaps, the most important, as revealing—especially the two former—the interior life of the man. The City of God belongs to the class apologetic. This most celebrated of Augustine's works deserves particular notice. Its aim was, to vindicate the Christian church against the accusations of Pagan conservatives, who ascribed the calamities which had come upon the Roman empire to the dereliction of the ancient faith. It was early in the fifth century that Alaric swept the land with his devastating hosts. The city of Rome had felt the sharpness of the Gothic sword, and suffered such spoiling as never before since the Gallic invasion, in the time of Camillus. The heathen mind imputed these disasters to vacant temples, and forbidden rites, with which Christian emperors and a recreant people had offended the tutelary *numina* of ancient Rome. St. Augustine rebuts the charge, commemorates the evils experienced by the Romans before the introduction of Christianity, exposes the vices of the old religion, then traces the two great politics, or lines of civilization, which, since the beginning of the world, have proceeded in parallel developments—the worldly, and the spiritual—the terrene city, and the city of God. The latter has ultimated in the Christian church. The church of Christ is the City of God, including all the righteous, from Abel downward. This city, at the expiration of the sixth day of human history, then in progress, on the seventh shall put on the heavenly state; the dead being raised, the living transfigured, and all made partakers of one felicity. "This seventh day," he says, "will be our Sabbath, whose end will be no evening, but a Lord's day, as it were an eighth day everlasting. Then we shall rest, and we shall see; we shall see, and we shall love; we shall love, and we shall praise. This is what will be in the end without end. For what other end to us than to reach the kingdom of which there is no end?" In connection with this design, the work embodies much valuable historic and philosophic knowledge; in fact, is a kind of compendium of philosophy and history, as well as of Christian doctrine. The author concludes with this morally

and rhetorically characteristic period: "I seem to myself, with the help of God, to have paid the debt of this great work. May they pardon me to whom it is too much, and they to whom it is too little. And let them to whom it is sufficient, in their congratulations thank not me, but God with me. Amen."

As a stylist, Augustine is chiefly distinguished by impetuous fervor. Not the fervor of profound thought, but the fervor of lively passion; the flashing of that fiery nature which procured for him, in the old pictorial representations, the symbol of the flaming heart. This fascinating warmth conveys at first an impression, or awakens an expectation of eloquence, which further acquaintance does not fully sustain, and which is frequently marred by an over-curious, artificial diction, abounding in puns, assonances, antitheses, and all sorts of tricks and quibbles, which provoke, at last, the impatient criticism of Lorenzo: "O, dear discretion! how his words are suited." The language of devotion, in the Meditations, is often striking, and even sublime; but often, too, it degenerates into puerile conceits, and endless repetition of verbal paradoxes. "Thou, Lord, fillest heaven and earth; bearing all things without burden, filling all things without inclusion; ever acting, yet ever at rest; gathering, though Thou needest nothing; seeking, though Thou wantest nothing; loving without heat; jealous, although secure; repenting, and not grieving; angry, and yet tranquil." And so on, to the end of the chapter. A great reader, he was yet singularly deficient in solid learning. His acquaintance with Greek was so slight, that, strange as it may seem, there is reason to doubt if he even read the New Testament in the original. Acute and penetrating, seldom profound, or profound only in sentiment, not in thought—as a controversialist, nimble and adroit, a skillful wrangler, not a powerful logician—he is often unfair toward his opponents, especially the Manichees, whose philosophy, notwithstanding he was tinctured to the last with its leading idea, he never fully fathomed. When hard pushed, he dodges the point at issue, extricates himself with a sophism, or evaporates in a generality. But no weak point in his adversary's case escapes him, and no chance of a home thrust is ever suffered to go by. When Manes exhorts

to repentance, he triumphantly asks the Manichees, which soul it is that repents, the good or the bad? If the bad, then it is not bad, seeing that it can repent; if the good, what need of repentance? Fancy and understanding, wit and reflection were more developed in him than the higher faculties of imagination and reason. He saw nothing in the dry light of pure intellect, but everything steeped in passion. As a writer, on the whole, he is subtle, ingenious, captivating, rather than satisfactory or strong.

Augustine's significance in dogmatic theology is so momentous, his agency in the history of Christian dogma so immense, that a separate essay would be needed to exhibit him in this relation. One or two critical suggestions are all that our limits will allow. He was resolutely and rigorously Catholic. Christianity with him was, once for all, identified with the Catholic church. The idea of a possible Christianity outside of that communion, he would not tolerate. Every attempt in that kind, he attacked with implacable zeal. Notwithstanding the tenderness professed for the Manicheans, in that well-known passage, quoted by Locke, he warred against heretics, and especially Donatists, with furious hostility; and, unhappily, lent the sanction of his great name to swell the black list of Christian persecutors. Starting with the false assumption, that truth is something objective, to be appropriated with the understanding, or conquered by the will, and failing to find what he sought in Manes, or in Plato, the idea, that God must have instituted some infallible method, or repository of truth, first turned his attention to the Catholic church. And once received into its bosom, so entirely did he surrender himself to its dictates, that he expressly declares, he would not believe the gospel itself, except the authority of the church impelled him to do so. It is worthy of note, that the Catholic church, while honoring him with a place in her calendar, has not rewarded his devotion to her doctrinal authority with a like devotion to his. Doctrinally, he stands in closer relations with the Protestant church than with the Catholic, whose prevailing tendency has been Pelagian, and therefore anti-Augustinian. His views of man, of sin, of grace, and predestination, ever coldly received

and faintly acknowledged by his own communion, did not blossom into popular favor until the Reformers of the sixteenth century revived the African theology.

In spite of his war against the Manichees, he remained to the last, unconsciously but virtually and essentially, Manichean in his theory of human nature. This opinion which we had formed on a partial acquaintance, we find corroborated by others more deeply versed than ourselves in his works, though stoutly denied by his biographer, Poujoulat, and denied by himself in his controversy with Julian, who had charged it upon him. His anti-manicheism had led him to deny the substantiality and self-existence of evil, which he justly defines as privation, not substance. But his doctrine of human nature, converting Paul's rhetoric into logic, substantizes sin, and thus reproduces in altered form the Manichean theory of two natures and souls. What the good and evil principle are in the doctrine of Manes, that nature and grace are in the doctrine of Augustine; nature in man, antecedent to conversion, being wholly and only evil.

The Eastern church had developed the doctrine of triune divinity. The Western, in the person of the Bishop of Hippo, developed the doctrine of humanity. What Athanasius is to the Christology of the church, that Augustine is to its anthropology. That system of views which, in substance, was reproduced and rearranged by Calvin, in the sixteenth century, and is known to us familiarly as Calvinism, is the doctrine represented by our saint, its earliest systematic expositor; exhibited most fully in the controversy with Pelagius, where we see it contrasted with the opposite system. In this controversy, the imputation of Adam's sin and Christ's sinlessness, predestination, human inability, total depravity, the unnaturalness of goodness, and the consequent absence of it in all but Catholic Christians, and the consequent damnation of all unbaptized—whether infants or adults—are asserted with undoubting consequence. It is not our purpose to discuss these views, nor is this the place for such discussion. We will only say that the system of Augustine appears to us tainted with two essential defects. The first is its fatal Manicheism. It recognizes but two

agents, but two intelligences in the universe, God and the devil. Man disappears, human nature is annihilated. Humanity is not a middle term between those two; but only a medium for the manifestation of God or the devil. Man, unbaptized and unconverted, is nature, i. e., evil; man, converted and baptized, is a manifestation of grace, i. e., God. Our other objection to it is, that it makes all goodness in man exotic, not native; and thereby destroys the obligation of goodness and impairs our interest in it. Goodness is not the legitimate product of human nature—the fruit which it yields or should yield under proper cultivation by divine aid—but something which God, by an arbitrary act, affixes to it, displays in it, or performs upon it—not natural, but preternatural, or even contranatural. It is something which man has no call to cultivate because no power to produce.

If only the divine plant, once imported, could be naturalized and propagate itself in the soil of this world; if only the tree, once grafted, would continue to produce the heavenly fruit; but, no! every ratable stem in the garden of humanity—every tree which the Lord accepts—is an exotic, a stranger on exhibition, whose very roots, if you examine them, are set in a tub of foreign mould. Every instance of goodness, which the Augustinian can allow to be such, is an apple of Paradise hung by a thread of grace on a tree of Sodom, and hung there, not to fructify and bless to future generations the surrounding waste, but to make it by contrast more accursed. Grant man as depraved as you will, short of absolute incapacity for good, inherent in his nature and vitiating and transmuting the fundamental constitution of him, so that humanity in its constitutive, radical type, has come to be congenerous with hell; but grant at least a germ, a capacity of good. Leave us, at least, the idea of man as a kind distinct from that of devil. Place the action of the Spirit within the plant and not without it. Make the act of grace to consist in fertilizing the soil, in tilling, showering, grafting (if you please) the tree; not in eradicating, not in supplanting, not in transferring an abnormal fruit of grace to a graceless stem. If goodness and man belong to each other by destination and design, there must be some normal relation, some natural affinity between them.

Then the natural man and the spiritual are not distinct in kind, but different epochs of one being, different stages of one life. All which is spiritual in man is natural in its root, and all which is truly natural in man is capable of spiritual fruit.

It is easy to interpret, from his own experience, the views of a man in whom so vast a change had been wrought by grace, and who might seem to himself—contrasting the present with the past—to have become, in his new career, the medium of a spirit not his own. But let us confess, that with all his eminent graces and gifts, there was not in Augustine that calm intuition, that patient deliberation and cautious judgment which alone can give weight to authority, or certify soundness of opinion in matters of faith. The value of a man's conclusions on one point is rightly estimated by the practical judgment, or want of judgment, which he manifests on others; and who, at this day, can receive with implicit reliance, or receive without grave deductions, the opinions of one who solemnly testifies to numerous miracles, and among them three resurrections from the dead, performed within his knowledge by contact with the tomb of a saint?

If we have seemed in these strictures less than just to the honored father whose portraiture we have essayed, it is not, we trust, from want of ability or will to discern and acknowledge his quality and claims. It is not from any want of reverence for the saint, or delight in the man. Precious to us, as to any, that grave memory. We admire the mighty energy which bore the earthly accidents and name of Augustine. We honor the laborious and unwearied devotion to Christ and the church which knew no pause and asked no reward but the rest that remaineth for the people of God. We revere the steadfast virtue which, by grace abounding, could trample at once on lusts long indulged, and walk unswerving in the teeth of such passions—the elected path of ascetic abnegation. To us, as to all Christendom for evermore, the name of Augustine stands for a spiritual fact of holiest import. Had nothing survived of him but the story of his life, that alone would be a heritage of price to the world. The real import of the man, stripped of all accidents, lies in his conversion. A conversion more satisfac-

tory and complete, with such antecedents, on such a level of intellectual life, the annals of religion do not record. Here is a man, who was dead and lived again; who, past the bloom and pliancy of life, but still in the heat of its passions and fiercest carnal demands—having lived for thirty years to the flesh, a selfish voluptuary—on a day, in an hour, turned right about in the path he was treading, and ever after, with his back to the world and his face toward God, for forty long years, made every day of his life the round of a ladder, by which he climbed into glory.

The life which contains that fact, is

it not a benediction to all generations? The church which inscribes that life on her annals, shall she not record it with the prefix of saint? But what then? Because of the saint, shall we not see the limitations of the man? Or worse, because of the limitations of the man, shall we refuse to acknowledge the saint? A saint he was, if ever mortal deserved that name; but, for all that, a very imperfect man. Humanity is more than any saint, than all saints. It includes them all, it transcends them all. Humanity's calendar is never full, and the holiest in it serve us best when they point to something higher than themselves.

OWLCOPSE.

IN THREE PARTS—PART III.

I.

PHIL came to see Ellen as often as the press of spring work would let him. Mr. Brooks continued to remain in town on business; and, his moral responsibilities not facing him in the shape of his children, ate meat twice a day, saying apologetically that he had been in error all his life, and the body was such a slave of habit that he feared, at his advanced age, to abandon it altogether, "though he did so at home for the sake of the boys."

All the family exchanged malicious glances while he imposed upon himself, with cheerful submission, this "beastly habit," and even passed his plate a second time for more. Mrs. Grey was tempted to ask him to go out and kill her an ox; but she was too kind to retort, and too hospitable not to be delighted to see with what pitiless teeth he rent in pieces those poor dumb victims of human perversity. We must here say, that if a slaveholder or distiller had recognized his error, and remained in it for the sake of his own good or pleasure, Mr. Brooks would have been so filled with virtuous indignation as to have cast that man into the lowest depths. For the ignorant, he had the half pardon of "fool and jackass." But woe to those who did not walk by their light! they were ridden a witch's chase on his

humanity-broomstick, and hurled, energetically, into the dark pit. Take care, Mr. Brooks, that your broomstick is not a beam bearing along the mote of another's eye!

Mrs. Grey was indefatigable in creating amusements to cheer up Ellen. "Her blood needs to be stirred," she would constantly say to Mr. Grey; and so the piano would clatter away, and the house be shaken with laughter and the spring of elastic feet.

"Is that Mr. Brooks standing up there to dance?" said Ellen to Rose, on one of those evenings, in a voice of the blankest amazement.

"Why! yes, I declare!" said Rose, rising to get a better view, "with your mother, too; I heard her begging him to make up the set, but had no idea his courtesy would go so far. How straight, young, and handsome he looks! He is imposing; and, if he hadn't such a contempt for me, I should try to get through his outside crust and find out the texture of his curious material. He is dancing! Well, I believe something could be made of him. I wish I was in your place, Ellen dear, I would presume upon this to carry home one of every kind of instrument, and hold incessant jubilees; I would so besiege him with my own opinions and feelings he'd not have a chance to open his mouth; and

if he didn't end by conversion, make myself so disagreeable he would turn me out of the house!"

Ellen looked at her with the admiration the timid feel for the brave, and then turned to watch Mr. Brooks, whom she longed to kiss, as a pardon for ever having thought him hard. There he was, bobbing up and down, and ladies' chaining, like a common mortal; in the animation of the dance, and blaze of flattering light, resembling Phil astonishingly. His front teeth were all perfect, and very white, and his smile of peculiar beauty. Anybody in the room would have sworn him to be the most agreeable and genial of old gentlemen. And so he was, away from home, his hobby under check—further proved by his playing cards, after supper, and chucking Abby under the chin, for having tickled his ear with a straw. Some malicious persons said they saw him sipping wine; but, unless he did it out of compliment to an old lady, it is too much for us to believe.

Ellen felt all the contrition that sensitive souls suffer at misjudging another. She thought the fault was hers; if she had tried harder to approach him, he would have been more accessible. Perhaps the day might come, when she could sit on his knee, and he would stroke her hair, as her good father did. She made an effort to talk to him. He was polite and attentive, but so stiff and self-disciplined that he never betrayed any feeling; and, with one whose eyes never moistened at the most touching sentiments, Ellen could not go beyond formalities.

II.

The town visit over, Ellen retraced the road she had first passed as a bride. Phil sat beside her. Spring budded around; the brisk motion of the carriage invigorated her; but how changed the feeling of hope and joy that glorified her first ride. She knew the home she was going to, and the dreary life that awaited her.

"Nelly," said Phil, taking her thin hand, "I am going to try to arrange it not to have much to do, this summer, so that I can be more with you. There are some pretty rides and walks round the other side of the mountain. You've never been through the gorge. It's very wild and picturesque."

She pressed his hand to her lips and

forehead, and the face she turned towards him was so suffused and radiant that Phil was startled. She was not absolutely necessary to him. When busy in what interested him, he could get along quite well without her. So he did not exactly comprehend her emotion. Phil loved Ellen as many men and women love. She was a comfort and solace to him when he had nothing else to do; but as for neglecting anything, or hurrying to make moments to spend with her, if Phil had thought of it at all, he would have decided it to be spooney. Just now he felt a little worried about losing his solace, and concluded he must try to drive her around, and amuse her. Amuse her! He was somewhat tinged with his father's notion, that it was pleasure Ellen wanted. Guilty Ellen! So it was—the pleasure of being alone with Phil—the craving for the endearments of life!

III.

Mr. Brooks had not yet returned to the farm, and there was a visible change in the atmosphere. The boys seemed to breathe more freely. They joked and laughed, made bad puns (they had so little practice!), and showed themselves as merry as could be expected from benumbed sensation a little thawed out. Jim bought a fife, and tooted perseveringly. Sam joined the village singing-school, and put scented pomatum on his hair. Phil knocked down some inconvenient old eye-sores, and put up more commodious and elegant buildings in their places; for, whenever Phil proposed any beautifying improvements, Mr. Brooks's answer was, that "a respectable family had lived there before them, and found the house convenient and good enough. What was he more ambitious than his neighbors for? He was better off now than he ought to be, if humanity were righted."

Phil spent a little more time at home, and took Ellen to ride frequently. He hired a gardener to mark off beds, and prepare them for her. How little it takes to make the child-like happy! There is Ellen, a perfect goose, in Brooks's philosophy, growing plumper on these trifles, and looking up into Phil's face with a sunny smile, as he twines a trellis for her cypress vines. His rose-gift is in the middle of her favorite bed. It has been carefully

watered, morning and night, and bends with the weight of its buds. We cannot help thinking how like Ellen is to the rose, in her delicate organization—blooming brightly under the refreshing sprinkling of love and happiness, and withering away in the dry season of neglect.

IV.

Mr. Brooks came back; he lavishly shed out the light he had acquired in various places on progressive subjects, and the family sank again into its accustomed grinnings and apathy.

"I declar' now, Mr. Brooks," said Jane, innocently, "the boys are a heap gayer when you're away. You are so dignified, like, I 'spects they're 'fraid of you."

Jane, no doubt, thought she was paying him a compliment, as she had been taught in slavery that striking fear into people was the grand result to be obtained; but Mr. Brooks was touched in a tender point.

He, so full of the spirit of love, inspiring fear and constraint? It was a gross error. He had never struck the boys since they were born; he had never spoken harshly to them; he had always advised and counseled them as a friend. No father in the world was more entitled to the confidence of his children than he. He had avoided the world for their sake, and devoted himself to preserving them from old errors, and time-honored customs. He felt very sore, as he revolved this in his mind, for he desired to be loved by his children, but soon dismissed it as a foolish fancy of Jane's.

Would it have been any solace to Mr. Brooks, to have known that most followers of systems and original-training inventors have met with the same black ingratitude from their children?

V.

A few days after, Phil brought home from the village some vines, for Ellen to plant at each post of the porch, and the corners of the house. She saw, in imagination, the bare house embowered in fragrant woodbine, clematis, coral-honeysuckle, sweet-brier, and multiflora, and thought how pretty it would look from the avenue, and how bewitching the porch would be, of moonlight evenings, with its fretted network of leaves and shadows, and the perfume

stealing in with the breeze. She told the gardener just where to put them, and was called into the house to attend to something. She hurried out again, as soon as possible, and found them still leaning up against the wheelbarrow, in their straw envelopes.

"Mercy! Mark," said she; "why don't you plant these vines? They'll be so wilted they can't revive."

"I'm going to this minute, Miss," replied he, putting them into the wheelbarrow, and trundling them off.

"Where are you going, Mark?"

"Mr. Brooks told me to plant them over yonder, against the stone wall. He says they'll make the house mouldy and damp, and loosen the shingles. There ain't much of a place for them to creep there; but there's where he said, anyhow. My daughter has trained vines all over our house, and it looks mighty pretty of a summer's day. I never thought about the mould; but I guess the house will last as long as we do; and if it don't, she'll have had her pleasure out of it, at least. 'Feelings before use,' is my motto;" and Mark shouldered his spade, and went his way.

Ellen wept long that morning, for she saw a ghastly, haunting shadow beside her, her own life consecrated to use, standing bare like the house, with no verdure to clothe it, no saintly halo of flowers to crown it, no perfume—angel of invisible things—to fan it with its lily wings. She looked abroad upon the lavish richness of creation, the luxury of divine love that crept, like the ivy, over the bare trunk of use; and, as in a dream, the trunk turned into Mr. Brooks, with a bright axe in his hand, chopping down the vine that seemed to him to impede his healthy action.

VI.

June passed—and Ellen seemed to mould and dampen instead of prospering under the vineless system. Her back became so weak and painful that the least exercise prostrated her. She sat alone all day long, and far into the evening; for it was harvest time, and all hands were brought briskly into requisition. Mr. Brooks dozed beside her, pinned up in a newspaper to keep the flies off, and the solitude of antipathy stretched wide between them. Yes, antipathy. Ellen confessed it to herself with a groan, and sank on her knees to

ask pardon for the sinful feeling. She had caught herself in a pleasant speculation upon "What if he should die?" and bowed down with a remorse as keen as a murderer's, the heat of passion past. That she should wish anybody dead, above all, Phil's father, who had nursed him in sickness! Oh, was there ever a wretch so wicked? And Ellen loathed herself, and wrestled with the demon. But as soon as she had succeeded in creating a kind feeling, it was crushed out by some new disregard on Mr. Brooks's part.

Her garden had been a sad failure. The chickens had pecked up all her seeds, and in hot days had burrowed round the damp roots of the plants, and cast them entirely out of the ground. Only a few sturdy ones and the rose-bush remained. The beds were choked up; for Ellen could no longer stoop to weed them. She still visited them morning and evening, and remarked, with terror, that her rose-bush was beginning to wither. She loosened the earth around it, trimmed it, picked the insects off, and continued to water it carefully; but it hung its head lower day after day, and finally crisped up and died. She mourned its loss as if it were a human pet.

One morning she had risen early, and sat by the window that looked towards the garden. She heard a splash as of falling water, and went to the door to see what it was. One of the flower-beds was directly under Mr. Brooks's window. She caught sight of his retreating figure, and the withered rose-stalk glittering with drops. The mystery of its death was explained. Mr. Brooks, in accordance with dietetic rules, never to leave standing water in your room, had emptied his slops out of the window. If there had been a corn-stalk there, he would have thrown them elsewhere; but flowers were of no use, and took up a great deal of time that might be devoted to a better purpose.

Again the demon took possession of Ellen.

VII.

Phil received, through a friend of Mr. Brown's, a note from him, with some music and a Parian vase for Ellen. He said his visit would have to be deferred until spring, as he had been detained in Europe all summer, and his affairs were in a neglected state. He

hoped Ellen would learn the music and accept the vase. He had bought it because it reminded him of her.

Ellen thought it was a singular idea, and wondered where the resemblance could be. It was a slender vase, of exquisite form, a wounded dove with outstretched neck and open beak. The plumage was life-like, and the expression of anguish in the posture and eye so touching, that Ellen's heart swelled as she gazed at it. With the yearning for sympathy which all beautiful objects awoke in her, she carried it quickly to the parlor to show it. The boys liked it very well. Ellen advanced beamingly with it toward Mr. Brooks.

"Isn't it lovely?" said she.

"Yes," answered he mechanically, "but 'twould be better if 'twas shiny. Those rough things are troublesome to keep clean. They catch the dirt, and when they're washed, the towel-lint sticks to them. Now I don't understand why people make such designs. I had a great deal rather see a cow; that looks peaceful and pleasant. They are always wanting to kill something in pictures: men butchering each other in war; lovers stabbing rivals; Cleopatra with an asp; somebody in prison eating up his children; and hunters shooting innocent animals. If they must represent killing, why not let it be an owl eating a bat or a mouse, or a cat munching a rat? There would be some sense and use in that, since noxious animals ought to be destroyed."

"But an owl is so hideous!" exclaimed Ellen.

"I don't know what you mean by 'hideous,'" said Mr. Brooks, indignantly. It was made by the Creator, and bears the Divine impress as well, and better than your sentimental pets. To my taste it is at least as handsome, and much more serviceable than the original of that bauble you hold there."

As Ellen left him talking, and stole out of the room with the dove, a less vivid imagination than Mr. Brooks's might have seen the resemblance between them.

VIII.

Mr. Brooks continued, diligently, to read newspaper literature, and thus became master of many valuable discoveries. One day he told Jane never to put turnips on the table again. They had

been analyzed, and found very unwholesome. Another day he ordered off the molasses can. It had been analyzed, and contained poison; then coffee, and so on through a long list that might be found by referring to a certain progressive paper, whose name we have forgotten. The table variety was reduced down to three or four articles of food recognized by high authorities as devoid of death principles.

Ellen, who grew feebler, and occupied the sofa more and more, had many fanciful desires, but she was ashamed of them as stomach cravings and sensualities; and she "mortified the flesh" in silence. They all talked to her of the benefit of exercise; and the danger of indolence; so she dragged herself about till nature gave out exhausted.

IX.

She sat on a straight-backed chair one afternoon, reading an article on the preservation of health that Mr. Brooks had just handed to her, when Sam came in holding something with a handkerchief over it.

"There, Nelly," said he, "is a poor little dove for you. I found it on the fence over at the other end of the farm. It's been shot in the wing, and the hunter couldn't find it, I suppose. I'd like to catch him firing on our place! I'd thrash him; I can tell you."

"Well now, there's your vase in real life," said Mr. Brooks, glancing at Ellen over his spectacles. "Mr. Brown's gift was a bad omen."

The dove stood on the table, its wounded wing hanging down, its breast panting, and its mild, frightened eye gazing piteously at Ellen. She took it to caress it; but it pecked her and made such efforts to escape that she was afraid it would break its wing.

"Do you think it will live, that 'twill ever get tame?" said she eagerly to Sam.

"It's not a bad hurt, and they're very easily tamed. It will be something to amuse you, and I'll help you tame it."

Good Sam, he was rather a dull boy, but he had such a kind heart! And Ellen kissed with affection his great, sunburnt, freckled hand.

She emptied the work out of her hand-somest basket, filled it with cotton, and put the dove in it, with crumbs and water near its beak. For several days

it trembled at her approach, and pecked her furiously, but gradually endured her caresses, and at length seemed to solicit them. It was soon well enough to hop about and scramble upon Ellen's shoulder.

X.

Letter from Ellen to Rose.

"Oh! dear Rose, poor Sam is dead! He was kicked in the chest by a horse last Saturday, lingered a few days in great agony, and died yesterday. His life so short and so dreary! oh! why did I not try harder to cheer it, to forget myself and everything else to show him openly the tender affection I felt for him? It is in vain I excuse myself with his reserve and my feeble health; remorse and grief are in my soul. If we could see the little while the living are to be spared to us, how great our courage and sacrifices would be? But we have to bear the great burden of conscience about, while our hearts are sore with the loss of the loved.

"As I knelt by his bedside, sobbing and praying that he might live, he took my hand, and begged me to pray for his death, that life was cold and dull, and he would rather sleep without awakening.

"Dear Sam," said I, "I thought you were content with life."

"No," he answered, "I never cared much about it, except to help do the work and eat afterwards. I never knew anything else, for I was always too sleepy to read. I think I needed to be shaken up. I contracted that sleepy habit when I was a little boy, and could never get rid of it, the house was so still! I've been happier since you came, Nelly; but," lowering his voice and groaning, "I guess we had better all die; it's only being a little stiller and colder without knowing it."

"Oh! Sam, you believe in Heaven and the glories to come."

"Yes," said he faintly, "if I could only get shaken up."

"A few hours after he was struck by death and called me to him.

"Nelly, it isn't so dull now. I dreamed the angels danced with me, and as we swept through space, the mist rolled away from my eyes, showing a great light filled with joyful, shining people. It's a gay, happy world, and I don't think I shall be sleepy there. Come with me, Ellen. You've got the same

look in your face I've had in my heart so many years.'

"As he breathed his last, he pointed upward and smiled, and his face in death looked brighter than I had ever seen it in life.

"Rose, what has hung heaviest upon me, next to his loss, is the new aspect of the reception of death. When I rose from the bedside where Sam had just become a corpse, I turned to throw myself on Mr. Brooks's neck. His eyes bore no trace of tears, his face was serene, and he said to me cheerfully:

"Well, Ellen, poor Sam is gone. We must think of his gain, not of our loss, and thank God in his mercy for having taken him to himself."

"I saw it was not the rigid calmness of great grief, but the faith of Christianity cultivated beyond humanity; for Jesus, while in human form, 'groaned in spirit, was troubled, and wept' over the body of Lazarus. He has said: 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.'

"We weep at long earthly separations; why should we not weep and mourn at the longer heavenly ones? Tears are no signs of rebellion or impiety; they are the natural tribute of deep sorrow in the human heart.

"The boys cried some; for, in spite of education, they are too young to have reached the same point of self-discipline.

"Sam was buried this morning in the family grave-yard, on the outskirts of the farm. Rose, there are many graves there, but no shrubs nor flowers, save those that grow on the grave of my babe. A few forest trees, God's gifts, wave over them; but there is no sign of the presence of man; the stones themselves are half hid in the long, thick weeds. 'The body is a useless husk, that merits no attention after the soul has flown,' is plainly written there.

"Ah! Rose, does Christianity teach that? How can I learn it? I, who cannot separate the soul from the body, and must cherish even the garments that have touched the loved flesh! The case that has been thought worthy to hold so dear a gem should be prized, and bear the mark of our loving care. It has been the soul's expression; and without it, in this material world, we should know nothing of each other's spiritual nature. But here the body is

of so little consequence, that there is not a portrait in the house.

"Everything goes on as usual, to-day, that God may see how reconciled and grateful we are. We wear the same clothes, as they do not approve of mourning. Here again come in my old prejudices. I know not how or why it is; but I long to wear some color consecrated to death, black, white, green or red, I care not. I want to wear on me, as in me, a badge for dear Sam. What do you think about it, Rose? I have written this lying down, and feel very tired and sick. Adieu, loved friend. Write soon to your affectionate

"ELLEN."

II.

Rose to Ellen.

"DEAR ELLEN:—The tidings of Sam's death have saddened me, though I did not know him personally. One kind heart has gone from the little circle that surrounded you; I know you needed that more should be given to you, not the little you have taken away. Poor Sam! How terrible that existence should be rendered so bare that we enter the other life without having tasted the true joys of this—those holy joys of heart and intellect, which make us thank God at every moment for our earthly life, as well as thirst after the heavenly.

"You ask me many questions, dear Nelly. The first, in regard to the reception of death, you have answered yourself just as I should. The last, I believe you were more doubtful about. Now, Nelly, it seems to me that there is just as much danger that spiritual liberty may run into licentiousness as that temporal liberty may; just as much risk of sentiment being blunted in the soldiers of the cross, who revolutionize and hack down beliefs, as in the common soldier who cuts off the heads of his enemies.

"In matters of the heart, we ought not to trust implicitly to reason. Its cold philosophy would say: You can rejoice as well without signs, mourn just as sincerely without emblems; tear up your banners, flags, masons' aprons, bridal veils, and festal decorations; away with nuptial rings and rites, presents and all vain interchanges of affection. But the history of the world has proved that this cannot be done, that there is something emblematic in us

—call it fancy, imagination, sentiment, what you will—ever seeking expression; and, that since its creation, silly humanity has circulated from the inner to the outer, and symbolized everything earth contained.

"A stone is placed over a grave; upon this stone, a name inscribed, that the living may know where to direct their steps, to kneel or pause, with hallowed recollections. But we, the veritable tomb of those who are no more, must wear nothing upon us, to say, 'Here lies a beloved dead!' We must brush by the garments of a bereaved stranger, without knowing the sacred influence of sympathy—the soft touch of compassion, that the sight of mourning arouses in a gentle heart. We must ask Mrs. C. how her husband is, see the blood mount to her face, her eyes fill, as she answers—he is dead, and sneak away, feeling foolish, and angry at ourselves, because we could not divine what she bore no trace of! The day after death has knocked at our door, we must return to the ocean of life, joyous, brilliant, gemmed, like a wave unfurling in sunshine its sparkling pearls over the vanished wave in its track!

"Ye worshipers of matter-of-fact and positivism; ye sensitive souls, who call a conventional color meaningless, or fear that it may compromise you with God, for openly daring to sorrow, why not open a street through the consecrated ground that produces nothing? Down with cemetery walls—with cross and stone—walk there, build there, there transact business. Those below will not hear your din. Your steps, your carriages, your houses, will not weigh upon them, and no symbol of death will remain to trouble your pious gayety—your Christian forgetfulness.

"I have heard that a young man, in a moment of angry dispute, challenged his friend. The hour of meeting arrived; he went to his drawer, to take out his pistols. The trigger was entangled in a piece of ribbon, to which hung a little locket. The gray hair of his dead mother gleamed through. He staggered to a seat, wept, and wrote a contrite letter to his friend. This was the action of the outer on the inner.

"We are so formed, that we cannot always be in the same exalted state of mind; therefore is it desirable to throw out from us good soul-marks, which, through the medium of sight, may come

to us again. They will, perhaps, grow fainter, in the lapse of years, like repeated reflections. The memory of the goodness and virtues of the departed may stimulate us less strongly; but, would it not be worse still, if we had no aids—if, in the pride of our spiritual strength, we cast aside the agency of the senses?

"The mercy of God has ordained that time should lessen the acuteness of sorrow, in order that we might live, and perform the duties of life; yet he has given us this craving for 'reminders,' that the beneficent force of habit should never verge into forgetfulness, nor the chain of love, which binds all beings, be broken by the separation of a few years.

"Try to keep well and cheerful, darling. Harry expects to go South, in a few weeks, and then I am coming to board near you—at an adjoining farm, Mrs. Bigelow's—you know her. I wrote to her, and she says she can accommodate me; supposing I need to be invigorated, she praises highly her pure milk and fresh eggs. We shall sit on the mossy logs in the leafy woods, our arms round each other, and the good Father will hear my prayer: that the health of my body may flow into yours. Harry teases me with being impatient for his departure, that I may fly to you. He is as merry and dear a rogue as ever, and sends you—to use his own words—a rousing kiss.

"Good-by, dear friend.

"Yours,
"ROSE."

XII.

Phil sat by Ellen, as she lay on the sofa, and his face worked with painful emotion. The doctor had been there to examine her, and pronounced her in a very critical state: a disease of the heart, aggravated by nervous depression. They must be careful to keep from her all unpleasant excitements, as they sometimes even produced the disease.

Phil awoke partly to the consciousness that she had suffered much since she came to the farm, and remembered how often he had thoughtlessly said to her, lately: "Nelly, can't you run up stairs, and get me this or that—Nelly, I wish you'd find my boots—Nelly, the shirts you made don't fit at all, they want taking in there, a piece in here

the bosom let down, and the collar cut off half an inch;" and how patiently she toiled on them, altering them a dozen times, and then not suiting him at last. He felt very badly, and tried to think how he could make her life pleasanter. At length he said:

"Nelly, I've made up my mind to hunt for a situation somewhere, so that we can live by ourselves. It's lonesome here for you, and you need a little home of your own, where you can act as you please. I thought you would soon fall into our notions, but I see it's difficult to root up old opinions and feelings. I respect father very much, still I know he has manias which are not suited to the taste of everybody."

"It is too late," sighed Ellen to herself, "I have but a little while to live." Then aloud:

"Give me your hand, Phil. I don't wish to go away, dear. I should not die happy, if I were the cause of your quarreling with your father, and casting off his protection. You told me that, when you talked of leaving once, he said 'he washed his hands clean of you. You might shift for yourself.' No, no; you mustn't coop yourself up in town—worse still, in a store. You will pine for the fields and your free life—for the affection of your father. All I want, dear, is to have you sit beside me often—every moment you can spare. That will cure me, if anything can. The doctor has tried to frighten us both, to make me more careful; I shall soon be better. You mustn't look worried, or I shall feel sad."

Phil determined, nevertheless, to announce his resolution to his father. But the more he thought upon the difficulty of finding a pleasant, healthful occupation, the less inclination he felt to meet his remonstrances and reproaches. He would do it to-morrow, he would do it next week; and so time passed on, and the impression faded away. Spring had come, with its manifold labors, and he was too occupied to think much. At first, he made time to pass with Ellen; but, by-and-by, the ambition to produce the best exhibition at the county fair, and the habit of seeing Ellen always ailing, immersed him as deeply as ever in the business of the farm.

Ellen, however, was not entirely alone now, for the dove was always near her. It perched on her shoulder, head, hands, and sat in her lap. She

called it Rose, and loved to think it was the spirit of her child sent to comfort her. It had its little bed beside hers, and she was often awakened by its pecking at her lips. It was so sweet to hear it coo in the morning, and feel its soft plumage, as it nestled against her.

XIII.

As Ellen's spirit grew purified, through suffering and weakness, the demon of dislike parted from her, and the old tender feeling of love, for Mr. Brooks, came back. He was kinder to her than usual, though his manner still said: "You're not worth the salt that's in your bread. You have gone against nature and Christianity, and you must suffer for it. If you did your duty now, instead of lying on your back, melting your spine away, you might get well yet. I've done all I could to reform you and ventilate you, so you've nobody to blame but yourself. There's no need of being sick, if you act right."

The new school, that interprets, confidently, "the intentions of God," would make us all healthy and sound, till the trump of death; but, perhaps, He will still work out, as He has done, our spiritual grace at the cost of our physical ease.

There are some delicate beings granted us to be tended, to test the richness of our nature, in its sacrifices, tenderness, and compassion. He who serves as eyes to the blind, limbs to the lame, and arms to the helpless, becomes hal-lowed to us for the time; we know not which touches us the most, the picture of weakness, or its borrowed strength.

Yet Mr. Brooks was a spiritual man. He felt a deep interest in the rappings and the mesmeric communications with the other world. He read everything in relation to them, and would have attended the meetings, if there had been any in his vicinity. It would not have surprised him at all, to have been addressed by his departed mother, at any moment.

We have often pondered upon the character of this, to us, inexplicable man; so moral and charitable, so imbued with Christianity and progress, yet so devoid of their poetry. Like Christian, in the Pilgrim's Progress, he started in search of eternal life, and ran away from his wife and children—seductive human affections—to gain it. His strong conviction carried him through the "wicket

gate;" but he wandered away from the mansion, called "Beautiful," and lost, forever, the warmth and sentiment that dwell therein.

XIV.

Ellen had noticed for some time that Jim spruced up, and spent many evenings away from home. Once, as she sat on a stump at the end of the avenue, she caught a glimpse of him riding by in the buggy with a sweet-looking girl. In vain Mr. Brooks sat up for him, and talked of the unwholesomeness of night air in the country, where there were so many trees exhaling nitrogen, something wonderful was the matter with Jim; and the sagacity of Ellen and Phil decided it to be love. The idea took firm possession of Ellen, and she floated in happiness. Jim to love, and have somebody to love him—it was too delightful! He must be loved, for he was too proud to visit without encouragement. Then Ellen thought of the bride coming there to live, and grew faint and cold. She remembered her self-reproaches at Sam's death, and resolved to save, if possible, Jim and his wife from the fate that had weighed upon his brother's and her own life. The presentiment that she must die soon, exalted her courage to open her wounds to Jim. It seemed to her the mystery of her life grew clear. God had placed her there to point out the way of happiness to those two souls. Oh! why had she not seen it before, and blessed the cup, and kissed the rod!

Sunday she asked Jim to go to the grave-yard with her, to plant a rose-bush on Sam's grave.

"The walk is too long for you, Nelly," said Jim: "You look as if you could hardly stand up."

"We'll go slowly, and rest on the way," she answered.

"I'd rather hitch up the buggy than have you the least bit tired."

"It seems foolish, for such a little distance. I've something to say to you, and can tell it better leaning on your arm, or sitting yonder upon the grass. See, there's a thick shawl to spread under us. The ground is dry and the air warm. It will do me good to walk."

She went in to put on her india-rubbers, and when she came back, she saw the wheelbarrow spread with pillows, and Jim standing beside it. He held up his hand imploringly:

"Oh! Nelly! let me trundle you when you are tired. I'm so strong, you know, and we'll be so happy."

She looked at his flushed, eager face, and got in without saying a word. "He half fancies me somebody else," she thought. "O! glory of love, that opens the secret springs of the heart, and casts the spray of their fountains over all!"

Jim trundled off with her briskly, and they wound through the avenues, the echo of their laughter at the funny equipage ringing along the air. Jim assured her she was as light as a feather; and he was so ardent in his desire to serve, that he felt disappointed when she insisted on walking a little. He stopped to dig up some violets. Ellen knew they were for Sam.

They reached the grave-yard, planted their offerings, and wept; then sat down to rest under the tree that spread its branches over Sam and little Rose—Ellen's babe.

The air was soft and languid, full of the vague inquietude of spring, when the brain is weak with dreams, and the heart swells into the opening buds of another year.

They sat silent for some time. The young leaves fluttered above—the shadows flickered below.

"Jim," said Ellen, "on such days as this 'tis hard to think of leaving the world. Everything in nature and in us breathes of sweet promise. I have had a moment of struggle, but 'tis past forever. The world to come is richer in joys that never fade. You will see that I am laid here, Jim," marking the place with her parasol, "my head against the baby's grave, and my feet touching Sam's."

He looked at her with astonishment that deepened in awe at the strange, holy expression of her countenance.

"You will teach her to love me, Jim, and bring her sometimes to my grave. She will keep these flowers from dying, and plant some over me, I know, for I have seen her face."

The color mounted to his brow. His secret was known, and his dear one praised. He hung his head bashfully, and picked the blades of grass.

"What's her name, Jim?"

"Mary."

"I'm glad, for it's a holy name, and I love it. Oh! I want her to be so happy," said Ellen, wringing her hands.

"I would shed all my blood, indeed I would, to redeem you both from woe."

The tears streamed down her cheeks. Jim hid his face on his knees.

"She has been differently educated from you, perhaps, Jim. If you were alone in a little home of your own, you would be able to yield some to her; not that she will want you to yield, for if she really loves, she had rather sacrifice—but only to you, Jim. When a woman must lay down all she holds dear on the altar of another than her husband, the heart bleeds itself away. If strong, she may suffer and live; if weak and predisposed to disease, her life may be frightfully shortened. Jim, I am to be with you but a little while. Promise me you will leave the farm, and work out your own independent destiny. Be patient, and she will be willing to wait."

"I promise solemnly, Ellen," said he, kissing her hand. "I've thought of it long; ever since I—I first knew Mary. I've told her how gay and hopeful you were when you came home as a bride, and how I've seen you change and wither away. We men stand it better, for we are used to it from the beginning; besides we are strong, and live more out of ourselves than women do. It's hung heavy upon me, though, too," sighed he. "If I hadn't met Mary, I believe I should have turned into a stone. You must see her. I'll take you there in the buggy some time. I liked her first because she was like you—so gentle and ready to listen."

Ellen's strength had been exhausted by the ride and her emotions. She felt dizzy, rose to change her position, and fainted away.

Jim, fearing she was dying, flew wildly about, hallooing for aid, but at last collected himself enough to think that water would be the best thing to revive her; and, placing her gently in the wheelbarrow, he started on the run for a neighboring spring. Before he arrived there, the fresh rush of air from the motion had brought her to her senses.

"I feel quite well, Jim," said she, replying to his anxious looks; "only a little weak. Let's go home. The sun is sinking."

He covered her carefully with the shawl, beat up the pillows, and propped her parasol to shield her from the sun.

They turned homeward. The clouds grew gorgeous, and the coming twilight freshened the air.

Ellen's spirits were elated by the scene and the accomplishment of her mission. She became so cheerful and gay, that Jim's apprehensions vanished, and he gave himself up to the vagaries of love.

"Just think, Nelly," said he, "how thankful I ought to be to see my way clear. Mr. Dean has offered Mary the little house on the hill at the back end of his farm. I told him I was afraid father would feel hurt if I left home. He said he wouldn't influence me at all to quit 'the old man,' but I must think of them, too. Mary was their only daughter, and he feared his wife would pine for her; if I was proud about accepting anything, I might work on the farm as a hand till I had come to love them enough to take a part of it, like a son. I had rather work my way though; they'll respect me more—never mind what they say to the contrary. I'll take the house on the same condition as the last tenant, and Mary and I will be just as happy as birds. There's a nice room for you and Phil, Nelly, when you come to see us; and I'll make a crib for the dove."

While they were laughing heartily at the idea, they saw Mr. Brooks riding on horseback, a long pole over his shoulder, crying, "Suke! Suke!" to some dozen cows he was trying to gather together, to drive home. As they came up to him, he said:

"You have a brave horse there, Nelly, and one that can tell when he is tired. You look as bright as a button; nothing like exercise to cure real or fancied ailments. Walking is better than riding, though—it stirs up the blood."

"I think riding stirs up the spirits better," said Ellen, timidly.

"Spirits!" replied he, contemptuously; "I fancy, now, we ought to have command over 'our spirits.' People who act right—Suke! Suke!—don't have the blues; it's a fashionable disease, consequent upon sin and sloth. I warrant you, that woman," pointing to the Dutch tenant, in the distance, with a milk-pail on her head, a baby in her arm, and a bundle of straw under the other, "never had a touch of—Suke! Suke!—dissatisfaction at her lot. One can see that fresh air is all you want, Ellen."

Here one of the cows, who had caught the distant bleating of a calf, began lowing, and scampering away, so that Mr.

Brooks was obliged to dart off in pursuit of her.

Jim hurried Ellen home, for fear of the dew.

XV.

The next day, as Ellen lay dozing on the couch, in the little room adjoining the parlor, she was awakened by loud talking. The voice was Mr. Brooks's; for once slightly excited and emphatic. He seemed to be walking up and down, and, as he neared the door, she heard him saying:

"Mr. Dean is a dough-face, and an old hunker. You'll backslide, under his influence."

Jim's voice, sounding sorrowful and respectful, said something in reply; but he was apparently seated on the other side of the room, and she could not distinguish the words.

Mr. Brooks neared again: "Honest, I suppose he is, according to the world; pays his debts, and gives good wages; but does he look further than his nose?—a pug one, at that! Does he advance Christianity or humanity a hair's breadth?"

Mr. Brooks, nearing: "That's a foolish answer. You are young, sir. I have fifty years' experience, and it tells me that opinions are of great consequence. We must resolutely put down all that are false, if we would better the world."

Nearing again: "Well, what if everybody does fancy theirs to be the right ones? I know mine to be founded on Christ. Let them bring a higher authority if they can."

Seeming to halt: "I am willing you should marry the girl, Jim; I know nothing about her, except that I have seen her cackling at neighbors, as I passed; but on condition that you bring her here. She's got independent notions in her head, about living alone. Women are always exacting, and will get the upper-hand of you, if you are not watchful. We were made to live together—and if six or seven can't get along happily, how can we expect hundreds to?"

Then he sat down by Jim, and Ellen lost the rest of the conversation. An hour or two after, she heard Jim calling her. She bade him enter. His eyes were very red. His part was taken. He had come to say good-by. They embraced in silence, and he departed.

XVI.

The roads began to dry up, from the spring rains, and Phil could no longer delay a projected jaunt, for the purchase of a bull. He expected to be gone four or five days—perhaps a week, if the animal should be hard to drive. He felt very sad at the thought of leaving. Ellen had been failing rapidly, he could not disguise it from himself; but the doctor had told him she would frequently have ill turns, and be better again—it was such a fluctuating disease. The bull must be bought—his father had desired it; so he went, with a heavy heart, to break it gently to Ellen.

He found her in a rocking-chair, which was propped back with the poker, to keep it in a reclining position. She was asleep—if it can be called sleep—that of kind stupor of weakness, which shortens the weary days of the suffering.

Her eyes were so nearly open, that Phil at first thought she was awake; but their meaningless expression, and the dropping jaw, made him tread softly. How ghastly and worn she looked! She awoke immediately.

"Why, Nelly, what woke you? I didn't make any noise," said Phil.

"No, dear, I knew you were here by the stable-smell."

"I never saw such a nose," said Phil; "I used to think it was imagination, till I found you always guessed right. I was only in there an instant, to tell Harry to give Jack some oats."

Phil took his boots off, and put them out of the room; then pulled a chair up near Ellen, and took her hand. She raised it to kiss it, and let it drop, suddenly.

"Oh! pardon me, Phil, dear; I couldn't help it. It goes to my stomach, and makes me sick." Her lips turned white.

"I had forgotten that I had stroked Jack in passing," said he. "I would have washed my hands, indeed, if I had thought of it. You were not made for a farmer's wife, Nelly, that's plain."

As he went off to wash his hands, he could not help thinking there was some affectation in her squeamishness. His own sense of smell was not acute, and he knew nothing of the delicacy of a stomach impaired by sickness. He came back, and announced to her, with

considerable preparation, his departure. She cried, trembled, and clung to him, saying she had a foolish presentiment that she should never see him again.

"Then we won't think of it any more, Nelly," said he; "I'll commission Tom Jones to buy the bull. He is a fellow of some judgment, though he doesn't know the points of an animal as well as I do."

Ellen was happy. But before night Phil told her his father said, if he valued his stock and his purse, he was a fool to let another man select for him. So Phil packed his knapsack, and left in the morning. Unknown to her, he had written to her mother, begging her to send some one to stay with Nelly during his absence, and saying that she was sad, and needed company.

XVII.

Ellen had feared to pain her parents by a statement of the full extent of her illness. She knew her mother would have come, where her active presence was necessary to her young family; and she dreaded, too, lest, in the first impulse of grief, she might reproach Phil for evils, Ellen thought, in her pitying love for him, he could not help. So she had frequently implored Phil to conceal the doctor's decision, and not alarm them in any way. Now it happened that, in the same train the letter went, the doctor was also, bound for the same place; and not having to wait to be distributed, he knocked at Mrs. Grey's door before the postman; and, supposing her as wise as himself, spoke frankly of her daughter.

There was wailing and lamentation at the Greys'; for they were not disciplined Christians. Mr. Grey was summoned from his office, the children from school, and Rose from her home. The cook—an old house-servant, who had trotted Ellen on her knee—bemoaned so disconsolately, that the contents of her pipe burnt holes in her dress, and the potatoes were consumed to nothing. In the general consternation, everybody expected to start for Owlcopse; and the smallest child, divided between fright and delight at the journey, was the first to hurry down with his carpet-bag. Mrs. Grey was too agitated to think of anything; but Rose acted for all.

"Ellen," said she, "will be alarmed and overcome at the sight of so many.

The doctor does not represent her danger as immediate. It will be better for Mr. Grey to stay, and take care of the family. Mrs. Grey and I will leave to-day, and write at once, if it should be necessary for the rest to come."

It was settled so; and they huddled their things together, and left.

XVIII.

Twilight gathered around Owlcopse. The watch-dog howled incessantly, and made Jane's flesh creep with fear; for Ellen had been very ill that day, and a new physician, from the village, was still sitting with her. A messenger had been dispatched to meet Phil, if possible, and hasten his return. Mr. Brooks had written several letters, and sent for one of his female relatives to come and pass the night. He was calm and serene, as usual, and displayed admirable judgment in everything he did. Jane was heating a brick, to place at Ellen's feet. The candle drained down, and formed winding-sheets on both sides. The dog howled. Jane trembled from head to foot, and burst out crying:

"Oh! Lord! She has got to die. Such a pretty creature, and so kind to black and white! She made this 'ere very dress. Oh! good Lord, take me, instead of her. I'm only a nigger, and a wicked sinner. I's willin', indeed I is."

Jane groaned and sobbed so loudly, that Mr. Brooks came in, and told her it was no use to caterwaul; she disturbed the house, and might worry Ellen.

"You had better tie the dog over at the barn, too; it makes a very disagreeable noise," said he.

Jane choked off her sobs, told one of the men to take the dog away, and carried the brick in to Ellen.

She lay with her head propped up, to breathe easier. Her face, wan and attenuated, would have looked as if life had already fled, but for the flickering of the nostrils. The dove was crouched against her cheek. Jane, supposing it an annoyance, went to remove it; but Ellen said, wildly:

"No, no, let it be. It is all I have to love me. I am dying, you know, all alone—all alone!"

The touching sorrow of the words opened again the fountain of Jane's grief, and Ellen felt her tears on her hand.

"Oh! Jane," said she, "you love me, and mourn for me?"

"Yes, Miss Ellen, so help me God."

"Press your hand against my forehead, then, and don't go away. Oh! Jane."

The black hand was laid against the pallid brow, and the last tear that Ellen shed, mingled and was lost in the fast-falling tears of the negress.

For some time they rested so, in silence.

"Jane," said Ellen, "cut off a lock of my hair for Phil, and tell him I—I died happy, blessing his name. But he will come, though—he must come. I cannot go without his kiss. God will be merciful. Oh! I hear his horse; quick! quick! to the window. I must meet him!"

She rose out of bed, her eyes starting from her head. Jane had to shriek for aid, to keep her from jumping out of the window. She struggled with the doctor, and cried out:

"They gave him to me at the altar—even unto death. Let no man keep us asunder."

They held her down in the bed, and from violence she passed to supplication—imploping them so earnestly to let her go to Phil, that the strange physician, though used to suffering, was blinded with tears. He told her Phil would soon be there; and, if she wished to board her life to see him, she must not exhaust herself in that way.

This seemed to compose her; but she was still delirious, and had strange fancies. She thought Mr. Brooks was her father, and asked him to walk with her, and sing. He stooped to pick her up, saying he would walk with her, but he didn't know any songs. The dove ruffled up its feathers, and pecked at him furiously. Ellen whispered in his ear:

"She thinks it's Mr. Brooks. He doesn't know how to sing. I've never lain on his shoulder. It wouldn't do, you know; for I've stood beside him, very weary in my limbs and spirit, and he never beckoned me to come. He doesn't love me, though I gave up everything to please him, and cut my heart-strings away."

Mr. Brooks was troubled at these fantastic words, but came to the conclusion that delirium often presented much more singular phenomena. His conscience assured him he had done everything that was possible for her salvation and happiness. If she entered the heavenly gates, it would be owing chief-

ly to the pains he had taken to open her eyes to the ignorance and darkness in which she had groped.

Ellen called, by turns, upon Phil, her mother, father, and Rose to come.

"Oh!" she groaned, "I thought I was brave enough to die without them; but my soul clings to earth yet, and yearns to feel their presence. Oh! pray for me to die," she said, turning to Jane, "that I may be released from my agony."

Jane knelt by the bedside, and prayed fervently:

"Oh! good Lord God, let her die; poor honey! I can't stand it any longer;" and she broke down and sobbed aloud.

A few moments after, Ellen was struck with death. "She is growing cold," said the doctor.

"No, warm," she murmured—"Listen—music!"

Her face broke into a smile, and she gave a sigh of relief, as if something for which she had long thirsted had come.

"Are you happy, Ellen?" said Mr. Brooks.

She nodded.

A spasm convulsed her form, and her spirit fled—leaving the last print of its celestial vision in her face.

At that moment, there was a sound of hurrying feet. The door burst open, and Phil, Mrs. Grey, and Rose entered the room.

"My child, my child," shrieked Mrs. Grey. "They have killed her and kept it from me. Nelly, it's your mother—your poor mother come for one word. Speak to her, dear; just say you love her and forgive her coming late. She is not dead, you know," said she hoarsely to Rose. "She has only fainted and will speak to me soon."

She threw herself upon the body. The dove, that had sat trembling on Ellen's shoulder, rose in the air, circled round the room with a moaning noise, and flew out of the window. They looked at each other with awe, for it seemed as if it was the shadow of her soul that had lingered and gone.

XIX.

That night Jane watched over Mrs. Grey in fainting fits. Rose and Phil sat up with the corpse.

The owls hooted dismally; bats sailed in and out through the open win-

dows, and the dreary silence of night and nature weighed in the air. Rose wrestled with the bitterness that sprang from her great sorrow. Her friend had been sacrificed, and she had sat in the distance powerless. She would taunt Mr. Brooks with it in the morning; but the rebuking spirit of Ellen rose up before her, seeming to say: "I, the victim, forgave and kissed the hand that chastised me. Go thou, and do likewise."

Phil's sobs, too, softened her heart. He was bowed down with his loss, and shaken in his views. It was, then, possible for a "woman with a white skin, her own roof over her head, plenty to eat, drink, and wear, servants to wait on her, and civil treatment around her," to be dissatisfied and pine away unto death. He thought of Ellen as he first knew her, a slender girl, yet radiant with life and pleasure, and remembered how long since that look had faded from her face. He loved her very dearly. Oh! he was sure of that! Never a sharp word had passed between them. What had been wanting, then? Phil saw the answer, but dimly, through the murky fog of education, habit, and materialism.

Some say nature is so scrupulous in her economy, that the fishes found in the rivers of dark caves have no eyes. So it was with Phil. Every "useless thing" had been lopped off of him, and he knew it not. He lived happy in his cave, because he had never seen, and it was but natural that the gentle fish with eyes, floating down the current of the stream, should have been drawn toward him by pity and the mystery of his dim abode. The world is full of these strange attractions.

XX.

Ellen is in the weedy grave-yard; but over her the grass nods and flowers bloom. Years have past; still, on pleasant Sundays, Jim and his grateful wife leave some little token there.

Their cottage, overrun with vines, and standing like an urn in a saucer of gay flowers, graces the hill-side of Mr. Dean's and Jim's farm; for the old man is getting helpless, and Jim is fast winning the farm by his labor. His vigorous form may be seen any day working in the fields, and his voice heard afar in laughter and song. He is no longer

the listless, aimless man of Owlcopse; but the independent owner of Tangle-vine, free to make or mar what he pleases. He is still a staunch advocate of reform and progress; but is careful to widen his sympathies, to force his opinions upon no one, and to be lenient to those who differ. His day's work over, he rides with his wife, gets up pleasant excursions, visits his neighbors, tends the flowers; or, oftener still, trundles his little Nelly, puny child, in the wheelbarrow. As he covers her carefully and smiles at her, there is a touching tenderness in his face, and he seems to see two Ellens.

"Mary," said he, one evening, "I passed Owlcopse to-day, and stopped a moment in the grave-yard to prop a sapling the storm blew down last night. At the foot of Ellen's grave there was a little anemone freshly planted. Who could have put it there?"

"Phil, I suppose," said she dubiously.

Jim shook his head, and gave an incredulous sigh.

The next day he heard Mr. Brown had passed in haste through the village.

Mr. Brooks, more gaunt with age, is still visible astride of his stern hobby, trampling down the iniquities of the times; or, when the weather is neither too warm nor cold, driving the cows home, with his long pole and monotonous "Suke, Suke!" The neighbors cite him as a most civil, honest gentleman, and wonder whether he will leave the boys his wealth, or give it all to Missionary and Abolition societies.

Owlcopse is the same dull and bare abode. No old article of furniture is removed, nor any new added. The grass gains ground in the paths, and the hungry wind seeks in vain the nourishing perfume of some stray flower. The vines planted by Mark against the old garden wall have given place to scentless peas. Afar off the sea of grain sleepily nods its heavy head, and plump, sleek cattle browse on the green pastures. The beauty of utility is there; but where is the utility of beauty? Mr. Brooks's hard presence and longer naps say: not here. So does Phil's sad face. So says the gloomy house, ungraced by art or gentle feminine touch. We must adopt Jane's opinion, as confided to a colored sister: that "the owls had hooted it away."

CHESTER.

HOW charmed we pilgrims from the eager West,
Where only life, and not its scene, is old,
Beside the hearth of Chester's inn at rest,
Her ancient story to each other told!

The holly-wreath and dial's moon-orbed face,
The Gothic tankard, crown'd with beaded ale,
The faded aquatint of Chevy Chace,
And heir-loom bible, harmonized the tale.

Then roamed we forth as in a wond'rous dream,
Whose visions truth could only half eclipse;
The turret shadows living phantoms seem,
And mill-slauce brawl the moan of ghostly lips.

Night and her planet their enchantments wove,
To wake the brooding spirits of the past;
A Druid's sickle glistened in the grove,
And Harold's war-cry died upon the blast.

The floating mist that hung on Brewer's hill,
(While every heart-beat seemed a sentry's tramp,)
In tented domes and bannered folds grew still,
As rose the psalm from Cromwell's wary camp.

From ivied tower, above the meadows sere,
We watched the fray with hunted Charles of yore,
When grappled puritan and cavalier,
And sunk a traitor's throne on Rowton moor.

We tracked the ramparts in the lunar gloom,
Knelt by the peasants at St. Mary's shrine;
With his own hermit mused at Parnell's tomb,
And breathed the cadence of his pensive line.

Beneath a gable mouldering and low,
The pious record we could still descry,
Which, in the pestilence of old De Foe,
Proclaimed that here death's angel fitted by.

At morn the venders in the minster's shade,
With gleaming scales and plumage at their feet,
Seemed figures on the canvas of Ostade,
Where mart and temple so benignly meet.

Of Holland whispered then the sullen barge,
We thought of Venice by the hushed canal,
And hailed each relic on time's voiceless marge—
Sepulchral lamp and clouded lachrymal.

The quaint arcades of traffic's feudal range,
And giant fossils of a lustier crew;
The diamond casements and the moated grange,
Tradition's lapsing fantasies renew.

The oaken effigies of buried earls,
A window blazoned with armorial crest,
A rusted helm, and standard's brodered furls,
Chivalric eras patiently attest.

Here William's castle frowns upon the tide;
 There holy Werburgh keeps aerial sway,
 To warn the minions who complacent glide,
 And swell ambition's retinue to-day.

Once more we sought the parapet, to gaze,
 And mark the hoar-frost glint along the dales;
 Or, through the wind-cleft vistas of the haze,
 Welcome afar the mountain-ridge of Wales.

Ah, what a respite from the onward surge
 Of life, where all is turbulent and free,
 To pause awhile upon the quiet verge
 Of olden memories, beside the Dee!

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

MR. MACAULAY, if not the greatest, is certainly the most fortunate of historians.

When, after years of assiduous preparation, during which he had acquired a brilliant reputation, as well in the world of politics as in that of letters, he undertook to treat a theme worthy his best powers, he found the grandest period of English, and, indeed, of modern history, yet unattempted by any writer of claims equal to his own.

The first volumes of his projected work, in which he announced the great principles which were to govern his investigations, and gave the world assurance of the splendid and vigorous handling which his subject would receive, were published at a moment when the stir of revolution throughout Europe invited the attention, not of England alone, but of the civilized world to the writer, who promised a profound examination, and a triumphant justification of the steps by which the British people had passed into the great highway of political progress, and of liberal development.

Multiplied editions at home, and innumerable reproductions abroad, soon attested the strength and vividness of the impression which the new history had made upon the thinking world.

"My book," says Gibbon, speaking of his first volume, "was on every table, and almost on every toilette. I am at a loss how to describe its success, without betraying the vanity of the writer." But where Gibbon published

his hundreds, Macaulay counted his thousands; his stately octavos jostled the romances in the circulating library, and stimulated friendly reviewers to the extreme of enthusiasm, and provoked the partisan antagonists of the author to ebullitions such as are usually excited only by the slashing audacity of the pamphlet, or the Parthian impertinences of the leading article.

His good fortune in the choice of his theme, and in the moment of publication, would, however, have little availed the brilliant candidate for the fourth place upon the bench of British historians, had he not been thoroughly trained to the task he aspired to achieve.

Twenty years of study and of action had made him familiar with the materials of history, the machinery of politics, and the motives of men.

The columns of the *Edinburgh Review* bear witness to the assiduity with which he had explored the archives of England.

The *Edinburgh Review* owed its wide and wonderful influence, in no slight measure, to the frequent use which its contributors made of the historical essay—a form of composition really introduced by them into English literature.

The title of some work was always prefixed to these essays, as a text always goes before a sermon; but the connection, always in the one case as so often in the other, was merely one of position. And, among the gifted and daring writers who wielded so powerfully this new literary engine, Mr. Macaulay early

* *The History of England*, from the Accession of James II. By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. Vols. III and IV. New York: Harper & Brothers.

distinguished himself as the most brilliant and effective. His collected essays, on subjects drawn from English history, would cover the most exciting and important portion of his country's annals.

He discussed the magnificent reign of Elizabeth in his panegyric of Burleigh and his prosecution of Bacon. From John Hampden and Milton, he passed to Dryden, and Sir William Temple; from Walpole to Chatham, and from Clive to Warren Hastings.

Meanwhile, he had labored at the oar, while the ship of state was plunging and reeling through the great tempest of 1830. Returned to Parliament for a borough distinguished among the rotten for utter rottenness, he had won, by his maiden speech, a place in the front ranks of the reformers. The city of Leeds had rewarded his devotion to the good cause by electing him to a more honorable representation; and his party had proved their sense of his importance, by giving him a position in the Indian government, which insured his future independence. On his return from his eastern post of honor and of profit, Edinburgh had welcomed him to her political graces; and Lord Melbourne had confided the war-office to his care. And of all the wealth of experience and learning which he had acquired in this crowded and active career, Mr. Macaulay was completely master.

His most prominent intellectual quality is a certain decision and clearness of mind, which enables him to discern at once the availability of every fact which comes in his way.

No woman is a better economist than he; he finds a use for every rag and scrap of chronicle, however unpromising in less gifted eyes; and his quickness of perception is admirably seconded by executive faculties the most prompt and vigorous.

We wish we could add that those faculties, in their turn, always exhibited the salutary control of yet higher powers. But Mr. Macaulay's mind furnishes us rather with the image of a splendid despotism than with that of a well-ordered, constitutional government. He goes forth into the field of rhetoric, conquering and to conquer, and too often disdains alike the humdrum counsels of impartiality and the chastening suggestions of taste. Splendid and flattering as his success has been, it would have been not less brilliant, and cer-

tainly would have given fairer promise of enduring worth, had his great work been distinguished from his lesser essays by a more convincing calmness of tone, and by subtler felicities of statement.

Macaulay's conversation, Sidney Smith used to say, lacked only one thing to make it perfectly delightful: "a few splendid flashes of silence." How often has this pregnant and witty commentary recurred to our minds, as we passed on from gorgeousness to gorgeousness, from passionate eulogy to angry vituperation, along the sounding sentences of the historian.

Between the political philosophy of Hume and that of Macaulay, no comparison can be instituted; for the living historian surpasses his predecessor as much in the extent of his views as in the abundance of his resources. But Macaulay, with all his eloquence (perhaps, indeed, because of all his eloquence), cannot hope to keep so high a place among the classic writers of the English language as must be accorded to Hume. Exuberant, vehement, glowing, picturesque, the style of Macaulay wearies sooner with its flaming antithesis than does the style of Hume, with its elegant composure. Macaulay, in fact, always writes like a candidate who has an election to carry; Hume, like a gentleman, addressing gentlemen. And though (as in this instance) the candidate may happen to be of our own party, and the principles he advocates our own most cherished convictions, it is still quite impossible for us to prefer declamation to force, gesticulation to expression, denunciation to satire, or the racking rhythmus of an ejaculatory style to the easy and natural movement of sentences, which follow each other rather like the waves of a stream, than like explosions of musketry.

But while we are convinced that the final verdict of criticism will not assign to Mr. Macaulay's history that rank in the literature of his country to which the ambition of the author aspires, we are also inclined to the belief that the faults themselves of his style, by contributing to the present popularity of his work, have rendered good service to the cause which he has most at heart.

For this glory, at least, will forever be conceded to Mr. Macaulay—that he was the first writer of acknowledged popularity and power who told the

story of the English Revolution in the spirit of liberty, and of true political wisdom.

Hume, who carried his history no further than the fall of James II., was by no means so unfair to the agents in that great event as he is usually supposed to have been. He had no love to spare for liberal politicians as such, nor had he any great faith in the virtue of public men; but he was by no means a blind worshiper of rank and royalty, and Macaulay himself can add nothing to the concise sentence in which Hume sums up the achievements of the Prince of Orange; "he saved his own country from ruin; he restored the liberties of these kingdoms; he supported the general independence of Europe."

But Hume was a Scotchman, and, with all his philosophy, one of the proudest of men.

As a Scotchman, he had suffered constant mortification in English society; and he shared the aversion of William III. for "the uncourtly humors of the English." The Stuarts were of his own race; and we have his own words for it, that "it is not altogether without example, that a man may be guided by national prejudices who has ever been little biased by private and personal friendship."

Moreover, the Stuarts were unfortunate, and we have evidence enough in Hume's treatment of the captious, irritating Rousseau (were such evidences elsewhere wanting), that those who suffered, whether by their own fault or at the hand of fortune, must always have engaged his interest.

By whatever motives influenced, it is certain that the mind of Hume had conceived very slighting notions of the men and the objects of the Revolution of 1688, and that he had no conception of the gigantic importance to England and the world of that great era.

Sir Walter Scott, who, next to Hume, has wielded the strongest influence in forming the historical opinions and sympathies of the living generation, was a still more dangerous guide. What Hume was not, Scott was—a worshiper of pomps and pedigrees. He delighted to believe himself the representative of a great race, and every real representative of a great race was sanctified in his eyes.

His large, and warm, and generous heart sympathized profoundly, too,
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with the gallant gentlemen and fair women who had suffered so much of old in the defense of the idols which he still revered, and the calamities of the cavaliers lent an additional holiness to the chrisom of the Stuart kings.

His genius led us all captive for years; and it would at this day be no difficult thing to find many an ardent, high-spirited American boy, who hates the Puritans with the hatred of a Peveril of the Peak, and sighs like a Babington or a Douglas, over the sorrows of the beautiful Mary.

Fascinated by the spell of these powerful writers, the public sympathies have been more than naturally inclined towards the royal house that fell, and, in its fall, carried down the evil genius of Britain. Even more than naturally, we say, for it was natural that, even without the aid of a Hume or a Scott, the popular feeling should be enlisted with something like tenderness in behalf of a family so steadily unfortunate. The heart of the people is not always grateful, even to the Nemesis active in their own defence.

Men and races, conspicuous for their miserable fate, will always command at least as much of compassion as of condemnation. Let us not rashly quarrel with the ordinance by which heaven has established this necessity in the nature of man. Of testimonies to its existence, history is full, and we know none more striking than is afforded by the story of the Highlanders, as Mr. Macaulay himself has told it in the first of the two new volumes which he has just given to the world, after six years of patient preparation on his part, and impatient expectation on the part of the public. In the seventeenth century the Highlanders were regarded by the Saxons as savages. The citizens of Edinburgh held the race in equal abhorrence with the citizens of London. The ancestors of the poet who painted such fair pictures of Ellen of Loch Lomond, skimming the silver surface of the waves in her slim shallop, would have been sickened at the sight of Roderick Dhu, the cattle thief, and his barelegged barbarian daughter.

Of the Highland princes, with their bards and their orators and their guards, less was known in the capital of Britain than of the Indian kings of America, or the khans of Tartary.

The sketch which Macaulay gives us

of the habits and homes of the Highlanders, might disgust a Texan ranger, or a trapper of the prairies. It could not be paralleled now out of the country of the Camanches. The rebellion of 1745 advanced these despised mountaineers to the position of formidable and hated invaders. For a short time they were a terror to the Southron; but, soon succumbing to the Saxon superiority, they were made an example and a warning. Such frightful vengeance overtook them, that they became invested with the aureole of singular misfortune.

A similar operation of the same law in our nature must be taken into the account, when we would estimate the causes which contributed to misrepresent the Revolution of 1688 before the popular mind.

Nor must we forget another and most potent contribution to those causes in the efforts which were made, by the princes of the house of Hanover and their ministers, to mitigate the ardor of those liberal sentiments, to the strength of which the Guelphs were originally indebted for their seat upon the English throne. When the dynasty of Stuart had shrunk within the robes of a solitary, imbecile, old cardinal at Rome, and the pretense of pretenders had utterly vanished, the reigning house of England began to discourage all manifestations of opinion, in which the divine right of kings was called too sharply into question. The events of the French Revolution, adroitly turned by the Tories to such good purpose, that they contrived to identify the triumph of their party with the preservation of England's independence, served well the new disposition of the royal coterie, and George III. seems to have forgotten himself, and to have made other and more sensible people forget, that he had been called to his throne by the virtue of the popular voice, rather than by the sacrosanct and mysterious election of birth.

The splendid victory which popular rights won in these colonies, and the gradual development of just and natural ideas of government, which has been going on in England ever since the peace of 1815, had prepared the way for such an assertion of the truth, in regard to the events of 1688, as Mr. Macaulay had it in his mind to make.

In his first volume, Mr. Macaulay opened clearly a view of the highway

along which England advanced to the crisis of her national destiny.

England, in the middle ages, was indeed, "merry England," the most prosperous country of Europe. All foreign writers who spoke of England, in comparison with the nations of the continent, bore witness to this fact. Froissart attributes the proud and indomitable temper of the English, "the most dangerous and outrageous people in the universe," to the way in which "all sorts of people, laborers and merchants, have contrived to live without mutual war, to conduct their trade, and to do their work in peace and quiet." Comines, writing during the terrible war of the Roses, declared, "that among all the states in the world, that one in which public affairs are best regulated, and the people least given to internal violence, and the fewest buildings demolished or damaged by war, is England. In England the troubles of war fall on those who make it."

For this singular exemption from the worst horrors of the feudal civilization, England was indebted, in no small degree, to her conquest by the Norman sovereigns.

The monarchies of the continent came to unity, only after long ages of internecine war among the nobles—ages during which no monarch was found strong enough to curb his audacious vassals, and consolidate his realm.

The Norman sovereigns of England, relying upon their continental resources, were strong enough, from the beginning, to intimidate their barons, and to force the lords of the soil into a closer union with the people than existed anywhere else during the feudal ages. It was one most important consequence of this anomalous state of things, that the English aristocracy very early assumed the character of a regular political power. In the fifteenth century, when the fusion of the Norman and the Saxon races had, at last, resulted in the creation of a true English nation, the aristocracy of England was, indeed, "the most democratic, and the democracy of England the most aristocratic in Europe."

The wars of the Roses, which decimated the feudal nobility, gave still greater vigor to this special constitution of English society.

In 1451, Henry VI. summoned fifty-three peers to parliament. When Henry

VII. convoked the lords, in 1485, only twenty-nine assembled at Westminster, and, of this number, not a few were new men.

The Tudors aspired after absolute power. But they were too sagacious not to see that the long prosperity of the English people had accustomed the nation to certain substantial rights and privileges, which could not be safely meddled with. England was willing enough to invest the sovereign who represented her with the formal attributes of plenary power; but the ambition of Henry VII., the arrogance of Henry VIII., and the vaulting spirit of Elizabeth, all alike recoiled from the first decisive intimation that the royal prerogative had been pushed further than the commonalty would bear.

To the Tudors succeeded the Stuarts.

James I. was not merely a crowned bore, a pedantic button-holder, invested with the power of life and death over his victims; he was at heart a tyrant. In his native kingdom of Scotland, he had been bullied and maltreated. Pragmatic Presbyterians and passionate Catholics had treated him with equal contempt. In that then rude and fierce kingdom, Genevan republicanism had inflamed the already "*perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*," till the royal authority was almost purely nominal.

James came, from the midst of his overbearing preachers and his insolent nobles, into a court trained to the respectful formalities and profound obedience to which Elizabeth had educated her household. For the first time in his life, the son of the unfortunate Mary, who had before been scarcely treated like a gentleman, found himself treated like a king. The style in which Parliament addressed him, the tone adopted all about him, conspired to turn his head and to ripen his hopes of a royalty that should be royalty indeed.

He neither knew the English people sufficiently well, nor had he enough native good sense to understand the true condition of things, and though he received some pretty resolute pushes from the exalted horn of London city, he nursed his woeful delusions, and transmitted them to his son Charles. Domestic favorites, and the sight of foreign courts, completed the work which James had begun in the mind of his son.

Is it so difficult to comprehend the illusions which filled the brain of Charles

I., when he took the sceptre into his hands?

All over Europe the feudal world was disappearing, and absolute monarchies were everywhere arising from its ruins. In France, Charles had seen the absolute sovereignty which Richelieu was preparing for the heir of Louis XIII. In Spain he had seen the stately splendors of the absolute monarchy which Philip II. had built up over the liberties of a people as proud of their privileges as the people of England. His brother-in-law, the Elector Frederic, had fallen a victim in Germany to the domination of the house of Austria; and Charles, while he lamented the sorrows of his sister, could not but feel that her husband had provoked his fate by resisting what seemed the universal tendency of things and the victorious will of heaven. The privileges of the English people were unwritten, vague, ill-defined. Was it not time for England to accept the new constitution of things, to follow the example of France, and Spain, and Germany? Was it not time for Charles to insist that the language of adulation, which he daily heard from the lips of prelates and of peers, of popular preachers and of orators in the commons, should be translated into facts; that the royal dignity should be elevated in England to an equality with the position it had achieved in the other states of the European family?

Thus Charles reasoned, and upon reasonings like these he proceeded to act.

Had his genius been equal to the intensity of his convictions, nay, had he been a much worse man than he was—less of a gentleman and more of a Jesuit—he might have attained his ends. But he was just not strong enough, and just not bad enough to succeed.

Resolute as he was, his resolution was no match for the iron will of men like Hampden and Pym; unscrupulous as he was, he was more scrupulous than Cromwell. He failed, and execrable as would have been the consequences of his success, the people of England have always felt for him the pity and the sympathy which cannot be denied to a gallant, and courtly, and melancholy figure, stricken down by superior force, and deprived at once of his dreams and of his life.

The despotism of the commonwealth was specially hateful to England, be-

cause it was a religious despotism. The "merry England" which had wherewithal to eat and to drink and to dance, food enough and to spare, through the long middle ages, was in nowise a pious England. No feature is more marked in the contrast which mediæval England makes with her sister nations of the continent, than this. France, Germany, Spain, harried with perpetual wars, and sunk in misery, were the strongholds of devotion; England, on the contrary, appears, from a very early period after the Conquest, to have "waxed fat and kicked," not against the doctrine, but against the discipline of the church.

Asceticism, and religious extravagances of all sorts, found small favor there. When the horrible pestilence ravaged the continent in the fourteenth century, and the extreme misery of men gave rise to strange and fantastic enthusiasms, bands of the flagellants, who traversed the cities of Italy and France, weeping aloud and scourging themselves, crossed the channel, and marched in dismal parade through the streets of London.

The comfortable citizens of the prosperous English city looked on, stared, gaped, or laughed, but were by no means to be seduced into excoiating their sleek and comely backs. The flagellants made no converts in Cheapside.

When the Cardinal Bentivoglio drew up his curious statistics of English piety, at the era of the Reformation, he had to admit, that not more than a thirteenth part of the population could be considered fervent Catholics.

The ecclesiastical, and, indeed, the civil historians of England, have taken these facts too little into account, when seeking the causes of the facility with which England followed the princes and princesses of the house of Tudor through their rapid mutations of faith.

The religious movement which, on the continent, controlled the great political changes of the sixteenth century, in England was itself the secondary, and never the primary power.

And when the small body of sectaries, who constituted the strength of the parliamentary army, in 1643, had seized the government of England, the English people were not more revolted by the spectacle of military domination than by the intolerant and insolent behavior with which their psalm-singing and

May-pole-hating masters insulted the ancient jollity and good-natured indifference of the English temper in matters of religion.

The reëstablishment of the monarchy, effected, as it was, mainly by the influence of the commonalty of London, promised to the people the restitution of the old liberties attacked by Charles I., and of the old independence insulted by Cromwell and the Puritans.

Very different was the result. The May of the Restoration was early blighted, "no summer following."

The frivolous and worthless Charles II., relying too much on the hatred which the Commonwealth had excited, allowed and encouraged abler men than himself to toil for the consummation of the work which had cost his father both the crown and the head that wore it. His more saturnine and bigoted brother undertook himself the task which fate seemed to have imposed upon his family. It is impossible to read the history of the proceedings of James II. without a feeling analogous to that which the Greeks felt in contemplating the career of an Orestes or an *Ædipus*.

And no writer has ever described that history with such particularity and fervor, with such fullness of fatal detail, and such intensity of patriotic feeling, as Mr. Macaulay. The chapters through which he conducts James, from the bedside of his dying brother to the boat in which he embarked for France, have the pathos and the solemnity of tragedy. It is in dealing with such themes that Mr. Macaulay rises from the rhetorician into the historian; and his magnificent prose takes upon itself a majesty of movement and a passionate rhythm, which place it beside the stateliest poetry of Dryden.

With the catastrophe of 1688, and the arrival of William of Orange, the history really begins.

An era more clearly and brilliantly marked is not to be found.

Before 1688 England was an insular state, known, indeed, widely, and widely felt at times in the affairs of the continent, but known mainly as the home of a prosperous, proud people, and felt in the sudden dashes of force with which she had, from time to time, intervened in the warlike confusion of the continent. Her revenue was small, her coasts had been swept by the brooms of Van Tromp, and Dutch sailors had

smoked audacious pipes upon the Thames, within sight of her burning dockyards, and almost within sound of London bells. Her sovereigns had condescended to be the pensioners of France, her colonies were few, feeble, and scattered, her commerce contended for life with the great marines of Holland and of Spain.

Since 1688 what a new and wonderful history has been hers!

The insular state has become the mother of liberal ideas in the Old World, and in the New; the moral power of her great example has stimulated the political and the social life of mankind into developments of which no man can foresee the result, and no force restrain the progress; her stupendous revenues have enabled her to bear lightly, not merely the expenditure of an imperial government over territories more vast than Europe, but the interest of a debt, of which the principal exceeds the wealth of the civilized world in the days of William of Orange. She has seen one mighty empire arise from her side, and pass from her control, to take its place among the great powers of the earth; while, at the moment when the folly of her court sacrificed her splendid heritage in the West, the enterprise of her chief city found for her another colossal dominion in the East, more magnificent than the realms of Alexander. Holland and Spain she has seen wither, as she waxed mighty; and she it was who broke the sword of France in the hand of one, in comparison with whom the Grand Monarque was a meek and unambitious prince. She has given names to the arts, to literature, to oratory, to war, and to freedom, which would make her fame immortal were her glorious empire resolved again into anarchy and ruin.

The Revolution of 1688 was the turning point of all this history. The expulsion of the Stuarts was the assumption by the English people of that control over their own affairs which has been the true secret of the wondrous growth and greatness of modern England, and of our own America. To describe the Revolution of 1688, therefore, its rise and its progress, to paint, with special fidelity, events which transpired during a period so pregnant with the future, and the characters of the men who, in great things as in little, helped to determine the result of the perilous enter-

prise which brought the Prince of Orange to England, was the first duty of the historian who had undertaken to trace the course of the English people in the career which then opened before them. And it will not surprise the reflecting reader to find, that in the third and fourth volumes of his history, just issued, Mr. Macaulay has discussed the transactions of but little more than six years. The importance of the crisis fully justifies the extended treatment which it receives at the historian's hands. Within the first year alone, of the reign of William and Mary, England was called upon to decide the question of peace or war with France—a decision which involved a course of foreign policy entirely new, and bound up the fortunes of England with the contingencies of European politics; to settle the principles of allegiance, and the doctrine of sovereignty; to define the limits of religious toleration, and practically to remodel the establishment of the English church. Civil war in Ireland, civil war in Scotland, the reconstruction of the national system of finance, occupied, at one and the same time, the attention of William and his councilors.

It is not too much to say that, within the first two years after the accession of William, England passed through convulsions more radical than those which had shaken the state in the terrible times of the Roses, or in the great civil war.

That a prince who, though of English blood, was of foreign birth and breeding, should have come off safely, and with honor from such trials of his sagacity, his good sense and his honesty, is nothing less than extraordinary; and Mr. Macaulay has done no more than he had a right to do in erecting William into his hero. Should the great work which the historian has projected, by some untoward fate, be permitted to be carried on no further than may be necessary to give us a complete account of the reign of William III., Mr. Macaulay will have done enough for his own glory, though too little for our expectations. For though the special admirers of Mr. Macaulay, the essayist, may find the style and the subjects of that portion of William's history which lies here before us less stimulating and startling than the opening volumes of the work, we think it will finally be conceded that Mr. Macaulay, the statesman and histo-

rian, has nowhere so amply vindicated his claim to these titles as in his masterly discussions of the great constitutional questions which occupied the Convention, the Convocation, and the First Parliament of William's reign. It may be objected, perhaps, that sometimes, as, for instance, in his account of the differences between the parties in religion, just after the coronation of William and Mary, Mr. Macaulay indulges himself in repetitions tending to diffuseness, and adopts a tone rather parænetic than historical. But Mr. Macaulay, as we have said before, cannot help writing like an advocate—a perfectly honest advocate—and, as we think, an advocate who generally has the best of the cause, as well as of the argument, yet still like an advocate, and his repetitions are, no doubt, intentional, rather than accidental.

We set most value on the philosophical and political merits of the new volumes of Mr. Macaulay's History. But our readers must not imagine that these volumes are destitute of interest more dramatic and exciting.

William, as we have said, is his hero; and he loses no opportunity of bringing into relief the great qualities of that strong, sad, high-spirited, and far-sighted nature. It would not be easy to find a more brilliantly-contrasted pair of sketches, than he gives us of William, taciturn and indifferent at court (vol. iii., p. 40), and of the same man, gallant, cheerful, vivacious in the camp (vol. iii., p. 490).

The glimpses that we have of Mary, are very charming; and, though one is disposed to doubt whether the historian has not over-colored the picture of her domestic felicity, it is hard to quarrel with the touches of a romance so pleasing as is suggested by the story of her devotion to her lord, and of his love for her.

Marlborough is the devil of the piece, and is handled in a very scurvy fashion. It is clear that Mr. Macaulay cherishes something very like a personal hatred to the departed hero of Blenheim.

All scoundrels, indeed, fare so badly at Mr. Macaulay's hands, as almost to move our compassion. Do any of our readers remember his famous article on Barère—an article so excessively vituperative, that we never knew a tolerably candid person to rise from the perusal of it without a strong prejudice in favor of the man so savagely attacked?

An analogous feeling is excited by such vitriolic outlines as that of Melfort, and even by the pertinacity with which James II. is pursued into all the recesses of his selfishness and his folly.

Mr. Macaulay's picture of the humiliating position, and the abject conduct of James, at the court of France, after his ignominious return from Ireland, is positively pitiless.

The friends of William Penn must sound again the Quaker trumpet. Where is Hepworth Dixon? As one seemingly unconscious of all the controversy excited by his former portrait of the great philanthropist, Mr. Macaulay goes on in his third volume to speak of Penn as an acknowledged plotter, and charges him directly with advising an invasion of England by the French. Nor do we see how the charge is to be rebutted. It has yet to be proved that Mr. Macaulay has made a serious error in any statement of facts, and we advise nobody to approach such an enterprise without careful, previous investigation of the cost; for the evidence which this history affords of close and minute study is surprising. As we remarked in the outset of this article, Mr. Macaulay allows no scrap of chronicle, however slight, to be wasted. His text gives to the casual or unpracticed reader no more idea of the labor expended upon it, than one of the tapestried cartoons of Raphael affords of the number of threads woven into its beautiful harmony, and of the weary hours through which the weaver bent over his task. We open the book almost at random, and our eyes fall immediately on a curious illustration of this indefatigable industry. In the course of a very striking description of Belfast as it was in 1688, and as it now is, occurs the following sentence: "The Belfast which William entered, was a small English settlement, of *about three hundred houses*, commanded by a stately castle, which has long disappeared." Three or four pages further on, we find a note, which tells us, that in the British Museum there is a map of Belfast, made in 1685, *so exact, that the houses may be counted*.

A man who causes the houses on an old map to be counted, that he may give precision to a paragraph, is not likely to be caught napping.

The wealth of information which Macaulay has acquired from old libraries, old plays, old ballads, from visits

to the haunts of the great, and the scenes of important actions, he has lavished upon his descriptions of the few men whose portraits, at full length, he now, for the first time, introduces into the scene. Upon the picture of Somers, whom Mr. Webster used to call the "incomparable Somers," he lays every touch with a lover's hand. In his description of Swift's "universal villain," Wharton, there is more of brilliancy, and at the same time, more humanity, than in any account we have ever read of that most consistent of profligates and of whigs. Bad as Wharton was, he could not have been a "villain," of whom it could be said with truth, "that he had never given a challenge; had never refused one; had never taken a life, and yet had never fought without having his antagonist's life at his mercy."

Our readers will pardon us, if we call their special attention to the fire and feeling with which Mr. Macaulay recounts battles by sea and land. It is no easy thing to describe a battle well. Where Scott, the poet, failed, and Napier, the soldier, stands alone preëminent among English historians, it is no slight praise to say that Macaulay, the statesman, has been successful. The accounts of the French victory by sea, off Beachy Head, and of the long fight of La Hogue, in which England regained the trident wrested from her hands—of Newton Butler, where the Saxons routed the Celts, and of Killiecrankie, where the Celts defeated the Saxons, are admirable examples at once of impartiality, and of a narrative which becomes easily impetuous without ever ceasing to be intelligible.

Nor does Macaulay excel less in the relation of great civil shows and scenes, such as the rejoicings at Paris, on the receipt of the false tidings of the death of the Prince of Orange; the entry of William into Dublin, after his victory on the Boyne; and the coronation pageantry, with which the third volume opens. One trait alone, in the last mentioned of these passages, strikes us as out of taste, and painful. The daughter of the martyred Lord Russell is introduced, with exquisite tact and feeling, as a prominent figure in the welcome given to the liberator of England; but is there not something repulsive in the touch which the historian adds, to paint

her "stern delight" at the tardy punishment of her father's murderers?

Other pictures Macaulay gives us, which demand the darkest tints upon his palette. Such are the harrowing sentences in which he describes the devastation of the Palatinate, by Duras, under the orders of Louvois, and with the sanction of Louis XIV., whose sanction, given to a villainy so black, to cruelties at once so atrocious and so useless, should alone suffice to make his memory infamous.

Such, too, are the pages that relate the hateful massacre of Glencoe—a massacre never too much to be execrated, but of any real responsibility for which, we think, with Mr. Macaulay, that William III. must be acquitted.

But it is time for us to bring these remarks to an end. Too much for the patience of our readers we may have already said—too much in praise of the spirit of Mr. Macaulay's history, or too much upon the importance of the principles which he means his history to illustrate, we could not easily say.

To all men who need to understand the true theory of government, the true laws which control the condition and the growth of states, these volumes are treasuries of instruction, and of suggestion. And this necessity is laid upon all intelligent Americans. Ours is not a constitution which, having been wisely established by wise men, seventy years ago, will move onward of itself, and carry the nation with it in the path of progress and prosperity. We, like the Englishmen of 1688, must be, in a great measure, the architects of our own fortunes. The working of our government will sway with the impulses of the public heart and mind. Contingencies, unforeseen by our fathers, may—such contingencies indeed do—loom up before us, in the not distant future. When those contingencies come upon us, it will not be what was written by our fathers, but what is understood by ourselves, that will save us. And therefore we should be grateful to every writer who sets before us, as Mr. Macaulay has done, with so much spirit, and sense, and temper, the great results in the past of principles that are as permanent and immutable as the constitution and the exigencies of man.

ABU HAMOOD'S MULE: AND THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

FROM the tails of oriental sheep (so lengthily treated in a previous paper), there is an easy transition to tales of oriental fancy. One of these usually grotesque narratives was related to the Hakeem, on the following provocation. A Syrian friend was enlarging to him, on the melancholy fact that a man who knows a great truth cannot always declare it, without incurring censure, or even persecution, from the mistaken and testy public. To support this rather antique proposition, he told the following story, which cannot be found in the Arabian Nights :

"There was once a certain kadi, named Abu Hamood, who was inordinately fond of mules. His stables were uproarious with them, and yet not a month passed, but he added some new costly specimen to his stock. He used to visit them every day, fondle and hug them all around, kiss their long silky ears, and receive their bites and kicks, like so many civilities and benedictions. In short, this passion mastered him to such a degree that he ultimately became a very wicked kadi, and would stick at no false judgment or extortion, to possess himself of a tempting piece of mulo-flesh. Accordingly, the spirit of evil laid a trap for him; and the kadi fell into it. And this was the manner of his fall :

"One day, as he walked in the streets of Bagdad—looking right and left for mules—he met a Mughreebe, of an exceedingly dark complexion. This Mughreebe was leading the finest mule that had ever been seen in the city; so beautiful, in fact, that it was like the rising sun for strength, and like the full moon for elegance. Abu Hamood stopped in front of the animal, utterly bewildered, and struck blind by its extraordinary graces. In the mean time, the man was walking the mule up and down, before the gates of the kadi's palace. At last, Abu Hamood spoke to him, and said, with a trembling voice, such was his agitation :

"O, Mughreebe, whose mule is that?"

"It is my master's," replied the other. 'He is a Mughreebe, like myself; but he is a prince, while I am a slave.'

"And where is thy master?" continued Abu Hamood.

"He has gone to the bazaars, to buy silks and jewels; and he bade me walk the mule up and down before this palace, until he returned.'

"O, Mughreebe!" said Abu Hamood, 'wilt thou not let me take hold of the bridle of this mule, and enjoy the exquisite pleasure of leading him a few paces? And may God reward thee for thy benignity!'

"Take it, O friend!" said the other; 'and I will even thank thee: I have occasion to eat; I will go to the pastry-cook's, and return in a moment.'

"Abu Hamood took the bridle, with a trembling hand, and began to lead the mule up and down, in such a state of enchantment, that an hour passed away, as if it had been a minute. His servants espied him, and rushed out, to relieve him of his strange occupation; but he drove them away, and would suffer no one to touch the bridle, beside himself. At last, he began to wonder at the Mughreebe's prolonged absence, and looked anxiously up and down the street, hoping that he had lost his way, or broken his neck, so that he might never return. In short, no Mughreebe appeared; and, after another hour—which, by reason of his anxiety, seemed to him like a century—Abu Hamood stealthily led the beautiful mule into his own court-yard. There he gave it to his chief servant, and told him to put it into the best stall, and provide it with a bed of silk, instead of straw. But the mule broke away from the servant, and followed the kadi into the saloon, stepping as noiselessly as if his feet had been shod with roses. And thus, when Abu Hamood seated himself on a divan, the mule stood before him, and affectionately put his nose into his new master's bosom, and began to eat some raisins that were secreted there. The kadi was enchanted at the animal's tameness and gentleness, and allowed him to nibble at the raisins, until he had had raisins enough. When he would eat no more, the kadi said :

"Doubtless, this poor mule is thirsty; go, and bring him some water.'

"One of the servants brought a shera-by or a narrow-necked jar of water and

a tray, into which it might be poured, and then retired. The mule walked to the door, and closed it with one of his fore-feet; and then, while his master was regarding him with unutterable admiration, returned to the sheraby, and, with a sudden bound, leaped into it, and disappeared. Abu Hamood was struck so perfectly aghast, by this feat, that he could not even cry out; but stood there, with his mouth open, and his eyes fixed on the sheraby. Presently, two long silky ears rose through the narrow mouth of the vessel, and wagged themselves, in a malicious manner, at the kadi; as much as to say: 'Here I am; why don't you catch me?' The poor man screamed with joy, and made a sudden snatch at the ears, which eluded his grasp, and disappeared in the sheraby. Whenever he peered into the opening, there was nothing to be seen, but water; but the moment he rose, and drew back, the long silky ears stood out, and wagged at him, as before. And this continued, until the kadi was quite wild with excitement; the ears dodging him every time, and he using his utmost efforts to seize them, and so recover his mule. He made such an uproar, with his jumping and shouting, that the servants hurried to the saloon, and were confounded to find their master dancing and hallooing insanely around a sheraby of water.

"Come, and help me," cried the kadi. "My mule has got into the sheraby. Help me get him out."

"Your excellency is joking with us," answered the servants. "It is impossible that a mule should get into a sheraby."

"I tell you that he is in there," insisted the kadi. "I saw him jump in, and I saw his ears sticking out."

"God help our poor master!" exclaimed the servants. "His mind is departing from him."

"It is a lie!" roared the kadi. "I am more sane than any of you. If the mule is not in the sheraby, where is he?"

"Doubtless," replied the servants, "your excellency has led him out secretly, in order to play a joke upon us."

"It is false!" screamed the kadi. "He is in the sheraby, as truly as you are a set of ignoramuses."

Abu Hamood's four wives, and all his relatives, came, and tried, in vain, to convince him that there was no mule in the sheraby. He only foamed at the

mouth, because of their unbelief; and would let none of them touch the vessel, for fear that they should break it, and injure the mule. Accordingly, they concluded him to be stark crazy, and sent, in a hurry, for the best doctors of the city, to prescribe for his case. The doctors decided that his mind had departed from him; and ordered that he should be abundantly whipped, and very stingily fed, for three days, on bread and water. It was of no use for the kadi to struggle, and roar, and swear by the tail of the prophet's mule that he spoke nothing but the truth. He was thrown upon the floor by three stout kavasses, who beat the very dust out of him with their canes, and then dragged him away, and forced him into a gloomy dungeon, appointed for the madmen of Bagdad. Here, he was fed with bread and water—and very short rations at that—until three days had passed over. At the expiration of that time, an old Imam came to the cell; and, putting his head between the bars, and wagging his beard mournfully, said:

"O, kadi! O, dearly beloved friend! has thy mind returned to thee? Art thou convinced, now, that there was no mule in the sheraby?"

"No!" roared Abu Hamood, in great wrath. "I am not convinced. I saw him jump in, and I saw his ears sticking out."

"Accordingly, they gave him another beating, and three days more of bread and water. And now Abu Hamood began to reflect calmly on his position, and to commune with himself, after the following fashion:

"Well, here I am, in a lamentable case, indeed. Because I tell what I have seen, people call me crazy, and whip me, and feed me on short allowance of bread and water. By lying a little, I might deliver myself from prison, and get my house and family back again. I saw the mule jump into the sheraby, and I saw his ears sticking out; but, if I swear to it till my dying day, nobody will ever believe me. I may as well say that I was mistaken, and so find escape from this persecution."

"At the end of three days, the Imam came again, and, with a woeful wag of his beard, said: 'O kadi! O dearly beloved friend! has thy mind returned to thee?'"

"Yes," replied the kadi, 'praise be

to God! He has restored me my wits. I see that I was mistaken, and confess that there was no mule in the sheraby.'

"What has God wrought!" said the Imam; and he wagged his beard for happiness, as he had before done for sorrow. He sent immediately for the family of the kadi, and they all came, weeping for joy, to take their relative out of prison. Abu Hamood was carried to his house, and plentifully fed, while his friends crowded around him, to congratulate him on his recovery. After a while they arose, and left him to slumber; but placed dishes of fruit, and a sheraby of water beside him, so that he might refresh himself again, on waking. The kadi slept soundly, and dreamed of thousands of most beautiful mules, each one of which was led about by a dark-visaged Mughreebe, until suddenly they all leaped into a multitude of water-jars, and disappeared. He awoke with astonishment and vexation, and his eyes fell upon the sheraby at his bedside. There, just as glossy as ever, were the same long ears, wagging at him in the usual tantalizing manner. But Abu Hamood was wiser now than he had been. 'Ah!' said he, 'you may shake your ears at me as much as you please; but I will swear that I never saw them. I am not going to be beaten, and half-starved again, for telling a truth which nobody believes.'

"Accordingly the ears disappeared, and the kadi rose, and pitched the sheraby out of the window, without so much as peeping into it. And from that day unto the day of his death, he was never known to look at a mule, nor to contradict public opinion, on any subject whatsoever."

So much for a Syrian tale, the moral of which accounts for the persecution of Galileo, and for the scorn heaped on Columbus, and for the milk in divers other cocoa-nuts. To this I shall append an incidental sketch of an individual whose existence imaged to my comprehension the history of Simeon Stylites, and those other unsocial saints, who illustrated the earlier ages by their filthiness and fanaticism. The Hakeem and I made a trip to the cedars, and to the summit of Jebel Mekmel, the highest peak of Lebanon. A day's ride through the rudest portion of the mountain, over the most awful roads possible,

brought us to a high, temperate region, green here and there with patches of sweet turf, and musical with copious rivulets and fountains. Decaying snow-banks often lined our path, glaring in spectral contrast with immense thickets of gorgeous oleanders. We reposed beside a gigantic spring of the purest water, bursting up from a large cavity in the rock, with astonishing violence. We flung stones of two or three pounds weight into the boiling caldron, and saw them rise like chips, almost to the surface, and skate away for several feet, down the current. The water was as cold as its mother snows on the mountain above;* so chilly that, heated as we were by the burning sun, we could scarcely endure to hold it in our mouths. A rivulet of really respectable dimensions bursts from this spring, and rolls hurriedly down deep valleys, to mingle with that sea which it can behold, even from its birth-place. It is the largest stream that I ever saw from one source, except the head-waters of the Syrian river Orontes. There, at the eastern base of the northernmost ridges of Lebanon, I gazed on a river of twenty-five or thirty feet in width, by three feet in depth, rising silently, yet swiftly, like some sudden destiny, from a single fountain.

We slept at the village which I immortalized by my famous misadventure in mule-mounting. We were four or five thousand feet above the sea, in the midst of a country like a highland paradise. To the east, we looked up into a vast amphitheatre, formed by the backbone ridge of Lebanon, and two gigantic spurs, which projected towards the Mediterranean. Far above us, on the enormous slope—a single green speck in its terrible aridity—was the famous grove of cedars, the only remnant of the mighty verdure from which Solomon drew his temple. Downwards we gazed into an astonishing valley, cracked at its bottom by a huge, precipitous chasm. Trees of the temperate climates—oaks, walnuts, and pines—mingled with the familiar, home-like verdure of potato-fields, and Indian corn. Villages dotted the slopes of the stupendous landscape, dimly visible through the rich foliage of their gardens and orchards. Right opposite, on the other side of the ravine, was Ehden,

* Fahr. 41° all the year round.

or Eden; and, far below it, faintly specking with blackness the yellow walls of the chasm, were the windows and portals of a rock-excavated convent. Rivulets rushed from the tops of the ridges to the extreme depths of the basin—their continuous foam shining through the vast distances, like glittering ribbons of silver. West of us, the valley descended, and opened toward the sea, expiring and broadening into the luxuriant plain of Tripoli. And there lay the city, amid its orange and lemon gardens, looking out on a boundless expanse of waters, dazzling with an imperial robe of sunlight, and fanned by the wings of fitful breezes. It was a landscape of the grandest loveliness, whose memory has risen in gigantic beauty on my spirit, even amid the granite glories of Switzerland.

We descended obliquely into the valley, skirted the grim precipitousness of the great chasm, and began to rise again toward the cedars, and the top of the mountain. An hour or two of climbing carried us away from the cornfields, the oaks, and the walnuts, and brought us to steep acclivities of stony earth, barely flecked, here and there, with a pale, stunted vegetation. We climbed a last rapid ascent, and entered into the shadow of the great cedars. On a clump of rocky knolls, they stand far away from other trees, like a company of ascetics, or prophets, retired from a wicked world. The breath of the mountain snow-drifts souged through their branches, and swept downward, over cornfields and vines, to play with its brother breezes, on the sunlit floor of the sea. A lonely emerald on the naked bosom of the mountain, the grove seemed like a single hopeful thought in some spirit of desolation.

I thought there might be about five hundred trees, of which one-fourth or one-fifth were ancient and colossal, the others of a comparatively modern and slender growth. The old ones usually broke vehemently into several enormous branches, at ten or twenty feet from the ground, and grew soragged and irregular, as if old age, and the consciousness of long experience, made them whimsical and opinionated. The younger trunks were generally free from these eccentricities, and sometimes showed a remarkable straightness. A curious effect was produced by the declination

of the branches, and by the broad sloping sheets of verdure which their upper surfaces presented. We had no means of measuring the trunks, and we contented ourselves with pacing around the roots of some of the more gigantic of the brotherhood. All that I will venture to affirm is, that several were between thirty-five and forty feet in circumference. One of the very largest was almost entirely hollow, and showed, by various signs, that it had been used for a human habitation. Not far from it, towards the lower extremity of the grove, stood a rude stone cabin, shut up, and apparently untenanted. We stared at it a moment, wondering what its purpose might be, and strolled back into the thickest of the shadow. We were looking, in puzzled desire, at the branches above us, longing for a cane or a cedar cone, when a stranger approached us—a slender man, of twenty-two or twenty-three, of a yellowish bronze complexion, dark eyes, a pleasant smile, and costumed after the fashion of the country. Yet he was evidently not a native; for his tent was neither that of a denizen of the Syrian cities, nor of the Syrian deserts. He advanced hesitatingly from among the giant trees, and bade us good morning, in broken Arabic. My linguistic friend responded, and they struck up a conversation: "Do you live in Eden?" said the Hakeem.

"No; I live in the little hut, in the lower part of the grove."

"How came you to live there? What is your occupation?"

"I am a hermit. I am trying to find holiness, by living alone."

"And have you found it?"

"Alas! not yet. Not as I hope to do."

"How long have you lived here?"

"Three years. I lived two years in the large hollow tree above us. Then the people of the villages helped me to build this hut."

"But you are not an Arab?"

"No; I am an Abyssinian. I came from my own country, on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, in hopes of making myself holy. I did not succeed. There is a great deal of wickedness at Jerusalem, as there is everywhere among men. Then, I sought for a lonely place, where I might be by myself. I found this quiet grove, and this hollow tree. I am not yet holy; but I am better than at Jerusalem."

"But how do you live? Have you no labor?"

"The shepherds and the people of the villages often give me food. The monks, too, in the convent below, are kind to me. And, sometimes, I break off cedar-branches and cones, for Frank travelers, who come this way, and get a little baksheesh from them."

"It must be cold here, in the winter."

"I cannot stay here in the winter. The snow is very deep. I go down to Tripoli, and live, until spring returns. All the people of these upper villages go down to the plain in winter. Here, they could not keep warm."

"Well, you must break off some cedar-cones for us, and we will give you a baksheesh."

He hurried away, with a rejoiced smile, and soon returned, bearing a long cord, to the end of which was attached a stout hook. A few dexterous flings among the branches, brought down as many cones and switches as we desired. The former were convenient souvenirs, with hard heads and tough constitutions; but the sticks were so small, scraggy, and easily broken, that we despaired ever making canes of them, and soon threw them away.

"What brittle wood!" said the Hakeem. "There is a great historic doubt resting upon that weakness of fibre. The material is evidently unfit for building purposes. It has almost no grain, and snaps in your fingers, like touch-wood. Now, the question arises, how Solomon came to build his temple of it. One of my learned friends, among the American missionaries, contends that he did not. He says that we do not know, very accurately, the ancient Hebrew names for plants, and that the phrase, translated 'the cedar of Lebanon,' perhaps, should be 'the pine of Lebanon.' The pine of Lebanon is a strong wood, and is used in great quantities, for building. The cedar is never so used. Besides, the pine is abundant, and always has been. The cedar is scarce; and we have no proof at all that forests of it ever existed. In short, my friend reasons very well, and I am pretty much of his opinion."

The bleatings of a flock of sheep—which a woolly-coated individual was leading by us, towards the top of the mountain—brought us back from the temple of Solomon, to the subject of luncheon.

"We will have some bread and milk," said the Hakeem. "O, shepherd! O, shepherd! listen! will you sell us some of your milk?"

The man checked his flock; and, catching one of the most motherly ewes, led her towards us.

"There is the milk, O my lords!" said he; "but, in the name of God, where will you have it?"

Yes; there was the milk—a whole bag-full of it—but the difficulty was to come at it. It seemed a little too innocent and pastoral to lie down, and take it warm—like Romulus and Remus—from its pendulous magazine. The hermit saw our perplexity, and dissipated it, by producing from his cabin a stout wooden pail. I was dubious about its sufficient cleanliness; but, as they say that every man must eat his peck of dirt, I determined not to struggle with destiny. The shepherd milked vigorously; the ewe gave down her fluidity in a proper spirit, and the vessel was soon foaming with a sufficiency of fine milk. We soaked our bits of swarthy bread in it, and made a glorious luncheon. We paid the shepherd for his hospitality, and gave a baksheesh, of rather more than ordinary value, to the hermit. He thanked us with blessings, in broken Arabic, and with his soft, timid, womanish smile. We left him to grow holy in that sublime loneliness, and saw his form disappear among the shadows of the sighing cedars.

We reached the top of the mountain, and wore out our shoes with running over the loose sharp stones of its surface. We were nine thousand six hundred feet above the level of the sea; and the under landscape was consequently immense and magnificent. Still, we were somewhat disappointed—as objects, seen from that altitude, lost much of their distinctness and individuality. The enchanted verdure of that almost incomparable valley, the Bukaa, was dim and hazy, seeming like an obscure brilliant, or a partially-faded flower. The outlines of the summit were bare and rounded—streaked, here and there, with long snow-drifts—and utterly destitute of vegetable or animal life, except dry weeds and a few vagrant, outcast butterflies. On a former visit, the Hakeem scared up a bear, and threw stones at him, as he waddled, in an undignified hurry, down the declivity.

I AND MY CHIMNEY.

I AND my chimney, two grey-headed old smokers, reside in the country. We are, I may say, old settlers here; particularly my old chimney, which settles more and more every day.

Though I always say, *I and my chimney*, as Cardinal Wolsey used to say, *I and my King*, yet this egotistic way of speaking, wherein I take precedence of my chimney, is hardly borne out by the facts; in everything, except the above phrase, my chimney taking precedence of me.

Within thirty feet of the turf-sided road, my chimney—a huge, corpulent old Harry VIII. of a chimney—rises full in front of me and all my possessions. Standing well up a hill-side, my chimney, like Lord Rosse's monster telescope, swung vertical to hit the meridian moon, is the first object to greet the approaching traveler's eye, nor is it the last which the sun salutes. My chimney, too, is before me in receiving the first-fruits of the seasons. The snow is on its head ere on my hat; and every spring, as in a hollow beech tree, the first swallows build their nests in it.

But it is within doors that the pre-eminence of my chimney is most manifest. When in the rear room, set apart for that object, I stand to receive my guests (who, by the way call more, I suspect, to see my chimney than me), I then stand, not so much before, as, strictly speaking, behind my chimney, which is, indeed, the true host. Not that I demur. In the presence of my betters, I hope I know my place.

From this habitual precedence of my chimney over me, some even think that I have got into a sad rearward way altogether; in short, from standing behind my old-fashioned chimney so much, I have got to be quite behind the age too, as well as running behind-hand in everything else. But to tell the truth, I never was a very forward old fellow, nor what my farming neighbors call a forehanded one. Indeed, those rumors about my behindhandedness are so far correct, that I have an odd sauntering way with me sometimes of going about with my hands behind my back. As for my belonging to the rear-guard in general, certain it is, I bring up the rear of my chimney—which, by the way, is this moment before me—and that, too, both in fancy and fact. In brief, my chimney is my superior; my superior by I know

not how many heads and shoulders; my superior, too, in that humbly bowing over with shovel and tongs, I much minister to it; yet never does it minister, or incline over to me; but, if any thing, in its settlings, rather leans the other way.

My chimney is grand seignior here—the one great domineering object, not more of the landscape, than of the house; all the rest of which house, in each architectural arrangement, as may shortly appear, is, in the most marked manner, accommodated, not to my wants, but to my chimney's, which, among other things, has the centre of the house to himself, leaving but the odd holes and corners to me.

But I and my chimney must explain; and as we are both rather obese, we may have to expatiate.

In those houses which are strictly double houses—that is, where the hall is in the middle—the fire-places usually are on opposite sides; so that while one member of the household is warming himself at a fire built into a recess of the north wall, say another member, the former's own brother, perhaps, may be holding his feet to the blaze before a hearth in the south wall—the two thus fairly sitting back to back. Is this well? Be it put to any man who has a proper fraternal feeling. Has it not a sort of sulky appearance? But very probably this style of chimney building originated with some architect afflicted with a quarrelsome family.

Then again, almost every modern fire-place has its separate flue—separate throughout, from hearth to chimney-top. At least such an arrangement is deemed desirable. Does not this look egotistical, selfish? But still more, all these separate flues, instead of having independent masonry establishments of their own, or instead of being grouped together in one federal stock in the middle of the house—instead of this, I say, each flue is surreptitiously honey-combed into the walls; so that these last are here and there, or indeed almost anywhere, treacherously hollow, and, in consequence, more or less weak. Of course, the main reason of this style of chimney building is to economize room. In cities, where lots are sold by the inch, small space is to spare for a chimney constructed on magnanimous principles; and, as with most thin men,

who are generally tall, so with such houses, what is lacking in breadth must be made up in height. This remark holds true even with regard to many very stylish abodes, built by the most stylish of gentlemen. And yet, when that stylish gentleman, Louis le Grand of France, would build a palace for his lady friend, Madame de Maintenon, he built it but one story high—in fact in the cottage style. But then how uncommonly quadrangular, spacious, and broad—horizontal acres, not vertical ones. Such is the palace, which, in all its one-storied magnificence of Languedoc marble, in the garden of Versailles, still remains to this day. Any man can buy a square foot of land and plant a liberty-pole on it; but it takes a king to set apart whole acres for a grand Trianon.

But nowadays it is different; and furthermore, what originated in a necessity has been mounted into a vaunt. In towns there is large rivalry in building tall houses. If one gentleman builds his house four stories high, and another gentleman comes next door and builds five stories high, then the former, not to be looked down upon that way, immediately sends for his architect and claps a fifth and a sixth story on top of his previous four. And, not till the gentleman has achieved his aspiration, not till he has stolen over the way by twilight and observed how his sixth story soars beyond his neighbor's fifth—not till then does he retire to his rest with satisfaction.

Such folks, it seems to me, need mountains for neighbors, to take this emulous conceit of soaring out of them.

If, considering that mine is a very wide house, and by no means lofty, aught in the above may appear like interested pleading, as if I did but fold myself about in the cloak of a general proposition, cunningly to tickle my individual vanity beneath it, such misconception must vanish upon my frankly conceding, that land adjoining my alder swamp was sold last month for ten dollars an acre, and thought a rash purchase at that; so that for wide houses hereabouts there is plenty of room, and cheap. Indeed so cheap—dirt cheap—is the soil, that our elms thrust out their roots in it, and hang their great boughs over it, in the most lavish and reckless way. Almost all our crops, too, are sown broadcast, even peas and turnips. A farmer among us,

who should go about his twenty-acre field, poking his finger into it here and there, and dropping down a mustard seed, would be thought a penurious, narrow-minded husbandman. The dandelions in the river-meadows, and the forget-me-nots along the mountain roads, you see at once they are put to no economy in space. Some seasons, too, our rye comes up, here and there a spear, sole and single like a church-spire. It doesn't care to crowd itself where it knows there is such a deal of room. The world is wide, the world is all before us, says the rye. Weeds, too, it is amazing how they spread. No such thing as arresting them—some of our pastures being a sort of Alsatia for the weeds. As for the grass, every spring it is like Kossuth's rising of what he calls the peoples. Mountains, too, a regular camp-meeting of them. For the same reason, the same all-sufficiency of room, our shadows march and counter-march, going through their various drills and masterly evolutions, like the old imperial guard on the Champs de Mars. As for the hills, especially where the roads cross them, the supervisors of our various towns have given notice to all concerned, that they can come and dig them down and cart them off, and never a cent to pay, no more than for the privilege of picking blackberries. The stranger who is buried here, what liberal-hearted landed proprietor among us grudges him his six feet of rocky pasture?

Nevertheless, cheap, after all, as our land is, and much as it is trodden under foot, I, for one, am proud of it for what it bears; and chiefly for its three great lions—the Great Oak, Ogg Mountain, and my chimney.

Most houses, here, are but one and a half stories high; few exceed two. That in which I and my chimney dwell, is in width nearly twice its height, from sill to eaves—which accounts for the magnitude of its main content—besides, showing that in this house, as in this country at large, there is abundance of space, and to spare, for both of us.

The frame of the old house is of wood—which but the more sets forth the solidity of the chimney, which is of brick. And as the great wrought nails, binding the clapboards, are unknown in these degenerate days, so are the huge bricks in the chimney walls. The architect of the chimney must have had the pyramid of Cheops before him; for,

after that famous structure, it seems modeled, only its rate of decrease towards the summit is considerably less, and it is truncated. From the exact middle of the mansion it soars from the cellar, right up through each successive floor, till, four feet square, it breaks water from the ridge-pole of the roof, like an anvil-headed whale, through the crest of a billow. Most people, though, liken it, in that part, to a razed observatory, masoned up.

The reason for its peculiar appearance above the roof touches upon rather delicate ground. How shall I reveal that, forasmuch as many years ago the original gable roof of the old house had become very leaky, a temporary proprietor hired a band of woodmen, with their huge, cross-cut saws, and went to sawing the old gable roof clean off. Off it went, with all its birds' nests, and dormer windows. It was replaced with a modern roof, more fit for a railway wood-house than an old country gentleman's abode. This operation—razing the structure some fifteen feet—was, in effect upon the chimney, something like the falling of the great spring tides. It left uncommon low water all about the chimney—to abate which appearance, the same person now proceeds to slice fifteen feet off the chimney itself, actually beheading my royal old chimney—a regicidal act, which, were it not for the palliating fact, that he was a poulterer by trade, and, therefore, hardened to such neck-wrangings, should send that former proprietor down to posterity in the same cart with Cromwell.

Owing to its pyramidal shape, the reduction of the chimney inordinately widened its razed summit. Inordinately, I say, but only in the estimation of such as have no eye to the picturesque. What care I, if, unaware that my chimney, as a free citizen of this free land, stands upon an independent basis of its own, people passing it, wonder how such a brick-kiln, as they call it, is supported upon mere joists and rafters? What care I? I will give a traveler a cup of switchel, if he want it; but am I bound to supply him with a sweet taste? Men of cultivated minds see, in my old house and chimney, a goodly old elephant-and-castle.

All feeling hearts will sympathize with me in what I am now about to add. The surgical operation, above referred to,

necessarily brought into the open air a part of the chimney previously under cover, and intended to remain so, and, therefore, not built of what are called weather-bricks. In consequence, the chimney, though of a vigorous constitution, suffered not a little, from so naked an exposure; and, unable to acclimate itself, ere long began to fail—showing blotchy symptoms akin to those in measles. Whereupon travelers, passing my way, would wag their heads, laughing: "See that wax nose—how it melts off!" But what cared I? The same travelers would travel across the sea to view Kenilworth peeling away, and for a very good reason: that of all artists of the picturesque, decay wears the palm—I would say, the ivy. In fact, I've often thought that the proper place for my old chimney is ivied old England.

In vain my wife—with what probable ulterior intent will, ere long, appear—solemnly warned me, that unless something were done, and speedily, we should be burnt to the ground, owing to the holes crumbling through the aforesaid blotchy parts, where the chimney joined the roof. "Wife," said I, "far better that my house should burn down, than that my chimney should be pulled down, though but a few feet. They call it a wax nose; very good; not for me to tweak the nose of my superior." But at last the man who has a mortgage on the house dropped me a note, reminding me that, if my chimney was allowed to stand in that invalid condition, my policy of insurance would be void. This was a sort of hint not to be neglected. All the world over, the picturesque yields to the pocketesque. The mortgagor cared not, but the mortgagee did.

So another operation was performed. The wax nose was taken off, and a new one fitted on. Unfortunately for the expression—being put up by a squint-eyed mason, who, at the time, had a bad stitch in the same side—the new nose stands a little awry, in the same direction.

Of one thing, however, I am proud. The horizontal dimensions of the new part are unreduced.

Large as the chimney appears upon the roof, that is nothing to its spaciousness below. At its base in the cellar, it is precisely twelve feet square; and hence covers precisely one hundred and forty-four superficial feet. What an

appropriation of terra firma for a chimney, and what a huge load for this earth! In fact, it was only because I and my chimney formed no part of his ancient burden, that that stout peddler, Atlas of old, was enabled to stand up so bravely under his pack. The dimensions given may, perhaps, seem fabulous. But, like those stones at Gilgal, which Joshua set up for a memorial of having passed over Jordan, does not my chimney remain, even unto this day?

Very often I go down into my cellar, and attentively survey that vast square of masonry. I stand long, and ponder over, and wonder at it. It has a druidical look, a way down in the umbrageous cellar there, whose numerous vaulted passages, and far glens of gloom, resemble the dark, damp depths of primeval woods. So strongly did this conceit steal over me, so deeply was I penetrated with wonder at the chimney, that one day—when I was a little out of my mind, I now think—getting a spade from the garden, I set to work, digging round the foundation, especially at the corners thereof, obscurely prompted by dreams of striking upon some old, earthen-worn memorial of that by-gone day, when, into all this gloom, the light of heaven entered, as the masons laid the foundation-stones, peradventure sweltering under an August sun, or pelted by a March storm. Plying my blunted spade, how vexed was I by that ungracious interruption of a neighbor, who, calling to see me upon some business, and being informed that I was below, said I need not be troubled to come up, but he would go down to me; and so, without ceremony, and without my having been forewarned, suddenly discovered me, digging in my cellar.

"Gold digging, sir?"

"Nay, sir," answered I, starting, "I was merely—ahem!—merely—I say I was merely digging—round my chimney."

"Ah, loosening the soil, to make it grow. Your chimney, sir, you regard as too small, I suppose; needing further development, especially at the top!"

"Sir!" said I, throwing down the spade, "do not be personal. I and my chimney—"

"Personal?"

"Sir, I look upon this chimney less as a pile of masonry than as a personage. It is the king of the house. I am but a suffered and inferior subject."

In fact, I would permit no gibes to be cast at either myself or my chimney; and never again did my visitor refer to it in my hearing, without coupling some compliment with the mention. It well deserves a respectful consideration. There it stands, solitary and alone—not a council-of-ten flues, but, like his sacred majesty of Russia, a unit of an autocrat.

Even to me, its dimensions, at times, seem incredible. It does not look so big—no, not even in the cellar. By the mere eye, its magnitude can be but imperfectly comprehended, because only one side can be received at one time; and said side can only present twelve feet, linear measure. But then, each other side also is twelve feet long; and the whole obviously forms a square; and twelve times twelve is one hundred and forty-four. And so, an adequate conception of the magnitude of this chimney is only to be got at by a sort of process in the higher mathematics, by a method somewhat akin to those whereby the surprising distances of fixed stars are computed.

It need hardly be said, that the walls of my house are entirely free from fire-places. These all congregate in the middle—in the one grand central chimney, upon all four sides of which are hearths—two tiers of hearths—so that when, in the various chambers, my family and guests are warming themselves of a cold winter's night, just before retiring, then, though at the time they may not be thinking so, all their faces mutually look towards each other, yea, all their feet point to one centre; and, when they go to sleep in their beds, they all sleep round one warm chimney, like so many Iroquois Indians, in the woods, round their one heap of embers. And just as the Indians' fire serves, not only to keep them comfortable, but also to keep off wolves, and other savage monsters, so my chimney, by its obvious smoke at top, keeps off prowling burglars from the towns—for what burglar or murderer would dare break into an abode from whose chimney issues such a continual smoke—betokening that if the inmates are not stirring, at least fires are, and in case of an alarm, candles may readily be lighted, to say nothing of muskets.

But stately as is the chimney—yea, grand high altar as it is, right worthy for the celebration of high mass be-

fore the Pope of Rome, and all his cardinals—yet what is there perfect in this world? Caius Julius Cæsar, had he not been so inordinately great, they say that Brutus, Cassius, Antony, and the rest, had been greater. My chimney, were it not so mighty in its magnitude, my chambers had been larger. How often has my wife ruefully told me, that my chimney, like the English aristocracy, casts a contracting shade all round it. She avers that endless domestic inconveniences arise—more particularly from the chimney's stubborn central locality. The grand objection with her is, that it stands midway in the place where a fine entrance-hall ought to be. In truth, there is no hall whatever to the house—nothing but a sort of square landing-place, as you enter from the wide front door. A roomy enough landing-place, I admit, but not attaining to the dignity of a hall. Now, as the front door is precisely in the middle of the front of the house, inwards it faces the chimney. In fact, the opposite wall of the landing-place is formed solely by the chimney; and hence—owing to the gradual tapering of the chimney—is a little less than twelve feet in width. Climbing the chimney in this part, is the principal stair-case—which, by three abrupt turns, and three minor landing-places, mounts to the second floor, where, over the front door, runs a sort of narrow gallery, something less than twelve feet long, leading to chambers on either hand. This gallery, of course, is railed; and so, looking down upon the stairs, and all those landing-places together, with the main one at bottom, resembles not a little a balcony for musicians, in some jolly old abode, in times Elizabethan. Shall I tell a weakness? I cherish the cobwebs there, and many a time arrest Biddy in the act of brushing them with her broom, and have many a quarrel with my wife and daughters about it.

Now the ceiling, so to speak, of the place where you enter the house, that ceiling is, in fact, the ceiling of the second floor, not the first. The two floors are made one here; so that ascending this turning stairs, you seem going up into a kind of soaring tower, or light-house. At the second landing, midway up the chimney, is a mysterious door, entering to a mysterious closet; and here I keep mysterious cordials, of a

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choice, mysterious flavor, made so by the constant nurturing and subtle ripening of the chimney's gentle heat, distilled through that warm mass of masonry. Better for wines is it than voyages to the Indies; my chimney itself a tropic. A chair by my chimney in a November day is as good for an invalid as a long season spent in Cuba. Often I think how grapes might ripen against my chimney. How my wife's geraniums bud there! Bud in December. Her eggs, too—can't keep them near the chimney, on account of hatching. Ah, a warm heart has my chimney.

How often my wife was at me about that projected grand entrance-hall of hers, which was to be knocked clean through the chimney, from one end of the house to the other, and astonish all guests by its generous amplitude. "But, wife," said I, "the chimney—consider the chimney: if you demolish the foundation, what is to support the superstructure?" "Oh, that will rest on the second floor." The truth, is, women know next to nothing about the realities of architecture. However, my wife still talked of running her entries and partitions. She spent many long nights elaborating her plans; in imagination building her boasted hall through the chimney, as though its high mightiness were a mere spear of sorrel-top. At last, I gently reminded her that, little as she might fancy it, the chimney was a fact—a sober, substantial fact, which, in all her plannings, it would be well to take into full consideration. But this was not of much avail.

And here, respectfully craving her permission, I must say a few words about this enterprising wife of mine. Though in years nearly old as myself, in spirit she is young as my little sorrel mare, Trigger, that threw me last fall. What is extraordinary, though she comes of a rheumatic family, she is straight as a pine, never has any aches; while for me with the sciatica, I am sometimes as crippled up as any old apple tree. But she has not so much as a toothache. As for her hearing—let me enter the house in my dusty boots, and she away up in the attic. And for her sight—Biddy, the housemaid, tells other people's housemaids, that her mistress will spy a spot on the dresser straight through the pewter platter, put up on purpose to hide it. Her faculties are alert as her limbs and her senses.

No danger of my spouse dying of torpor. The longest night in the year I've known her lie awake, planning her campaign for the morrow. She is a natural projector. The maxim, "Whatever is, is right," is not hers. Her maxim is, Whatever is, is wrong; and what is more, must be altered; and what is still more, must be altered right away. Dreadful maxim for the wife of a dozy old dreamer like me, who dote on seventh days as days of rest, and out of a sabbatical horror of industry, will, on a week day, go out of my road a quarter of a mile, to avoid the sight of a man at work.

That matches are made in heaven, may be, but my wife would have been just the wife for Peter the Great, or Peter the Piper. How she would have set in order that huge littered empire of the one, and with indefatigable painstaking picked the peck of pickled peppers for the other.

But the most wonderful thing is, my wife never thinks of her end. Her youthful incredulity, as to the plain theory, and still plainer fact, of death, hardly seems Christian. Advanced in years, as she knows she must be, my wife seems to think that she is to teem on, and be inexhaustible forever. She doesn't believe in old age. At that strange promise in the plain of Mamre, my old wife, unlike old Abraham's, would not have jeeringly laughed within herself.

Judge how to me, who, sitting in the comfortable shadow of my chimney, smoking my comfortable pipe, with ashes not unwelcome at my feet, and ashes not unwelcome all but in my mouth; and who am thus in a comfortable sort of not unwelcome, though, indeed, ashy enough way, reminded of the ultimate exhaustion even of the most fiery life; judge how to me this unwarrantable vitality in my wife must come, sometimes, it is true, with a moral and a calm, but oftener with a breeze and a ruffle.

If the doctrine be true, that in wedlock contraries attract, by how cogent a fatality must I have been drawn to my wife! While spicily impatient of present and past, like a glass of ginger-beer she overflows with her schemes; and, with like energy as she puts down her foot, puts down her preserves and her pickles, and lives with them in a continual future; or ever full of expecta-

tions both from time and space, is ever restless for newspapers, and ravenous for letters. Content with the years that are gone, taking no thought for the morrow, and looking for no new thing from any person or quarter whatever, I have not a single scheme or expectation on earth, save in unequal resistance of the undue encroachment of hers.

Old myself, I take to oldness in things; for that cause mainly loving old Montaigne, and old cheese, and old wine; and eschewing young people, hot rolls, new books, and early potatoes, and very fond of my old claw-footed chair, and old club-footed Deacon White, my neighbor, and that still nigher old neighbor, my betwisted old grape-vine, that of a summer evening leans in his elbow for cosy company at my window-sill, while I, within doors, lean over mine to meet his; and above all, high above all, am fond of my high-mantled old chimney. But she, out of that infatuate juvenility of hers, takes to nothing but newness; for that cause mainly, loving new cider in autumn, and in spring, as if she were own daughter of Nebuchadnezzar, fairly raving after all sorts of salads and spinages, and more particularly green cucumbers (though all the time nature rebukes such unsuitable young hankerings in so elderly a person, by never permitting such things to agree with her), and has an itch after recently-discovered fine prospects (so no grave-yard be in the background), and also after Swedenborgianism, and the Spirit Rapping philosophy, with other new views, alike in things natural and unnatural; and immortally hopeful, is forever making new flower-beds even on the north side of the house, where the bleak mountain wind would scarce allow the wiry weed called hardhack to gain a thorough footing; and on the road-side sets out mere pipe-stems of young elms; though there is no hope of any shade from them, except over the ruins of her great granddaughter's grave-stones; and won't wear caps, but plaits her gray hair; and takes the *Ladies' Magazine* for the fashions; and always buys her new almanac a month before the new year; and rises at dawn; and to the warmest sunset turns a cold shoulder; and still goes on at odd hours with her new course of history, and her French, and her music; and likes young company; and offers to ride young colts; and sets out young suckers in

the orchard ; and has a spite against my elbowed old grape-vine, and my club-footed old neighbor, and my claw-footed old chair, and above all, high above all, would fain persecute, unto death, my high-mantled old chimney. By what perverse magic, I a thousand times think, does such a very autumnal old lady have such a very vernal young soul ? When I would remonstrate at times, she spins round on me with, " Oh, don't you grumble, old man (she always calls me old man), it's I, young I, that keep you from stagnating." Well, I suppose it is so. Yea, after all, these things are well ordered. My wife, as one of her poor relations, good soul, intimates, is the salt of the earth, and none the less the salt of my sea, which otherwise were unwholesome. She is its monsoon, too, blowing a brisk gale over it, in the one steady direction of my chimney.

Not insensible of her superior energies, my wife has frequently made me propositions to take upon herself all the responsibilities of my affairs. She is desirous that, domestically, I should abdicate ; that, renouncing further rule, like the venerable Charles V., I should retire into some sort of monastery. But indeed, the chimney excepted, I have little authority to lay down. By my wife's ingenious application of the principle that certain things belong of right to female jurisdiction, I find myself, through my easy compliances, insensibly stripped by degrees of one masculine prerogative after another. In a dream I go about my fields, a sort of lazy, happy-go-lucky, good-for-nothing, loafing, old Lear. Only by some sudden revelation am I reminded who is over me ; as year before last, one day seeing in one corner of the premises fresh deposits of mysterious boards and timbers, the oddity of the incident at length begat serious meditation. " Wife," said I, " whose boards and timbers are those I see near the orchard there ? Do you know any thing about them, wife ? Who put them there ? You know I do not like the neighbors to use my land that way ; they should ask permission first."

She regarded me with a pitying smile.

" Why, old man, don't you know I am building a new barn ? Didn't you know that, old man ?"

This is the poor old lady that was accusing me of tyrannizing over her.

To return now to the chimney. Upon being assured of the futility of her proposed hall, so long as the obstacle remained, for a time my wife was for a modified project. But I could never exactly comprehend it. As far as I could see through it, it seemed to involve the general idea of a sort of irregular archway, or elbowed tunnel, which was to penetrate the chimney at some convenient point under the staircase, and carefully avoiding dangerous contact with the fire-places, and particularly steering clear of the great interior flue, was to conduct the enterprising traveler from the front door all the way into the dining-room in the remote rear of the mansion. Doubtless it was a bold stroke of genius, that plan of hers, and so was Nero's when he schemed his grand canal through the Isthmus of Corinth. Nor will I take oath, that, had her project been accomplished, then, by help of lights hung at judicious intervals through the tunnel, some Belzoni or other might have succeeded in future ages in penetrating through the masonry, and actually emerging into the dining-room, and once there, it would have been inhospitable treatment of such a traveler to have denied him a recruiting meal.

But my bustling wife did not restrict her objections, nor in the end confine her proposed alterations to the first floor. Her ambition was of the mounting order. She ascended with her schemes to the second floor, and so to the attic. Perhaps there was some small ground for her discontent with things as they were. The truth is, there was no regular passage-way up stairs or down, unless we again except that little orchestra-gallery before mentioned. And all this was owing to the chimney, which my gamesome spouse seemed despitefully to regard as the bully of the house. On all its four sides, nearly all the chambers sidled up to the chimney for the benefit of a fire-place. The chimney would not go to them ; they must needs go to it. The consequence was, almost every room, like a philosophical system, was in itself an entry, or passage-way to other rooms, and systems of rooms—a whole suite of entries, in fact. Going through the house, you seem to be forever going somewhere, and getting nowhere. It is like losing one's self in the woods ; round and round the chimney you go,

and if you arrive at all, it is just where you started, and so you begin again, and again get nowhere. Indeed—though I say it not in the way of fault-finding at all—never was there so labyrinthine an abode. Guests will tarry with me several weeks and every now and then, be anew astonished at some unforeseen apartment.

The puzzling nature of the mansion, resulting from the chimney, is peculiarly noticeable in the dining-room, which has no less than nine doors, opening in all directions, and into all sorts of places. A stranger for the first time entering this dining-room, and naturally taking no special heed at what door he entered, will, upon rising to depart, commit the strangest blunders. Such, for instance, as opening the first door that comes handy, and finding himself stealing up stairs by the back passage. Shutting that door, he will proceed to another, and be aghast at the cellar yawning at his feet. Trying a third, he surprises the housemaid at her work. In the end, no more relying on his own unaided efforts, he procures a trusty guide in some passing person, and in good time successfully emerges. Perhaps as curious a blunder as any, was that of a certain stylish young gentleman, a great exquisite, in whose judicious eyes my daughter Anna had found especial favor. He called upon the young lady one evening, and found her alone in the dining-room at her needle-work. He stayed rather late; and after abundance of superfine discourse, all the while retaining his hat and cane, made his profuse adieus, and with repeated graceful bows proceeded to depart, after the fashion of courtiers from the Queen, and by so doing, opening a door at random, with one hand placed behind, very effectually succeeded in backing himself into a dark pantry, where he carefully shut himself up, wondering there was no light in the entry. After several strange noises as of a cat among the crockery, he reappeared through the same door, looking uncommonly crest-fallen, and, with a deeply embarrassed air, requested my daughter to designate at which of the nine he should find exit. When the mischievous Anna told me the story, she said it was surprising how unaffected and matter-of-fact the young gentleman's manner was after his reappearance. He was more candid than ever, to be sure; hav-

ing inadvertently thrust his white kids into an open drawer of Havana sugar, under the impression, probably, that being what they call "a sweet fellow," his route might possibly lie in that direction.

Another inconvenience resulting from the chimney is, the bewilderment of a guest in gaining his chamber, many strange doors lying between him and it. To direct him by finger-posts would look rather queer; and just as queer in him to be knocking at every door on his route, like London's city guest, the king, at Temple Bar.

Now, of all these things and many, many more, my family continually complained. At last my wife came out with her sweeping proposition—in toto to abolish the chimney.

"What!" said I, "abolish the chimney? To take out the back-bone of anything, wife, is a hazardous affair. Spines out of backs, and chimneys out of houses, are not to be taken like frosted lead-pipes from the ground. Besides," added I, "the chimney is the one grand permanence of this abode. If undisturbed by innovators, then in future ages, when all the house shall have crumbled from it, this chimney will still survive—a Bunker Hill monument. No, no, wife, I can't abolish my back-bone."

So said I then. But who is sure of himself, especially an old man, with both wife and daughters ever at his elbow and ear? In time, I was persuaded to think a little better of it; in short, to take the matter into preliminary consideration. At length it came to pass that a master-mason—a rough sort of architect—one Mr. Scribe, was summoned to a conference. I formally introduced him to my chimney. A previous introduction from my wife had introduced him to myself. He had been not a little employed by that lady, in preparing plans and estimates for some of her extensive operations in drainage. Having, with much ado, extorted from my spouse the promise that she would leave us to an unmolested survey, I began by leading Mr. Scribe down to the root of the matter, in the cellar. Lamp in hand, I descended; for though up stairs it was noon, below it was night.

We seemed in the pyramids; and I, with one hand holding my lamp over head, and with the other pointing out, in the obscurity, the hoar mass of the

chimney, seemed some Arab guide, showing the cobwebbed mausoleum of the great god Apis.

"This is a most remarkable structure, sir," said the master-mason, after long contemplating it in silence, "a most remarkable structure, sir."

"Yes," said I complacently, "every one says so."

"But large as it appears above the roof, I would not have inferred the magnitude of this foundation, sir," eyeing it critically.

Then taking out his rule, he measured it.

"Twelve feet square; one hundred and forty-four square feet! sir, this house would appear to have been built simply for the accommodation of your chimney."

"Yes, my chimney and me. Tell me candidly, now," I added, "would you have such a famous chimney abolished?"

"I wouldn't have it in a house of mine, sir, for a gift," was the reply. "It's a losing affair altogether, sir. Do you know, sir, that in retaining this chimney, you are losing, not only one hundred and forty-four square feet of good ground, but likewise a considerable interest upon a considerable principal?"

"How?"

"Look, sir," said he, taking a bit of red chalk from his pocket, and figuring against a whitewashed wall, "twenty times eight is so and so; then forty-two times thirty-nine is so and so—aint it, sir? Well, add those together, and subtract this here, then that makes so and so," still chalking away.

To be brief, after no small ciphering, Mr. Scribe informed me that my chimney contained, I am ashamed to say how many thousand and odd valuable bricks.

"No more," said I fidgeting. "Pray now, let us have a look above."

In that upper zone we made two more circumnavigations for the first and second floors. That done, we stood together at the foot of the stairway by the front door; my hand upon the knob, and Mr. Scribe hat in hand.

"Well, sir," said he, a sort of feeling his way, and, to help himself, fumbling with his hat, "well, sir, I think it can be done."

"What, pray, Mr. Scribe; *what* can be done?"

"Your chimney, sir; it can without rashness be removed, I think."

"I will think of it, too, Mr. Scribe," said I, turning the knob, and bowing him towards the open space without, "I will *think* of it, sir; it demands consideration; much obliged to ye; good morning, Mr. Scribe."

"It is all arranged, then," cried my wife with great glee, bursting from the highest room.

"When will they begin?" demanded my daughter Julia.

"To-morrow?" asked Anna.

"Patience, patience, my dears," said I, "such a big chimney is not to be abolished in a minute."

Next morning it began again.

"You remember the chimney," said my wife.

"Wife," said I, "it is never out of my house, and never out of my mind."

"But when is Mr. Scribe to begin to pull it down?" asked Anna.

"Not to-day, Anna," said I.

"*When*, then?" demanded Julia, in alarm.

Now, if this chimney of mine was, for size, a sort of belfry, for ding-donging at me about it, my wife and daughters were a sort of bells, always chiming together, or taking up each other's melodies at every pause, my wife the key-clapper of all. A very sweet ringing, and pealing, and chiming, I confess; but then, the most silvery of bells may, sometimes, dismally toll, as well as merrily play. And as touching the subject in question, it became so now. Perceiving a strange relapse of opposition in me, wife and daughters began a soft and dirge-like, melancholy tolling over it.

At length my wife, getting much excited, declared to me, with pointed finger, that so long as that chimney stood, she should regard it as the monument of what she called my broken pledge. But finding this did not answer, the next day, she gave me to understand that either she or the chimney must quit the house.

Finding matters coming to such a pass, I and my pipe philosophized over them awhile, and finally concluded between us, that little as our hearts went with the plan, yet for peace' sake, I might write out the chimney's death-warrant, and, while my hand was in, scratch a note to Mr. Scribe.

Considering that I, and my chimney,

and my pipe, from having been so much together, were three great cronies, the facility with which my pipe consented to a project so fatal to the goodliest of our trio; or rather, the way in which I and my pipe, in secret, conspired together, as it were, against our unsuspecting old comrade—this may seem rather strange, if not suggestive of sad reflections upon us two. But, indeed, we, sons of clay, that is my pipe and I, are no whit better than the rest. Far from us, indeed, to have volunteered the betrayal of our crony. We are of a peaceable nature, too. But that love of peace it was which made us false to a mutual friend, as soon as his cause demanded a vigorous vindication. But I rejoice to add, that better and braver thoughts soon returned, as will now briefly be set forth.

To my note, Mr. Scribe replied in person.

Once more we made a survey, mainly now with a view to a pecuniary estimate.

"I will do it for five hundred dollars," said Mr. Scribe at last, again hat in hand.

"Very well, Mr. Scribe, I will think of it," replied I, again bowing him to the door.

Not unvexed by this, for the second time, unexpected response, again he withdrew, and from my wife and daughters again burst the old exclamations.

The truth is, resolve how I would, at the last pinch I and my chimney could not be parted.

"So Holofernes will have his way, never mind whose heart breaks for it," said my wife next morning, at breakfast, in that half-didactic, half-reproachful way of hers, which is harder to bear than her most energetic assault. Holofernes, too, is with her a pet name for any fell domestic despot. So, whenever, against her most ambitious innovations, those which saw me quite across the grain, I, as in the present instance, stand with however little steadfastness on the defence, she is sure to call me Holofernes, and ten to one takes the first opportunity to read aloud, with a suppressed emphasis, of an evening, the first newspaper paragraph about some tyrannic day-laborer, who, after being for many years the Caligula of his family, ends by beating his long-suffering spouse to death, with a garret door wrenched off its hinges, and then, pitching his little innocents out of the

window, suicidally turns inward towards the broken wall scored with the butcher's and baker's bills, and so rushes headlong to his dreadful account.

Nevertheless, for a few days, not a little to my surprise, I heard no further reproaches. An intense calm pervaded my wife, but beneath which, as in the sea, there was no knowing what portentous movements might be going on. She frequently went abroad, and in a direction which I thought not unsuspecting; namely, in the direction of New Petra, a griffin-like house of wood and stucco, in the highest style of ornamental art, graced with four chimneys in the form of erect dragons spouting smoke from their nostrils; the elegant modern residence of Mr. Scribe, which he had built for the purpose of a standing advertisement, not more of his taste as an architect, than his solidity as a master-mason.

At last, smoking my pipe one morning, I heard a rap at the door, and my wife, with an air unusually quiet for her, brought me a note. As I have no correspondents except Solomon, with whom, in his sentiments, at least, I entirely correspond, the note occasioned me some little surprise, which was not diminished upon reading the following:—

"NEW PETRA, April 1st.

"SIR:—During my last examination of your chimney, possibly you may have noted that I frequently applied my rule to it in a manner apparently unnecessary. Possibly also, at the same time, you might have observed in me more or less of perplexity, to which, however, I refrained from giving any verbal expression.

"I now feel it obligatory upon me to inform you of what was then but a dim suspicion, and as such would have been unwise to give utterance to, but which now, from various subsequent calculations assuming no little probability, it may be important that you should not remain in further ignorance of.

"It is my solemn duty to warn you, sir, that there is architectural cause to conjecture that somewhere concealed in your chimney is a reserved space, hermetically closed, in short, a secret chamber, or rather closet. How long it has been there, it is for me impossible to say. What it contains is hid, with itself, in darkness. But probably a secret closet would not have been con-

trived except for some extraordinary object, whether for the concealment of treasure, or what other purpose, may be left to those better acquainted with the history of the house to guess.

"But enough: in making this disclosure, sir, my conscience is eased. Whatever step you choose to take upon it, is of course a matter of indifference to me; though, I confess, as respects the character of the closet, I cannot but share in a natural curiosity.

"Trusting that you may be guided aright, in determining whether it is Christian-like knowingly to reside in a house, hidden in which is a secret closet,

"I remain,

"With much respect,

"Yours very humbly,

"HIRAM SCRIBE."

My first thought upon reading this note was, not of the alleged mystery of manner to which, at the outset, it alluded—for none such had I at all observed in the master mason during his surveys—but of my late kinsman, Captain Julian Dacres, long a ship-master and merchant in the Indian trade, who, about thirty years ago, and at the ripe age of ninety, died a bachelor, and in this very house, which he had built. He was supposed to have retired into this country with a large fortune. But to the general surprise, after being at great cost in building himself this mansion, he settled down into a sedate, reserved, and inexpensive old age, which by the neighbors was thought all the better for his heirs: but lo! upon opening the will, his property was found to consist but of the house and grounds, and some ten thousand dollars in stocks; but the place, being found heavily mortgaged, was in consequence sold. Gossip had its day, and left the grass quietly to creep over the captain's grave, where he still slumbers in a privacy as unmolested as if the billows of the Indian Ocean, instead of the billows of inland verdure, rolled over him. Still, I remembered long ago, hearing strange solutions whispered by the country people for the mystery involving his will, and, by reflex, himself; and that, too, as well in conscience as purse. But people who could circulate the report (which they did), that Captain Julian Dacres had, in his day, been a Borneo pirate, surely were not worthy of credence in their collateral notions. It is queer what wild whimsies of rumors will, like toadstools, spring

up about any eccentric stranger, who, settling down among a rustic population, keeps quietly to himself. With some, inoffensiveness would seem a prime cause of offense. But what chiefly had led me to scout at these rumors, particularly as referring to concealed treasure, was the circumstance, that the stranger (the same who razed the roof and the chimney) into whose hands the estate had passed on my kinsman's death, was of that sort of character, that had there been the least ground for those reports, he would speedily have tested them, by tearing down and rummaging the walls.

Nevertheless, the note of Mr. Scribe, so strangely recalling the memory of my kinsman, very naturally chimed in with what had been mysterious, or at least unexplained, about him; vague flashings of ingots united in my mind with vague gleamings of skulls. But the first cool thought soon dismissed such chimeras; and, with a calm smile, I turned towards my wife, who, meantime, had been sitting near by, impatient enough, I dare say, to know who could have taken it into his head to write me a letter.

"Well, old man," said she, "who is it from, and what is it about?"

"Read it, wife," said I, handing it.

Read it she did, and then—such an explosion! I will not pretend to describe her emotions, or repeat her expressions. Enough that my daughters were quickly called in to share the excitement. Although they had never before dreamed of such a revelation as Mr. Scribe's; yet upon the first suggestion they instinctively saw the extreme likelihood of it. In corroboration, they cited first my kinsman, and second, my chimney; alleging that the profound mystery involving the former, and the equally profound masonry involving the latter, though both acknowledged facts, were alike preposterous on any other supposition than the secret closet.

But all this time I was quietly thinking to myself: Could it be hidden from me that my credulity in this instance would operate very favorably to a certain plan of theirs? How to get to the secret closet, or how to have any certainty about it at all, without making such fell work with the chimney as to render its set destruction superfluous? That my wife wished to get rid of the chimney, it needed no reflection to show; and that

Mr. Scribe, for all his pretended disinterestedness, was not opposed to pocketing five hundred dollars by the operation, seemed equally evident. That my wife had, in secret, laid heads together with Mr. Scribe, I at present refrain from affirming. But when I consider her enmity against my chimney, and the steadiness with which at the last she is wont to carry out her schemes, if by hook or by crook she can, especially after having been once baffled, why, I scarcely knew at what step of hers to be surprised.

Of one thing only was I resolved, that I and my chimney should not budge.

In vain all protests. Next morning I went out into the road, where I had noticed a diabolical-looking old gander, that, for its doughty exploits in the way of scratching into forbidden inclosures, had been rewarded by its master with a portentous, four-pronged, wooden decoration, in the shape of a collar of the Order of the Garotte. This gander I cornered, and rummaging out its stiffest quill, plucked it, took it home, and making a stiff pen, inscribed the following stiff note:

"CHIMNEY SIDE, April 2.

"MR. SCRIBE.

"Sir:—For your conjecture, we return you our joint thanks and compliments, and beg leave to assure you, that

"We shall remain,

"Very faithfully,

"The same,

"I and my Chimney."

Of course, for this epistle we had to endure some pretty sharp raps. But having at last explicitly understood from me that Mr. Scribe's note had not altered my mind one jot, my wife, to move me, among other things said, that if she remembered aright, there was a statute placing the keeping in private houses of secret closets on the same unlawful footing with the keeping of gunpowder. But it had no effect.

A few days after, my spouse changed her key.

It was nearly midnight, and all were in bed but ourselves, who sat up, one in each chimney-corner; she, needles in hand, indefatigably knitting a sock; I, pipe in mouth, indolently weaving my vapors.

It was one of the first of the chill nights in autumn. There was a fire on the hearth, burning low. The air with-

out was torpid and heavy; the wood, by an oversight, of the sort called soggy.

"Do look at the chimney," she began; "can't you see that something must be in it?"

"Yes, wife. Truly there is smoke in the chimney, as in Mr. Scribe's note."

"Smoke? Yes, indeed, and in my eyes, too. How you two wicked old sinners do smoke!—this wicked old chimney and you."

"Wife," said I, "I and my chimney like to have a quiet smoke together, it is true, but we don't like to be called names."

"Now, dear old man," said she, softening down, and a little shifting the subject, "when you think of that old kinsman of yours, you *know* there must be a secret closet in this chimney."

"Secret ash-hole, wife, why don't you have it? Yes, I dare say there is a secret ash-hole in the chimney; for where do all the ashes go to that we drop down the queer hole yonder?"

"I know where they go to; I've been there almost as many times as the cat."

"What devil, wife, prompted you to crawl into the ash-hole! Don't you know that St. Dunstan's devil emerged from the ash-hole? You will get your death one of these days, exploring all about as you do. But supposing there be a secret closet, what then?"

"What, then? why what should be in a secret closet but—"

"Dry bones, wife," broke in I with a puff, while the sociable old chimney broke in with another.

"There again! Oh, how this wretched old chimney smokes," wiping her eyes with her handkerchief. "I've no doubt the reason it smokes so is, because that secret closet interferes with the flue. Do see, too, how the jams here keep settling; and it's down hill all the way from the door to this hearth. This horrid old chimney will fall on our heads yet; depend upon it, old man."

"Yes, wife, I do depend on it; yes, indeed, I place every dependence on my chimney. As for its settling, I like it. I, too, am settling, you know, in my gait. I and my chimney are settling together, and shall keep settling, too, till, as in a great feather-bed, we shall both have settled away clean out of sight. But this secret oven; I mean, secret closet of yours, wife; where ex-

actly do you suppose that secret closet is?"

"That is for Mr. Scribe to say."

"But suppose he cannot say exactly; what, then?"

"Why then he can prove, I am sure, that it must be somewhere or other in this horrid old chimney."

"And if he can't prove that; what, then?"

"Why then, old man," with a stately air, "I shall say little more about it."

"Agreed, wife," returned I, knocking my pipe-bowl against the jam, "and now, to-morrow, I will a third time send for Mr. Scribe. Wife, the sciatica takes me; be so good as to put this pipe on the mantel."

"If you get the step-ladder for me, I will. This shocking old chimney, this abominable old-fashioned old chimney's mantels are so high, I can't reach them."

No opportunity, however trivial, was overlooked for a subordinate fling at the pile.

Here, by way of introduction, it should be mentioned, that besides the fire-places all round it, the chimney was, in the most hap-hazard way, excavated on each floor for certain curious out-of-the-way cupboards and closets, of all sorts and sizes, clinging here and there, like nests in the crochets of some old oak. On the second floor these closets were by far the most irregular and numerous. And yet this should hardly have been so, since the theory of the chimney was, that it pyramidically diminished as it ascended. The abridgment of its square on the roof was obvious enough; and it was supposed that the reduction must be methodically graduated from bottom to top.

"Mr. Scribe," said I when, the next day, with an eager aspect, that individual again came, "my object in sending for you this morning is, not to arrange for the demolition of my chimney, nor to have any particular conversation about it, but simply to allow you every reasonable facility for verifying, if you can, the conjecture communicated in your note."

Though in secret not a little crest-fallen, it may be, by my phlegmatic reception, so different from what he had looked for; with much apparent alacrity he commenced the survey; throwing open the cupboards on the first floor, and peering into the closets on the second; measuring one within,

and then comparing that measurement with the measurement without. Removing the fire-boards, he would gaze up the flues. But no sign of the hidden work yet.

Now, on the second floor the rooms were the most rambling conceivable. They, as it were, dovetailed into each other. They were of all shapes; not one mathematically square room among them all—a peculiarity which by the master-mason had not been unobserved. With a significant, not to say portentous expression, he took a circuit of the chimney, measuring the area of each room around it; then going down stairs, and out of doors, he measured the entire ground area; then compared the sum total of all the areas of all the rooms on the second floor with the ground area; then, returning to me in no small excitement, announced that there was a difference of no less than two hundred and odd square feet—room enough, in all conscience, for a secret closet.

"But, Mr. Scribe," said I stroking my chin, "have you allowed for the walls, both main and sectional? They take up some space, you know."

"Ah, I had forgotten that," tapping his forehead; "but," still ciphering on his paper, "that will not make up the deficiency."

"But, Mr. Scribe, have you allowed for the recesses of so many fire-places on a floor, and for the fire-walls, and the flues; in short, Mr. Scribe, have you allowed for the legitimate chimney itself—some one hundred and forty-four square feet or thereabouts, Mr. Scribe?"

"How unaccountable. That slipped my mind, too."

"Did it, indeed, Mr. Scribe?"

He faltered a little, and burst forth with, "But we must not allow one hundred and forty-four square feet for the legitimate chimney. My position is, that within those undue limits the secret closet is contained."

I eyed him in silence a moment; then spoke:

"Your survey is concluded, Mr. Scribe; be so good now as to lay your finger upon the exact part of the chimney wall where you believe this secret closet to be; or would a witch-hazel wand assist you, Mr. Scribe?"

"No, sir, but a crow-bar would," he, with temper, rejoined.

Here, now, thought I to myself, the

cat leaps out of the bag. I looked at him with a calm glance, under which he seemed somewhat uneasy. More than ever now I suspected a plot. I remembered what my wife had said about abiding by the decision of Mr. Scribe. In a bland way, I resolved to buy up the decision of Mr. Scribe.

"Sir," said I, "really, I am much obliged to you for this survey. It has quite set my mind at rest. And no doubt you, too, Mr. Scribe, must feel much relieved. Sir," I added, "you have made three visits to the chimney. With a business man, time is money. Here are fifty dollars, Mr. Scribe. Nay, take it. You have earned it. Your opinion is worth it. And by the way,"—as he modestly received the money—"have you any objections to give me a—*a*—little certificate—something, say, like a steam-boat certificate, certifying that you, a competent surveyor, have surveyed my chimney, and found no reason to believe any unsoundness; in short, any—any secret closet in it. Would you be so kind, Mr. Scribe?"

"But, but, sir," stammered he with honest hesitation.

"Here, here are pen and paper," said I, with entire assurance.

Enough.

That evening I had the certificate framed and hung over the dining-room fire-place, trusting that the continual sight of it would forever put at rest at once the dreams and stratagems of my household.

But, no. Inveterately bent upon the extirpation of that noble old chimney, still to this day my wife goes about it, with my daughter Anna's geological hammer, tapping the wall all over, and then holding her ear against it, as I have seen the physicians of life insurance companies tap a man's chest, and then incline over for the echo. Sometimes of nights she almost frightens one, going about on this phantom errand, and still following the sepulchral response of the chimney, round and round, as if it were leading her to the threshold of the secret closet.

"How hollow it sounds," she will hollowly cry. "Yes, I declare," with an emphatic tap, "there is a secret closet here. Here, in this very spot. Hark! How hollow!"

"Psha! wife, of course it is hollow. Who ever heard of a solid chimney?"

But nothing avails. And my daughters take after, not me, but their mother.

Sometimes all three abandon the theory of the secret closet, and return to the genuine ground of attack—the unsightliness of so cumbrous a pile, with comments upon the great addition of room to be gained by its demolition, and the fine effect of the projected grand hall, and the convenience resulting from the collateral running in one direction and another of their various partitions. Not more ruthlessly did the Three Powers partition away poor Poland, than my wife and daughters would fain partition away my chimney.

But seeing that, despite all, I and my chimney still smoke our pipes, my wife reoccupies the ground of the secret closet, enlarging upon what wonders are there, and what a shame it is, not to seek it out and explore it.

"Wife," said I, upon one of these occasions, "why speak more of that secret closet, when there before you hangs contrary testimony of a master mason, elected by yourself to decide. Besides, even if there were a secret closet, secret it should remain, and secret it shall. Yes, wife, here for once I must say my say. Infinite sad mischief has resulted from the profane bursting open of secret recesses. Though standing in the heart of this house, though hitherto we have all nestled about it, unsuspecting of aught hidden within, this chimney may or may not have a secret closet. But if it have, it is my kinsman's. To break into that wall, would be to break into his breast. And that wall-breaking wish of Momus I account the wish of a church-robbing gossip and knave. Yes, wife, a vile eaves-dropping varlet was Momus."

"Moses?—Mumps? Stuff with your mumps and your Moses!"

The truth is, my wife, like all the rest of the world, cares not a fig for my philosophical jabber. In dearth of other philosophical companionship, I and my chimney have to smoke and philosophize together. And sitting up so late as we do at it, a mighty smoke it is that we two smoky old philosophers make.

But my spouse, who likes the smoke of my tobacco as little as she does that

of the soot, carries on her war against both. I live in continual dread lest, like the golden bowl, the pipes of me and my chimney shall yet be broken. To stay that mad project of my wife's, naught answers. Or, rather, she herself is incessantly answering, incessantly besetting me with her terrible alacrity for improvement, which is a softer name for destruction. Scarce a day I do not find her with her tape-measure, measuring for her grand hall, while Anna holds a yard-stick on one side, and Julia looks approvingly on from the other. Mysterious intimations appear in the nearest village paper, signed "Claude," to the effect that a certain structure, standing on a certain hill, is a sad blemish to an otherwise lovely landscape. Anonymous letters arrive, threatening me with I know not what, unless I remove my chimney. Is it my wife, too, or who, that sets up the neighbors to badgering me on the same subject, and hinting to me that my chimney, like a huge elm, absorbs all moisture from my garden? At night, also, my wife will start as from sleep, professing to hear ghostly noises from the secret closet. Assailed on all sides, and in all ways, small peace have I and my chimney.

Were it not for the baggage, we would together pack up, and remove from the country.

What narrow escapes have been ours! Once I found in a drawer a whole port-

folio of plans and estimates. Another time, upon returning after a day's absence, I discovered my wife standing before the chimney in earnest conversation with a person whom I at once recognized as a meddlesome architectural reformer, who, because he had no gift for putting up anything, was ever intent upon pulling down; in various parts of the country having prevailed upon half-witted old folks to destroy their old-fashioned houses, particularly the chimneys.

But worst of all was, that time I unexpectedly returned at early morning from a visit to the city, and upon approaching the house, narrowly escaped three brickbats which fell, from high aloft, at my feet. Glancing up, what was my horror to see three savages, in blue jean overalls, in the very act of commencing the long-threatened attack. Aye, indeed, thinking of those three brickbats, I and my chimney have had narrow escapes.

It is now some seven years since I have stirred from home. My city friends all wonder why I don't come to see them, as in former times. They think I am getting sour and unsocial. Some say that I have become a sort of mossy old misanthrope, while all the time the fact is, I am simply standing guard over my mossy old chimney; for it is resolved between me and my chimney, that I and my chimney will never surrender.

ON THE PIER.

DOWN at the end of the long, dark street,
 Years, years ago,
 I sat with my sweet-heart on the pier,
 Watching the river flow.

The moon was climbing the sky that night,
 White as the winter's snow:
 We kissed in its light, and swore to be true—
 But that was years ago!

Once more I walk in the dark old street,
 Wearily to and fro;
 But I sit no more on the desolate pier,
 Watching the river flow!

CIRCE.

A STORY OF PARIS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

IT was at Chartres, in Beauce, that I first heard of Restif de la Bretonne.

The journey from Paris to Chartres, by Versailles and Maintenon, and Mme. de Pompadour's Crécy, and Rambouillet, is one of the pleasantest excursions possible. All the way you traverse rich and smiling corn-fields; and, as you sweep by the old châteaux, a vision of stately dames goes with you—the pomp and glory of the Grand Monarque—a magnificence of princes, and courtiers, and poets.

And Chartres itself, which greets you from afar, with its twin towers, is one of the most interesting of provincial cities. It has been famous in history. The sea kings harried it a thousand years ago. English Edward, smitten by a storm which "reminded him of the judgment day," looked from Bretnigny to its cathedral towers, and swore to give peace to conquered France. Within its walls the wars of the League were ended, when the crown was placed upon the handsome head of Henry of Navarre.

A glorious place it is, that old cathedral! Everybody who cares about such matters knows well its high renown; the surpassing splendor of its painted windows, as famous for their glowing azure as those of Straaburg for their autumnal gold; the majesty of its proportions; the vigorous sweep of its arches, each one of which might find Mr. Ruskin in texts for a book of sermons; the delicate intricacy of its sculptured work. I remember it now as one recalls a dream bewildering with multifarious and exquisite details of beauty.

There is also a large inn at Chartres, with a dirty court-yard full of fowls, and a windy salon, which is one of the worst inns in the world; and a bishop's house, with a large tin mitre over the gateway.

We had been walking about the cathedral in a whirl of wonder and delight, and we sat down on two little chairs (for the use of which we paid two sous apiece to a forlorn old lady, in a very clean cap), in the great nave, to look at the maze or labyrinth of colored marbles in the pavement.

In and out the circles wind till the brain reels with the eye in following them.

"Once," said Paul, "the priests used to set their penitents the task of traveling through this maze, saying prayers at divers stations. It was held to be a substitute for a pilgrimage to Palestine."

"I should have preferred the pilgrimage," I said. Paul touched my arm. I looked up and saw a procession of fifteen or twenty persons coming through the transept before us. They were all well-dressed, well-looking persons, mostly of the stronger and worse sex. But in the midst of them walked an elderly lady, dressed in white, and wearing a bridal veil, who was supported by a grave, white-headed gentleman, on the breast of whose civilian's coat blazed half a dozen stars, and whose gray moustache curled as fiercely as that of an Austrian field-marshal.

"What a pair of lovers!" whispered Paul to me; "the bride should be adorned with some of the roses from these pillars, that bloomed from the sculptor's chisel five hundred years ago!"

I scarcely heeded him, for there was something so simple, and dignified, and distinguished in the ancient bridegroom's carriage and face, that I felt sure some history, long chilled and dumb, must be warming into life again beneath those snowy locks.

The party advanced to the high altar, where the priest awaited them. The solemnly beautiful marriage service of Rome began, and Paul was silent, for he knew it was the first time that I had witnessed this impressive ceremony.

Paul, as he listened, scanned the company; and, when all was ended, he whispered to me, "I see the Prefect of the Department here, whom I happen to know, and I will find out all about this."

He left me, and in a few moments returned with a comely personage, who wore the eternal red ribbon in his button-hole, and whose closely-cut iron-gray whiskers clung to his brown cheeks as lichens cling to the brown trunk of a tree.

"M. le Préfet du Département d'Eure et Loire!"

And M. le Préfet took a little chair.

"Yes," he said to Paul, but looking at me, "you are right, that is a romantic story. The Général is something of an Amadis. Forty, yes, fifty years ago, he was madly in love with Mademoiselle. Her father, of course, was rich, the son of a *fermier-général*—the lover hadn't a penny. There were many scenes and many tears, and then the father got a diplomatic appointment from the First Consul, and went away with his daughter to Germany, and married her there to somebody with a name as long as his pedigree, and the lover went into the army. He did not rise so fast as our Marceau, whose obelisk you can see here in our vegetable market—'Soldier at sixteen years of age; General at twenty-three; died at twenty-seven;' but he rose rapidly enough, was in Italy, on the Rhine, at Austerlitz, at Jéna, at Moscow, at Ligny. He never married. Three months ago he went to Wiesbaden, where he met the old Countess Von ——. There was a recognition, and she was a widow—and the dénouement you have witnessed to-day. He is a brave old man, and in our times, when to-morrow forgets to-day, the story is not without interest."

"Quite à la Restif de la Bretonne!" said Paul.

"Not precisely!" replied the Prefect. "Le Général — is a gentleman, and an honest man! But, n'importe! you will dine with me, gentlemen?"

The next morning saw us on our way back to Paris. As we thundered along, alone in our comfortable carriage, I turned to Paul, and said:

"Who was Restif de la Bretonne, of whom you spoke, yesterday?"

Paul laughed. "Who was Restif de la Bretonne? How long will it be, I wonder, before some peripatetic Parisian, wandering westward in search of the splendors and the sins that will then have left our Boulevards for your Broadway, and to whom New York will then be what Paris is now to Venetians, shall ask just such a question about —, or —, or —, your great men of to-day, whom not to know, living in your country, would be more fatal than to wear bad boots? Shall the lion, then, be remembered no longer than the hunter? Restif de la Bretonne! Do you mean that you never heard of him?"

"Never in my life, till yesterday."

"And he wrote two hundred books! And Mercier—you have heard of Mercier? Mercier said that, excepting himself, Restif was the greatest genius he had ever known; and Restif was sure that his system of the universe was far superior to the nonsense of Newton, and the clumsy fancies of Buffon!"

"But tell me about him," I said, "and never mind my ignorance. What made you think of him yesterday?"

"You had better read what Gérard de Nerval has written about him," Paul replied; "he has made a romance of his history, which was, in fact, a romance most melancholy and most significant. Poor Gérard! his own life was a romance of another sort, as pure in sentiment as that of Restif was polluted. Gérard in Paris, with his dead love in his heart, always seemed to me like a Nocturne of Chopin, played by an enthusiast, in a busy, glittering ball-room."

"Rambouillet, cinq minutes d'arrêt!" cried the guard.

"Ah! Rambouillet!" said Paul, looking out of the window. "Rambouillet!" and his voice was full of bitterness. "Here is a lovely place. They have made a water-cure establishment of it now; but all the water in France will not cure the nation of the infection which all these fine people—now dead and gone—poured into its veins. We curse the memory of the wicked Pompadour, by whose chariot a king of France stood bareheaded, in the sight of all his army; but this ugly old Chateau de Rambouillet saw the beginning of it all! And Madame de Maintenon, with all her piety and her prudery! I am glad selfish old King Louis wouldn't let her have a screen to keep her from the cold. I detest them all! I hate dirt and disorder; but when I see one of these old chateaux, I think with more complacency of the Place de la Concorde, and the guillotine, and the mad fishwomen, and the days of September!"

"Why, Paul, I didn't know you lived in the Mountain," said I, as he sank back in his seat, and the train moved on.

"Neither do I live in the Mountain!" he answered, vehemently; "but I love my country; and when I think of the days of the Bourbon monarchy, my blood boils in me."

"*Tiens mon cher!*" he continued after a moment, "all this old world is very amusing to you. You delight in the literary pastels of dilettanti, like Sainte Beuve; you range the galleries and fall in love with the piquant ladies of Watteau and Lancret, with the crayons of Latour, the beauties of Chardin, smiling their diabolical little smiles, and darting their vivid glances at you through their half-shut eyes. *♪ Ah!*" you cry, 'how becoming that powder was; how it brought out the rose-lights of the skin, the fine veining, the delicate shadows!' and then you rave about the *petits soupers*; didn't you try three days ago to drag me off into the Rue de l'Arcade, and make me hunt up for you the *petite maison* of Soubise; of Soubise, that Marshal of France who went to sleep and lost an army; Soubise, that prince and Christian gentleman, whose frescoes and whose fêtes put Pompeii to the blush? All that is very amusing to you, I say. You see it all through a delicious *demi-jour* of romance; to you it is a spectacle; to us, *mon cher*, to us, Frenchmen, it is a reality, for which we are paying, still paying, not with our pence only, that would be little, but paying with our character, our national instincts, with the life and soul of our people."

"Nay, my dear Paul," I answered, "you don't quite do me justice. If I enjoy the spectacle of an age more brilliant and more corrupt than anything in history since the days of the decadence of Rome, don't fancy that I abdicate my moral sense, or that I forget the other side of the canvas; the ugly threads behind, that show all gilding and color in the front of the tapestry; the misery of the wretches who wove them in. Your Du Barrydom as Carlyle calls it——"

"And admirably well!" cried Paul.

"And admirably well," I went on, "was a world so different from ours——"

"For which thank God, night and day!" said Paul.

—"that it fascinates us like the story of Lamia—like the legend of Circe——"

"Like the legend of Circe, precisely!" Paul broke in again. "That is the phrase. The court of the Grand Monarque was bad enough; but, after all, King Louis XIV., small of heart as he was, had some great qualities, and in his days French gentlemen had not forgotten that they had a country

and a God. They respected some things still—they respected genius, after a fashion—they respected the church, and—well, yes! they respected women."

"Which was more than could be said of their fathers," I interrupted, "in the days of Francis the First and Brantôme."

"Possibly!" Paul rejoined; "but, no matter! When the Regent came, reading Rabelais, on Christmas eve, in the chapel of St. Louis, and Louis XV. le Bien-Aimé! who believed in nothing but his fears——"

"Give the Regent his due," said I; "he had his little creed, too. You know he kicked a valet for speaking of death in his presence!"

"Well," Paul resumed, "in those times, all Paris was an island of Circe. There every Venus was worshiped, except Venus Cloacina——"

"And Venus Murcia, *the stupid!*" I interposed.

"No! I do not except her!" answered Paul. "Choderlos de Laclos, and the Marquis de Sade, worshiped her, for which we ought to be grateful. If their abominable books were less stupid, they might still be read. Men of genius, men of character, men of feeling, came to this Aean isle, from the provinces; how many of them emulated the example of Ulysses? You know, my friend, that I make no parade of morality; but, when I think of the blight which the gross and groveling temper of the last days of the monarchy brought upon the intellect and the heart of France, I sometimes grow warm, and cease to be indulgent to your fancies for that rococo old world."

"At least, then, indulge my fancy for a cigar," I answered, laughing, "for we have the carriage to ourselves."

"Why, certainly, *mon cher*."

"And while I smoke, pray tell me about that mysterious Restif. I shall soon be in the mood of listening, for tobacco is, as one of our old poets says, a plant of singular use; which gives so excellent an edge to a man's wit, that none should dare to take it but a gentleman; therefore, my dear Paul, proceed."

"Yes," he answered, "the story of Restif is still more apropos of the declamation I have just been inflicting on you than of yesterday's marriage—that strange marriage! but who knows?

more rain falls sometimes in May than in November, and that brave old general may have quite as long a honey-moon as some young couples we have seen!"

"But, Restif?"

"Enfin! you must read all about him in poor Gérard's 'Confidences de Nicolas;' the facts will seem to you romantic, perhaps, but they are facts, and well established. I would send you to the *Biographie Universelle*, but—it is one of our misfortunes in France, that our political spites and hatreds crawl in everywhere, even into our literature. I will sketch Gérard's picture for you, from memory. You will see that Restif was one of the victims of that Circe, whose laureate was Grécourt, and whose painter was Boucher!

"Restif was a provincial. He was born at Sacy, a little town that lies on the frontier betwixt passion and frivolity—between Burgundy and Champagne. His parents were respectable farmers, and they meant to make the little Nicholas a curé. The child showed no premature inclinations that way. He was of a wayward temper, and loved to go into the woods with the shepherds. There he sought out cool caverns and secluded clumps of trees, and went through all the wild dramatic life which every gifted and impassioned child leads in his secret soul. In the woods he was a king, a priest, a slayer of giants. At home, his family, good, simple people enough, saw in him only an odd, rather naughty boy. When he was twelve years old, his father's shepherd (men were still pious then) asked leave to make the pilgrimage to Mount St. Michael. He got leave, but who should keep the sheep? Nicholas. Papa Restif hesitated; the boy was young, and wolves were no strangers in that region, thanks to the sweet influences of feudalism and of royal wars. But Nicholas pleaded, and had permission. Rejoicingly he went forth, three great dogs at his side, breathed the fresh air, listened to the song of the birds, looked on the blue sky and the leafless brilliant autumn flowers, with eyes anointed by the new sense of freedom. His imagination was kindled—and by what? by the world about him, by the world within him? No! (and mark this, for it shows you the original generosity and tenderness of the boy's nature,) by the thought of shepherd Jacquot, wending his lonely way, far off, through the

lonely forest! He composed his first poem, that day, on that subject, and if not so long nor so elegant, it is as fervent and affectionate as Horace's ode on the voyage of Virgil. That day, too, he discovered a kingdom, of which he was to take possession, as did the Spaniards of the New World, in the name of religion.

"Straying about, with the poor sheep at his heels, into the recesses of the woods, where there was more of the picturesque than of pasture, he came on a sombre valley, famous for legends of the robbers, and excommunicated persons, who were held to haunt it in the shape of beasts. Long did Nicholas waver; but his sheep, who had no superstition, where they saw a blade of grass, ran before him; the pigs followed the sheep, and Nicholas had to follow the pigs. He overtook them under a great oak, and there he beheld, mingling with his herd, a huge wild boar, such as he had read of in his favorite stories. Nicholas stood spell-bound among the bushes, pushed aside the branches, and looked out with mingled fear and delight. He fancied himself in fairy-land. There was the savage boar disporting with the tame swine; presently a roebuck bounded across the glade; hares ran in and out upon the turf; a lapwing, Solomon's bird, flew up and sat on the bough of a great honey-pear tree. Then there was a rustling in the undergrowth opposite him, and suddenly, with eyes like burning coals, the tawny, pointed head of a wolf looked over at the boy! And at that moment the great dogs came up. They rushed barking into the glade; wolf, boar, roebuck, and hare all vanished! The lapwing flew away, and, of all the little poet's vision, as of so many greater poet's visions, only the honey-pear tree remained! He filled his pockets and went home. But he had discovered a kingdom.

"The next day he came again. 'I must build me a monument for a witness,' said he, 'as they do in the Bible my father reads.' And so he worked away for several days, till he had reared a pyramid of stones. Then he be-thought him of the Biblical custom of sacrifices. He caught a bee-eater, a bird whose name is its condemnation, and solemnly put it to death. Then he ran out of his valley, and called some other shepherd lads and lasses, to be his witnesses. He set forth to them his

rights, which they recognized; lighted a pile of dry wood, and then, filled with sacerdotal dignity, stood erect by his altar, saw the entrails of the bird consumed, roasted the flesh, singing, meanwhile, some verses of the Psalms, and finally distributed of the burnt-offering to those who were present. The three dogs were the only witnesses, I fancy, who found the feast palatable."

"Why, all this," said I, "is singularly like Goethe's boyish Pantheism, of which he gives such a charming account in the '*Dichtung und Wahrheit*.'"

"Yes! but it all happened before Goethe was born, and was put on record before he had grown up. I tell you these things, because nothing is so characteristic as the childhood of a man of genius."

"This sacerdotal experience soon got wind. Nicholas had an elder half-brother, the Abbé Thomas, who was a teacher among the Jansenists, at Bicêtre. The abbé heard what the boy had done, thought his soul in danger, and came to the farm of La Bretone, expressly to thrash him back into the true way. He made such representations, that Nicholas was confided to him, and they went back together by the *coche-d'eau*, to Auxerre. Once there, the abbé ceased to be a brother, and became a teacher. Nicholas was subjected to that rigid intellectual discipline by which the Port Royalists had developed the genius of a Pascal and a Racine. That Port Royal, my friend, was a grand school. It kept for us in France all the seriousness which Calvin left behind him, when he went to Geneva. The Jesuit teachers, on the contrary, were pliant, accommodating, superficial, and we owe them a sad debt; one of them came to Bicêtre, as rector, in the course of time; quarreled with the Jansenism of the teachers, denounced their books, and sent Thomas and his brother off to Sacy."

"There Thomas transferred his young charge to another brother, still older, who was also an ecclesiastic, and curé of Courgis. Nicholas began to learn Latin, and one learns much in learning Latin at fifteen! He read Phœdrus and the Virgilian Eclogues, and soon for him"—

"A softer sapphire melts into the sea,
A livelier emerald twinkles in the grass."

I broke in.

"Bon! only he was not very near the sea! But he went to church one Easter day, and there, like Petrarch, found his Laura. That is not strange, by the way, *mon cher*. Have you never noticed how the perfumes of the incense, the play of warm light upon gorgeous coloring, the enchantments of the music in the Roman service, conspire to intoxicate one into a sort of nervous exaltation, in which state, not the slightest impression passes unheeded, and every emotion soon becomes intense? Well, there, among the communicants, Nicholas espied a young girl, tall, fair, modest, her coloring soft and subdued, as if, wrote Restif, years afterwards, nature meant to give more beauty to her blushes when they came; her loveliness, her carriage, her tasteful costume, combined to make Nicholas feel that he had found the being of whom he had dreamed over his grammars and dictionaries. Nicholas was no common boy; and, you who are of the race of Byron, you will not need to have me prove that one may love as passionately and suffer as keenly, in the spring of life, as in its summer. Perhaps, more so, for the heart then is less selfish."

"The young girl's name was Jeanette Rousseau. She was three years older than Nicholas—for when did a young poet love a woman younger than himself? She rose within him 'his life's star;' he became the closest of students, that he might deserve to win her—her birth-day became his holy-tide; he passed daily before her house, and saluted her father's poplar trees, as his dearest friends; he made for himself a little prayer, in Latin, asking God to give her to him; and, finding that the bell-ringer at the church, who was a vine-dresser, often wanted to quit the temple, for the field, Nicholas offered to be his substitute; and, going early to the church, he would kneel where Jeanette kneeled, kiss the stones her feet had pressed, and recite his little litany. He never spoke to her—his heart swelled so in him, at the sound of her voice, that, if he drew too near her, he became like a stock, or a stone."

"As Gérard recites all this young history, it is one of the most delicious of idyls. How Nicholas found a confidant in his brother's housekeeper, Marguerite—who, in her youth had been asked in marriage by Jeannette's father, and denied to him by her uncle; how the

sympathy of Marguerite disturbed and bewildered him sadly; how, in one of these terrible fevers of the heart and brain, which so often drive young people nearly to madness, and are so rarely comprehended—so constantly exasperated, by their elders, Nicholas committed an extravagance, which caused him to be sent off to learn printing of one Parangon, at Auxerre: all this, you must read in the pages of Gérard. You will easily conceive that this turbulent and premature nature expanded rapidly in the atmosphere of the printing-office. Apprentices as he was, the compositors soon learned to respect him; he studied, read, and wrote—yes, he wrote a letter to Jeannette, to whom he had never dared to speak, in octo-syllabic verses, and sent it by post. Her father, of course, carried it to the Curé; and the family of Restif sentenced the young culprit to perpetual banishment.

"At Auxerre, Nicholas found a friend in Mme. Parangon, the wife of his master—a young, lovely, intelligent woman, who interested herself in his studies, and became attached to him, for a service which he accidentally rendered her. They read poetry together—the *Cid* of Corneille, the *Zaire* of Voltaire. Nothing could be more ingenuous, more charming, than the early days of this intimacy.

"But the breath of Circe came wafted on the Northern wind, even to Auxerre.

"A certain Mme. Minon came first, fresh from Paris.

"Our apprentice reads delightfully," said Mme. Parangon; 'he has just been making me cry over *Zaire*.'

"Ah!" cried the Minon, clapping her hands, '*tant mieux!* he shall read us *La Pucelle*—that will be very amusing.'

"Ignorant Nicholas and innocent Mme. Parangon agreed to the proposal; but the lady had the good sense to look at the book, before giving it to her young friend—and then, of course, threw it aside.

"More fatal than Minon, was the second envoy of the enchantress. Next door to the printing-office was a convent of Cordeliers. One evening, Nicholas was surprised by the appearance of one of these monks, half-dressed, excited, alarmed—

"A snare has been set for me!" cried the monk; 'I have lost my robe. Let me get into the convent through your back-door, or I am lost!'

VII.—19

"Nicholas saved the fellow. His name was Gaudet d'Arras; and, coming a few days after, he invited Nicholas to dine with him.

"He told Nicholas, in the confidence of the dessert, that his family had forced him into the ecclesiastical life, and so did away with something of the unfavorable effect which his conduct had produced on the honorable heart of the young man.

"Gaudet d'Arras gradually made his way with Nicholas. He was thoroughly a son of the age, a materialist, a scoffer, a libertine in spirit, and in temper. Appearing in his own person as the victim of those feudal institutions against which all thinking and high-spirited men were everywhere beginning to revolt, Gaudet d'Arras continued to interest this ardent, independent intellect, and began to undermine the ingenuous, romantic, and religious disposition of Nicholas. He put the love of Nicholas for Jeannette, and his friendship for Mme. de Parangon, in the light in which they would have been seen by the Regent and his *roués*, who used to amuse themselves with robbing the mails, to laugh over the love-letters. Long did the heart of Nicholas hold out; but he was young, he was unformed, he was full of vague desires, aspirations, hopes. What were such as he, in the hands of Circe and her ministers?

"His life trembled on that moment betwixt good and evil, which marks the backward or the forward course of destiny.

"Haunted by the spirit of Gaudet, Nicholas was no longer at his ease in the presence of Mme. Parangon. One day he stammered into a demi-declaration of love to her, while reading to her from the '*Cid*.' She received what he said with a surprise, and a motherly dignity, which restored him to himself; but the first step was taken, and Gaudet d'Arras was ever at his side, with his misty materialism, his incomprehensible, but exciting and intoxicating theories. The heart of Nicholas began to turn with his brain. Your imagination will paint to you the steps of folly and madness down which he hurried. It cannot paint to you any figure more sweet, and simple, and lovely, than Mme. Parangon, as she appears in the pictures of Gérard. She was a woman, pardon me, mon cher, more rare, I fancy, in Protestant than in Catholic

countries; a woman as stainless as our saints, yet as merciful as our religion! I see the shadow of a doubt on your brow, but you will find such women in France still; not often in our books, but whenever you meet a true French gentleman, you will perceive that such women exist, and that he has known them.

"Well, the presence of Mme. de Parangon became a torture at once and a fascination to our unhappy Nicholas. Gaudet lifted to his lips the cup of Circe. He began to haunt the vulgar village orgies. You remember de Musset's 'La Coupe et les Lèvres!'"

"I answered,

"Ah! malheur à celui qui laisse la débauche
Planter le premier clou sous sa mamelle
gauche;
Le cœur d'un homme vierge est un vase
profond;
Lorsque la première eau qu'on y verse est
impure
La mer y passerait sans laver la saoullure,
Car l'abîme est immense, et la tache est au
fond!"

"Yes!" Paul resumed, sadly, "the Circe of the Palais Royal breathed contagion over the half of France. The influences of Mme. Parangon, sweet as those of the Pleiades, were rained down in vain upon Restif. He began to wear the bold air, to throw himself into the coarse attitudes, to speak with the husky, vinous voice, of vulgar debauchees. He wrote verses in the style of Lafare and Chaulieu to Aglae and Marianne, to Delphine and to Rose. Little by little he broke the heart of Mme. Parangon, and so depraved himself, that long afterwards, looking back on these days, he wrote, 'but for my love of work, I should have become a ruffian at nineteen.'

"Well, one day Mme. Parangon died; Gaudet d'Arras went away; Nicholas must seek his fortune at Paris. Before he went, Parangon, who knew that Nicholas had addressed his wife, and was coarse enough to suspect her (she then lying in her grave), avenged himself by leading Nicholas into a marriage with one of the worst and most notorious girls in the town. This Agnes soon ran away with one of her cousins, but not till the miserable union had completed the moral perversion of Nicholas.

"I shall not follow Restif through all his Parisian history. I have dwelt specially on his youth, that I might illus-

trate to you the fatal influence of the spirit of that last age upon a genius born for poetry and truth.

"Yet if you are not tired, I should like to relate to you an episode or two of that strange career, which paints the manners of those times far better than solemn histories."

"By all means," I answered; "we are not very near Paris yet, and I will light another cigar."

"In 1757, Nicholas used to be seen every night at the Comédie Française, where his graceful and vigorous form, his black, expressive eyes, his strongly-marked features, and rich brown complexion, his air of mingled audacity and refinement, his costume always elegant, though simple, made him a noticeable figure in the parterre. He was pursuing his trade as a printer, but spent a large part of his gains at the theatre, of which he was as fond as Goethe. Moreover he had conceived a dreamy ideal passion for 'la belle Guéant,' who was then winning all suffrages. A born poet is a man born to eternal illusions; and Nicholas for a year had been feeding his fancy on the sight of this divinity of the stage. He had never spoken to her. She was his Jeannette of Paris. Ah! how different from the fair young vision of his boyhood, and yet a dream of Arcadia in the island of Circe!

"He used to follow her out to her sedan-chair every night, and saw with joy that she always entered it alone. He used to walk by her windows, and watch her shadow on the curtains, as he had walked by the poplars of La Fontaine Froide, and kissed the stones of the church of Sacy.

"One night, on leaving the theatre, Mlle. Guéant, instead of taking her chair, put her arm through that of another actress, and hurried off some distance down the street, to a carriage, into which she got, and rode rapidly away. The heart of Nicholas burned with jealousy. He ran after the carriage in a kind of frenzy, and, getting out of breath, jumped up behind. The coach stopped at last, in the then splendid quarter of the Temple. Nicholas was at the door in an instant, and then, for the first time, reflected,

"What business have I here?"

"Get out first, Junie!" said Mlle. Guéant's sweet, deep voice.

"As Junie descended, Nicholas ro-

cognized a *danseuse* whom he had met before, and held out his hand.

"'You of the party!' cried Junie. 'Are you a prince then, or a poet; for we have no others here?'"

"'I am a prince of the house of the Emperor Pertinax,' answered Nicholas solemnly; 'but where are we?'"

"'At the Hotel de Hollande, where the Venetian ambassador gives a fête; but your arm, man, your arm!'"

"Nicholas mechanically obeyed, and they followed Mlle. Guéant up the brilliant stairway into the splendid salon. There were many women there, Voltaire's Camargo, the too famous Guimard, Arnold, Levasseur. The supper was exquisite; and when it was over, each guest, in turn, was called upon. This one sang, that one danced, Grécourt recited a tale, Piron a reckless poem; one of the actresses turned at last to Nicholas, and la belle Guéant fixed her eyes upon him. He hesitated. 'Will you give us something, monsieur?' said Mlle. Guéant, with a smile. 'He is a little prince,' cried Junie, 'he is good for nothing, does nothing. He is a descendant of the Emperor Pert—Pert—' Nicholas blushed to the eyes. '—Pertinax! that's it!' said Junie. The Venetian ambassador frowned. He was strong in genealogies. He, a Mocenigo of the Libro d'Oro, had no faith in princes of Imperial Roman blood. Nicholas saw that he was in danger. He rose and began to recite his genealogy; how Helvius, son of Pertinax, hidden in the Apennines, had wedded Didia Juliana, the persecuted daughter of the Emperor Didius! A coquettish abbé shook his head dubiously. Nicholas overwhelmed him with quotations, and recited the marriage contract of his ancestors. Then he went on from Pertinax to Pertinax, down to the sixtieth of the name, who translated his patronymic into the French Restif. Of all this long story he made a cutting brilliant satire on genealogies in general; so well he told it, and so captivated all his hearers, that they urged him to go on and tell his own history. That, you know, was the age of confessions. Nicholas made his rapidly, passionately, with a kind of fiery simplicity, which moved that frivolous company, and lit a spark of youth again in those worn-out hearts.

"As he ended, la belle Guéant, with

a voice full of emotion, exclaimed, 'Is all that possible? Can one really love so?'"

"'Yes, madame,' answered Nicholas, 'it is as true as the genealogy of the Pertinaxes. As to the person I loved, she was so like you that nothing could console me for the loss of her, but my admiration of you!'"

"A storm of applause followed. Restif was pronounced a finer poet than Rousseau, a more touching romancer than Prévost.

"From that moment the poor workman had entered the magic circle of the splendid pollutions of his age.

"The supper ended in a style not then uncommon.

"At a signal all the lights were put out, and a sort of blind-man's buff began in the dark. Nicholas, standing confounded, by his chair, suddenly felt a soft hand trembling in his. The voice of la Guéant spoke in the darkness, 'Will you find my carriage for me?'"

"As they descended the stairs, they heard the laugh of Junie in the distance.

"Thirty years afterwards, Restif—then a man of distinction—dined with Beaumarchais, in the Hotel de Hollande. La belle Guéant had died in the flower of her youth; the ambassador of Venice had been put out of the way, by the Council of Ten."

"After all, you must admit there was no little romance in that *rococo* age," said I, "in spite of its gold lace and its perukes."

"Yes," answered Paul, "romance enough of a certain kind, but I am with Danton for prose and decency. Restif had enough of your *romance*," he continued. "He was twice *romantically* married. Once, just after his hateful Agnes was good enough to die; he was sitting in the Luxembourg garden, and the talk of two ladies near by him attracted his attention. Restif was as curious, you must know, as Condamine, who stole a trifle in Smyrna, that he might experience the *bastinado*, and so he listened with all his ears, when he found that these ladies were discussing matters of business. They were foreigners, and the younger one must infallibly lose all her fortune in a lawsuit, if she could not become a Frenchwoman by marriage within twenty-four hours. Here was a case for a knight-errant! Restif to the rescue! He

stepped up to the distressed damsel, offered his services, was accepted, and they were married the next day!

"Of course the bride soon decamped, and carried with her all the savings of poor Restif, and everything he possessed but the clothes on his back!

"After this marriage, he lived for years a wild life of feverish adventure.

"His soul was full of instincts early perverted—never utterly destroyed. He panted to be something and to do something.

"Beaumarchais had introduced him somewhat into the world; his ambition as a writer was kindled; he resolved to teach his age by painting himself and his life; he became the most terrible realist of literature. Inflamed by the example of Rousseau, he thirsted to reform mankind; and infected, as he was, with the materialism of the times, he believed that life was only to be understood through experience; that nobody could know what pitch was without touching it; that one ought to try everything, exhaust everything, and so reach the perfection of wisdom by draining the world."

"I think," said I, "we have a Restif or two on our side of the Atlantic, even now!"

"Oh! impossible," Paul replied; "you cannot have comprehended the man, if you say so. Why, his books are the very seething scum of the philosophy of the encyclopedists. He tore off every veil from himself; his novels, his social theories, his political pamphlets are all so many 'Confessions of Restif.' You think Rousseau cynical, but Rousseau is reserved in comparison with Restif. 'People,' he says, in his famous *Paysan pervers* (a book that ran through forty-two editions in England alone!) 'think fables instructive. Well, I am a great fabulist, teaching others at my own expense. I am all animals! sometimes a cunning fox; sometimes a slow, obstinate donkey; sometimes a fierce, bold lion; sometimes a cowardly, hungry wolf!' I spare you the eagle, the goat, and the hare—the details of the spell of Circe! There is nothing good nor bad in itself; let us find out the use of everything, and so make the world more comfortable—there is the sum of Restif's philosophy. Do you mean to say that anything like this doctrine prevails in your young, patriotic, religious America?"

"Prevails? no!" I answered, "nor precisely that doctrine. But I am not sure that our materialism is less dangerous for being more specious than Restif's was. In the time of Restif you had in France a world of the aristocracy, who worshiped pleasure, and who believed Restif's creed without sharing his philanthropy. In America, now, we have a world of busy men, who worship success, and whose creed is even more desolate. They *don't care* whether there be anything good or bad; as some one has neatly summed it up, their faith is simply this: 'there's nothing new, there's nothing true, and it don't much signify!' It is the sad side of our life that we haven't even our romance; that we are not so much vicious as apathetic; so that sometimes one is really at a loss to know why people should take the trouble to live."

"At least, if this be so," Paul answered, "you are spared the madness of misdirected philosophy; the inflammation of disorderly thought such as preceded our terrible revolution."

"No," I replied; "amid our busy world we have another world of passionate materialistic thinkers. Everything is questioned, everything is denied. We have men who insist upon experiencing everything; who insist that all the moral law is discoverable in the nerves; that this life was meant to be complete. Have we not our 'spiritualists,' who tell us that all the unseen world is literally a lackeydom for the convenience of this; our students of nature, who are, after all, the mere slaves of impulse?"

"Heaven help you, then," Paul replied, "for you have mighty convulsions before you!"

"What finally became of Restif?" I asked, after a pause.

"He lived on into the Revolution. His works multiplied with his years. It was his habit to traverse Paris day and night; sometimes he wandered through the most brilliant quarters—sometimes through the foulest. But wherever he stumbled on an adventure, he pursued it; the life, the passions, the miseries, the crimes of Paris, were his constant study. His 'romances' were so numerous that, in the disorder of his brain, he came at last to believe that he had a wife in every street of the city, and to fancy himself the father of every child he met. Whatever happened to him

he instantly committed to print; there is not a scene of his hundred novels which is not a picture from life. And what pictures! Once he pursued a lady in a black satin cloak, with green slippers, up into one of the gambling-houses of the Quays. He never saw her face; and when he tried to make some inquiries at the gambling-house, he was told that his life depended on his silence. Years afterward, while descending the Rhine, he saw a lovely young girl in the company of two ladies, and overhearing their conversation, found that the child was the lifelong disappointment of a prince of the house of Courtenay, who had sent his wife, the daughter of the Duc de Richelieu, in search of an heir, fourteen years before! There were circumstances in the tale which poured a sudden light upon Restif's memory of the green slippers. And yet, we hear people declaim against Rousseau for leaving his children at the Foundling Hospital, as if he were the one unnatural being of his age!"

"Restif called himself a reformer. He published his romances as fast as we now print in the newspapers. In six years he wrote eighty-five volumes! They all had one object: to persuade men that property was the root of all mischief."

"He anticipated St. Simon, then, and Proudhon?" I said.

"If you choose to put together, as people always do, men who are as much alike as Voltaire and Rousseau," Paul replied, with a smile. "He was a Socialist, certainly, in a vague, fiery fashion. But the revolution disturbed and distressed him. He mourned, terribly, over the death of Mirabeau, of whom he has left us the most vivid sketches, and Cubirès draws a melancholy picture of Restif as he saw him, towards the end of his life, silent and moody, and not answering when he was spoken to. He was no longer the Restif of those fine festivals which Grimod de la Reynière used to give, where no one was admitted who would not promise to drink eleven cups of coffee, and where, after a series of electrical experiments, dinner was announced by a herald in his tabaret, and served in silver, on a round table lighted with three hundred and

sixty-six lamps; while lovely serving-maids, in Roman robes, presented their long tresses to the guests, for napkins!

"Weary and worn out, at last, Restif, about the year 1794, went back to Courgis, where he had first learned Latin and love. The republicans had laid waste the church; but the poplars of La Fontaine Froide were still standing. Where was Jeannette Rousseau?"

"Restif walked up to the old house. An old woman sits spinning in the doorway. It is Jeannette; the same bright eye lights up the withered roses of her cheeks; the old grace lingers about the lines of her bowed and trembling form!"

"Do you recognize me, mademoiselle?" said Restif.

"I have seen you, I think, sir," she replied; "but I am an old woman now, and it was long since."

"I am Nicholas Restif, the choir-boy of the cure of Courgis!"

"The poor old couple fell into each other's arms, weeping."

"Jeannette had read, from time to time, the books of Restif. She had seen that, in everybody whom he painted, he had pleased himself with tracing some trait of Jeannette. She had not forgotten those old meetings—those octo-syllabic verses!

"I have never married," said she. "We are too old now for happiness; but we can, at least, die together."

"And a curé was found, who ventured to unite, in secret, this melancholy pair."

"Was it strange I should have thought of Restif, yesterday, in the Cathedral?"

"No!" I answered, "nor was it strange that the Prefect should have repudiated the reminiscence!"

"Then, you don't think Restif very engaging, with all his 'romance,'" said Paul. "But, in his old age, the French nation voted him two thousand francs, 'for his services to morality!' and the Academy would have received him, but for his 'want of taste!'"

"And here!" he cried, as a furious ringing of bells broke in upon his talk, "here we are, at the Embarcadere, and this is Paris. Restif is at rest now. Is the spell of Circe broken?"

MY MISSION.

EVERY spirit has its mission, say the transcendental crew;
 "This is mine," they cry; "Eureka! This the purpose I pursue;
 For, behold, a god hath called me, and his service I shall do!

"Brother, seek thy calling likewise, thou wert destined for the same;
 Sloth is sin, and toil is worship, and the soul demands an aim:
 Who neglects the ordination, he shall not escape the blame."

O my ears are dinned and wearied with the clatter of the school:
 Life to them is geometric, and they act by line and rule—
 If there be no other wisdom, better far to be a fool!

Better far the honest nature, in its narrow path content,
 Taking, with a child's acceptance, whatsoever may be sent,
 Than the introverted vision, seeing Self preëminent.

For the spirit's proper freedom by itself may be destroyed,
 Wasting like the young Narcissus, o'er its image in the void:
 Even virtue is not virtue, when too consciously enjoyed.

I am sick of canting prophets, self-elected kings that reign
 Over herds of silly subjects, of their new allegiance vain;
 Preaching labor, preaching duty, preaching love with lips profane.

With the holiest things they tamper, and the noblest they degrade—
 Making Life an institution, making Destiny a trade;
 But the honest vice is better than the saintship they parade.

Native goodness is unconscious, asks not to be recognized;
 But its baser affectation is a thing to be despised:
 Only when the man is loyal to himself shall he be prized.

Take the current of your nature; make it stagnant if you will;
 Dam it up to drudge forever, at the service of your mill:
 Mine the rapture and the freedom of the torrent on the hill!

Straighten out its wavy margin; make a tow-path at the side:
 Be the dull canal your channel, where the heavy barges glide—
 Lo, the muddy bed is tranquil, not a rapid breaks the tide!

I shall wander o'er the meadows where the fairest blossoms call;
 Though the rocky ledges seize me—fling me headlong from their wall,
 I shall leave a rainbow hanging o'er the ruins of my fall!

I shall lead a glad existence, as I broaden down the vales,
 Brimming past the regal cities, whitened with the seaward sails,
 Feel the mighty pulse of ocean ere I mingle with its gales!

Vex me not with weary questions; seek no moral to deduce—
 With the Present I am busy, with the Future hold a truce:
 If I live the life He gave me, God will turn it to His use.

LIVING IN THE COUNTRY.

Our New Barber—Reminiscences of our Old Barber—A Dog of another Color—October Woods—A Party on the Water—Home, Sweet Home, with Variations (Flute Obligato)—A Row to the Palisades—Iroquois Legend—Return to the Cottage.

WE have gotten a new barber in the village. It is a good thing to have a barber in the country. You hear all the news, all the weddings, the engagements, the lawsuits, and other festive matters in his aromatic shop. Our former Master Nicholas has left us suddenly—"Maestro Nicolas quando barbero del mismo pueblo." We miss him very much. I used to admire his long and learned essay upon the uman air. The uman air, for want of capillary attraction, could not maintain its place upon the uman ead, without the united juices of one hundred and fifty-five vegetables. So long as he devoted himself to procuring the necessary vegetables, and hung his argument upon a hair, he did very well. It was pleasant to doze under his glib fingers and his vegetal philosophy. But, unfortunately, he got into politics. Barbers usually have excitable temperaments. The barber of our village became the softest of the softs. He was ready to argue with anybody and everybody, in his "garden of spices."

One day, while I was under his tuition, at the end of a prolonged debate with one of his sitters, by way of clinching his point, he did me the honor of tapping me twice upon the cranium, with the back of his hair-brush. "Sir," said he (tap), "I tell you *that* is so" (heavy tap). In consequence, I predicted his speedy downfall. Sure enough, he laid a wager that his candidate would have a majority in our village over all the rest of the candidates, and the next election only gave his candidate *two votes*. Next day our barber was missing. Public vandalism had crushed him.

We have procured a new barber. He is in the dyeing line of business. It is the color, not the quantity of hair, that engages all his lubricating efforts. To convert the frost of age into a black or brown scalp is the highest ambition of his genius. Not only that; he anticipates time, and suggests preventive treatment to younger men. To me he is excessively tiresome.

I have bought me a new dog: a snow-white terrier, with rose-colored ears and

paws. She is as white as new plucked cotton, or February clouds. All our other dogs, Jack, Zack, and Flora, are black; Juno, by contrast, looks strikingly white. One day, I found four black dogs under the porch. Of the four, I should say Juno was the blackest. She had been to the barber's on a visit, and he had given her a coat of his confounded Praxiteles balsam. Now she is growing out of it; but her present appearance is so repulsive, that the other dogs will not associate with her. Some day, I mean to give that barber a talking to about the matter.

Who that loves nature can forsake the country in October? Before the leaves fall, before "the flying gold of the woodlands drive through the air," we must visit our old friends opposite—the Palisades; we must bring forth our boat once more, and "white-ash it" over the blue river to the "*chimneys*." "What do you think of it, Mrs. Sparrowgrass?" Mrs. S. replied she was willing. So then, on Saturday, if the weather be fair, we will make our final call upon them. The weather was fine, the air warm, the sky clear, the river smooth, the boat in order, and over we went. I had invited a German gentleman, Mr. Sumach, to accompany us, on account of his flute. He is a very good performer upon that instrument, and music always sounds to great advantage upon the water. When we approached the great cliffs, Mr. Sumach opened his case, and took therefrom the joints of an extraordinary large flute. Then he moistened the joints and put it together. Then he held it up and arranged the embouchure to his satisfaction, and then he wiped it off with his handkerchief. Then he held it up again at right angles, and an impudent boy, in another boat, fishing, told him he'd better take in his boom, if he didn't want to jibe. Then Mr. Sumach ran rapidly through a double octave, executed a staccato passage with wonderful precision, and wound up with a prolonged bray of great brilliancy and power. Then the boy, by way of jibing himself, imitated the bleating of a sheep. Then I bent the

white-ash oars to get out of the reach of the boy, and the blisters on my hands became painfully bloated. Then Mr. Sumach, who had been trilling enough to make anybody nervous, proposed that we should sing something. Then Mrs. Sparrowgrass suggested "Home, sweet Home." Then we commenced (flute obligato).

HOME SWEET HOME!

WITH VARIATIONS.

"Mid (Taw-tawtle) pala (Tawtle)
 Though-oh! (Tawtle-taw!)
 Be it (Taw-tawtle) hum—(Tawtle)
 Taw, Tawtle-taw! (*rapid and difficult
 passage, ending with an inimitable shake*).
 A cha- (Tawtle) skies! (Tawtle) halo (Taw,
 Taw),
 Which (Taw-tawtle) world (Taw) not
 (Taw-tawtle), where
 Home! (*trill B flat*) Hoem! (*rapid and diffi-
 cult passage*).
 Sweet! (Toodle) sweet! (Toodle) home!
 (Toodle),
 Be it (Tawtle-de-doodle-diddle-doodle—
 taw) 'ble,
 There's no-oh! (Toodle) home!"

By this time we had reached the base of the Palisades.

Now then, here we are—a segment of sand you might cover with a blanket, and all the rest of the beach a vast wreck of basaltic splinters! Rocks, rocks, rocks! From bits not larger than a water-melon, up to fragments the size of the family tea-table. All these have fallen off those upper cliffs you see rising from the gold, brown, and crimson of autumnal leaves. Look up! no wonder it makes you dizzy to look up. What is that bird? Mrs. Sparrowgrass, that is an eagle.

It was a pleasant thing, after we had secured the boat by an iron grapnel, to pick our way over the sharp rocks—now holding by a lithe cedar, now swinging around a jutting crag by a pendulous wild grape-vine, anon stepping from block to block, with a fine river view in front and below; and then coming suddenly upon the little nook where lay the flat stone we were in quest of, and then come the great cloth-spreading, and opening of the basket. And we took from the basket: first, a box of matches and a bundle of choice cigars of delicate flavor; next, two side bottles of claret; then we lifted out carefully a white napkin, containing only one fowl, and that not fat; then two pies, much the worse for the voyage; then two

more bottles of claret; then another centre-piece—ham sandwiches; then a bundle of knives and forks, a couple of cork-screws, a tier of plates, six apples, and a half bottle of olives; then twenty-seven hickory nuts, and a half dozen nut-crackers; and then came the cheese and the manuscript.

Oh! golden November sky, and tawny river! bland distance, and rugged foreground, wild crimson vines, green cedars, many-colored, deciduous foliage, gray precipices, and delicious claret! What an afternoon that was, *under the palisades!*

"Mr. Sumach," said I, after the pip-pins and cheese, "if you will cast your eyes up beyond the trees, above those upper trees, and follow the face of the precipice in a direct line for some four hundred feet perpendicularly, you will see a slight jutting out of rock, perhaps twenty feet below the top of the crags." Mr. Sumach replied the sun was shining so brilliantly, just then, upon that identical spot, that he could see nothing at all. As, upon careful inspection, I could not see the spot myself, I was obliged to console myself with another sip of claret. Yet there it was, just above us.

"Mr. Sumach," said I, "I wish you could see it, for it is one of the curiosities of our country. You know we have five wonders of the world in America—the Falls of Niagara, the Natural Bridge in Virginia, the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, Trenton Falls, and the Palisades. Now sir, just above us, almost at the brink of that dizzy height, there is singular testimony of the freaks of nature. That tough old rock, sir, has had a piece taken out of it, squarely out, by lightning, probably; and the remnants of the vast mass now lie around us, covered with lichens, nut shells, dead leaves, table cloth, and some claret bottles. If you will go with me some two miles north, there is a path up the mountains, and we can then walk along the top of the vast precipice, to the spot directly over us." Mr. Sumach declined, on the ground of not being accustomed to such rough walking. "Then, sir, let me describe it to you. From that jutting buttress of rock in front, to the opening there, just back of you, there is a flat platform above us, wide enough for a man to lie down, with his head close to the inner wall, and his feet a few inches over the precipice. That plat-

form is probably one hundred and fifty feet long; the wall behind it is some twenty feet high; there is a little ravine, indicated by the gap up there, by which you can reach the platform. Once on it, you will see the wall back of you is very flat and even, as well as the stone floor you tread upon." Mr. Sumach answered "very well?" in a tone of inquiry. "Now," said I, "here, in this paper, is the Legend of the Palisades, and, as we are upon legendary ground, I will read it to you." Mr. Sumach, with a despairing look at his giant flute-case, said he would like much to hear it; so, after another sip of claret, I unrolled the manuscript, and read:

A LEGEND OF THE PALISADES.

Long before the white sails of Europe cast their baleful shadows over the sunny waters of the western continent, a vast portion of this territory, bounded by perpetual snows and perpetual summer, was occupied by two mighty nations of red men. The Iroquois, by far the most warlike nation, dominated, with its united tribes, the inland from Canada to North Carolina, and east and west, from central Pennsylvania to Michigan; while the great Algonquin race peopled the sea-board, from Labrador almost to the Floridas, and extending itself westward, even to the borders of Oregon, again stretched along, beyond the waters of the Mississippi, unto the hunting-grounds of the swarthy Appalachians. This bright river, in those days, flowed downward to the sea, under some dark, Indian name; and, where yonder village glitters with its score of spires and myriad windows, the smoke of numerous camp-fires curled up amidst pointed wigwams, of poles, and skins, and birch-bark, wrought with barbaric characters.

Of the Algonquin tribes that formerly inhabited the banks of this mighty stream, tradition has scarcely preserved a name. A handful of colored earthen beads, a few flint arrow-heads, are the sole memorials of a once great populace. But tradition, with wonderful tenacity, clings to its legends. Even from the dross of nameless nations, some golden deed shines forth, with a lustre antiquity cannot tarnish. So among the supernatural songs of the Iroquois we find a living parable.

Long before the coming of the pale faces, there was a great warrior of the

Onondaga-Iroquois, by name the Big Papoose. He had a round, small, smooth face, like that of a child; but his arms were long, and his shoulders broad and powerful as the branches of an oak. At the council fires he spoke not; at hunting parties he was indolent; and of the young squaws, none could say: "he loves me." But if he spoke not at the council fires, the people knew the scalps in his wigwam were numerous as the cones upon the pine tree; and if he cared not for hunting, yet he wore a triple collar, made of the claws of grizzly bears, and the old braves loved to sing of the great elk he had pursued and killed with a blow of his stone axe, when his feet were as the wings of a swallow. True it was, the love that is so common to man, the love of woman, was not in his breast; but the brightest and boldest maiden eyes dropped in his presence, and many a time the bosoms of the young squaws would heave—just a little. Yet the Big Papoose was the friend of children. Who bound the tiny flint arrow-heads to the feathered shafts, and strung the lithe bow with the sinews of deer, and practiced the boy warriors of the tribe in mimic warfare, and taught them to step with the foot of the sparrow, and to trap the fox, the rabbit, and the beaver, and to shout the death whoop, the *sa-sa-kuan*? Who was it but the Big Papoose, lying yonder, face downward, on the frozen crust of the lake, his head covered with skins, and around him a score of boy warriors, lying face downward, too, watching the fish below, through the holes in the ice, that they might strike them with the pointed javelin, the *aishkun*? Yes, he was the friend of children, the Big Papoose! There was then a very old brave of the Onondaga tribe; his hair was like the foam of the waterfall, and his eyes were deep and dark as the pool beneath it. He was so old that he could lay his hand upon the head of a hundred years and say—"boy!" He it was who had found, far in the north, under the uttermost stars, the sacred pieces of copper; he it was who had seen the great fish, so large that a single one could drink up the lake at a mouthful; and the great Thunder Water he had seen—Niagara; and the cavern, big enough to contain all the Indian tribes, the Iroquois and the Algonquins, and the stone arch that held up the skies, the

sun and moon, and the clouds he had stood beneath, and he had seen it.

He was called the White Cloud, and sometimes, when the summer's heat had been too powerful upon the earth, and the green leaves of the maize drooped too much, he would bring forth the magic red pipe, and smoke, and blow the smoke towards the west, and then the vapors would rise up from the great Lake Ontario, and approach him, and overshadow him; and the rain would fall, and the leaves rise up refreshed, and the little birds would sing loudly in the wet forest. Then, too, would the Big Papoose sit on the same log with the White Cloud, and ask him to tell of the mysteries of the skies; and the Sachem would chant of the White Rabbit of the north, the Queen of the Heavens that holds dominion over the uttermost stars, and the snows of winter; that hides in the summer, when the sun is powerful, that she may rival his brightness in the season of frost.

One day the Big Papoose said to the old chief, "Why, oh White Cloud, do you ever blow the smoke of the calumet towards the west, is there not rain, too, in the east?" Then, the white-haired answered: "Because I like not the visions I see, when I blow the smoke towards the east. As the smoke from the calumet moves westward, I behold in it nations of red men, moving, and ever moving, towards the caverns of the sun. But when I blow the smoke towards the east, I see the red men no more, but the glitter of mighty waters, and winged canoes, in size like the lofty hemlocks of the forests, and potent arrows of fire that dart forth with clouds and thunderings. And further, and further towards the east, I see more and more of the winged canoes, in number like the leaves that are blown by the winds of autumn; and the winged canoes bear many nations, and in the approaching nations, I see not one red man." "I have dreamed," replied the young warrior, "of a maiden, whose eyes were in color like yonder lake, and whose skin was beautiful as the snow at sunset." "Do you not think of her often, more than of the women of the Onondagas?" said the White Cloud. The young warrior bowed his head. "The time will come," said the old chief, "when the women with blue eyes will think of the young chief of the Onondagas." "When?" said his lis-

tener, eagerly. The White Cloud touched with his finger a young pine, whose stem was not thicker than a stalk of maize, one moon old, and replied, "When this trunk has grown so a man may stretch his arms around it and yet his right hand cannot meet his left, then will the young chief of the Onondagas live in the thoughts of the maiden with the skin like the flush of sunset on the snow." "You speak truth," answered the young chief, "so, too, have I dreamed." "Tell me," continued the white-haired prophet, "whom do you envy of living men?" "Not one," replied the young warrior. "Whom of the dead do you envy?" "The warriors who are dead in battle, and yet live famousest in the songs of the Iroquois!" "Look!" said the prophet. A volume of smoke arose from the red pipe, and the old man blew it gently towards the east. The Iroquois saw it spread into a plain, variegated with hills and rivers, and the villages of his tribe. Then it passed beyond the boundaries of his nation, and he recognized the habitations of the Algonquins, he saw their burial places, and the stretched skins with the accursed totems of his hereditary enemies; he saw, too, the noted warriors of their tribes, the women, the medicine men, and the children. Then the cloud rose up over a mountain, and he looked from its level summit down upon a sparkling river, broader than the rivers of his own country, and beyond, on the opposite side, were villages of Algonquin tribes, the wigwams of the Nepperhans. And he was standing on the brink of gigantic cliffs, whose vast shadows lay midway across the sparkling river; and as he looked his foot touched a fragment of rock, and it fell sheer down from the summit of the precipice to its base, and struck nothing as it fell. And just beyond him was a shelf of rock hanging over a terrible shore, huge splinters of stone were under his feet, and, as his eyes wandered up and down the sparkling river, far as his vision reached, the great shadow of the precipice, and the savage walls of stone, and the fragmentary shore went on unending. Then the sparkling river grew dimmer, and the rocks faded from view, and he saw only the blue sky, and the clouds, and, far off in the east, an eagle. "My son," said the white-haired, "you have seen it. To-morrow night loosen the thongs of your moccasins beyond the wigwams of the Iroquois. In the

country of the Algonquins are those wondrous precipices, and before seven days you will see the eastern sun rising over the sparkling river. Take with you this bag of pigments, and painting implements. On the bare rocks above the platform you have seen inscribed the totem of your tribe, and the record of your achievements. Go! I say no more."

Then the White Cloud put the tube of the calumet to his lips, and as the smoke arose from the kinikinic, the bowl of the red pipe expanded wider and wider, and the blue vapor spread out like the mist that rises from a lake in a midsummer morning. Then there came a powerful wind from the east, and the smoke rolled away before it, and was driven with inconceivable swiftness over the Lake Ontario, until it grew red under the sinking sun, and passed to the far-off hunting grounds of the Dacotahs. The young chief watched until it vanished, and then turned to his companion. There was nothing near him but the green grass, and the slender pine the White Cloud had touched with his finger.

Then the Big Papoose took the bag of pigments to his wigwam, and prepared for the journey. Around his broad chest he drew the folds of a gorgeous hunting shirt, decorated with many-hued barbs of the porcupine, and secured it with a gaudy belt of wampum. His leggings were fringed with the hair of scalps, and Indian beads and shells of various colors, and his moccasins were wrought with quills, tinted like flowers of the prairie. Then he took from the notched poles of the wigwam his tufted bow, and a sheaf of arrows tipped with brilliant feathers, and he thrust the stone axe through his belt of wampum, and shook once more the slender spear-staff with its ponderous head of pointed flint. And as he passed on beyond the wigwams of his tribe, the young squaws gazed after him with wondrous dark eyes, and the old women said, "Perhaps he will bring with him, when he returns, a Chenango woman, or a squaw from the blue Susquehanna."

Twice the moon rose, and he saw the maize fields of the Algonquins. Later and later she glittered over his solitary path by the rocky gorges of the Delaware. Then he saw in the north the misty mountains of Shawangonk, and lodges of hostile tribes without number,

and other maize fields, and at night the camp-fires of a great people. Then he came to shallow rivers dotted with canoes, and these streams were less broad than the river of the Oswegos. And then he saw before him a sloping upland, and just as the moon and the dawn were shining together, he stood under tall trees on the summit, and beneath him was the platform of rock, and the waters of the sparkling river.

"My dear," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass, "I am sorry to interrupt you, "but isn't that our boat out there, going up the river?" "Yes," added Mr. Sumach, suddenly leaping up with energy, "and my flute, too, I believe." "It cannot be," I replied, "for I fastened the boat with an iron grapple," and, as I did not like to be interrupted when I was reading, told Mr. Sumach very quietly, but severely, he would find his bassoon just back of our stone table. The explanation being satisfactory, I was allowed to proceed with the legend.

There was a pathway to the platform; as it might be, a channel for the heavy rains, that sometimes pour from the table-lands of the precipice to the ravine, and tumble, in a long, feathery torrent, over its rocky breast. It was a narrow passage, with walls of stone on either side, and ended just a few feet south of the jutting ledge; so that the young chief had to leap from the brink of the gorge to the edge of the platform. There he looked around, and behind him rose up the flat surface of thunder-split rock. Then he walked to the further end of it, and laid upon the ground his tufted bow and sheaf of arrows, loosened his belt of wampum, cast down his terrible stone axe, and leaned his pointed spear against the vast wall of the terrace. Then he took from the bag the pigments and the painting implements, and before mid-day he had sketched, upon the rocky background, the vast outline of his picture.

It was at the moment when he had completed the totem of his tribe, when he was nearest the gorge and farthest from his weapons, that a fawn darted from the chasm to the plateau, gathered up its affrighted form at sight of him, and then sprang sheer over the brink. The next instant, an Algonquin warrior leaped upon the ledge. A startled look at the Iroquois, a contemptuous glance at the pictograph, two panther bounds,

and the hereditary foes were struggling in a death grapple, upon the eaves of the precipice. Sometimes they leaned far over the brink, and then, unitedly, bent back, like twin pine trees, overblown. Both were unarmed; for the Algonquin had not suspected an enemy in a place where the foot of an Iroquois had never trod, and the weapons of his adversary were distant from them a bow-shot. So, with terrible strength, and zeal, and skill, each sought to overthrow the other, until, in the struggle, they fell, still clutched together, upon the rocky floor of the battle-ground. There, with tremendous throes and throbs of anger, they lay, until the shadows of the cliff had stretched far over the bosom of the sparkling river.

"Let us rise," said the Algonquin. The warriors rose to their feet, and stood gazing at each other.

There they stood, upon that terrible brink. The touch of a hand would have precipitated either upon the fragmentary shore below.

"Let us not perish," said the Algonquin, "like the raccoon and the fox, starving in the death-lock, but let us die like braves."

The Iroquois listened.

"Do you go," continued the Algonquin, "tell the warriors of my tribe to come, that they may witness it, and I will leap with you from this ledge upon the death below."

The Iroquois smiled.

"Stay," added the Algonquin, "I am a child. Do I not know the fate of an Iroquois, who would venture within the camp of my people? Remain you, until my return, that the history of my deed may be inscribed with that you have pictured upon these rocks."

The Iroquois smiled again, and said, "I wait." The Algonquin bounded from the parapet, and was gone.

Left to himself, the Iroquois collected together his painting implements, and filled with brilliant colors the outlines he had sketched upon the wall. Then he cast his spear far into the sparkling river, and sent the stone axe circling through the air, until it splashed far out in the stream, and he broke the tufted

bow with his powerful arms, and snapped his feathered arrows one by one. Then he girded on his gorgeous belt of wampum, and waited. Of whom was he dreaming, as he sat beneath the shadow of the pictograph? Was it not of the blue-eyed maiden, with cheeks like the flush of sunset on the snow?

The Iroquois waited. Then he heard a murmur, as of the wind stirring the leaves, then the rustle of rapid footsteps, and, as he started to his feet, the cliffs above him were thronged with Algonquin warriors. There was silence for an instant, and then an hundred bows were bent, an hundred bow-strings snapped, an hundred arrows converged through the air, and struck him! But as he turned to hurl defiance at his enemies, a warrior form bounded upon the parapet; it caught the figure, studded with arrows and tottering upon the brink, in its arms, and screamed into the dying ears, "I am here, O Iroquois!" and then, except the pictograph, nothing human remained upon the platform of the Palisades!

When I had finished the legend, Mr. Sumach startled the echoes with a burst of fluting that defies description. So I set to work resolutely, to pack up the basket, for I thought such a place as the one we were visiting did not require the aid of art to make it interesting. After the packing was finished, we started off for the boat, Mr. Sumach tooting over the rocks in a marvelous manner, until we came to the place where some climbing was necessary, and there I had the satisfaction of seeing the flute dislocated and cased, and then it fell in the water, where Mr. S. had some trouble to get at it. When we got to the place of anchorage, we found the tide had risen, and the grapnel under water, but no boat. So I suppose the other end of the rope had not been tied to the ring in the bow. We had a pretty walk, though, to Closter, and hired another boat. As our boat was brought home next day, it was no great matter, but I wished the person who found it for us had found also the oars and the thole pins.

THE GENTLEMAN'S SHAWL.

ON my way to the Trossachs and Loch Katrine, I lodged one night at the very snug inn which intercepts tourists at the Brigg of Turk, near the royal hunting forest of Glenfinlan, and just half a mile from the hostel of Ardcheanochrochan. Formidable as the Turkish name was, it was less so than the unpronounceable Gaelic one. By tarrying there overnight, I gained an early glimpse of my first Highland shepherd, seated on a rock, enveloped in a shawl of hoddin-gray, which entirely covered him, and was a protection against the cold drizzle. Since that day, the Scotch shawl has become American.

The simplest variety of human apparel, after the fig-leaf and the fur, must have been the web of rude cloth, wrought, as the Arab and Indian now work it, by means of a warp stretched on the earth, and a shuttle flying across it with the woof-thread. Between this and the Jacquard loom, there is a vast stretch of progress; yet it is surprising to observe what showy and even elegant textures come out of these primitive instruments. The early raiment probably did not vary much from the parallelogram of white cotton, which the Hindoo gracefully winds about him, and which he, at other times, wreathes into a manifold turban, when the sun beats too hotly for any European hat or umbrella. This long-cloth, as it is technically called—and the name has crept into the commercial parlance of the world—admits of every variety of adjustment, according to the figure, means, and taste of the wearer. Seen in contrast with the ebony or olive skin of the Hindoo, and among the palmary foliage of tropical trees, it leaves scarcely anything to be desired, and is, in truth, the elementary origin of all sculptured drapery. The great bas-relief of Flaxman, in the antechamber of University College, Oxford, which commemorates Sir William Jones, by representing him as one of a group compiling the digest of Indian Law, illustrates this flexibility of the simple web, which may be seen in several conformations on the three Brahmin sages. The consummate taste of Flaxman led him to seize at once on this native trait, and he is true to Asiatic costume. The *Cummerbund*, which renders to the

lower castes that service which gave a name to *Gallia Braccata*, is twisted as ungracefully as is the Scotch shawl by a Glasgow clerk, when he out-highlands the Highlander.

A garb so simple and obvious must have commended itself to every nation which possessed the textile art; and, assuredly, the investigations of our day do not lead antiquaries back to any period when the loom was unknown. Such savages as are ignorant of the shuttle, have degenerated from a more luxurious people, who once flaunted in its motley products. It is not in continental Asia that we find any such barbarism; because from thence we derive the shawl, both name and thing. Cashmere was long famous for shawls, properly so called, before Europe knew anything of an article now so largely included in commerce. To the looms of this delightful region we also owe the species of cloth universally known as cassimeres, or cashmeres. While that country was under the king of Candahar, the shawl-business alone employed forty thousand frames. The finest of these are believed to be woven of the warmest, or most non-conducting material ever used by man. The long shawls were a hundred and twenty-six inches by fifty-four; and the square shawls were about seventy inches. The elegant blending of colors was as much admired as the texture. These superb coverings loaded the camels of caravans and cafilas, pressing on their weary marches to Northern India, Cabul, Tattary, Persia, and Turkey. As to value, it is enough to say, that the time has been when a celebrated London dealer held one of his cashmere shawls at five hundred guineas. Napoleon's introduction of the Thibet goat into France is justly recorded among his pacific benefits to mankind. The shawl which M. Jacquard wove for the Empress Josephine, during the breathing time of Amiens, came from a loom, or machine, which cost twenty thousand francs. The wool of the cashmere goat is daily spun and woven in Glasgow and Paisley.

If any one cares to inquire about Hebrew shawls, he need only make his beginning at any one of the sixteen synagogues of New York. When peo-

ple wonder in Broadway, why Mr. Cohen or Mr. Levi wears his shawl with so matchless a nonchalance, the solution is, that he has practiced it ever since his boyhood, in the putting on of the Tallith, or prayer-cloak, which every devout Israelite wears at his public devotions. Some of these are very beautiful. And while the young banker's clerk, of Wall-street, reduces his Judaism to a minimum, by letting his synagogue-cloak shrink into a mere scarf about his shoulders, the venerable Polish or Syrian Jew, such as we have occasionally met on high festivals, covers his whole body, and even his head, with this token of reverence. We have been told that the fringe, which is upon the ends of this silken shawl, is annexed in compliance with a precept in the Fourth Book of Moses,* which says: "Speak unto the children of Israel, and bid them that they make them fringes in the borders of their garments, throughout their generations, and that they put upon the fringe of the borders a ribband of blue." The name of these fringes is *Tsitsith*, meaning "flowers," or a "flower-like ornament." With this we are, however, less concerned than with the shawl-like character of the Oriental mantle, which is, after all, a modification of the sheet and the blanket, of which the former is worn by the Indian of Bengal, and the latter by the Indian of Michilimackinac. So widely distributed is the gentleman's shawl, that the trapper of the West wears a blue mantle named, from a town in Gloucestershire, a Stroud; and the South American ambassador wraps his shoulders in a figured texture from Thibet. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, no doubt, wore the shawl, now called a *shelmé* by the Arabs. "It is almost a general custom," says Bishop Pococke, "among the Arabs and Mahometan natives of Egypt, to wear a large blanket, either white or brown; and in summer, a blue and white cotton sheet: putting one corner over the left shoulder, they bring it behind, and under the right arm, and so over their bodies, throwing it behind over the left shoulder, and so the right arm is left bare for action."† Mr.

Lane, who, with characteristic fidelity, brought back from Cairo as minute an account of the modern Egyptian wardrobe as if he had been a tailor in search of Arab fashion-cards, speaks thus: "A kind of blue and white plaid (called *miláye*) is also worn by some men; but more commonly by women, in the account of whose dress it will be fully described: the men throw it over their shoulders, or wrap it about the body." As afterwards described, this is almost a tartan, "woven in small checkers of blue and white, or cross stripes, with a mixture of red at each end."‡

Antiquity is all in favor of the shawl. Not to meddle with Fingal, which Mr. Macaulay takes as his standard of impudent forgery,§ we beg leave to dip a little into the Talmud, which is so well authenticated, that, notwithstanding its vastness, many Russian Jews have thought it worth while to commit it all to their memories.|| In both Talmuds—to wit, that of Jerusalem and that of Babylon—an inventory of Hebrew garments is given, in eighteen particulars. Among these, is the shawl masculine—not, indeed, called by its Hebrew name, Tallith; but by a Greek name, in Hebrew letters, Kolbin, that is, *Κολόβιον*.¶ Though the Colobium of the Romans is said to have been the sleeveless mantle, or poncho, out of which grew the tunic,** we dare assert it was the Haik or Hyke, universal among the Kabyles and Arabs of Africa and the Levant; a garb which, whether floating upon the haunches of a fleet Arabian, or swathed around the sleeping Bedouin, is far more picturesque than the best fit of a French dress-coat.

The "web of Penelope" has become proverbial, as descriptive of the doing and undoing effected by rich and beautiful widows—*Penelopes telam retezere*—there can be no longer any doubt that it was a shawl for her traveled husband. The whole thing is in the nineteenth book of the Odyssey, and we would gladly give it in Greek; but, as our younger lady-readers may not have gone so far, Cowper's exact rendering must suffice:

"I gave to him, myself, a brazen sword,
A purple cloak magnificent."

* Numbers xv, 37, 38, 39. Deuteronomy xxii., 12.

† Vol. i., p. 190.

‡ Lane's Modern Egyptians, vol. i., pp. 48 and 73.

§ History of England, Lond. ed., vol. iii., p. 363. Note.

|| Professor Gfrörer, of Stuttgart, in his History of Prim. Christianity.

¶ Lightfoot. Hor. Hebr. in Luc., ix., 3.

** Gellius, vii., 12.

The radiant colors of the Mexican blanket, now familiar to our eyes upon the shoulders of returned Californians, and the grotesque but ample flow of the South American poncho, are going far to convince us that our priggish and succinct style of body-coats, surtouts, box-coats, and caped top-coats, must give place to some felicitous blending of art and nature, as in the shawl. A simple web of party-colored cloth, as we have already said, is an element of beauty, which gives employment to every æsthetic talent belonging to the arts of dress, of painting, or of sculpture. These qualities belong to the gentleman's shawl; which, we proceed to show, was the ancient Pallium, the etymological origin alike of the funereal pall, and the lamb's-wool vestment bestowed on an archbishop by the pope. Those widely err, who think of the pallium as what we call a made-up garment; it was, in the beginning, a square, or oblong piece of cloth—that is, a shawl; and the wonderful functions which it discharges in the marble relics of art, are due to this, its free and unconventional character. It was taken right from the loom, without so much as a hem, and without tailoring. This *Himation*, or outer garment, was often used as a blanket, or even a bed. Like the Scotch shawl, it was generally party-colored, and often had a fringe. "The more splendid and elegant tints were produced by the application of the murex, the kermes, the argol, and the saffron. Pale green was also worn. The pallium of one color (*ιδιόχρουν ἱμάτιον*), literally, the "self-colored blanket," was distinguished from the variegated (*ποικίλον*): and, of this latter class, the simplest kinds were the striped, in which the effect was produced by inserting, alternately, a woof of different colors; and the check, or plaid (*scutulatum, tessellatum*), in which the same colors were made to alternate in the warp also. Zeuxis, the painter, exhibited, at the Olympic games, a plaid, having his name woven in the squares, in golden letters."* To show the adaptation of the ancient blanket-shawl, we might borrow statements from the classics, of its use as a bed, a carpet, a curtain, a sail, a housing, a swaddling-cloth, and a winding-sheet. Just as

Glengarry, or McCallum More, lays off his tartan, so Telemachus puts off his purple shawl, when about to try his father's bow.†

Now if Mr. Philip Chesterfield or Mr. George Washington Howard chooses to object to the gentleman's shawl on the score of ungracefulness, we shall proceed to join issue with him, on a point in which we have all the Muses on our side. If that excellent Gentile priest, the Abbé Winkelmann, could be brought into court, he would bring along with him the Berlin gem, of which he says that "it holds among intaglios the same place which Homer occupies among poets." Here, among five of the "Seven against Thebes," we should observe Polynices and Parthenopæus arrayed in the pallium. And, as we already meet Scottish gentlemen in the woollen line, who sport a gold shawl-pin, especially when snow or rain induce that truly Highland fold of the plaid which leaves a semblance of hood and sleeves, so the ancients came to employ a brooch, *περόνη*, or fibula, over the right shoulder. The statue of Phocion, in the Vatican, is thus presented, and no one can look at even a print of this, without recognizing the folds of the shawl.‡ And hereby hangs a tale. "Phocion's wife," says Aelian, "wore Phocion's plaid," but Xanthippe would not appear in that of Socrates.§ The aforesaid pallium was part of a Greek philosopher's stock in trade, as necessary as the white cravat of a clergyman, and was called, from its want of nap, tribon; in Latin, palliastrium. Antisthenes first doubled his blanket, and the other Cynics followed suit; it is well known that Diogenes lived and died in a shawl. The word "palliate" is derived from the muffling disguise of this garment.||

We have strayed sadly off from our shepherd at the Brigg o' Turk, with his scanty plaid. Let us return to say, that according to Pennant, it is a striped or variegated cloth, worn as a garment by the Highlanders of Scotland. The Gaelic word is *plaid*; which Jamieson, our best Scotch authority, interprets "an outer loose weed of tartan worn by the Highlanders." The *tartan* is "cloth checkered with stripes of various colors." All who are versed in Celtic

* Mr. Yates's art. "Pallium," in Smith's Antiquities.

† Mus. Pio-Clement., tom. I., tav. 43. Cited by Yates, *ubi supra*.

‡ Aelian, Var. Hist., ed. Tauchnitz, p. 109.

† Homer, Od. xxi., 118.

|| Smith, p. 720.

annals know that each pattern of this cross-barred or striped woollen is claimed by some clan. There is, or was, a shop in Argyll-street, Glasgow, where one might furnish himself with any of these insignia; and a costly work has appeared, representing all the Highland chieftains, each in the family tartan. But the proper and distinctive name of the gray or striped shawl, as worn in the lowlands, and noted in Guy Mannering, is the *maad* or *maud*. The shepherd's plaid, now strangely become a fashionable adornment, has been for

generations the protection of the Scottish hind, against mists little short of rain, and during snows. The caprices of dress are droll. Young fellows come from abroad, wearing with much complacency the clasp-pouch or *gibecière*, which not long ago was the symbol of a courier, and which, before that, was the huntsman's game-bag. But the mercury being near zero at this present writing, I will not breathe a word against a mode so warm, so pliant, so time-honored, and so sensible, as that of the Scotch *maud*.

SNIP-SNAP.

CYNTHIA SUSAN SIMPSON, age eighteen, with the pretty talent of pleasing men, was the acknowledged belle of the little Marrow-Squash Valley.

This little talent of pleasing men is sometimes given by nature as a compensation for the lack of every other accomplishment, or the means of procuring any; but this was not the case with Cynthia, who had good Yankee sense, and a vein of sprightliness in her composition, which latter, as I take it, requires several other talents for its support, otherwise it soon degenerates into silliness—whence it sours into vulgar ill-nature in the country girl—in the lady of society into sarcasm.

Cynthia was pretty, in the freshness of her age. American beauty comes forth like a flower, and is cut down. The loveliness of girlhood rarely ripens in the matron. And Cynthia was afraid to risk her loveliness, no doubt; for whilst she encouraged the attentions of many "beaux," who, in the language of her society, "went to see her" evening after evening, at the snug farmhouse of her father, whenever any of these swains took the opportunity to press upon her notice the nature of his case, and urge the necessity of its speedy cure, she cut the matter short with him.

Truth must be said, that amongst all her admirers there was not one who was *a priori*—that is, before a reciprocation of his love took place—a very desirable match for her.

The richest was Seth Taggart, who paid his last visit to her one afternoon, in a brand new suit of glossy, fine, black broad-cloth. Pretty Cynthia was alone, and prepared by previous experience to discern symptoms of an approaching assault upon the Malakoff of her affections. She pursed her pretty little mouth, and sewed, with nimble-glancing fingers, on the sleeve of one of the old squire's shirts, of unbleached cotton; and thought to herself what a fool Seth Taggart was, and wondered how he would get out of the fix in which he found himself, and how he could dare to think she had given him encouragement—and looked—very bewitching. Poor Seth sat on the verge of his chair, and gazed through the window, which was open, into the woods, but his was a mind like that of Wordsworth's Peter,

"A primrose, on the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And nothing more."

He did not find any inspiration in the woods, so he began to look into the ashes.

"Miss Cynthia," said he, at length, "did you ever see a crow?"

"Yes, Mr. Seth," said she, folding her gusset, and looking down at it demurely as a mouse.

"Black—ain't it?" said Seth.

"Very."

Then came a pause. "Darn it—I wish she'd help me out," said Seth in his own thought. "The little minx knows what I want to say, and she *might* help me to say it."

What man has not thought this before now, at courting time—and wished to borrow feminine tact, and the larger experience of women, to help him out of the slough of despond he is beginning to sink into? What man would not give the world to know how the last man, who offered himself to her, got through with it?

"Ever see an owl?" said Seth, at length, falling back upon his own resources.

"Often, Mr. Seth," lisped pretty Cynthia.

"It's got big eyes—ain't it, now?"

"Very big eyes," said she.

Seth grew angry. Angry with himself, no doubt; but anger, like Phœbus Apollo at sunset, glows brightest in reflection. He thought it a "mean shame," she wouldn't "help him out," while she sat there, looking "good enough to eat," and laughing at him, as even his blunt perception told him, whilst her attention was apparently bestowed upon the shirt-sleeve. He wished it were his shirt she was stitching so assiduously. He stirred up the ashes on the hearth, and almost made up his mind that "he warn't going to give her another chance at him;" but Cynthia dropped her cotton-ball, and Seth, not rising from his chair, stretched out his long, lank arm, and picked it up. He touched her hand, as she took it back, and an electric shock thrilled through his veins, and made him feel "all over—ever so," as he some time afterwards expressed the sensation to me.

"Miss Cynthia, may be you are fond of maple candy?"

"Very," said she.

"Well, now," said Seth, rising, "the next time I come, I'll try and bring you a great gob."

But as he rode home, behind his old farm mare, he said to himself, "I reckon I ain't going back to court a gal who sees a feller in a fix, and never helps him." And sure enough, he never did return. Miss Cynthia lost her richest lover, and many folks, even to this day, believe she wished him back again. It is the way of women to want the thing that can't be had. At least, so men say (if not in practice, in theory), and Cynthia's mouth watered, I dare say, for many a week after, for that gob of maple candy.

THE MORAL. Let every man, oh!

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pretty girl, pay court to you in his own way, and not in your way, and help him out at that, being sure, however, that you are in harmony with his mode of procedure. Never disturb ice-cream when it is going to freeze; nor lift the pot as it begins to boil; nor make a false step and get out of time, when your partner is meditating a *revers* in the *deux temps*, or the polka. Many a declaration of affection has been frightened off by some wrong note sung in the treble of the duet, which put it out of harmony.

Cynthia, though so pretty a girl, and so experienced in the art of saying "no," to an offer of marriage, had yet a good deal to learn in her own craft; and, indeed, no experience ever primes a woman for the decisive moment. Each case must be met on principle, and not on precedent. It is our business to discover, in this story of "Snip-Snap," how far pretty Cynthia profited by the experience she prided herself upon in the rejection of her lovers.

It was a mellow autumn morning, and a russet glow had tinged the woods at the back of 'Squire Simpson's homestead. It was Seth Taggart's wedding-day. He was to marry, that evening, Susie Chase—a smiling little rose-bud of a wife, to whom he found plenty of things to say, as sweet to Susie's ears as to her lips his maple candy. Cynthia, as one of her best friends, was to be bridesmaid; and as she wished to shine that night, in all her bravery, and wanted some new ribbons for her head-dress, this want tempted her abroad, a little after noon, when the harvest-fields were quiet and the yoked oxen stood relieved from labor, leisurely chewing the sweet morsel reserved for that soft, sunny hour of rest, as men of business use to do the thought of the last letter written by the hand they love, till the burden of the day is laid aside, putting it apart (with all its woman's nonsense, and half unreasonable fancies), pure from the contact of the pile of yellow letters lying on their desk—offerings upon the shrine of Jupiter Mammon.

Our pretty Cynthia tripped along her path, scattering a cloud of grasshoppers and crickets, as she stepped; and in her silly little pride of bellehood her heart held, though she would not have

confessed the thought, that her relative value to her crowd of beaux was in the same proportion as that of one woman to many grasshoppers.

At a turn in the path, she came suddenly on one of these admirers—Frank Handy. Frank's face flushed. He had been thinking of her when she surprised him—thinking of her all that day and through a sleepless night; and in those hours the Cynthia of his fancy had smiled on him, and laid her gentle hand in his, and had been gathered to his heart—it was a shock to come thus suddenly upon so different a reality. At the moment he encountered her, he was indulging himself in an imaginary love scene, in which he was calling her, in heart, "My Cynthia, my love," and at the sudden sight of her, all such presumptuous fancies fled in haste, and hid themselves, shrinking like varitinted coral polypes when danger approaches—each into the recesses of its cell.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Cynthia," he said, stammering before he gathered self-possession, and accustomed himself to her presence. "I was on my way to make you a call. If you will allow me, I will turn round and walk with you."

"I am not going far, Mr. Frank, only into the village, for some ribbon for my hair, and gentlemen dislike shopping," (knowing perfectly well that he would go with her).

"I know where a wild hop-vine grows," said he, "it would make a much prettier ornament for your hair than any ribbons you could buy in the village."

"And will you get me some?"

"Turn this way into the woods, and spare me half an hour while I twist it into a wreath. I am going away from here to-morrow, perhaps. I have been offered a professorship in a school of agriculture."

"Indeed, Mr. Handy."

There was a pause, and Cynthia resumed, a little hurriedly: "I should think you would like going away from here. There is nothing to tempt a young gentleman to remain among us."

"I shall like it, in some respects, better than my present life," said Handy. "This farmer's life, when there are no higher interests to accompany it, does not draw out the best energies of a

man. His nature, like his thoughts, goes round and round in the routine, like a squirrel in its cage, and makes no progress."

"This man thinks higher things than I think," was Cynthia's thought as he said this, and, for a moment, she felt humbled in his presence; but she rallied her pretensions, remembered her bellehood and her conquests, and the light in which she always had been looked upon by all her lovers, and was almost disposed to revenge upon Frank Handy the passing feeling of inferiority. Frank stood in silence, twining the hop-wreath for her head. He did not speak. His thoughts were busied with the words that he would say to her when he broke silence. He was satisfied to have her waiting at his side—waiting for the hop-wreath, with its pale green bells, that he was twining leisurely; and Cynthia grew impatient as she found he did not speak to her. She addressed him several questions, which he answered with an air of preoccupation. She wandered from his side a few yards among the rocks, turning over with her foot some pebbles covered with gray and orange moss, and disturbing all the swarm of busy insect life, which made its home there. The influences of the day stole into her heart, and made her answers more soft and natural.

At last Handy broke silence, calling her to him, as she stood watching the stir which the point of her foot had produced in an ant-hill.

"Miss Cynthia."

"Is it finished?" she said, quickly.

"Not the garland—but the struggle in my breast is finished. I have been questioning with myself whether I should say to you what I am about to say."

Cynthia gathered a leaf, and began slowly to tear apart its delicate veins and fibres.

"Miss Cynthia, is it pleasant to you to have a man say he loves you?"

"I don't know, Mr. Handy. I suppose so. That is, I think it is very embarrassing sometimes."

"Why embarrassing, Miss Cynthia?"

He was taking her on a new tack. It was different from anything she had ever before experienced. She did not like this way of having his offer.

"It is embarrassing when I know that my only answer can be No," she said, looking him in the face a moment,

and then casting her eyes upon the lime leaf she was dissecting.

"It would be more embarrassing, I think, if you were not so sure," he said, "and if you took the matter into consideration."

"It never wants any consideration with me," she answered.

"What! did you never place before your mind the subject of marriage? Have you been satisfied with the vain triumphs of a belle? And did you never look beyond, to see what the happy duties of a wife, and the sweet ties of home might be?"

Cynthia laughed, but the laugh was affected and constrained. "What nonsense, Mr. Handy!"

"It is not nonsense," he replied; "such thoughts are fit for maiden meditation—they are womanly—and womanly, above everything else, I should wish my wife to be."

"I hope she may be all you wish her, Mr. Handy. We will go now, if you please, if you have finished my garment."

"It is not ready for you yet," said Handy, passing it over one arm while he took her hand. "Cynthia, beloved! you must listen to me."

She drew her hand away, but he took it again, and resumed. "You must let me feel its pulses beat against my hand, while I tell you the secret of my life—of my life, for I have always loved you. I loved you when you were a blooming little girl, and we both went to school to Ezekias Reed, dear Cynthia. I have loved you against hope—at times against my better reason. I have hesitated to tell you this, because encumbrances on my farm made my position less than that which I thought ought to be offered to you. I have watched you with your other admirers; and, in some moments, have not thought that any other had your preference, so that other men have taken their chance before me. This offer of a professorship, which adds a thousand dollars to my income, makes it possible for me to address you. Cynthia! there are depths of tenderness which no human eye has ever fathomed, in many a strong man's heart—depths which, perhaps, are never, by the shallower nature of your sex, entirely reciprocated or understood. It is not alone my heart, it is my very nature—heart and soul, mind and strength—that I offer to you. The love of you,

like things which plants absorb and assimilate into their own growth, has become part of me. This is a tried and true affection, Cynthia. It has waited patiently until the moment came when it might be offered to your acceptance. Cynthia, if you will lay this little hand in mine" (and he let it fall, but stretched out his hand towards her), "I will strengthen you, and elevate you, and guide you. You shall be a woman of higher rank (as God ranks woman), for your union with a man's stronger, steadier, and more single-minded nature; and, Cynthia, your influence for good on me will be incalculable. Who can estimate what a man owes to the affection of a woman? All that I have in me that is good will be doubled by your influence. You must draw forth—perhaps create—the gentleness, delicacies, and the tendernesses that complete the manly character."

He paused, and Cynthia stood with her hand hidden in the folds of her mantle.

"No," she said slowly; "I am sorry, Mr. Handy, but I cannot be what you wish to you."

There was an embarrassed silence between them for a few moments, and then Cynthia, gathering courage with her rising pride, continued:

"I am not good enough to answer your expectations, Mr. Handy. You must look elsewhere for the kind of woman who will satisfy you."

Handy started, and his face flushed eagerly. He was about to speak. Cynthia caught the lighting of his eyes; but when they rested on her face, he said that her words were not wholly sincere, and the look faded.

"You are not dealing fairly with me, Miss Cynthia, nor yet with your own heart," he said, a little bitterly. "You are not convinced of what you said this moment. You think in your heart I am a foolish fellow, and that I ask too much. You do not think that Cynthia Simpson falls short of the reasonable ideal of any man."

"I don't know why you should say such things," said Cynthia, growing angry and nearly ready to cry. It was the first time any offer had been made to her which had not left behind it a self-satisfied feeling of triumph; and yet here was Frank Handy, as incomparably superior to any other suitor she had ever had as . . . Well, no matter.

"Miss Cynthia," said Frank, "when a man loves a woman, as I have long loved you, he singles her out from the whole world as his representative of womanhood; and there is that in her before which he bows down, doing homage to the woman's nature within her. But this does not imply unconsciousness of her faults. He may see where she comes short of her own capability. And that marriage is true union in which the husband, up to whom she looks, and on whom she should lean, strengthens her better in its struggle against her worsen nature."

They were walking towards the homestead, and walking fast. Cynthia was angry, disturbed, and mortified. Was this a time to dwell upon her faults? She admitted that she had some. Vague confession! by no means implying that Cynthia knew that, at that moment, she was proud, vain, insincere, and petulant, and that she was crushing down the better feelings of her heart, to give the victory within her to the worst. If Handy wanted her, she thought, he might woo her with more respect to her pretensions. And he *should* woo her. If he loved her as he said he did, she knew her power was great. He should bring his homage not coldly to the womanhood within her, but to herself—to Cynthia Susan Simpson, in spite of the full display of all her faults, and even in opposition to his better reason. She was not to be defrauded of her triumph, and it would be a great one, indeed, if she forced him, by her faults themselves, to surrender at discretion.

They reached the steps over the stone fence which led on to the highway. In their path lay a disabled grasshopper. Frank set his foot on it and crushed it firmly. "Miss Cynthia," said he, "few women have the courage to treat rejected suitors thus. It is the true humanity."

He helped her over the steps, and paused. He took the hop-wreath carefully from his arm, and gave it into her hands. She took it with an indifferent air, and, as she took it, crushed some of the green blossoms. She would have treated him with more courtesy (had Frank but known it), if she had been entirely indifferent to his admiration.

"Miss Cynthia," said he, now in a grave and measured tone, which, in spite of herself, impressed her with a

a sense of the powerlessness of her little arts when brought into conflict with his self-possession and sincerity, "I know very well how you have dealt by many men, and I am not disposed to fall into the ranks, and take my chance among your many other patient suitors. It is true, that the wound that you inflict on me, will leave its scar for life; but I cannot make my self-respect an offering even to you. And if you have the feelings of true nobleness, which I have always fancied I discerned in you, you would respect me, esteem me, love me less, for such a sacrifice. I shall never offer myself again to you. Cynthia started. Slight and rapid as her movement was, he saw it, and repeated, "I shall never offer myself again to you, And I leave this place to-morrow, never to return to it, till I have subdued this love for you. To-night I shall be at the wedding. I am groomsman to Seth Taggart, and shall stand up with you. I am going home to consider fully what has passed, to convince myself (if I can) calmly, whether my love for you has been an error in my life, for which my judgment is responsible, or only its misfortune; whether the Cynthia I have loved is really capable, as I have dreamed, of scattering the clouds that dim her beauty, and shining forth in her sweet queenliness upon the lonely darkness of the man who can teach her what it is to love. I do not know what I shall think. To-day has shaken my confidence in you. As I said before, I shall make you no further offer; but, if I make up my mind to renew the one I have just made you, I shall say Snip! during the evening; and, if you answer Snap! I shall understand it is favorably received by you. Mind," he added, "I think it doubtful whether, notwithstanding my love for you, I shall think it right to say it. I am going into the fields to 'meditate till eventide' upon my course, and I may bring back the conviction, that for the present rejection of my suit I ought to be much obliged to you. Nor shall I say Snip! more than once. In this uncertainty I leave the matter to your consideration."

"What impertinence!" thought Cynthia. "I never heard of such a thing!" And she began to cry, standing alone upon the highway, holding her hop-wreath in her hand.

"I don't know what I had better do. I wish he had taken some other way of

speaking to me. Oh! why should he be so very unkind? I don't care. It is his loss a great deal more than mine, if he is really in love with me."

The evil spirit was coming back, and it whispered, "He will certainly say Snip! but you had better not say Snap! too readily."

She walked on thinking, imagining a triumph, when suddenly the thought came to her, that she was confessing to herself she wanted to say Snap!—and why? It was not possible that the tables of her pride were turned upon her; that she was in Frank Handy's power, to refuse or to take; that she loved him! "I don't care for him at all," was the suggestion of the bad angel. "I only want to teach him for the future to behave. He is a presuming, exacting, self-conceited fellow."

"Have you ever, in the course of your experience," said the good angel, "seen any other man like Frank? Has not the conversation of this very day raised him to a height in your esteem . . . which is . . . which must be . . . almost . . . That is, he stands before you in a light in which no other man has ever stood before?"

"I don't believe he loves me," said her perverse heart, "or else he would have taken a great deal more pains to win me."

"Ah!" said the good angel, "what better love can a man give, than that which sees your faults and strengthens you against them? True, he has set his ideal of womanhood so high, that you do not come up to it; but he sees in you capabilities for good, beyond those of other women, though to the height of your capabilities you have never attained."

"Oh! I shall be a worse woman, and an unhappy woman, if I do not love Frank Handy, and if Frank Handy does not love me," said her heart, now turning to its better instincts, as she threw herself upon her little, white, dimity-covered bed, in her own chamber, and, shutting out the light from her eyes, thought what life would be if Frank never said Snip!—Frank, who was even then walking in the fields, trying to think all the harm he could of her.

Here she lay, and cried, and disquieted herself in vain. And she thought over all the good she had ever heard of Frank Handy, and—strange!—that though it seemed to her he had the good

word and good opinion of every man who knew him, no one had ever quite seemed to appreciate him to his full value. Perhaps he had never shown his inmost heart to other people as he had to her. Her wounded feeling seized upon the balm she found in such a thought. Frank was not a man to put forth his pretensions. She had wronged him very much in calling him conceited and presuming. He had spoken only what he had a right to think about his own sincerity; and oh! how she wished he could think a great deal better of her.

During the burst of tears that followed this reflection, the great farm teabell rang. Cynthia sprang from her bed and wiped her eyes. If she looked as if she had been crying, might not some one say she was fretted to lose Seth Taggart? Seth Taggart, indeed! She wasn't going to cry for losing any man. And the evil spirits resumed their sway.

So Cynthia went down stairs towering in pride and wrath. She had half a mind not to go to the wedding. No, she could not do that. People would certainly say things she would not like about her and Seth Taggart, if she staid away. It was delicate ground with her, this matter of Seth Taggart's, because he had never made her any offer. "I think men treat women shamefully," said Cynthia in her thoughts, summing up all her wrongs at once, as she sat at the teatable, priming herself with pride against the weakness before which she felt her courage giving way.

"Cynthy, I reckon you'd best go and dress you," said her mother, as she was clearing away the table after tea; "you leave the things, and I'll wash up and put away. It will take you some time to fix yourself, and you ought to be there early, if you are going to stand up with Sue."

"Who's the groomsman, Miss Bridesmaid?" said her father.

"Frank Handy, sir," said Cynthia, with a toss of her head.

"Ha! Handy?" said her father, "a right clever fellow is Frank. It'll be a lucky woman he stands up with to be married to."

Cynthia escaped to her own room, and she began to cry again. There! her father spoke well of Frank; but nobody could know him as well as she knew him. Oh! if he only would come back.

Why hadn't she known the state of her own heart that morning? But he took her so by surprise, and all her evil feelings had got uppermost at the moment. It would be very cruel of him—very—not to try her again.

Thus she thought, until she was sufficiently advanced in her toilet to put her wreath on. Should she wear it? Would it not be confessing too much, if he were to see it in her hair? She looked for some ribbons in her drawer, but at this moment her father called her, and said, if she came quick he would drive her over to Susie's before he unharnessed his old mare. So she put on the hop-wreath in a hurry, giving it the benefit of her doubt, and its trembling green bells mixed with the light curls of her pretty sunny hair.

"Where did you get that thing from?" said her father. "It's mighty tasty, I declare. Give me a kiss, Cynthia. I hope your beaux will think you look half as pretty as I do. And it's better, my child, to be admired by your old father, who loves you, than by a crowd of foolish fellows, half of whom get round a pretty girl just like my flock of sheep out yonder, one following because another is making up to her."

"Foolish fellows!" they were "foolish fellows." But Frank Handy was not one of them. Frank had never followed in her train sufficiently to be accounted one of her suitors. It was this very "foolish" flock, whose ranks he scorned to enter. All that her father said, seemed to justify her nascent feeling. She kissed the old man's ruddy cheek, and felt as if the callow love, that fluttered at her heart, had almost been made welcome by his approbation.

"What time shall I come for you, Cynthia?" said he, as she alighted at Susy's door.

"Oh! not till late, father," she said, hurriedly. "Stay—not at all. Some of the young men will walk home with me; or, if they don't, I'll come with Tommy Chase. He's only eleven, but he's tall of his age."

And now Cynthia found herself in the bride's chamber. The pretty little rose-bud, blushing in her wedding muslin, and going to be very happy, because . . . well, it takes a good deal more sense than Susie had to be unhappy in life when one is blessed with a sweet temper and a good digestion. A super-added power of suffering is a proof of

an advance in organization, and we submit the argument to the skeptic: whether this truth does not imply the necessity of some power or influence which shall counterbalance and adjust this sensitiveness to suffering in the highest natures?

Cynthia was waited for to put the finishing touches to the bridal toilet, for Cynthia had taste, and Cynthia among her "girls" had a reputation for good-nature. Her fingers failed her as she pinned the wedding wreath, and she trembled more than the bride did when the buggy that had been sent for the minister stopped at the end of the brick path which led up to the homestead. She saw Frank Handy in his bridal suit going down to receive the minister.

"Cynthia, you go and tell the gentlemen they may come in."

Cynthia shrank back. But as bridesmaid it was her office, and the others pushed her to the door.

"She didn't want to see Seth Taggart, I reckon," said one of the girls in a half whisper. "Don't you see how pale she has grown?"

Cynthia falsified this speech by looking scarlet before the girl addressed could turn her head; and she opened the door of the room, where the bridegroom and his men were caged, with an air in which assumed indifference was strongly marked, and said, "Gentlemen, we are ready," with a toss that sent the hop-bells dancing in her head.

Seth, long and lean, and shiny, in his wedding suit, as a snake in a new skin, took little Susie on his awkward arm; Frank Handy, quite collected, and self-possessed, offered his to the bridesmaid, and they followed the bride and bridegroom into the best parlour. Cynthia and Frank were parted, when they took their places for the ceremony. It was only a moment that she leaned upon his arm; but that moment gave her a new sensation. It was a pride, such as no woman need be ashamed of, in resting upon manly strength. His arm did not tremble, though all her nerves seemed twittering like wires stretched, and suddenly let loose. He seemed so strong, so calm, so self-collected, and so dignified, that she began to feel her own unworthiness, and to mistrust her power.

She cast her eyes down during the service, tried to bring her rebel nerves under control—she heard nothing, and saw no one. The minister had blessed

them both, and kissed the bride. Everybody came round the pair with salutations. The kissing was rather indiscriminate. Seth claimed the privilege of kissing all the girls, and of course he kissed the bridesmaid. His former sensation of "all over—ever so" transferred itself to her in a different way. She would as soon have kissed a clam.

"Cynthy, you and Frank bring in the cake. You seem to forget all you have got to do," said one of the young girls of the party.

"Frank! Here! Your bridesmaid's waiting, and I declare, I don't believe you have taken the privilege of the kiss you are entitled to."

Frank was called away from the side of a lady in blue, a stranger from the city, who had been brought by some of the guests. She had no other acquaintances, and Frank seemed to be attentive to her.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Cynthia," said he, turning from the lady, and taking no notice of the latter part of the speech that was addressed to him, "let us do all that is expected of us."

They went together into the pantry, and were there alone. Cynthia thought, "if he intends to say Snip! now is the moment." But Frank was intent on arranging the cake on plates, and disposing them on a large waiter. Cynthia felt ready to cry. She took refuge in silence, and the cake. It may have been the sweet, unwholesome smell of wedding cake which made her head ache violently.

"It is a foolish custom," said Frank, as they arranged the cake. "Foolish, that persons, because they are happy, should want to make other folks sick. But there is a great deal of selfishness in the display of newly-married happiness, as that essay by Elia tells us."

Frank sighed, and that sigh revived the courage of Cynthia. Now she thought he will say "Snip!" Can I say "Snap!" Oh! no.

She put on a little coquetry. "You will not have any cake at your wedding, Mr. Frank," she said. "Everything about that will be the perfection of good sense and reason."

She had not intended to be sarcastic, but as the speech fell from her lips, it sounded so. It was trifling—unworthy. She wished she had not said it. Its tone was out of harmony with what she felt.

"Come," said Frank, "let us feed

them." He took one of the handles of the tray, and the bridesmaid took the other. The room was very merry. The cake was served with plenty of noise, and the wine after it. Frank seemed to be quite self-possessed, and attentive to everybody. Cynthia's beaux could make nothing of her. She answered their questions wrong. A rumor ran that she was wearing the willow for Seth Taggart. She declined to dance, on the plea that she must keep herself disengaged for her duties as a bridesmaid, and, indeed, her head ached so she feared the motion. Agonized by her self-consciousness, and with too little spirit left to make head against the reports that were going about, she could not but perceive that Frank seemed not to remember her.

"Who is that lady in blue, Mr. Handy is so taken up with?" she said to one of the party. Cynthia had always called him "Frank" before, but consciousness made her now reject the old familiarity.

"Oh! that is somebody very wonderful. Everybody else is afraid to speak to her. She has written a book. Frank seems to be right down flirting with her—doesn't he? I declare, now, he always wanted somebody out of the way. Nobody here was good enough for Frank. Have you heard he has been offered a professorship, and is going away? He is going to live in the same place she does. I shouldn't wonder at his courting her—should you?"

"I don't care," said Cynthia in her heart, "I don't care. Oh! yes I do. I care that he should have weighed me in the balances so calmly this afternoon, and found me so unworthy, that he takes back the love he has offered me. Has he judged me very cruelly? Or am I quite unworthy of his attachment? Oh! think that this morning I had it in my power to be happy all my life, when I refused him! Oh! how can any one compass any other man with him? And he loved me only to-day—and now, to-night, his reason says I am not good enough to be his wife; and he is afraid of being unhappy with me. Indeed, I am not good enough—but I would try to be."

"..... If you would snip it."

It was Frank Handy's voice. She caught the word, and looked up eagerly. Frank saw her, and stopped embarrassed. He was holding up a torn fold in the dress of his partner in blue.

"If I knew where to find a needle and thread," said the authoress, with a half look at the bridesmaid.

"I know. Let me sew it up for you," said Cynthia.

Her pride had left her. She felt humbled to the dust. It would be a relief to do something for this woman—better than herself—whom Frank preferred to her.

"Let me do it," she said earnestly.

"Mr. Handy, I shall depend upon your escort."

Frank Handy bowed, and the girls went together into a bed-room.

Escort?—was it his escort to the city? He had told her he should go there. Cynthia sewed up the hole in the blue dress, very sadly and quietly.

The animation faded from the young authoress's face, as she looked down on Cynthia's quivering lip, and saw a big tear fall upon her sewing. She had heard some one say, she had been the victim of false hopes raised by Seth Taggart; and had in her heart despised her for it; but now she felt as if the sad, heart-broken love bestowed on him endorsed him as far better than he looked. It was a woe, however, to which she could not openly allude. But, as Cynthia set the last stitch in her dress, she stooped down and kissed her. "Every sorrow has its lesson," she said, "as every weed has a drop of honey in its cup. Blessed are they who suck that drop, and store it for good uses."

She had gone, and Cynthia was left alone. Yes, she had much to learn. This night's experience had taught her that her reign was over, and her career of belle-hood run. She, who was not good enough to keep a good man's heart when she had won it, would set herself to her new task of self-improvement. She would have her dear old father's love, and live at home, and little children, too, should learn to love her. And then, perhaps, some day, when they both grew old, Frank Handy might, perhaps, see that he had judged her hastily, and not be glad, as he was now, that she had rejected him. At least, every improvement in her would be due to his influence, though unseen; and so, even in her lonely life, he would not be altogether dissociated from her. She sat in the dark, with her hands clasped tightly over her burning forehead.

She heard voices in the passages. The party was breaking up. People

were beginning to go. Oh! why had she staid alone so long! Perhaps during that hour Frank might have changed his mind. She had deprived herself of the opportunity.

She started up and hurried out amongst the company. They were all getting their cloaks and shawls on. Frank, in his great coat, was standing impatiently at the house-door.

"Please to tell her that my buggy has come up first," he said to some one, as Cynthia presented herself in the passage.

"I am ready," said the lady in blue, presenting herself.

Frank raised his hat to the company; and took her on his arm.

"Shut up that door," said somebody; "and don't let the night air into the house."

So the door closed with a jar that went to Cynthia's very heart. She turned aside and tried to help some of the girls to find their shawls and hoods. "Every lassie had her laddie," Cynthia only had no one to take her home. She asked Tommy Chase to walk home with her, and he said he would as soon as he had had some more cake and some more supper.

Cynthia went back into the empty parlor, and sat down by an open window looking on the yard. She hid her face in her hands. All sorts of thoughts went singing through her brain; but the one that presented itself oftenest, was an humble resolution that she would try to be such a woman as Frank Handy wisely might have loved.

There was a stir among the vines that draped the window-frame. She did not look up. It was the wind. She heard it sigh. She felt its warm breath near her cheek—warmer, surely, than the night wind. She lifted her head quickly.

"Snip!" said Frank's voice at her side. It trembled; and he trembled as he stood with a great hope and a great fear contending in his breast. His self-possession was all gone. The struggle had unnerved him.

"Oh! Snap!" cried Cynthia suddenly. And then, drooping her head, crowned with the hop bells, lower and lower—more and more humbly, till it rested on the window sill,—she said in a broken voice: "I know I am not worthy, Frank; but you must teach me."

THE MALAKOFF MARSEILLAISE.*

THREE times the Frenchmen charged, with cheers, to win the Malakoff;
 Three times they rolled in tumult down, and heard the Russian sooff.
 What's to be done? their hearts grow cold, that *Vive l'Empereur*
 Falls faint and dead—a broken spell, a battle-cry no more.
 Ah, one there *was*—remembered still—of glory's brighter days—
 They murmur, they pronounce a name—that name, the Marseillaise!—

From man to man,
 The whisperings ran:
 "Long live the Marseillaise!"

The murmur grows; they talk aloud: "Our fathers' song!" they cry,
 "Heard round their lovely tricolor, in the gallant times gone by;
 O'er battle-fields and battered walls they sung it, marching free
 From the Alps and the Pyrenees, all round, to the rolling Zuyder Zee.
 We'd try the conquering charm, this day, and, though its port-holes blaze,
 We'll give you that bloody Malakoff—but give us the Marseillaise!"

Says a brown zouave:
 "My Chief, let us have
 One touch of the Marseillaise!"

Grave looks the stout Pelissier, when he hears that startling word,
 Says, "Nonsense! Go!" but well I know his Frenchman's heart was stirred:
 "Those English fly from yon Redan; they're quashed, and, on my soul,
 Unless I win our Malakoff, good-by, Sebastopol!
 Well, form them, in God's name afresh, and let the bands," he says,
 "If they've recovered wind enough, lead off the Marseillaise.

What can I say?
 'Tis our Frenchmen's way;
 So, sound their Marseillaise!"

'Twas done: zouaves and voltigeurs, and soldiers of the line,
 Chimed in with the old Republic's March—the war-song of the Rhine—
 And then the charge—the last, wild charge! down tumbles Bosquet bold;
 Heaven rest the dead—on, soldiers, on! Mac Mahon's in the hold!
 Ne'er sung that air to nobler feat, through battle's fiery haze;
 Well may the Czar, and his men of war, lament the Marseillaise!

Says Gortschakoff:
 "'Tis time to be off—
 They're singing the Marseillaise!"

Brave song, be heard, all undeterred, an omen and a sign,
 Beyond the despot's guarded camp, beyond the leaguering line;
 Lead yet a wider, worthier strife—a mightier fortress far,
 Against our banner still holds out, on the deadly heights of war;
 And sound again, bold melody! for baffled millions raise
 The last, victorious rallying-cry—the nations' Marseillaise!

Once more advance
 In the vanward, France,
 To the roar of thy Marseillaise!

* The fact stated in the text, though hushed up as much as possible by the government, was mentioned in Paris by the soldiers lately returned from the Crimea. After their repulses before the Malakoff, the troops demanded the Marseillaise air, and the general did not venture to refuse them, at such a moment. The bands played the tune; and the soldiers, under Bosquet and Mac Mahon, took the place.

OUR SEA-COAST DEFENSE AND FORTIFICATION SYSTEM.

WAR is no obsolete or decayed tradition. The millennium still perversely lingers in the caves of Apocalyptic vision, and mighty, indeed, must be that faith which accepts universal peace as an impending reality. Mars is not yet a fossil for moral palæontologists to speculate upon, but, from his old Olympian home, he even now looks down on a contest more stupendous and destructive than any before waged on this earth. The year in which Sebastopol was taken; the year in which pestilence and sword have celebrated their new *entente cordiale* in the Tauric Chersonese with human holocausts, unequaled in numbers and nobility; such a year is no time for denying that war is an ever possible contingency, which each independent nation is bound so far to anticipate as by all just and honorable means to avert its oncoming, and to be forearmed against its disasters.

Most sincerely do we deprecate war. The appeal to brute force in any form, as an arbiter of rights, is abstractly bad logic, and worse humanity. Yet who can doubt that such appeals will continue to be made? As a plain question of fact, what is there in the present state of the world to give even the most shadowy hope of our being forever at peace with all nations?

As wars have been our national portion, so are we still bound to regard their coming as possible. The United States have no privilege of exemption from the casualties of national existence. With whatever fidelity we may cultivate international amity, the time may arrive when no choice is left us but war. We appear even now to owe no thanks to England's prime minister and prime newspaper for the peace which we enjoy, despite the formidable fleet lately dispatched to bathe its sides in the Gulf Stream. Canada, Cuba, Central America, Mexico, the Northwestern boundary, the Sandwich Islands, the Sound dues, our commercial policy, our resistance to search, our doctrine of naturalization, violated neutrality, and sundry other points, present contingencies which may easily provoke the dialectics of war. The Eastern Allies, whether flushed with victory or enraged by failure in their

strife with Russia, are less likely to maintain a pacific and conciliatory deportment towards us. Nor can we deny that our own nation, if not, as Lord Ellesmere declared, the most warlike power on earth, is by no means meek or gentle under insult, menace, or dictation; we are not yet millennium saints, and shall scarcely become so, while the cool audacity of frontier life continues to leaven the sobriety of our commercial and manufacturing elements. Thus, while deprecating, and because we deprecate all needless strife, we hold it to be the part, both of prudence and of duty, to foresee and provide against the disastrous effects of any breach of peace, come from what source it may. It is an imperative duty to maintain our country in such an attitude of defensive preparation, as not to invite hostility and spoliation by leaving bare, to petty invasion, the vital points of our national strength.

The situation of our country is such, that any formidable war must especially involve the maritime element. No neighbors on this continent need be taken into the account, except as auxiliaries to European powers. No transatlantic enemy can operate against us, except by effecting what, in military parlance, is called a grand descent, or by bombardment from shipboard. Petty descents may be prevented, and could not much influence the result of hostilities. A grand descent involves the embarkation of an army on shipboard, its transportation across the seas, and its debarkation on an enemy's shores, either rapidly, to effect a local object, or to conduct one or more campaigns from a seacoast base. A bombardment from shipboard usually requires only a naval armament, and no landing need be forced. Now, it is almost exclusively to the one or other of these forms of attack that we are exposed. It is true that Great Britain, or, especially, Great Britain and France combined, could attack us effectively by the Canada route, which, therefore, necessitates some special precautions along our inland frontier. But, for us, the main problem of home defense consists chiefly in our being able successfully to repel grand descents and naval bombardments.

In a war with France or England, we should be subject to far more formidable grand descents than would have been attempted at any past time. There has been no period of the world's history when transmarine expeditions could assume such gigantic proportions, or wield such formidable power, as now. The great advances in ship-building—the rapid expansion of commercial transportation, and especially the general introduction of steam-power, both for military and commercial operations, have removed much of the difficulty incident to sending expeditions across the Atlantic. Powerfully as our inferior naval force and privateering militia could operate against the transportation of supplies for such an expeditionary force, success in landing, and in putting under contribution a portion of our country, would secure subsistence for the troops thus thrown among us, and the conflict would become one for superiority in the field—that field being some devoted section of the sea-board states. England, with her small available land force, could not long sustain such a conflict; but France, with her plethora of excellent soldiers, could give us a severe trial.

One chief obstacle to grand descents is, the danger and difficulty of effecting a landing, when this is contested with any vigor. Unless some town, furnished with available wharves, can be seized, the landing of men, guns, and materials, must be effected by the aid of small boats—a process slow, laborious, inadequate, and especially precarious when no good anchorage is secured. It has always been held essential, in landing an expeditionary force, quickly to make sure of some harbor, where the fleet and transports can ride in safety. The recent increase of draft, in merchant ships, has augmented this difficulty, and much restricted the number of harbors which would suffice as bases of operations, in grand descents.

Another obstacle to great expeditions, which is of recent date, is, that by the aid of rail-roads and steam-boats, our local troops can be concentrated with great rapidity, to contest the landing, and obstruct the operations of a transatlantic invading force. Our sea-coast strategic points are chiefly those where these facilities for concentrating troops exist in full vigor. As against grand descents, this element is of great importance; but it is absolutely null for

resistance to a bombarding fleet, unless there be shore batteries of heavy guns, for the converging auxiliaries to bring into action.

A glance at the history of grand descents, will show how difficult they have always been found to be; and yet, that they have been a not infrequent resource. Ancient history presents some remarkable examples of such enterprises, on a scale of great magnificence, both in organization and in results. Xerxes is said to have had 4,000 vessels, when he invaded Greece. At the same time, 5,000 vessels are said to have landed 300,000 Carthaginians in Sicily, where they were defeated by Gelon. Three expeditions, under Hannibal, Himilco, and Hamilcar, ranged from 100,000 to 150,000 men, each. Pyrrhus landed 26,000 infantry and 3,000 cavalry at Tarentum. Regulus is related to have taken into the naval battle of Ecnon 340 large vessels, with 140,000 men, while the Carthaginians had fifty more vessels, and from 12,000 to 15,000 more men. Regulus then descended, with 40,000 men, on the African coast. The Romans lost 28,000 men and 100 vessels, at Drepanum. Lutatius took 300 galleys and 700 transports into the battle of the Egean Isles, and the Carthaginians there lost 120 vessels. Scipio Africanus compelled the Carthaginians to burn 500 ships. Paulus Emilius descended on Samothracia, with 25,000 men. In the third Punic war, 80,000 infantry and 4,000 cavalry were transported from Lilybæus to Utica. Mithridates had a fleet of 400 vessels—of which 300 were decked. In Cæsar's second descent on Britain, he had 600 vessels, and about 40,000 men. He also transported 35,000 men into Greece, and 60,000 into Africa. Augustus transported 80,000 men and 12,000 horses, to meet Antony in Greece, who had 170 ships of war, 60 Egyptian galleys, and 22,000 infantry, beside the rowers. Germanicus took 60,000 men, on 1,000 vessels, from the Rhine to the Ems. Genseric descended from Spain, on Africa, with 80,000 Vandals. In 902, Oleg is said to have embarked 80,000 men, in 2,000 barks, on the Dnieper, proceeding thence through the Black sea, to Constantinople. William the Conqueror made his descent with from 60,000 to 70,000 men. Louis IX. made a crusading descent on Egypt, with over 1,800 vessels, and with about 80,000

men. Mahomet II. is said to have sent 100,000 men in the expedition for the second siege of Rhodes. Edward III. debarked 40,000 men from 800 vessels, to besiege Calais. Henry V. also descended on France, with 30,000 men, 6,000 being cavalry. Charles V. took Tunis by an expedition of 30,000 men, in 500 ships. Soliman I. besieged Rhodes, with 140,000 men. Mustapha, in 1565, descended on Malta, with 32,000 Janizaries, and 140 vessels. In 1527, an expedition of 200 galleys and 55,000 men proceeded against Cyprus. The Invincible Armada consisted of 137 armed ships, 2,630 bronze guns, 20,000 soldiers, and 11,000 sailors. The Turks sent 55,000 men, in 350 galleys, to Candia, in the war of 1615, and, again, 50,000 men in 1667. Charles XII. descended on Denmark, with 20,000 men, in 200 transports. In 1775, an expedition of 15,000 to 16,000 Spaniards attacked Algiers. In 1779, Count d'Estaing, with 25 ships of the line, landed 6,000 troops in the United States, while Orvilliers, with 65 ships of the line, was covering a contemplated descent of 40,000 men, in 300 transports, from Havre and St. Malo, on the British coast. Hoche's frustrated expedition against Ireland consisted of 25,000 men. Bonaparte's Egyptian expedition consisted of 23,000 men, 13 ships, 17 frigates, and 400 transports. The Anglo-Russian expedition against Holland, in 1799, was raised, by successive debarkations, to 40,000 men. Abercrombie's expedition into Egypt carried 20,000 men. Cathcart's expedition against Copenhagen, in 1807, contained 25,000 men. Moore's army, in Spain, amounted to 25,000, and Wellington had 30,000 English at Oporto. The British Antwerp expedition, in 1809, consisted of 40,000 land troops and 30,000 sailors, or, according to some authorities, a total of 100,000 combatants. The British Ostend and Antwerp descent, in 1813, was scarcely less extensive. The British expedition against Washington consisted of 7,000 to 8,000 troops, and that against New Orleans, in 1814, of near 10,000; which was also about the force sent to Canada, the same year. The great expedition which Napoleon had organized against the English coast, consisted of 150,000 men, in 3,000 transports. The French descent on Algiers was made with 30,000 men; and the French army, in Algeria, has

since amounted to 120,000 men. Our own descent on Vera Cruz was among the most remarkable, in its events and results. But no previous descent has ever compared, in magnitude of means, and in the numbers finally debarked, with that which has passed, as it were, under our immediate notice—the descent of the Allies in the Crimea. The Carthaginian expedition to Sicily alone claims to equal it in numbers; but this claim is exceedingly apocryphal. Probably a real effective land force of over 200,000 men was never before transported over seas. No age of the world has seen such an example of the immense mechanism of a first-class descent, as this expedition has afforded.

Many minor descents might be cited; but the general place of such operations in history is sufficiently indicated by these examples. We should be very liable to such operations in a war with France; for, with its now powerful navy and its unequaled army, it would require but a slender accession of means to reproduce its Crimean army on our shores. The consummate military skill of the French, vigorously directing such an army against our chief seats of power, would give a severer shock to our national fabric than any other external force to which we are liable. In brief, a war with France would bring upon us overwhelming descents; while war with England would lead to naval conflicts at sea and naval bombardments along our shores, beside field operations in Canada.

Bombardment is the peculiar liability of a marine frontier whose towns are not effectively defended by sea-coast batteries. If we suppose our coast destitute of such defenses, a hostile fleet or even a single vessel of war might lay city after city in ashes, or exact the extreme of tribute. The shipping and ship-yards of each harbor in turn might be destroyed or seized; until our whole coast and commercial marine should be utterly laid waste. Our sea borders, wherein so large a portion of our wealth and strength is gathered, might thus be shorn of every element of vital power, by a force in itself totally insignificant, but cased in an unassailable floating citadel. We must either entirely drive an enemy from the seas, or, by local defenses, close our harbors against his approach; or else we must patiently endure the

annihilation of ports, ships, and commerce.

A sea-port population, though numbered by millions, could, in itself, effect well nigh nothing against a bombarding fleet. By heavy guns, duly placed in sea-coast batteries, and by them alone, can any impression be made on such beleaguering, bomb-speeding pachyderms. Imagine a hostile fleet coming up the Narrows, and no forts, no batteries to obstruct its progress; all New York, taking to muskets and field pieces, sparrow shot and shillalahs, pitchforks, and tape scissors, worse than the Celestials turning somersets-of-war! Verily, of little use are the million "strong arms and stout hearts" in such a case; of little defensive force, a wall of human flesh, against 32 pounders and 10 inch shells! Truly, it were better that Sandy Hook, the Narrows, Bedloe's, Ellis's and Governor's Islands, should settle this matter with iron than Wall-street with gold. New York is worth defending in the best possible manner; and an insurance on our many sea-port towns is certainly worth the nation's solicitude.

We cannot effect this object by establishing a supremacy on the sea. Our naval force is now totally unable to cope in mass with the English or French navies. We are not prone to consider how much these outnumber our gallant few. The following table exhibits the strength of some European navies in 1829 and 1840.

1829.	Ships of the Line.	Frigates	Smaller Vessels.	Total.
England, -	131	149	336	615
France, -	33	41	148	222
Spain, -	6	12	94	102
Holland, -	12	80	63	105
Russia, -	32	25	24	81
Portugal, -	2	6	15	23

1840.	Ships of the Line.	Frigates	Smaller Vessels.	Total.
England, -	120	141	317	578
France, -	49	62	242	353
Spain, -	3	4	9	16
Holland, -	11	21	32	54
Sweden, -	11	8	14	33
Russia, -	50	25	40	115
Turkey, -	15	15	18	48
United States,	11	30	16	57

Since this period, the English and French navies have been greatly increased by the addition of steamers. In

1850, England had 150 war steamers, besides 60 to 70 merchant steamers, for which 32 pounder armaments were actually prepared, and 240 more capable of having lighter armaments. In 1851, the French had 1 line of battle 90 gun steamer, 14 first class steam frigates, with 8 to 16 heavy guns, 15 steam corvettes, and 40 dispatch steamers, mostly mounting from 2 to 4 shell guns. Many of the English steamers are old naval vessels transformed.

Our navy has now but about 70 vessels when all told, of which not over 40 could be brought into service in 90 days. Our 12 armed steamers carry from 1 to 10 guns each, or 73 in all.

The cost of building and maintaining the English, French and American navies need only be stated, to show that we should entertain no thought of coping in regular naval force with either of those powers.

The expense of maintaining the British Navy for 49 years, from 1799 to 1851 (not including 1841 to 1844), was - -	\$2,283,644,277
Annual average (49 years), -	46,604,284
From 1799 to 1815 (15 years of war), - - - - -	1,356,248,803
Annual average of do. - - -	79,779,341
From 1816 to 1851, (1841-44 excepted), - - - - -	927,395,437
Annual average, do. (32 years),	28,981,106

The annual cost of maintaining the French Fleet, was :

From 1689 to 1789, - - - -	\$7,808,000
From 1776 to 1783, - - - -	19,400,000
From 1783 to 1786, - - - -	12,600,000
Cost for 1797, - - - - -	16,700,000
" 1805, - - - - -	28,000,000
" 1808, - - - - -	22,000,000
" 1814, - - - - -	10,200,000
" 1818, - - - - -	8,640,000
" 1837, - - - - -	10,800,000
" 1847, - - - - -	18,053,908

The cost of maintaining the United States navy has been, for the 41 years :

From 1792 to 1832, - - - -	\$112,097,122
Annual average for do. - -	2,734,076
From 1812 to 1815, inclusive, -	26,376,215
Annual average (4 years), -	6,594,053
From 1831 to 1837, - - - -	31,393,151
Annual average (6 years), -	5,232,191
Naval bill appropriation for 1853, -	6,958,827
Estimate for 1855, - - - -	8,351,171

It has been estimated that, in this country, the average cost of constructing vessels of war has been over \$6,000 per gun, and that the annual expense of their repairs is over 7 per cent. of their first cost; also, that the average cost of our fortifications has slightly exceeded \$3,000 per gun; and that

their annual expense of repairs amounts to one-third of one per cent. of first cost. In 1842 the cost of building the United States navy, then afloat, had been \$9,052,725; and the cost of repairs on the same vessels, \$5,579,229, or a total of \$14,631,984. It has been found from large experience, that the effective duration of a man-of-war in the French navy, averages but 12 years; while in the British navy, this duration has been estimated at 7 to 8 years in time of war, and from 10 to 14 years in time of peace. Besides this marked superiority of actual French and English naval force, and the great cost of maintaining and repairing vessels of war, we may add, as additional considerations adverse to our embarking in this competition of navies, the subtraction of force which such a step would make from our commercial marine, our deep-rooted objections to the formation of large standing forces under the federal government, the lack of any adequate cause for such an overwhelming enlargement, our reliance on privateering as a marine militia, our secluded, semi-insular position, and the strong bias of our national traditions.

But even supposing our naval policy thus revolutionized, and that our augmented naval force could directly measure its strength with France or England, our navy could not then effectively guard our immense coast from naval assault. The case is plain; for while we have at least ten vital, primary strategic points to be covered, points scattered along our entire Atlantic, Gulf, and Pacific coasts, we should have but one fleet to do this widespread duty. The hostile squadron might choose any one of these ten points for a rapid attack, strike its blow and be again at sea, or gone to a new attack, before our fleet could be brought to bear. It is a question of chances, and the probability of security is ten against one. Absolute security would require, for these ten points alone, ten home squadrons, each superior in force to the hostile fleet. Of course, no one dreams of any such chimerical balancing of power, and it is, in fact, only by most protracted, long-suffering persistence that any petty augmentation of our gallant little navy can be wrung from Congress.

It certainly is not our true naval policy to anchor our fleets in our own

harbors, and all enlightened minds must agree with Webster, who declared that, in the war of 1812, he "was for doing something more with our navy than to keep it on our shores for the protection of our coasts and harbors." One of the most distinguished ornaments of our own navy says: "This arm can only fill its special mission in war, that of aggression, by being enabled to leave the great sea-ports and exposed points of our maritime frontier to a more certain and economical system of protection, in order to carry 'the sword of the State' upon the broad ocean; sweep from it the enemy's commerce; capture or scatter the vessels of war protecting it; cover and convoy our own to its destined havens, and be ready to meet hostile fleets: in other words, to contend for the mastery of the seas, where alone it can be obtained—on the sea itself." A navy has far greater powers for sea-coast attack than for sea-coast defense, and this is especially true of our own navy. If it would defend our coasts, let it attack the enemy's unguarded ports and exposed points. A new Paul Jones, commanding such swift-sailing and steaming vessels, as American skill could now supply, would transfer the contest to the marine frontiers of England or France, and thus defend our own ports. That our navy is pitifully small; that, when the six new steamers are completed, we still shall have but 18 armed steam vessels, and the inconvertible Collins' ferry ships; that we are not likely to cultivate this main-stay of future deeds of quick-winged daring; all this is true: but we still are strongly confident that our future wars will "be carried into Africa."

Our readers can scarcely have forgotten the flutter of apprehension created in England, during 1845, by a pamphlet of the Prince de Joinville, in which he very coolly laid bare the fact, that the sea-girt isle was, like Wolsey, in its age, left naked to its enemies. By means of steamers, shooting out from their fortified coverts on the French coast, he showed how the imperfectly-secured ports of England might be overwhelmed and despoiled, and that even imperial London might be taught to give tribute. The reality of British sea-coast weakness was then fully attested by the general consterna-

tion, and by the promptitude with which new measures for harbor fortifications were adopted. A special commission was ordered to examine the condition and the system of the coast defenses and the harbors of refuge. The result has been, a rapid development of water batteries, and a general renovation of their armaments. In the three years from 1847 to 1850, the amount applied for repairing old works and erecting new ones, on the coast of Great Britain and Ireland, was \$1,300,694. At Gibraltar, over \$600,000 have lately been expended on the fortifications, and \$367,887, were yet estimated for. At Malta, in addition to \$180,000 similarly voted, \$696,000 were estimated for. The defenses of Quebec are still progressing, and in like manner are those of most British colonial ports. Between 1839 and 1840, at least 2,000 new guns, of the largest calibres, have been mounted on the British sea-coast fortifications. These facts are valuable, as showing how thoroughly conscious the first naval power on earth now is, that she cannot safely rest her sea-coast defense on her navy alone, and that the sphere of action for this arm is the open sea.

France has always taken care to be incased in sea-coast armor. Her long series of naval humiliations never brought on her ports the disasters of bombardment. None can have failed to observe how, in every reverse, her fleets have found shelter in her fortified ports. The general exemption of these defenses from attack, during her interminable wars with England, is a supreme vindication of the efficiency of her sea-coast system. With her usual military sagacity, France has recently had her coast defenses reexamined by a high special commission, representing all the arms of her immense military establishment. The result has been an extension of the previous system to many new points of her marine frontier, which are accessible by light draft steamers, bearing heavy guns.

We should seek in vain for stronger evidence of the power of well-constructed harbor forts, to effect their proposed ends, than was afforded by that stupendous paralysis which Cronstadt impressed upon the allied Baltic fleet. Baffled and powerless before works which threatened annihilation, if approached, a squadron of unsurpassed

armament, commanded by a notoriously daring officer, and surcharged with every element of naval power, shrunk from, or declined the encounter, and braved the fearful alternative of a crest-fallen return. Why did not Napier take Cronstadt? Everybody well knows that he recoiled from its strength, and could only have lost his fleet in any serious attack. There, too, was Bomarsund, regularly breached by the French land battery, instead of being toppled down by broadsides. At Petropolowski, the attempt was made and signally failed. At Sweaborg, by superior range of guns and by a land mortar battery, the allied fleet succeeded in burning some stores, leaving the defenses essentially intact. The Black Sea fleet before Sebastopol, though strong and well appointed, beyond precedent, wisely forebore to thrust itself into the lion's den, though this forbearance led to the alternative of that life-consuming siege, now world renowned, during the progress of which this grand fleet chiefly coöperated in the transport function.

We must not here attempt the historical examination of that well-discussed theme—the ability of fleets to contend with forts. Suffice it to say, that a great body of experience has already been amassed, tending conclusively to show the great superiority of forts in these contests. The few instances wherein fleets have seemed to succeed in a fairly engaged fight of this nature, all resolve themselves, on examination, into bad conduct of the garrison, or its commander, or into some radical fault of construction or armament; such as magazines not bomb-proof, scarps too thin, guns placed too high, calibres too small, or carriages unserviceable. A long array of instances might be cited, in which forts have beaten off fleets; and, in many of these, the disproportion of strength amounts to the grotesque. Fort Moultrie, Fort McHenry, Mobile Point, and Stonington Point, are good illustrations in our own history, though in each of these cases the works were small and of weak profile.

In general, we can safely declare that the true defense of sea-coast harbors, cities, and grand dépôts, consists in covering lines of heavy water batteries, wherever these can be so located as to act effectively on the channels of approach, or the positions which a bom-

barding fleet must assume. The entire practice of all civilized nations is based on this principle, and every European coast may be cited in proof that this is an accepted and verified doctrine. As adjuncts, and in cases where adequate permanent batteries are excluded by the configuration of the locality, resort may or must be had to armed merchant ships, or steamers, floating batteries, gun-boats, etc., which, though very temporary in character, and costly in proportion to their efficiency, may be made to give a tolerable defense, if in sufficient force, and if prepared in time. We know of no respectable military authority, adverse to the principle of permanent sea-coast batteries, while we do know of very many testimonies, both military and naval, strongly commending their efficiency. Some persons, carried away by partial views, or lacking real knowledge of the case, have loudly proclaimed their skepticism. Others, advocates of pet schemes, hobby riders, maggot-brained inventors, charlatans, and paradox hunters, denounce to clear the ground for themselves. Some officers of the navy have written down their skepticism, in couth or uncouth style. Some of these have been mistaken, some ignorant, some rash, and some have wished to tear down the fortification system to substitute an infinite navy, and thus achieve astounding promotion. Tenfold more than an offset are the opinions of men like Com. Stewart, Com. Morris, Capt. Dupont, and, indeed, of all those most distinguished for professional skill and sound judgment.

From all that has now been advanced, we shall regard as established these general propositions: that wars must be expected in time to come as in times past; that the United States ought to anticipate the contingencies of collisions with the first class powers of Europe; that grand descents and bombardments along our sea-board are the chief dangers to be apprehended; that we cannot look to our navy for their prevention; that we ought not to tie our own vessels to our own coasts; that foreign and American authorities and experience clearly indicate permanent defenses as the best security for an exposed sea-board; and that our true policy is, to provide such a system of heavy water batteries, or harbor forts, as will enable us to repel all probable

attacks on our sea-ports, navy-yards, or dépôts, and also to secure our most important harbors and roadsteads as refuges for our own marine, while we, by the same means, close them against all enemies.

We will now present a brief statement of the history, character, progress, and armaments of our sea-coast fortifications.

Soon after the organization of our government, when the memory of war was fresh, and while the French revolution was convulsing the nations, the need of fortifications was strongly felt. The old revolutionary works were temporary and inadequate. Poor as our country then was, and extensive as was our coast, the best that could be done was, to throw up some imperfectly-planned and cheaply-built forts and batteries; this was done with hearty good will. After the attack on the Chesapeake, large appropriations were made, and so vigorously applied, that the war of 1812 found us with no small show of preparation. Every important town had its covering forts or earthen batteries, which, though small and weak in their profile, at least saved the towns from marauding and petty attacks. They served an excellent purpose, and at Baltimore, Mobile, and Stonington, fought British naval forces with distinguished success. Fort Washington was disgracefully abandoned, and its commander cashiered for cowardice; else Washington might not have been burned.

The insufficiency of this system of hasty defenses was so strongly felt, both by our government and people, that no time was lost after the peace in undertaking its improvement. A board of our most distinguished naval and engineer officers was organized in 1816, and laid the foundation of our present system of sea-coast defenses. It was fortunate that our naval heroes were no less men of judgment, and that engineers of such eminent ability and professional skill were then to be found in our service as the brilliant and lamented Col. Wm. McRee, Col. J. G. Totten, our present Chief-Engineer, and Maj. (now Col.) S. Thayer—a rare and honored trio. The first two served on this board, as also did Gen. Bernard, one of Bonaparte's favorite engineers, who came to this country at Mr. Calhoun's special solicitation. His fresh

acquaintance with European defensive ideas was, doubtless, of some advantage, though it led to two of the most objectionable features of our existing system. To him Fort Monroe, at old Point Comfort, Va., owes all its essential features, and especially its great magnitude, which called forth the celebrated and misunderstood criticism of Gen. Cass. This board proceeded to a thorough study of our entire sea-coast, in relation to its systematic defense. Its harbors, rivers, and bays were closely scrutinized for the selection of sites for the works required. Their relations to our commerce and to naval operations were specially canvassed, as well for the location of navy-yards and dépôts as for their bearings in protecting our navigation, and in covering our interior waters. It was considered particularly desirable to keep an enemy as far off seaward as possible. By forcing him to combat at the greatest attainable distance from the towns to be covered, time would be gained for concentrating troops to oppose his land advance, and the towns themselves would be saved the injuries of a close contest. Indeed, every effort was made to introduce, in these studies, all the essential strategic elements of the problem.

The result was, a general selection of military and naval sites, and a determination of the proper strength and of the relative importance of all the proposed defensive works. These forts were classified according to their defensive importance, and this scale of gradation was assumed as the guide to indicate the proper order of succession in constructing the several works. This was rendered necessary by the number of works required, and by the limitation of our resources, which prohibited their simultaneous erection.

As to the style of work which should be adopted, some general principles were laid down and applied. The essential object in all cases was, to bring a certain number of heavy guns to bear, with the maximum advantage, on the channels to be closed, or the waters to be commanded. In determining this amount of fire, the importance of the locality, both commercial and strategic, had to be carefully considered. Each detail, of the site and of the waters to be commanded, had its influence. Then these guns had to be made secure from capture by parties sent on shore, as

guns which could thus be spiked, with no serious obstruction, would be no secure defense. Hence the water batteries had to be inclosed, and brought within a scarp wall, of height sufficient to interdict escalade or a *coup de main*. To prevent the planting of scaling-ladders, or the establishment of breaching mines, along this scarp, such flanking arrangements had to be adopted as that the entire face and foot of this scarp should be seen from within, and commanded by an effective fire. Moreover, in such localities as were beyond the reach of speedy and overwhelming succor, it was necessary so to mask this scarp with covering banks of earth, that an enemy could not, by establishing batteries at a distance, effect a practicable breach through it, and so, in some two or three days, penetrate through the inclosure. Enough must be given an enemy to do, to afford full time for sending a succoring army against him; hence outworks, demi-lunes, mines, etc., must be so much accumulated on the points open to attack, as to compel at least an equal interval for the enemy's approaches, before he can breach the scarp. On the water fronts, it was desirable to accumulate as many guns as possible; hence arrangements were made to place them in two, three, or four tiers, or stories, according to the height of the scarp. Since the water fronts cannot, as a general thing, be breached by land batteries, or by the unsteady random fire of ships, no earthen covers along their scarps were thought necessary; hence these walls were pierced with embrasures for as many guns as they would conveniently cover, while a line of barbette guns was arranged to fire over their tops. Accommodations had to be provided for the garrisons, and for this bomb-proof arches, or casemates, were employed as a security in bombardments, both for men, stores, and guns. Between their supporting piers, the casemate guns were mounted to fire through the embrasures. Magazines, store-rooms, hot shot furnaces, cisterns, etc., had to be provided. Under cover of works thus arranged, exterior earthen batteries became admissible as an augmentation of the effective fire over the water. All the parts of these combinations were to be built with the maximum durability which granite and iron can give, consistently with true economy; for thus a constant state of readi-

ness and a minimum cost of repairs would be insured.

On such principles the work for each site was determined. In some places, the danger of land attacks was small; then the earthen cover was omitted. In some instances, shoals were chosen as sites; then compact, castellated works were designed. In some, only a small fire was needed; then the works were restricted in proportion. Each locality had its peculiarities, and demanded a special solution; but in all cases there were distinct rational principles to be applied. Doubtless some mistakes, of greater or less magnitude, have been committed, but, as a whole, we think the system adopted was most excellent, and that its execution has been as faithful as possible. We believe it to be a fact, that our sea-coast fortifications, so far as they have been constructed, may claim a decided superiority, both in plan and in execution, over those of any other country, and that, when complete, and vitalized by garrisons, they will constitute the securest possible bulwark against bombardments, and a most important check on grand descents.

Several successive boards of engineers have continued and extended the studies of the first board, with no less talent and patriotic fidelity, applying all their skill in perfecting the plans and in regulating the important details of the several constructions. The corps of engineers, selected from the most distinguished graduates of the Military Academy, has had for its chief occupation the actual construction of these works; and there can be but one opinion as to the professional resources and sterling integrity with which this important trust has hitherto been discharged. It is certainly but a rational deference to concede respect to the deliberate and conscientious views which have been unanimously entertained by this accomplished body of men, so thoroughly and carefully trained in the highest military science—a body which contained, without being overshadowed by, such men as the Swifts, McRee, Armistead, Totten, Thayer, De Russey, Delafield, Brewerton, Courtenay, Mordcaii, A. D. Bache, Brown, the Mansfields, Lee, Mahan, Bartlett, and many others, scarcely less distinguished for the highest grade of professional abilities and personal character.

The questions involved in our system

of fortifications are essentially questions of fact—pure, bold, absolute fact; not of poetry, not of speculation, not of eloquence, not of popularity, but, we repeat it, questions of downright fact. Now, in such a case, what are any man's opinions worth, who has not taken pains to inform himself thoroughly on all the essential and complex elements involved? Truly, they are so little worth, that their superabundance amounts to a bankruptcy of all sound judgment. What is the sense of taking, as leaders of opinion, men of gifted imagination and copious speech, who really know only just enough of the subject to thoroughly misunderstand it? It is a flagrant intellectual vice of our community, that we do not duly discriminate the relative value of opinions, except, indeed, where our personal interests are directly involved. The *ad captandum* philippics of the newspaper declaimer, and the conspicuous nonsense of Buncombe orators, are too often permitted to exercise a greater influence on the decision of our important questions of national policy than the deliberate conclusions of the true investigator, who has devoted the study of a lifetime to a calm examination of all the phases and bearings of a single great topic. In a complicated issue of natural or physical science, or of social and political fact, the deliberate opinion of one intelligent man, who has thoroughly studied the whole matter, is worth more than any possible aggregate of off-hand opinions from the uninformed. We well understand the necessity for a subdivision of mechanical labor: we ought still more to appreciate the value of specializing the subdivisions of intellectual labor. We ought to understand that, on a question of fossil ichthyology, the opinion of Agassiz or Hall is of more intrinsic value, to an impartial Owen or Miller, than would be the vote of twenty millions of freemen, whose knowledge might extend to every theme except palæontology.

The progress of our system of fortifications cannot be better exhibited than by giving a tabular statement of the individual works completed, or in progress; their respective appropriate war garrisons; their aggregate armaments when completed (not that fixed by the Board of 1854); their cost up to 1852; and the estimated cost, at that date, of completing those which were unfinished.

DESIGNATION AND LOCATION OF THE WORK.	War garrison.	Total No. of Guns.	Amount ex- pended for construct'n or repair.	Am't re- quired to complete or const't.
Fort Knox, Bucksport, Me.	500	148	\$130,442	\$500,000
Fort Preble, Portland, Me.	200	48	51,311	7,500
Fort Scammel, do.	300	63	59,826	
Fort McClary, Portsmouth, Me.	80	15	20,582	
Fort Constitution, do.	250	58	17,691	
Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, Mass.	1,500	334	1,093,000	75,000
Fort Independence, do.	500	121	514,594	10,000
Fort Winthrop, } Governor's Island, Boston Harbor.		68	75,425	39,573
West Head Battery, } Governor's Island, Boston Harbor.	400	9	5,144	
Southeast Battery, } Governor's Island, Boston Harbor.		7		
Old Fort, at New Bedford, Mass.	60	14	5,000	
Fort Adams, Newport, R. I.	2,440	464	1,661,343	30,000
Fort Trumbull, New London, Conn.	350	88	250,941	
Fort Schuyler, Throg's Neck, East River, N. Y.	1,250	318	848,013	25,000
Fort Columbus, } Governor's Island, N. Y.		105		
Castle Williams, } Governor's Island, N. Y.	800	78	259,467	10,000
South Battery, } Governor's Island, N. Y.		14		
Fort Gibson, Ellis's Island, N. Y.	80	15	5,096	
Fort Wood, Bedloe's Island, N. Y.	350	77	213,000	32,689
Fort Richmond, Narrows, N. Y.		140	205,606	300,205
Battery Hudson, do. } Staten Island.	1,000	50	20,081	
Battery Morten, do. } Staten Island.		9	3,508	
Fort Lafayette, do. } Long Island.	370	76	341,941	6,632
Fort Hamilton, do. } Long Island.	800	118	614,752	20,000
Fort Delaware, Delaware River, Del.	750	151	539,914	580,000
Fort Mifflin, do. Pa.	200	53	81,999	2,000
Fort Monroe, Old Point Comfort, Va.	2,450	371	2,402,471	75,000
Fort Calhoun, Hampton Roads, Va.	1,120	224	1,664,996	729,332
Fort Washington, Potomac River, Md.	400	88	575,369	
Fort Severn, Annapolis, Md.	60	14	6,484	
Fort Madison, do.	150	31	15,000	30,000
Fort Carroll, Soller's Point, Baltimore, Md.	800	159	135,000	865,000
Fort McHenry, Baltimore, Md.	350	74	146,663	
Fort Macon, Beaufort, N. C.	300	61	460,790	3,000
Fort Caswell, Oak Island, Smithville, N. C.	400	87	571,221	7,000
Castle Pinckney, Charleston, S. C.	100	25	43,009	800
Fort Moultrie, do.	300	54	75,301	
Fort Sumpter, do.	650	146	677,408	150,000
Fort Pulaski, Cockspar Island, Savannah River, Ga.	800	150	923,859	35,000
Fort Jackson, Savannah River, Ga.	70	14	80,000	45,000
Fort Clinch, Cumberland Sound, Fla.	550	95	20,000	180,000
Fort Marion, St. Augustine, Fla.	100	25	51,394	
Fort Taylor, Key West, Fla.	1,000	185	395,000	805,000
Fort Jefferson, Garden Key, Tortugas, Fla.	1,500	298	210,138	989,862
Fort Barrancas, Redoubt and Barracks, Pensacola, Fla.	250	75	425,504	124,000
Fort Pickens, Pensacola, Fla.	1,260	212	923,859	35,000
Fort McRee, do.	650	151	384,426	80,000
Fort Morgan, Mobile Point, Ala.	700	132	1,212,556	30,000
Fort Gaines, Dauphin Island, Ala.	400	89	20,000	180,000
Fort Pike, Rigolets, La.	300	49	472,001	4,000
Fort Macomb, Chef Menteur, La.	300	49	447,491	11,500
Battery Bienvenu, Bayou Bienvenu, La.	100	15	129,571	
Tower Dupoué, Bayou Dupoué, La.	50	7	32,317	
Fort Jackson, Mississippi River, La.	600	150	817,608	40,000
Fort St. Philip, do.	600	124	143,734	60,000
Fort Livingston, Barrataria Bayou, La.	300	52	342,379	
Fort Wayne, Detroit, Mich.	300	63	171,755	66,000
Fort Porter, Buffalo, N. Y.	300	64	116,500	33,500
Fort Niagara, Niagara River, N. Y.	300	21	59,027	25,000
Fort Ontario, Oswego, N. Y.	300	30	78,013	5,000
Fort Montgomery, Bouse's Point, Lake Champlain, N. Y., ...	500	164	187,355	224,142
Aggregates, ...	30,490	6,189	21,272,186	6,436,732

In addition to the works above specified, a considerable number of others have been projected, in more or less detail, whose construction, though less urgent, ought soon to be begun. Several are of pressing necessity, being es-

sential for the protection of our second-class sea-ports and harbors, where our most vigorous and important shipping interests are centred. Thus New Bedford, the third port, in amount of enrolled shipping, in the United States,

the very port whence war would send forth the most efficient privateers, has no protection worth mentioning. Eastport, Gloucester, Salem, Provincetown, Stonington, New Haven, Georgetown, S. C., Port Royal, Galveston, Brazos Santiago, San Diego, Columbia River, and many other points of kindred importance, may be specified as in the same undefended category. A single armed vessel could make a clean sweep of most of these ports. Such temporary works as could be thrown up in an emergency, would be so easily taken by boat parties, as to be thoroughly unreliable for sole securities. The rapidity with which the system should be pushed forward, and the extent to which it should be expanded over these points, are subjects on which some difference of opinion exists; but we are, by general consent, still far within the proper limits, both of rate and extent.

The necessity of strong defenses on our Pacific frontier, has been so clear, since the sudden development of California, that no reasonable person could question it. A special commission of army and navy officers, in 1850, examined our Pacific coast, for the selection of military and naval sites. This duty has been satisfactorily consummated, and liberal appropriations have already been made for the defenses of San Francisco. The erection of strong works, to guard the Golden Gate, and on Alcatraz Island, has been pushed forward with vigor, during the last two years; and ere long, if Congress be not derelict, our Pacific metropolis, and its noble interior waters, will rest secure, behind batteries of tremendous power.

The works at Key West and Tortugas, for the refuge and protection of our immense Gulf commerce, have been steadily prosecuted since their commencement, and will soon afford secure harbors of refuge, on the very key points of our Gulf navigation. The few works demanded on our Canada frontier are of a simple and inexpensive character—their whole actual and estimated cost, including the work at Rouse's Point, on the outlet of Lake Champlain, being only \$1,141,292. When we consider that the British naval strength on Lake Ontario decidedly exceeds our own, that England now has the entire command of the St. Lawrence, and that the strong fortifications of Quebec give her an almost impregnable strong-hold in

our very side, the importance of covering such towns as Buffalo and Oswego, and of securing to ourselves Lake Champlain and Niagara river, will be seen to demand, at least, this extent of preparation.

The aggregate influence of all recent improvements in cannon and projectiles has been, to give a decided augmentation of relative strength to forts compared with fleets. Our 8 and 10 inch Columbiads cannot, anywhere, be surpassed, in all the elements of an effective sea-coast gun. They are superior to the so-called Paixhan guns, as they were of prior invention—they involve the same principle better carried out. During the last winter, a special Board readjusted the armaments of our several fortifications, and, to a great extent, adopted Columbiads, and the heaviest calibres. It remains for Congress to do a duty which has been shamefully neglected, by granting the necessary appropriations for promptly preparing this new armament. The general introduction of the horizontal firing of large shells, has given a great advantage to forts; for, while these missiles crush, like eggshells, against heavy granite walls, doing no serious damage, they penetrate the wooden sides of vessels, and, there lodging, tear fearful chasms by their explosions. Now this explosion, in or between the sides of a man of war, can be absolutely insured, by adjusting the charge of the gun, or otherwise. It will be readily seen that wooden walls cannot survive, even for a few minutes, a brisk shelling of this kind; thus, they are wholly at the mercy of well-served Columbiad batteries, in case of attack. Though this position still wants a complete experimental verification, we suppose it will now hardly be questioned. When, to this, we add the effects of hot shot, in setting fire to ships' sides, the contest becomes hopelessly unequal.

The capacity of steamers, to resist a fire of artillery, is much smaller still, as they are so liable to derangement of machinery, from shot and shells. It has been truly said: "Compared to a sailing ship, a steamer has twenty mortal parts to one." Bearing but small armaments, they can neither give nor endure a heavy fire, and are in no wise fitted to operate directly against forts. They are, in some respects, of very great military importance; for they will not only facilitate the transportation of

expeditions across the Atlantic, and give unprecedented mobility to operations along our coasts; but they will make it possible, on account of their slight draft, for an enemy to use various channels, which were before closed by their shoalness. This fact will necessitate the erection of forts at certain points, which otherwise might safely have been neglected. Moreover, the great rapidity with which an expeditionary force can be dispatched by steamers, entails an additional obligation to have our coast defenses always in perfect readiness, in peace as in war.

The value of submarine explosive agencies, in harbor defense, may prove quite considerable. The ideas of David Bushnell and Robert Fulton would again be revived, and probably realized, should we be involved in a naval war. While such devices could not, alone, be relied on, as defenses, they would make an enemy very chary of trusting himself within reach of submarine foes, and hence the more expeditious and imperative during bombardments. Ingenuity will, doubtless, in case of need, find ample means of annoying and harassing an enemy in our waters; but, as serious and sole defenses, all such temporary devices are utterly at fault, and to the last degree precarious.

Our forts are to derive their efficiency from garrisons, composed, in great part, of those whose homes are to be defended. It is a most valuable feature of our system, that the material of defense can so readily be brought into action, by men not trained to military service. The manual of heavy guns can be quickly

learned by intelligent men, who, under cover of walls and parapets, can be relied on to serve them well in action, without the long shoulder-to-shoulder training demanded to insure steadiness in field evolutions. A well-armed fort, served by the spirited and quick-witted population of one of our New England towns, would give such formidable battle as no fleet could long withstand. A nucleus garrison, thoroughly trained in defensive service, would give a right direction to the entire local force.

Finally, the defense of the country is among our highest obligations, not only when war is actually re-sounding along our coasts, but now and always, by preparation, not less than by participation. Though in no wise alarmists, we would earnestly urge the performance of this duty. We have advocated what we sincerely believe to be our true system of defense—a system which has not yet, altogether, cost the amount required for a single year's support of the British navy. It is a system which can, in a few years, be completed, and which, once finished, will, for a slight expense of repairs and keeping, be always ready for emergencies. The commerce, whence our national revenue is almost entirely derived, is preëminently the interest served by our defenses, and may, with special justice, demand this protection. If we forecast the future of this commerce, and of all our national destiny, every vision of promised magnificence warns us to look well to those bulwarks of defense under cover of which we may safely ride out every storm of war.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

AMERICAN LITERATURE AND REPRINTS.

THERE is a great deal of talent displayed, we think, by the writers of our modern novels—imagination, discernment, and dramatic skill—and yet it is a talent quite undisciplined, and devoid of true principles of art. We have often been struck, in reading some of the trashiest even of our American romances, with a certain vigorous imagination which they discover, but which is utterly untrained by judgment. You will find in them passages of brilliant description, single scenes of remarkable dramatic effect, glimpses of original and well-sustained character; while, as a whole, they will be quite contemptible. The contrast, or defect, arises out of the infantile condition of our literature, which is buoyant and full of promise, but for the most part immature. Our writers have not yet learned to trust to their own better inspirations, but are imitative, and consequently led away, from truth and nature, into a kind of mongrel product, which is not wholly their own, nor yet that of anybody else. Of course, there are many exceptions, and we speak of the young and unknown class of writers.

But there are signs of improvement every day. The leading novels of the month are: *Edith, or the Quaker's Daughter*; *Lanmere*, by MRS. DORR, *Wolfsden, Home, The New Purchase, Dreams and Realities of a Pastor and Teacher*, and they are considerably better than the *Newsboy*, and *Watchman* class, of which we have formerly spoken. *Edith* is, indeed, a work of a great deal of power; and, but for a melodramatic tendency at the close, where a romantic Indian girl, and a female devil, called Henriette, are introduced, would be beautiful. The story relates to those days of our early New England history, when the Pilgrims conceived it necessary to purify their Zion of the sect of Quakers, and its principal personages are a sweet Quaker maiden, her father, a lively but somewhat thoughtless friend, a hypocritical priest, and a noble English family. These are mostly drawn with vigor and discrimination, the young Quakeress in particular, and the young English doctor, while the scenes in which the Quaker father appears are full of ener-

gy and stern truthfulness. The peculiarly selfish character of Henriette is well conceived, and well executed at the outset, but is exaggerated at the close, and made the means of introducing unpleasant incidents, which mar the general beauty of the other parts. Nor does the improbable Indian woman add to the interest of the tale. Had the writer been less ambitious of effects, and studied simplicity more, she would have made her story a fine historical idyl, out of the material furnished by the period and characters she has chosen to illustrate. The theme is a suggestive one, and would repay another and more careful treatment.

MRS. DORR's *Lanmere* is a pleasant narrative, told with considerable grace and ease, and discovers, in the principal character—that of the pretty *Bessie*—a good insight into the workings of the female mind. It cannot be said to exhibit much originality, either in the structure of the plot, or in the invention of persons, but is, on the whole, quite free from offenses of any kind. It will be objected to her men—who are nearly all marvelously fine fellows, indeed, saints in their way—that they are not sufficiently discriminated, being made too much on the same pattern, and that not taken from everyday life, but from the writer's ideal abstracts. We have ourselves a good opinion of human nature, and have met not a few good people, in the course of our sojourn on earth, but we have never happened to stray into any small village where there were so many special types of goodness, both male and female. A downright rascal or two, among the lot, would somewhat relieve the monotony of the life at *Lanmere*, or, if not a rascal, some fellow, at any rate, with a very decided human nature in him. It would do both the men and women good to be stirred up by a stalwart specimen of humanity, not afraid to be slightly wicked at times, or to disturb the summer weather with an occasional growl of thunder, or a flash of lightning.

Wolfsden is a tale of New England domestic life, faithful to local scenery and manners in many respects, and not without merit as a fable. It has little of that maudlin sentimentality in it, which is the bane

of our novels, while it maintains a high moral tone. It may be read with pleasure and profit.

Home is rather a series of domestic sketches, relating mostly to the wilderness life of early days, in the north of New England, than a continued narrative. There is, however, a thread of plot running through it, to give unity to the incidents, which are true, we have no doubt, though somewhat desultory. We have not found ourselves intensely absorbed in these pages.

The *New Purchase* is a republication of an earlier work, giving most graphic and laughable descriptions of pioneer life at the West, and abounding in fun. But the author throughout makes the common mistake, of confounding mere vulgarity and coarseness with wit, and calls upon us to laugh often, when we are only repulsed. He tries to be smart, too, when the occasion furnishes no food for smartness, and thus frequently fails of his aim. But he has a real perception of humor, which enables him to redeem these faults, by descriptions of scenes and persons irresistibly ludicrous.

We ought, perhaps, here to refer to the *Early Greek Romances*, republished in a volume of Bohn's Classical Library. It contains the famous *Ethiopics* of Heliodorus, the *Daphnis and Chloe* of Longus, and the *Citippe and Leucippe* of Achilles Tatius. These are specimens of romance, written before the word romance had an existence, and give us an admirable opportunity of contrasting, not the manners and customs of early Europe with those of existing Europe, but the fictions which pleased the people then, with those which are popular now. In morality and refinement, the advantage is entirely on the side of the moderns, as well as in narrative skill and fertility of invention. These older romances have exerted a powerful influence over Italian and French literature, as any one will see who reads them.

Napoleon's Confidential Letters.—The private correspondence of Napoleon with his brother Joseph, translated from the French, is a work of greater value to the historian, than of interest to the general reader. It is rather what the French call a *memoire pour servir*, or a contribution to history, than history itself. There are so many characters in the correspondence, that it possesses no continuous interest, and

only those already familiar with the life of Napoleon, will find it of much profit. Yet these letters furnish many striking illustrations of the character of the great captain. A person who should read them, without having previously formed an opinion of him, would come to some such conclusion as this: that at the outset of his career in Paris, he was a mere adventurer, waiting upon fortune, ready for any promotion that might turn up, and somewhat desperate as to the means. He would find in his letters these expressions: "Life is a flimsy dream, soon to be over." "As for me, little attached to life, contemplating it without much solicitude, constantly in a state of mind in which one is on the day before a battle, feeling that while death is amongst us to put an end to all, anxiety is folly; everything joins to make me defy fortune and fate." "If I stay here, it is possible that I may be fool enough to marry." "One must live in the present; a brave man despises the future." All which are the restless promptings of a mind which has not yet found the proper sphere for its activity. Afterwards, when he had achieved many and great successes in Italy, he writes: "I am tired of human nature. I want solitude and isolation. Greatness fatigues me; feeling is dried. At twenty-nine, glory has become flat. I have exhausted everything. I have no refuge, but pure selfishness." Some suspicions of his wife aided in producing depression. All the while, however, he was sedulously pushing the fortunes of himself and his family, trying to buy up old estates in depreciated assignats, to get appointments for his brothers and friends, and to marry his sister to some rich man. An honorable gentleman having proposed for the hand of the latter, Napoleon says: "No! it must not be; he is not rich!" When he becomes the leader of the French armies, his tone changes into that of the dictation of a tyrant, exacting the most servile obedience from those he employs, and lying himself without scruple to deceive his enemies and the public, while he enforces the most rigid truth on others. But his activity is miraculous. The rapidity and reach of his combinations, the clearness and sagacity of his views, his command of the minutest details of administration, and his power of meeting sudden emergencies, show him to have been the greatest man of affairs that the world ever

saw. There is no grandeur in his ambition, which was mainly confined to personal glory and the glory of his family; but it was so intense and incessant in its action, that it stimulated his intellect to prodigious displays of strength. Having succeeded in raising himself to the mastery of France, and in placing crowns on the heads of his brothers and sisters, he tries to mingle the glory of France with his personal glory, but he never gets out of himself completely. That old selfishness which he said was his only refuge, ever returns. When, at last, these personal motives are withdrawn from him, as they were during his imprisonment at St. Helena, his mind loses its force, his conversation becomes weak and petulant, and even his body decays. Much admiration has been expressed by French writers of the talk of Napoleon while he was at St. Helena, but we confess, that it seems to us, that its sagacity and importance have been greatly exaggerated. These letters, written from the midnight bivouac, or on the field, are much better evidences of the wonderful grasp and quickness of his intellect.

Let us add, that this work has been well translated, and that the notes and introductions to the several chapters are highly intelligent.

—A reprint of the *Life of Jeffrey*, by LORD COCKBURN, was a compliment that the work itself did not deserve, it is so unskillfully executed, and yet it is the only record we have of the famous critic. It was a fine subject for biography, not on account of Jeffrey himself—who was much overrated—but on account of his relationships, and the times in which he lived. A literary man, of ordinary calibre, might have made a most entertaining work of it; but the Scotch judge, who undertook it, has made a dull one. Jeffrey's letters, which it contains, are the only relief, and those are not among the best specimens of epistolary style.

What Jeffrey was as a lawyer and a justice, we are unable to say; but, it seems to us, that he was not so great a critic as he was reputed to be. Lord Cockburn calls him "the greatest of the British critics," which is making the others very small. But that is an exaggeration. Compared with Hazlitt, Lamb, Coleridge, Wilson, De Quincey, Macaulay, Carlyle, etc., he was far from being the greatest. He had a

ready and active intellect, earnest purposes, considerable reading, and a fluent, at times, brilliant rhetoric; but his judgments of men and books are, for the most part, excessively shallow. Indeed, we do not recall a single instance in which he has exhibited any discernment or originality in detecting the genius of his contemporaries; while there are hundreds of cases in which he was utterly mistaken. He perceived, we believe, the extraordinary merit of the Scotch novels; but when he came to speak of the magnificent poetry which was growing up about him, and which has made the nineteenth century an era in the literary history of mankind, he was as obtuse as an owl. He said some pretty and superficial things about it; but not a word that would show that he had an insight into the soul of the matter.

Jeffrey's most characteristic essay is his *Dissertation on Beauty*—full of wit, or, rather, of sparkling argumentation, and charming in style; but obviously the work of an adroit and accomplished advocate, rather than of a philosopher or thinker. The theory it expounds is really an absurd one; and yet it is set up with such an appearance of logic, and such a fine power of illustration, that the reader is forced to suppose it a thing of great account. His mind was acute, but not profound; capable of making dazzling popular effects, but not of deep and lasting revolutions of thought. Of all his manifold contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, what one has made any mark upon its age, or is recalled by posterity? It is not impossible, at the same time, to mention, among the works of other critics, some that will enjoy a perennial acceptance. Lamb's remarks, for instance, on the acting of Shakespeare's plays, Coleridge's notes on Shakespeare, Carlyle's *Burns* and *Goethe*, and even Macaulay's *Clive* and *Lord Bacon*, are a part of permanent literature; but we doubt whether Jeffrey's compositions, any of them, will live as long. His reputation will rest mainly upon the simple fact, that he was the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, to whose taste and ability it was indebted for its early and wide celebrity.

—*The Attaché in Spain*.—We cannot conceive of a better position for studying the society of a nation, than that usually enjoyed by the members of an embassy, who are admitted to all circles of society, and

have plenty of leisure, as well as opportunity, for forming judgments. They come into close contact with all the great people of the state; they get behind the scenes on public occasions; it is a part of their duty to enter into the festivities of the court, and their residence generally continues long enough to enable them to correct early impressions, and to comprehend the deeper as well as the more exterior movements of society. Yet how few good books have emanated from that source? Owing partly to the restraint which diplomats suppose they are bound to put upon themselves, and partly to the fact that they are chosen for their political, rather than their literary abilities.

The letters of this German attaché are scarcely an exception to the rule. They are lively and various, giving us many entertaining glimpses of Madrid and its people; but they are wholly on the surface, making no pretension to philosophic, or even political sagacity. They are just such letters as a well-bred and well-educated young man, with no particular objects in life, might write home to his family—chatty, good-natured, self-complacent, and full of lords and ladies. A great many details are of no interest to the public, while much is omitted which the public would like to see. In one respect, it differs from most English books on Spain, namely, that the author has a thorough faith in the honor and virtue of the people, and despises all the current scandal about the queen, and the nobility as well. He thinks that the degradation of Spain is to be ascribed to the selfish politicians, and that there is integrity enough in the nation to save it, if the rascals who alternately usurp the government, would only give it a chance.

The most interesting parts of the book (except for the ladies, who will find the details of the toilette more to their taste) are those which relate to the rise and progress of the late revolutions—of which we get capital outside views, with only, now and then, a look on the inside of affairs. All the while that the government and court are running the mad round of dissipation—dancing and feasting—the volcanic elements are at work among the under currents. Conspiracies come to a head—break out—are suppressed—the leaders shot—and the dancing and feasting go on. A new ministry opens a new order of things, which

lasts for a few months, and then there is another explosion, followed by another ministry, which follows the fate of its predecessors. In his representation of these changes, the attaché, of course, takes the conservative side—if there be any conservative side in the midst of such incessant changes. He is, at any rate, no friend to the rebels—as he calls those who violently oppose the government—and scarcely does justice to the popular movement. Great crimes are always committed, in the midst of insurrectionary frenzies; but it should not be forgotten that four crimes, equally great, though, perhaps, less repulsive, have been their provocation. The luxury, the levity, the recklessness, and the corruption of the court will generally explain the discontent and ferocity of the canaille. The governing classes, as they are called, do not govern, but misgovern, led on by their own insane selfishness and love of power, in utter contempt of the government, and more solicitous about their pleasures than the popular welfare. In such circumstances, it is inevitable that the governed should make chronic attempts to take the reins in their own hands.

This book, if a translation, as it purports to be, is excellently well done—reading as freely as a native English work.

—*The Day Star*.—A useful monograph has been prepared by Mr. G. L. DAVIS, of Baltimore, on the "toleration" allowed and practiced by the early colonists of Maryland. It is remarkable that the first and nearest approach to practical freedom of conscience, made in history, was accomplished by the Catholics and Protestants who settled together at St. Mary's, under the proprietary of Lord Baltimore. With a Protestant king to grant the charter, a Catholic baron to receive it, and a mingled population of several religions to be influenced by it, the government was more nearly impartial than any that had been before administered. We say, more nearly, because it was not universally tolerant. The provisions of the charter extended to Christians alone, and did not include Jews, deists, atheists, and even some professedly Christian sects—such as Unitarians and Quakers. Yet, in practice, these classes experienced no real persecution; and Mr. Davis clearly shows that the world is indebted for the example mainly to the Catholics, though some Protestants joined in it.

In the introduction to his historical details, Mr. Davis indulges in a few brief speculations on the subject of toleration, in which he seems to us to regard the antagonism between Church and State as far more fundamental and irreconcilable than is really the case. The great contest of the future—not unaccompanied by the shedding of blood—he thinks, will be between that atheism which is the proper ground-principle of the state, and that faith which is the essence of ethica. In the view of one party, the perfect state will ignore all merely religious considerations, while in that of the other, a perfect state and a perfect church are identical conceptions. But this statement overlooks the aid man has a right to expect from the progress of science, which, as soon as it shall have established the merely natural sciences on a basis of true philosophy, will advance towards the solution of social problems. That there is a law for the organization of society, and all its powerful institutions—such as the state, the church, the university, the family, the workshop—cannot admit of a doubt; and we have no more doubt, that man will attain to the knowledge of this law. Our moral and social sciences are yet in the condition that astronomy was before Copernicus; but, in spite of their greater complexity and difficulty, will be reduced to the same order that astronomy has since been. As soon as it is once seen that these are sciences, and not collections of arbitrary dogmas, the world will proceed to reduce them to practice. Now, in science, there is no place for the question of toleration—which implies uncertainty of opinion, and the consequent necessity of enduring all opinions, till the truth is demonstrated. When that appears, the question is eviscerated of its importance. Truth is positive and imperative, and asserts itself without debate.

—*Life of Washington.* By WASHINGTON IRVING. Vol. II. On the appearance of the first volume of this agreeable biography, we spoke at some length of its general plan and execution; and, when it is completed, we shall have something further of the same sort to offer. Our present object is, merely to call attention to the second volume, which issued from the press a month or two since, and to give a brief statement of its contents.

The first volume embraced a period of forty-three years, from Washington's birth

to his assumption of the command, by the appointment of the Continental Congress, over the New England army, then lying before Boston. The period embraced in the present volume is much more limited—so limited, indeed, as to rouse some curiosity how, consistently with the rules of proportion, the remainder of Washington's life is to be compressed into a single volume. This second volume embraces a period of a year and a half—from the 3d of July, 1775, the morning after Washington's arrival at Cambridge, till his retirement, in January, 1777, to the heights of Morristown, after having recovered the Jerseys from the enemy. But, if the period is short, it includes many events, and those of great and stirring interest—the siege and recovery of Boston; the first formation of a Continental army; the expedition against Canada, so romantic and brilliant in its commencement, and so disastrous in its ending; the loss of Long Island and New York; the melancholy retreat across the Jerseys, during which the American army seemed on the point of annihilation; and the reestablishment of the hopes of the country, by the brilliant successes of Trenton and Princeton, and the retirement of the British to New Brunswick and its neighborhood. In the severe test to which Washington was put, in the course of these rapid and shining events, his character and abilities were fully brought out, and those rare qualities displayed, which qualified him, in a peculiar manner, for the great services which, then and subsequently, he rendered to his country; so that his biographer has ample excuse for the prominence which he has given to this period of his life, and the minuteness with which its events are related. In his method of treating those events, Mr. Irving has judiciously consulted the bent of his peculiar genius. He makes little attempt at generalization, or at the detection of what lay under the surface. He aims, rather, at a vivid and picturesque narration of external events, at once mellowed and warmed up by that genial humor which gives so much both of life and grace to whatever comes from his pen. Of course, he has furnished a narrative, which, regarded in this light, far exceeds any embracing the same period, that has hitherto appeared, and which, it is almost superfluous to say, is not likely to be very soon surpassed.

THE WORLD OF NEW YORK.

March is a month infamous throughout the world. Nobody speaks well of March. He is a blusterer, and a nuisance. He brings us rain, or he brings us wind, and, often enough, he brings us both. He delights in colds and consumptions; he combines the fevers of February with the catarrhs of April. In a word, he is held to be worthy the title he has borrowed from that disagreeable old heathen, the god of war.

And yet we are not sorry to chronicle his coming; for, ill and vicious as he is, he is the herald of the spring. The roar of his gales is the requiem of the winter, and of the winter we are glad to be well rid; for, mitigate the mischiefs of the winter as you may, it is, after all, and especially to us dwellers in cities, a most detestable season.

Human nature abhors the cold. It pinches our noses, it nips our ears, it blears our eyes; it screws the "face divine" out of all comeliness. It is the mother of innumerable vexations and discomforts to all of us. Of the terrible misery which it inflicts upon the poor, the ill-fed, the ill-clothed, we will not speak; that is a topic too sad and solemn for these notes. It is not ours to smite open our readers' hearts with the wail of shipwrecked seamen freezing on a frozen coast; the unknown Franklins who, each year, perish miserably within sight of our homes; nor with the cry of children starving in the shattered hovels that disgrace our city streets, and shame our flaunting civilization. Themes so pregnant and so grave as these, we leave to graver pens than ours; for their issues are of the weightiest that can concern the pulpit or the press. We war with winter, not as with an enemy and a tyrant, but as with the most intolerable of bores.

We know how much has been said and sung of the charms of winter; of the tales in the chimney corner; of the comfortable glow that comes into the heart, when a goodly company of friends are gathered about the fire, and the curtains are drawn, and the sleet rattling upon the panes, scarce heard for the merry laughter within. We admit that it is not easy to conceive of a Christmas dinner in a garden of blooming roses, under a warm, blue sky.

But with the open fire-place, all plans for the jollity of winter have lost their power. "Christmas around the Register," fancy such a title for a book of good old Christmas stories!

When the great logs crackled and sparkled in the deep, shadowy chimney, and the ruddy flames threw a broad, flickering radiance out upon the happy faces in the room, then there was indeed a snug delight in the close, northern life, which might make us almost content to forego the luxury of sweet southern airs. But a cozy company around a hole in the floor!

As one of our truest poets sang, once upon a time, in these pages,

"The lusty antique cheer
Down that dark hole in the floor
Stagers, and is seen no more!"

We are reduced to counterfeiting the tropics by steam, and breathe an atmosphere which has all the oppressiveness of the Indian climate, without its lustrous glories.

And out of doors, what a world!

Lord Palmerston, who, if not the wisest, is the wittiest of prime ministers, once defined dirt to be merely something in the wrong place; which definition, although the dictionaries have not yet admitted it, is by far the best that ever was given of a very disagreeable word.

And, by this definition, snow in New York must be held to be eminently dirt.

Snow in the country is, no doubt, useful for agriculture. So much we will admit, with the man who owned, that water might be useful for navigation. Nay, we will go further, and confess, that snow in the country, according to the eternal fitness of things, is also very beautiful. It converts the landscape, indeed, from a painting into an engraving; but the brain of the keen-eyed artist is an inimitable one, and the mind finds a pleasure in these superb effects of light and shade, which almost atones for the passing away of the summer's glory.

A snow storm in the country is one of the loveliest of nature's operations. To call that soft, steady fall of pure white flakes a "storm," is really a most absurd misnomer. One hardly knows where the beauty culminates, whether in the hours.

through which the snow, gently descending,

"——— in stillness falls, like dew,
On temple, roof, and cedars fair,
And moulds itself on pine and yew,"

or in the wonderful spectacle which follows, when the artist whips away the veil from his work, and displays the marvels of delicate sculpture and rich relief, which his cunning has wrought, and leaves the toiling hand of man to

"Mimic in slow structure, stone by stone,
The frolic architecture of the snow."

Yes, snow in the country is as beautiful as it is useful.

But in the city, snow is useless, and, therefore, hideous.

We have no seeds of corn, or wheat, or turnips in Broadway to be blanketed from the frost; our only subterranean treasures are the gas-pipes and the mains of Croton water, and these are independent of the snow. The snow cannot help us. So it hinders us horribly, and belogs and befouls our ways.

How ugly it soon becomes! The streets look as if they had been traversed by ill-made carts filled with damp brown sugar; the pavements are blistered all over with irregular blotches of dirty white.

Here and there to be seen on a steep roof, or on the crockets and finials of some pseudo-Gothic church, the high-piled white looks picturesquely enough. But the picturesque is dearly purchased by the peril of one's life, from masses suddenly falling, or still more suddenly thrown off these impending heights. We shall never admire the snow-clad roofs, till we are assured that the guardians of the public safety have really made up their minds, that it is inexpedient to allow quiet citizens to be put out of the way by city avalanches, and that the avenues ought to be almost as secure as the passes of Switzerland.

When that time—that Saturnian age—will come, who can venture to predict? Two weary months have witnessed the gradual accumulation in our highways of snow-mountains, which the boldest chariot-eer trembles to attempt.

The Napoleon of our St. Bernard has not yet appeared, nor even a Hannibal, armed with vinegar-cruet, to dissolve these dangerous Alps.

They rise on every hand, so solid, so threatening, that we do not wonder at the

popular superstition, which makes them the receptacles of all manner of dreadful evidences of all manner of dreadful crimes. Who can say what an array of horrors shall be revealed, if these mighty mountain-ranges should ever really melt away?

Hateful is the snow, hateful the winter that brings it.

And therefore, once again we say, welcome is March, harbinger of spring, though he sniffle and whine his lamentable carol of better days a-coming.

Yet the dreary days that are past, have not been without their consolations. The social world has acted on Mark Tapley's conviction, that "it was creditable to be jolly under the circumstances."

And it certainly was so. We lost, to be sure, our bright and beautiful Opera House (not the building exactly, but the use and behoof thereof) just when we were beginning most to need it. Madame Lagrange, our most satisfactory prima donna, departed, not exactly singing the "*nunc dimittis*," but yet, we hope, not without feeling, that her admirable gifts, and her faithful use of them for our profit and pleasure, had not been utterly unappreciated. Philadelphia, in its meek, complacent fashion, and Boston, with its usual fanatical extravagance, have since been enjoying the "*pluie de perles*" which fell so long about us—the ungrateful. Our Hensler (but for us the Bostonians would never have heard her), our Brignoli, our Rovere, and our fascinating Didiée, have been winning applause and laurels from the excitable Athenians. They will come back to us once more, in this same much-abused month of March; and, if we are good, we shall have plenty of good things in the pleasant spring nights. Arditi will give us a new opera, of which even the Know-Nothings speak amiably; and it is to be hoped that we shall have learned, by two months' experience, how very unwise it is to throw away our good fortune, and to suffer our Academy doors to be closed.

But though Rossini and Meyerbeer have been dumb to us so long, we have not been utterly deserted of the tuneful throng. Our Philharmonic concerts have, so far, been radiantly successful. With one exception, so admirably balanced, so harmoniously proportioned an orchestra has never before been heard in America; and it is no slight indication of the hold which music, as an art, is winning upon our people, that

the Society should have been obliged to desert the long, narrow, resonant hall of Niblo's saloon, for the large and pleasant spaces of the theatre.

Classical Berlin (saving the presence of Dwight's *Journal of Music*) must bow to us this winter. Those amiable sectarians, who secretly cross themselves in expiatory horror, when they inadvertently hear a strain from *Il Trovatore* or *Il Barbiere*, have never enjoyed such renderings of Beethoven and Mendelssohn as have now been given us. If we persevere, we shall soon have them coming here for the season, and then we may be able to give them some hints towards a kindly catholic culture, which we are sure will not be thrown away on ground so good.

The Philharmonic Society have not produced many novelties. The overture to *Tannhäuser*, which was received rather dubiously in Boston a year or two since, was very successful, and is certainly full of striking and even impressive passages. The advance of the pilgrims, chanting their holy chant along a way that is haunted by siren songs, and seductive strains from sinful beauties, is marvelously imaged forth to the ear. As we listened, a vision rose in our minds of that grand old print of Albert Dürer's, which gave to La Motte Fouqué the hint of his exquisite story of *Sintram*.

Do you know the print?

A Christian knight, war-worn and weary, but with a face serene and strong, rides calmly, on his steadfast charger, through the valley of the shadow of death. Fiends of every shape beset him, lures are laid for him before and behind; but on and on he rides, unassailable, invincible, saddened, but sublime.

We have had a symphony, too, from Mr. Bristow, the production of which, by the Society, is, perhaps, a proper tribute to native art; the production of which, by the composer, strikes us as a serious mistake. It will hardly add to whatever reputation he may have gained by his opera of *Rip Van Winkle*. There is a dash of originality, and of something very like power in the scherzo of the symphony; but persons afflicted with an over action of the memory must have found themselves unpleasantly familiar with too many of our "tone-poet's" imaginations. The truest, and sweetest, and loveliest novelty we have had, was Sterndale Bennett's overture to the "*Wald-*

Nymph." Sitting there in the theatre, as we listen to its fresh and fanciful movements, we saw such scenery upon the stage as Allegri himself never designed—visions of woodland glades, of sunny forest-aisles. Summer came to us, with the soft murmur of streams, and with the song of birds.

It was a good gift, too, which Mr. Mason gave us in one of his agreeable matinées, of a trio by the famous young Russian Rubenstein. One thought constantly of Mozart, and we have heard no new composition, in a long time, which seemed so full of varied promise. Half a dozen Rubenstein's will do more for Russia, if she wishes to convince us that she is really a civilized and civilizing power, than an army of Menschikoffs, and Gortschakoffs, and Orloffs, "and all the others that end in off." Nor can we forget, among the compensations of the winter, our southern poet, Gottschalk. This rare and exquisite pianist, who wields the fingers of De Meyer, in the spirit of Chopin, has been charming our chilly hours with dreams of tropical beauty. The monotony of the most monotonous Creole airs sparkles beneath his touch—the gayest and most brilliant compositions take upon them a tinge of tenderness and pathos in his interpretations. He has the organization of a poet, and the culture of an artist, and we cannot spare him, even although the opera should come back to us in all the plenitude of its resources.

The opera will recombine for us our music and our drama.

Of music pure and simple, we have had, as you see, our good share. Nor have we been stinted *quantitatively* at the theatres.

The Varieties, Wallack's, Burton's, and the Broadway, have all been in full operation, and, so far as we can judge, with no ordinary success.

Yet we really cannot say a very strong word in praise of the quality of the dramatic entertainments of the winter.

We have had neither striking novelties nor very brilliant presentations of familiar favorites. Things do not seem to be well combined.

Miss Keene has the best theatre in town, and Mr. Wallack the best company; yet Mr. Wallack has no actress equal to Miss Keene, and Miss Keene's stage is not so available and effective as Mr. Wallack's.

Mr. Burton is playing the part of Atlas, and carrying Chambers street on his shoulders.

ders. The Broadway, which numbers some really excellent serious performers on its roll, is following the fate of old Drury, and seems rapidly becoming a *succursale* of the Hippodrome. Spectacles have banished Shakespeare, horses triumph over Hamlet, and humanity deserts the boards, to walk, head downwards, on the ceiling.

Athletes and antipodeans! Are we ancient Romans or modern New Zealanders, that we must be regaled with such barbaric shows?

Mr. Lenton, we are informed, by devoting himself for years to this sole object, and giving his whole mind to it—as did the young man, in *Punch*, to the tying of his cravat—has succeeded in finding out a contrivance which enables him to walk, like a fly, on a board, twenty-eight feet long, fastened to the ceiling. Well, what if he has? Is it a pretty way to walk? is it a pleasant way to walk?

Why should we go to see Mr. Lenton reversing his brains and his stomach, and pouring all the blood in his body backwards through his veins?

Mimes and pantomimes at Christmas, Punchinello in the streets, a peripatetic pleasure, accessible to children, who live in dingy courts and dreary alleys—to these we have no objection. These, with all our heart, we welcome. But how very glad we should be to see a really good play, really well performed; and why are we never to have that satisfaction?

We don't wish to be understood as grumbling inordinately, or as denying that we have had anything good at any of our many theatres, through these Arctic months.

On the contrary, we have spent not a few merry nights in the dramatic world, this winter.

Mr. Wallack has given us some very sparkling little farces and comediettas, for one of the gayest and cleverest of which, "Duke Humphrey's Dinner," we are indebted to a member of the metropolitan press—a brother of the quill. It was but a trifle, yet a lively, gentlemanly, agreeable trifle, such as one likes to laugh over, after dining, not with Duke Humphrey; a pleasant picture of imaginary woes, which, you are sure, will end in a dissolving view of prospective and plentiful felicity.

Then we have had some good revivals. "She Stoops to Conquer," that model

light comedy, shining in every line from Goldsmith's, Midas-touch (did Dr. Johnson, by the way, mean his famous epitaph to be what the heralds call "a punning motto?") has been produced both at Wallack's and the Varities, though more satisfactorily at the former theatre than at the latter. Miss Keene is capable of playing the part of Miss Hardcastle better than any woman on the New York stage; but Tony Lumpkin is the life of the comedy, and Mr. Walcot's Tony Lumpkin was so very brilliant a piece of acting as to weigh the balance down in favor of Wallack's cast.

Not that Mr. Walcot *looked* the part exactly. He was well made up; but his face is too refined in its forms, as well as in its expression, and his age is too distinctly marked a point, for him to be a perfectly successful representative of the rosy young bumpkin squire.

But the *character* was admirably conceived. The mingled archness and fatuity, the stupidity and sharpness, the astute impertinence and gross willfulness of the riotous hobbledohoy, were given by Mr. Walcot with exquisite truth and felicity. He is decidedly an actor without a superior among us, in his line of characters; and deserves to be recognized as distinctly as the inimitable Burton.

The few attempts at playing Shakespeare that have been made, cannot be said to have been crowned with absolute success; and for this, we—who do not really believe, with one of our contributors, that Shakespeare was a disreputable impostor—are unfeignedly sorry.

If it should be made a test for actors, by our managers, that they should be able to render the comedies of Shakespeare satisfactorily (we do not ask for tragedians, for we are reasonable, and know that a Kean or a Siddons comes by grace, and not by breeding), and if a certain number of performances of these comedies should be given every season, our theatres would become, at once, capital schools for actors, and for the public, too.

Then we should see such a steady improvement in the capacity of our performers, that the profession would begin to rise in public estimation, and dramatic literature would be stimulated into an activity somewhat proportioned to the activity of other branches of intellectual production.

As things are, what inducement to dra-

matic production is held out to men of talent?

Suppose an American author writes a really superior comedy (and we happen to know of the existence of two or three such comedies, at the present time)—a comedy, creditable to the literature of his country—what is he to do with it?

The success of any play, however good, must depend, at first, very much on the manner of its interpretation. The many excellent plays which have been damned on a first hearing, doubtless, owed their misfortunes quite as often to the inferiority of the actors as to the dullness of the audience. So the sensitive author shrinks from exposing his text to the chances of an inadequate cast; and our managers go on, giving us old plays, confiding in the hold which the text has upon us, and in the conventional conceptions of the characters, to help an ordinary company through the evening's performances.

Will no one "inaugurate" a new era?

We had hopes of one, in the fall—hopes, founded on the triumphs of a great actress, whose triumphs it is now almost sad to remember, since we shall look upon her face, and listen to her voice, no more.

If it be true, as we have heard, that the illness which has interrupted the successful career of Mlle. Rachel, in America, and has sent her back from the New World, with but an uncertain hold upon a life so rare and precious, had its origin in the efforts which she made, at an inclement season, to fulfill her engagements in Boston, then the Athenians owe a debt to art in America, which they will not find it easy to discharge.

We had anticipated so much from the return of the Queen of Tragedy—and now we have seen her depart, stricken down, desponding, exhausted in body and in mind, and we feel that so much has gone with her, of true artistic inspiration, of the most genuine and elevated enjoyment—that the spring seems robbed of half its elastic promise.

Yet Mlle. Rachel may take with her the consoling knowledge that her visit to our shores will mark an epoch in the intellectual advance of our people. She brought to the New World the most consummate excellence which the culture of the Old World has produced, and she found us ready to receive, to enjoy, and to appreciate.

No person has ever tried the civilization

of America by so sharp a test as Rachel; and, though she was not permitted to witness the fullness of her success among us, she carries away, at least, a more just and elevated conception of the condition and the capacity of cultivated America, than any European, before her, can have received.

Never to see again those moving sculptures—those pictures, worthy of Italian art, and eloquent with life; never again to hear the tones of that deep, resonant voice—this is a certainty, which, to many of us, will seem little less than a calamity.

And we choose not to believe quite yet that it is a certainty. We will hope that the air of France may do for Mlle. Rachel what the air of America did in the first months of her visit here, and that we may yet see her returning to us, to complete the circle of her renown.

For France to lose her, would be to lose French tragedy. Some of us would not think this a sad loss; for there are who value Corneille and Racine only because Rachel chooses to use their moulds for her mind.

But the Theatre Français is an institution dear to France; and, if Mlle. Rachel should pass away without fulfilling her cherished purpose of training some younger genius to fill her place, as far as such a place may be filled, the balanced Alexandrines will be heard no more—for many a long year.

Great tragedians, as we have said, come as little like misfortunes as can be—not in battalions—not in companies; but like comets, alone, and at long intervals—few, and far between. In two hundred years, how many names has France produced that may be named with this of the Jew peddler's daughter?

La Champmeslé, Adrienne, Clavion, Mlle. Mars—and two men—Lekain and Talma.

Our day will hardly behold an eighth. As for our own stage, "it sounds like stories from the land of spirits," when men talk of the possible advent of great actors speaking the English tongue; yet if they come, they will be welcome. For not only do we crowd to such theatres as we have, but we are growing yearly more fond of developing our histrionic tastes in private.

Private theatricals have become almost an institution in Boston, and certain towns thereto adjacent; and the heirs and heiresses of the Pilgrim Fathers indulge them-

selves in masqueradings and mimetics, such as Merry Mount itself never witnessed.

When carefully got up, these performances are certainly very agreeable; and we have seen fair Puritans, whose acting would not have disgraced the best salons of Paris, in the days when lovely marchionesses made the fortunes of aspiring authors.

Here, in New York, even bolder flights have been essayed, and the triumphs of the Academy have been rehearsed in the drawing-room. We shall be surprised, if the next millionaire, who piles up for himself half a quarry of freestone, does not astonish the monde with a neat private theatre behind his dining-room, and engage an orchestra for the performance of weekly amateur operas.

If we must have extravagance in luxury, it might take many a worse direction.

It might be better, would it not, wise and beautiful reader, to expend a small fortune at once on a domestic opera-house, than to lavish it in installments upon magnificent suppers, where the splendor of the service and the savagery of the guests remind one of nothing so much as of the sack of the Tuileries by the canaille of Paris?

We are no enemies of luxury. We believe the established "palaver" on that head to be the perfection of cant. Bad taste, extravagance, ostentation, these are evils, and the sorest of evils. But the dissemination of luxury, the refinement, that is, of the national tastes and feelings, is the measure of civilization, and everything which shows that the desire of beauty is awakening in the popular heart, is a goodly and a wholesome sign.

The prosperity of our print-shops, for instance, is a most comfortable fact.

Twenty years ago, it was a rare thing to see a really good picture, or a really good engraving in an American house. Family portraits, more or less forlorn, formed almost the only exception to this rule.

Now, there are few houses of the better class the walls of which do not exhibit at least a stretching out of the thoughts in the direction of art; and it is by no means rare to find really capital prints in the parlors of our people.

The importation of superior works of art has become a thriving business, and every year adds to its importance. Nor are we utterly idle in the production of such works.

Our sculptors have been more active and successful than our painters, and our en-

gravers have lagged far in the rear of both. Yet the burin, too, is beginning to be busy in the higher walks of art.

Three prints, just published, from the hand of Mr. James Smillie, of three pictures in the celebrated scenes of the "Voyage of Life," attest the truth of this statement, and really mark an era in American engraving.

Mr. Cole's paintings are, of course, too well known to need a word from us. They are the most popular pictures in the country; nor are they without a serious interest in the eyes of the amateur and the artist.

The handling of the pictures makes them particularly difficult subjects for the engraver's skill; and we, who have been compelled, in the course of our lives, to look over not a few triumphs of native mediocrity, must own that we unrolled Mr. Smillie's large engravings with a very dubious feeling, and an anticipation of melancholy things. We were most happily disappointed. The breadth and boldness with which Mr. Smillie has treated his themes astonished us, accustomed as we are to expect from American engravers only the timid and tentative touches of a conventional manner.

To attempt such a serious undertaking as this, was creditable to Mr. Smillie; to accomplish so much as he has accomplished, entitles him to a place in the front rank of his profession.

The first print of the series seems to us decidedly the finest. The masses of shadow in the cavern from which the boat of childhood glides, are broad and effective; the surfaces of rock, and of close vegetation, show study, and a keen, truthful eye; the atmospheric effects are delicious. In the treatment of distance and of atmosphere, indeed, Mr. Smillie seems to us particularly to excel. The little glimpse of meadow-land and river, touched by the sun, and the broad, sweeping horizon of the second print, are given with a fidelity and a feeling which attest, in the artist, a power equal to very high undertakings.

In the treatment of foliage and of water, Mr. Smillie betrays a hardness of touch, which we attribute rather to inexperience, than to incapacity, and we augur very good things of him, from these first adventures into the difficult region of landscape engraving. We shall be sadly disappointed if this series of prints does not meet with a brilliant success.

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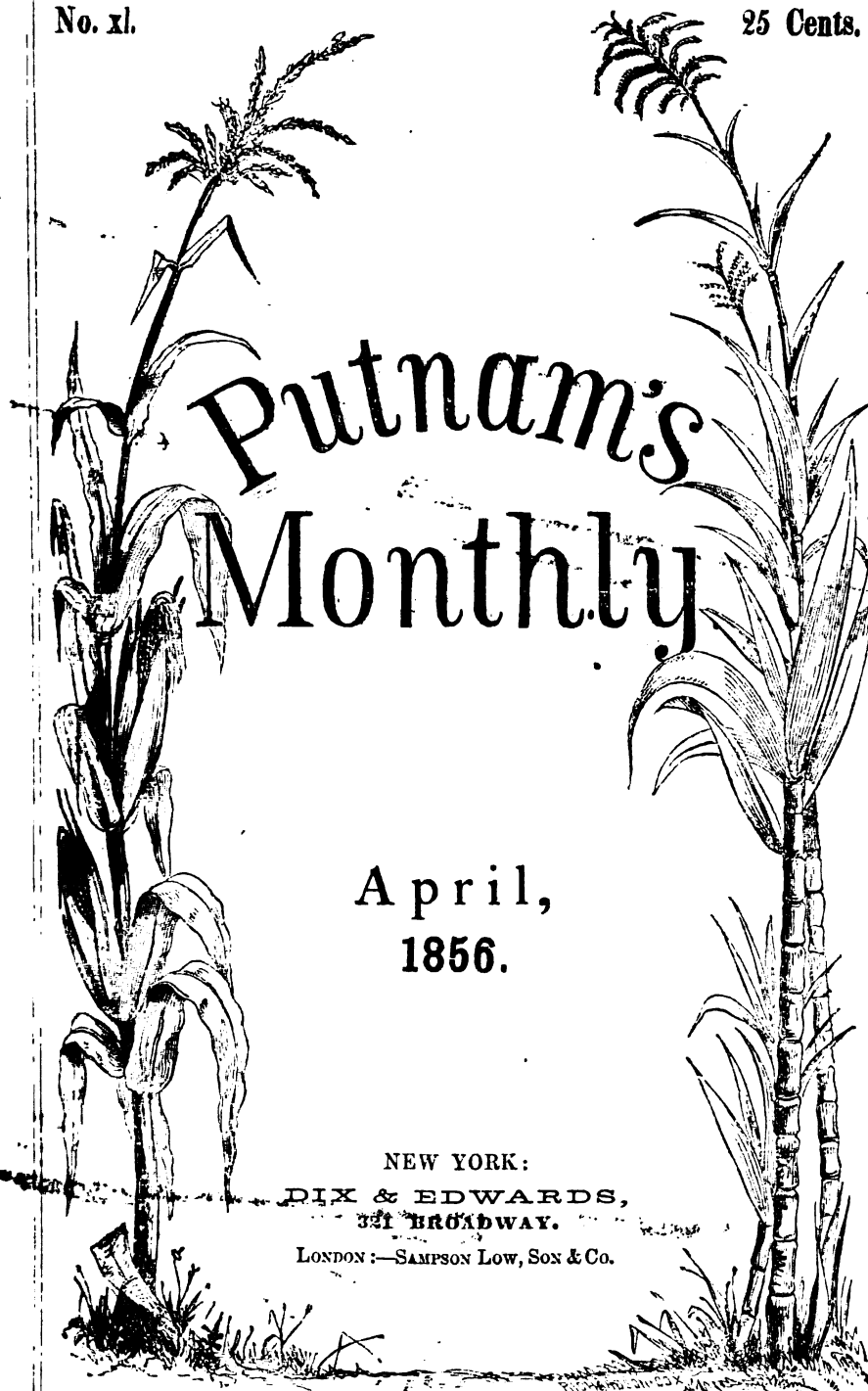
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RELIGIOUS FREEDOM IN AMERICA.*

A CONTROVERSY has lately sprung up, and from time to time is renewed, touching the priority and relative merits of the colonies of Maryland and Rhode Island, as respects the policy of religious freedom.

This is a question of a good deal of historical curiosity; and as the Maryland side of it has just been elaborately set forth in the work cited below, to enable all those interested to solve it for themselves, we proceed to give a brief but comprehensive statement of the facts of the case.

The colony of Maryland, as is well known, originated with George Calvert, a gentleman of Yorkshire, originally, it is said, of Flemish descent, a graduate of Oxford, and a protégé of Sir Robert Cecil, by whose favor, early in the reign of James I., he obtained the clerkship of the privy council and the honor of knighthood. Calvert had early interested himself in American colonization, having been a member of the Virginia company, by which the earliest of the Anglo-American colonies was planted, from 1609 to its dissolution in 1625. He was thus led, as Penn was afterward, through similar associations, to aspire to become the founder of a colony of his own; for which purpose, as early as 1622, being then one

of the secretaries of state, he obtained from King James a grant, by the name of Avalon, of the southeastern peninsula of Newfoundland, where he established a little colony, composed of settlers from Ireland, in which country, as was usual with English courtiers, Calvert had acquired a large landed property.

The open avowal, on the part of Sir George Calvert, of the Roman Catholic faith, to which, as the fashion then was with the courtiers in most Protestant countries, he had long secretly inclined, made it expedient for him to resign his office of secretary of state. But he still kept his favor at court, being retained as a member of the Privy Council, and created an Irish peer, with the title of Lord Baltimore. Delivered, now, from other cares, he pursued with zeal his project of an American colony. He twice visited Newfoundland, and spent, it is said, £25,000 sterling on that project. But he encountered numerous and invincible obstacles. The climate was cold and foggy. The land was sterile. The French and Spanish fishermen, who had frequented those coasts for more than a century, were little inclined to respect a mere English grant; and even the English fishermen insisted on the free use of all the shores

* *The Day-star of American Freedom; or, the Birth and Early Growth of Toleration in the Province of Maryland.* By GEORGE LYNN LUDLOW DAVIS, of the Bar of Baltimore. New York: C. Scribner, 1856.

and harbors, and looked with no favor on any claims to exclusive possession—feelings, on their part, which long delayed the peopling of Newfoundland, causing it to be regarded, till a very recent period, less as a colony than as a mere fishing station, of which the government, down even to our times, was rather that of a ship at sea than of a colony on shore.

During his residence at Newfoundland, Lord Baltimore paid a visit to Virginia; but the colonists, perhaps suspecting the design with which he came, did not give him a very hospitable reception. Under a standing law, the oath of supremacy was tendered to him—an oath purposely contrived to entangle or detect persons of the Catholic faith, including, as it did, a positive and direct repudiation of the pope's spiritual authority. From this it will be seen that Know-Nothingism is rather an ancient institution among us, and that Catholics got but a cool welcome from the first: Calvert was even exposed to personal insult; but for this the culprits were called to account. Though thus coolly received, he remained long enough to ascertain, that in the northern part of Virginia was a fertile and well-watered tract, upon which no settlements had yet been made. Returning to England, he obtained from Charles I. the promise of a grant, under a royal charter, conferring not only a property in the soil, but powers of government also. This new province was to be called Maryland, after one of the names of the queen. But, before the charter had passed the seals, the first Lord Baltimore died, and the patent issued to his son and heir, Cecilus, the second lord.

Some historians and biographers have ascribed to the projector of the Maryland colony the design of providing a refuge, in America, for the Catholics of England and Ireland, exposed at home, even more than were the Puritans, to the severity of persecuting laws. That Lord Baltimore expected to obtain his colonists, at least such of them as might embark capital of their own in the enterprise, among the Catholics, and that he looked to the state of the English law as likely to facilitate that result, is highly probable. But we know not of any contemporary authority for the supposition, that he had any religious object in view, or that the colony was

not, in its origin and conception, what it subsequently became in its actual plantation, a mere territorial and pecuniary enterprise—the growth of the colony and the increase of quit rents being the considerations always uppermost in the mind of the proprietary, and to which his scheme of toleration was wholly subservient. Still less does there seem any foundation for ascribing, as has been done, to this Catholic nobleman, the project of founding a colony, in which all religions were to be placed on a perfect level of equality—a piece of undutifulness to mother church hardly to be expected from a new convert. We are told, indeed, by Bancroft, that the first Lord Baltimore, whom he supposes, but on what grounds or authority it does not appear, to have been the draughtsman of the Maryland charter, “as he had taken from himself and his successors all arbitrary power, by establishing the legislative franchises of the people, had also taken from them the means of being intolerant in religion, by securing to all present and future liege people of the English king, without distinction of sect or party, free leave to transport themselves and their families to Maryland. Christianity was, by the charter, made the law of the land; but no preference was given to any sect, and equality in religious rights, no less than in civil freedom, was assured.” Such is the historian's statement; but, on referring to the charter, nothing whatever of this sort can be found in it. From the liberty assured to all the king's English subjects, of emigrating to Maryland, an express exception is made of “such to whom it shall be expressly forbidden;” nor is there the slightest hint, anywhere in the charter, of anything like toleration or freedom in religion. So far from it, all places of worship are required to be consecrated according to “the ecclesiastical law of England,” and their erection and the patronage and advowson of them are among the rights specially conferred upon the proprietary, while both he and the assembly are expressly restricted from making any ordinances or enacting any laws “repugnant or contrary to” the laws of England; which certainly would have been the case, at the time the charter was granted, as to any attempt to legalize any form of religious worship other than that of the church of England. Lord

Baltimore, no doubt, intended—and that seems to have been the furthest that he went—to secure to such Catholics as emigrated to Maryland the quiet enjoyment of their religious opinions and worship; but there was no such provision inserted in the charter, as the Catholics found to their sorrow, when the time came, as it afterwards did, for enacting penal laws against them: nor—considering the fixed prejudices of the English people, even if his own conscience would have allowed it, which is questionable—would the king have dared to set his seal to an instrument in which the toleration of the Catholic religion was secured, even by implication, and, much less, in express terms.

The first colony arrived in Maryland in the spring of 1634. The governor and counselors were Catholics. The principal adventurers were Catholic gentlemen of some means. The laboring portion of the colonists were indentured servants, among whom were many Protestants. The Catholics had a priest with them, and, no doubt, enjoyed the full exercise of their religion. Indeed, they occasioned not a little alarm and disgust in Puritan Massachusetts, by "setting up mass openly." A like liberty appears to have been practically enjoyed by the Protestant part of the colonists. An early proclamation or ordinance of the governor, based upon a limited power of legislating in that way, conferred by the charter upon the proprietary, prohibited "all unseasonable disputations in point of religion, tending to the disturbance of the public peace and quiet of the colony, and to the opening of faction in religion;" and we know that at least one Catholic proprietor was early fined, under this ordinance, for attempting to meddle with the devotions of one of his Protestant servants.

Now, as Roger Williams, as we shall presently see, did not establish himself at Providence till the spring of 1636—two years after the planting of the Maryland colony at St. Mary's—and as the written agreement of Williams's colonists (the original constitution of the Providence Plantations), to submit "only in *civil* things" to such orders as the "major part should enact," was not entered into until the autumn of 1638, it is plain that Maryland was the first American colony in which a certain degree of toleration in religious matters

was practically realized. But when we come to consider the very narrow and limited extent of that toleration, compared with the full liberty soon after established in Rhode Island; when we notice the very short period for which even this limited toleration existed; and taking into account, also, the fact, that it owed its existence while it lasted, not to the colonists, but to the proprietary; looking at the matter in these lights, the superior claims of Rhode Island will be equally evident.

Owing to a dispute which arose between Lord Baltimore and the Assembly, on the question to whom, under the charter, the right belonged of proposing laws, no legislation for the colony received the sanction of that body till 1639. It was then provided, along with other fundamental regulations for the distribution of justice, the punishment of offenses, the payment of debts, and the like, that "holy church, within the province, shall have all her rights and liberties." In thus copying the phraseology of Magna Charta, the question which church (that of England or of Rome) was, under the name of a "holy church," to enjoy the rights and privileges thereto appertaining, was quite dextrously evaded. But however that point might be decided, little hope was left for the Puritan dissenters, of whom both of these churches were equally intolerant; and perhaps this enactment may be regarded as a sort of compromise between the Catholics and the church of England men, while they tolerated each other, to put down, or, rather, to keep out the troublesome and uneasy Puritan nonconformists, who had already begun to make their appearance in Virginia, whence it was thought necessary to expel them, two or three years later, under a law expressly enacted for that purpose. But, whatever might have been the aims of the Assembly, the proprietary still persevered in the policy with which he had set out—that of preventing, as far as possible, any religious disputes or agitation, by which the peace and progress of his colony might be disturbed. He judged it necessary, however, to conform to the changed state of feeling in England; and the Puritan party there having triumphed over the king, the colony ceased to have a Catholic governor—that office being conferred by Lord Baltimore upon one William Stone, of Virginia, a zealous

Protestant and Parliamentary. The offices of "muster-master general" and of "secretary" were also conferred upon Protestants, who had likewise a majority in the council, and perhaps also, by this time, a majority of the colonists. For the protection, however, of the Catholic settlers, an oath was required of the governor, not to molest or discountenance, on religious grounds, any person in the province professing to believe in Jesus Christ, and, in particular, any Roman Catholic; nor to make any difference, on that score, in appointments to office. The policy of the proprietary, and the limited extent to which he carried his ideas of religious liberty, are more precisely indicated in the somewhat overlauded "law concerning religion"—often represented as the corner-stone of toleration in America—which he sent out the next year (1649), engrossed on parchment, and to which the Assembly gave its assent. This act begins, in no very tolerant spirit, with enacting death and forfeiture of land and goods, as the punishment of blasphemers and deniers of the doctrine of the trinity. It next denounces fine, whipping, and, for the third offense, banishment, as penalties for the utterance of reproachful speeches against the Virgin Mary or the holy apostles and evangelists. The third section appoints fine, and, if that were not paid, whipping and a public apology, as punishments for applying to any person any reproachful name, or any name in a reproachful manner "relating to matters of religion." Similar penalties are also imposed on profaners of the Lord's day. After this comes the famous section, the only one usually quoted, which, after setting forth that "the enforcing the conscience, in matters of religion, hath frequently fallen out to be of dangerous consequence in those commonwealths where it has been practiced," proceeds to enact, "for the more quiet and peaceable government of the province," in the terms of the oath already imposed on the governor, that no person, professing to believe in Jesus Christ, shall be molested or discountenanced on account of his religion, nor interrupted in the free exercise of it, under penalty of fine and imprisonment.

In thus attempting to secure the equal rights of the Catholics, Lord Baltimore, as much, we may believe, from necessity

as choice, allowed a wide sweep to Puritan dissent, to which recent events in England had given a powerful impulse—Cromwell and the Independents being already triumphant. He even received into the colony a body of Puritan dissenters recently expelled from Virginia by Governor Berkeley, who established themselves on a plantation which they called Providence, near where now stands the city of Annapolis, the first settlement in the northern part of the province. Nor was it long before these Virginia Puritans, taking advantage of the growth of anti-church feeling among the Protestants of the colony, put themselves forward for the overturn of Lord Baltimore's scheme of toleration; in which object, by the countenance and support of the parliamentary commissioners, by that time at the head of affairs in Virginia, they had a temporary success. Stone was deposed from office; a new governor and council were appointed, and a new Assembly (in 1654) expressly excluded "papists and prelatists" from the benefit of the act of toleration. A civil war followed, between the Catholic and Puritan settlers, not without bloodshed. The Catholics were beaten, the triumphant Protestants put four of their captured opponents to death, and proceeded to sequester the estates of the others. The Catholics subsequently recovered their courage, and reestablished Lord Baltimore's authority at St. Mary's; but Annapolis and the northern portion of the province continued to adhere to the Puritan administration, of which Annapolis had been made the seat.

The restoration of Charles II. restored also the authority of Lord Baltimore over his entire province, and by the effect of that change, the former toleration act again came into force. But, notwithstanding the comprehensiveness of its terms, the Quakers were not suffered to take any advantage of it. They became, in Maryland, as in every other Anglo-American colony, *Rhode Island alone excepted*, the objects of legislative vengeance. By an act of the Maryland Assembly, preachers of that sect were to be apprehended and whipped "as vagabonds who dissuade the people from complying with military discipline, from holding offices, giving testimony, and serving as jurors." It is insisted, however, by some of the recent writers on the history of Mary-

land, that this act was seldom or never put in execution.

As the population of the province increased, the preponderance of the Protestants over the Catholics became still more decisive. The Puritan dissenters gradually dropped their antipathy to the church of England, into which, though as yet there was no regular establishment, they became mostly absorbed. But their hatred of Catholicism did not diminish, and their discontent against the Catholic proprietary evinced itself in repeated outbreaks. At last came the English revolution, of which advantage was taken again to set aside the proprietary government; and though the Baltimore family retained their property in the province, the proprietary administration was only reestablished, at the end of twenty-five years, by the adoption, on the part of the fourth Lord Baltimore, of the Protestant faith.

Meanwhile, the limited system of toleration, introduced by the second Lord Baltimore, had been totally set aside; nor was it, so long as the proprietary government lasted, ever again reestablished. It was from the beginning an exotic in the colony, the plan of the second Lord Baltimore and not of the colonists themselves, and therefore lacking any solid basis to stand upon. One of the first acts of the new Protestant authorities, which assumed the government in the name of William and Mary, was to divide the colony into parishes, and to create a regular ecclesiastical establishment, after the model of the church of England, supported by taxes which all were obliged to pay. Indeed, the descendants and successors of the old Puritans, who had put prelacy and papacy into the same category, had now become such strict churchmen, that it was only with much ado, and by repeated refusals to sanction, on any other terms, their church establishment, that the Assembly was persuaded, by the ministers of William III., to introduce a clause, granting toleration to Protestant dissenters! As to the unfortunate Catholics, they were freely delivered over to sectarian vengeance, embodied under the form of law. Most of the enactments resorted to in Ireland, to put down the Catholics, were imitated in Maryland, without any of the excuses of political danger which the Irish parliament might urge, as the Catholics in Maryland were too few to

be in the slightest degree formidable. The more severe of these enactments were speedily repealed, or modified; but the Catholics still remained disfranchised till after the Revolution.

Under the state constitution, the Catholics of Maryland were admitted to a political equality with the Protestants; but the idea of full freedom of opinion, on religious matters, was very slowly recognized. It is a curious fact, that although the Constitution of the United States expressly prohibits religious tests, yet that, under an old law of Maryland, still in force in the District of Columbia, though repealed as to Maryland itself, no person is admitted to practice as an attorney or counselor in any of the courts of law of the District, who does not first profess his faith, under oath, in the Christian religion.

Having thus sketched the history of religious toleration in Maryland, we turn now to the colony of Rhode Island.

The history of Roger Williams, the father and founder of Providence Plantations, is pretty familiarly known. Born in Wales, and, as well as Calvert, educated at the university of Oxford, he took orders in the English Church; but his Puritan and nonconformist opinions, drove him, at the age of thirty-two, to seek refuge in the then newly-planted colony of Massachusetts, where he arrived early in 1631. The church at Salem wished to receive him as successor to one of their teachers, who had died: but, ardent and vehement, and a decided separatist, not hesitating to stigmatize the church of England as anti-Christ, he was too bold and outspoken to suit the founders of the Massachusetts colony, who had not yet quite made up their minds as to the Christian or anti-Christian character of the church of England and their own relation to it. The magistrates having interfered to prevent his reception by the Salem church, as a teacher, Williams retired to the colony of Plymouth, where no such doubts prevailed, and where he "exercised by way of prophecy," that is, as a lay exhorter in contradistinction to an ordained teacher. Two years after, in 1633, he returned again to Salem, and the minister of that church having died, by a sort of surprise upon the magistrates and the other churches, he was elected its sole teacher and pastor. But Williams was too strongly inclined to entertain opinions of his own, and to express

them, too, to live peaceably in Massachusetts—a very different place then from what it is now. Already before his election as pastor of the Salem church, he had got himself into trouble. A law having been enacted, to compel attendance upon public worship according to the forms and doctrines approved by the Massachusetts churches—the only ones, indeed, allowed in the colony—Williams had avowed his opposition to it. This was the occasion upon which he first announced, or, at least, distinctly proclaimed, his famous doctrine of “soul-liberty,” afterwards ingrafted into the policy of the commonwealth of which he became the father and founder. This doctrine of “soul-liberty” went the entire length of the modern doctrine of religious freedom—indeed, considerably further than most of the modern American advocates of that doctrine are inclined to go—for Williams held to the perfect right of every man to entertain and to express his own opinions on religious subjects, however diverse from those of his neighbors, while he denied the authority of governments to legislate at all touching “breaches of the first table,” that is, on questions of religious belief and worship. This was an idea, at that time, novel, and especially distasteful in Massachusetts, the whole social system of which was founded on the theocratic idea of making the state entirely subservient to the interests of a particular church-organization. As Williams, in spite of all efforts, refused to retract, he was finally banished; and the rumor spreading, that he intended to found an independent colony of his own, he only escaped transportation to England by flying to the woods in the depth of winter. After fourteen weeks’ wanderings, without a guide, with no fixed lodging, and with scanty food, he found refuge and hospitality with Massasoit, the chief of the Wampanoags, whom he had known while at Plymouth. Not long after, under a grant from Canonius, the chief of the Narragansetts, he commenced, with five companions, the settlement of Providence, at the head of Narragansett bay, and out of the jurisdiction of either Massachusetts or Plymouth. By the resort of many from Massachusetts, particularly those inclined to anabaptist opinions, this settlement rapidly increased; and two years

after, in 1638, a mutual “covenant” was entered into by the settlers, to submit, but “only in civil things,” to the decision of the majority—the full exercise of “soul-liberty” being thus reserved to the citizens individually.

About the same time, the second of the germs, from which the present state of Rhode Island grew, was planted, at the northern end of that island which now gives a name to the whole state. This settlement was called Portsmouth; and from it, at the southern end of the island, an offset soon sprung, the better known and still famous and much frequented town of Newport. These settlers consisted of persons driven from Massachusetts, in consequence of their adhesion to the views set forth by the famous Mrs. Hutchinson. But, though inclined to insist upon a certain degree of religious liberty, at least, for themselves, they do not appear to have been, at this time, quite inclined to go the full length of Williams’s doctrine. Some, even, of the settlers at Providence, unwilling to allow to others what they claimed for themselves, and seized with a longing for the flesh-pots of Egypt, opened a correspondence with Massachusetts, and acknowledged a sort of allegiance to it, which proved very embarrassing to the friends of entire religious freedom.

The third of the independent settlements, from the union of which sprang the state of Rhode Island, was founded some years later, at Warwick, on the west shore of Narragansett bay, by Samuel Gorton, a great enthusiast, who, as he exercised it himself, seems to have been willing to extend to others the full right of soul-liberty.

These three settlements of religious libertines were regarded with great jealousy by the magistrates of Massachusetts, who made repeated efforts, some of them quite unsurpassed by any of our modern attempts at “extending the area of liberty,” to bring them within her jurisdiction and under the light of her gospel.

Alarmed at this encroaching disposition, and at the pretensions set up by Massachusetts to a part of this territory, as belonging to her, and to another part, as under the jurisdiction of Plymouth, then a separate colony, Roger Williams proceeded to England, by way of New Amsterdam* (as he did not

* At the time of this visit, our good city of New York, then New Amsterdam, was filled with

dare to attempt to sail from Boston), to solicit, from the parliamentary leaders now at the head of affairs, a charter, which might secure to his settlement, as well as the others, the right of self-government, and afford a safeguard against the pretensions to jurisdiction set up by Massachusetts and Plymouth. Nor was his departure any too early. Very shortly afterwards, Massachusetts, under color of an Indian title, proceeded to extend her jurisdiction over Warwick by force, and to arrest and sentence Gorton and several of his companions to heavy punishments, upon the charge of being "blasphemous enemies of true religion and civil government." A majority of the magistrates, seconded by the ministers, wished to put them to death; but the deputies, or representatives of the towns, would not agree to that, and hard labor in chains was substituted for it. During Williams's stay in England, he published, besides his "Key to the Language of America," "The Bloody Tenent of Persecution for the Cause of Conscience"—an exposition of his doctrine of soul-liberty—a doctrine which found good acceptance in England with the growing sect of Independents, of which Sir Henry Vane, late governor of Massachusetts, and now high in office under the parliaments, was a distinguished leader. To this treatise, which was an answer to a letter of the famous Cotton, one of the ministers of the Boston church, on the power of the magistrate in matters of religion, Cotton replied in "The Bloody Tenent washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb," to which Williams, on a subsequent visit to England, rejoined, in a second treatise, entitled "The Bloody Tenent yet more Bloody from Mr. Cotton's attempts to wash it white." From the commissioners appointed by the parliament, now engaged in war with the king, to superintend the affairs of the colonies, Williams obtained a charter, dated March 14, 1644, under which were included the shores and islands of Narragansett bay, extending from the boundaries of Massachusetts and Plymouth, on the north and east, to the Pequot country on the south and west, to be known as Providence Planta-

tions, with authority to the inhabitants to "rule themselves" as they should find most suitable. This charter, unlike all former instruments of the sort, made no allusion to religion, but authorized a civil government only.

With this charter Williams returned to Providence, landing at Boston under cover of a letter of safe-conduct from several influential members of Parliament. But though received by his fellow-colonists of Rhode Island with great rejoicings, and escorted from Seconk to Providence by fourteen boats, the organization of a government under the charter did not prove so easy a matter. Massachusetts still claimed the territory of Warwick, while pretensions were put forward, on the part of Plymouth, to Providence and the islands. There was also some lack of cordiality between the settlers at Newport and those at Portsmouth and Providence. At length, however, these obstacles were overcome, and, in the spring of 1647—at the very moment, as it happened, that Massachusetts was engaged in very high-handed measures for the suppression of civil and religious freedom—a government was organized, embracing all the settled districts of the present state of Rhode Island; and no sooner was this done than a body of laws was enacted—the basis of the existing code of that state. In this code, of two years' earlier date than the famous act of Maryland concerning religion, Williams's doctrine of soul-liberty was adopted, without any limitation. No mention was made, in the code, of religion, nor was any jurisdiction attempted to be exercised respecting religious belief or worship—the first formal and legal establishment of full religious liberty ever promulgated, and exceeding that which exists at this moment under the laws of any state of this Union. It may be noted, as a curious coincidence, that, by the same code, the government of the newly-instituted colony was declared to be "democratical."

The magistrates, ministers, and church members of Massachusetts—and only church members could vote there—though obliged to pay a certain respect to the parliamentary char-

fugitives from the country around, compelled to seek refuge from the Indians, with whom a war had been unadvisedly provoked. "Mine eyes," wrote Roger Williams, "saw the flames of their towns, the frights and harries of men, women, and children, and the present removal of all that could, to Holland."

ter which Williams had obtained, were no better satisfied than before with the doctrine of soul-liberty, and no pains were spared to distract and break up the newly-constituted commonwealth. The Indians were instigated against it—so, at least, the Rhode Islanders alleged—and domestic discords and jealousies were so successfully fomented, that a temporary disruption took place between the island-settlers and those on the main-land. Coddington, a principal man at Portsmouth, obtained from the English council of state—though without the privity, it would seem, at all events, without the consent, of a considerable number of his compatriots—a commission, by which he was appointed governor for life of the island-settlements. To procure the revocation of this commission and further protection against the hostile machinations of Massachusetts, Williams again proceeded to England, accompanied, this time, by John Clarke, also a refugee from Massachusetts—a physician by profession—one of the founders and principal inhabitants of Newport. Not allowed to embark at Boston, where Clarke had recently received some very harsh treatment—being fined and imprisoned for having presumed to give an exhortation, on a Sunday, in a private house, within the jurisdiction of Massachusetts—they sailed from New Amsterdam, as Williams had done on his former voyage. Coddington's commission was vacated, and Williams, returning in 1653, succeeded, though not without much ado, in reconciling all differences, and in reuniting the several settlements under the charter—he himself being chosen the governor.

It was not long before the faithfulness of Williams's colony to the principle of religious liberty was put to a new and severe trial, their adherence to it, under which, in spite of the remonstrances of the other New England colonies, exposed them to new threats and new dangers.

The arrival, in 1656, of Quaker preachers in America, produced no little alarm there; hardly less, indeed, in Virginia and Maryland than in the New England colonies. Special laws for their restraint and punishment were enacted, as well in Virginia as in Massachusetts, Plymouth, and the two Connecticut jurisdictions. Even in New Netherland, which, scarcely less than

Rhode Island itself, had been a place of refuge for Baptists and other religious refugees from New England, no favor was extended to the Quakers; and the same, as we have already mentioned, was the case even in Maryland, notwithstanding the reestablishment there of the old proprietary system of toleration. To Rhode Island belongs the exclusive honor of not having joined, either by word or deed, in this persecution; and that, too, notwithstanding some pretty stringent attempts to oblige her to come into it. There existed, at that time, a union of the other four New England colonies, for common defense, sustentation, and succor—a union to which Rhode Island, on account of her adherence to the heretical and licentious doctrine, as it was then esteemed, of soul-liberty, had been refused admittance. The commissioners, two from each colony, to whom were intrusted the management and administration of the affairs of the union, addressed an urgent letter to the authorities of Rhode Island, protesting against the toleration allowed, in that colony, to Quakers, and intimating that persistence in it would be resented by a total non-intercourse. At a subsequent period, the Quakers made a good many converts in Rhode Island, including Coddington and other leading men; but, as yet, little sympathy was felt there, or, at least, avowed, for Quaker opinions. Williams always remained warmly opposed to their pretensions of superior religious enlightenment; but he, and those who thought with him, adhered, nevertheless, with admirable consistency, to their great principle of religious liberty. We say admirable, because, however ready men are to claim this sort of liberty for themselves, they are, even to this day, very little disposed to extend a like liberty to those who advocate what seem to them false and pernicious doctrines.

A second and still more urgent and threatening application, from the commissioners for the United Colonies of New England, drew out, by way of reply, from the Rhode Island authorities, some sensible observations, which experience, in all such cases, serves abundantly to confirm. "To those places," so they wrote, "where these people (the Quakers) are most of all suffered to declare themselves freely, and are openly opposed by arguments in discourse, they least desire to come. Surely

they delighted to be persecuted, and are like to gain more adherents by the conceit of their patient sufferings than by consent to their pernicious sayings." But these judicious reflections had no weight with those to whom they were addressed. The Quaker persecution, as is well known, was pushed, in Massachusetts, even to the extremity of capital punishment. The restoration of Charles II. checked the violence of these proceedings, and, at the same time, it put Rhode Island in a position to set at defiance the threats and intimidations of her sister colonies.

When Williams last returned from England, he had left Clarke behind him, as a sort of agent, to watch after the interests of the colony, and to be on the spot to counteract any machinations that might be attempted against it. After the restoration, Clarke continued to act in the same capacity; and, by dint of much solicitation, he succeeded at last, by the favor of Clarendon, in obtaining from Charles II. a new charter, in which the principle, not of toleration, merely, but of religious freedom and equality, was distinctly embodied. This charter, which bears date the 8th of July, 1663, provides, in one of its clauses, "that no person within the said colony shall be molested, punished, disquieted, or called in question, for any differences of opinion in matters of religion, who does not actually disturb the public peace"—a clause inserted, as the charter recites, at the express request of the inhabitants, who had declared, in their humble address to the king, "that it was much in their hearts (if they might be permitted) to hold forth a lively experiment, that a most flourishing civil state may stand and best be maintained, and that among English subjects, with a full liberty of religious concernsments." This charter of Charles II., thus granted at the special request of the colonists, and confirming their original policy, remained the fundamental law of Rhode Island, till the adoption of a state constitution in 1843; which constitution embodies and repeats the provisions of the charter on the subject of religious liberty.

But, although Rhode Island, by the adoption, as one of its earliest fundamental laws, of the doctrine of soul-liberty, and by its adherence to that law, from that day to this, becomes entitled to a degree of merit far beyond anything to which Maryland can lay claim,

yet even the northern commonwealth—so much easier is it to promulgate great principles than to carry them thoroughly into practice—has not wholly escaped the charge of religious persecution.

The laws of that colony, as first printed, subsequent to the commencement of the eighteenth century, excluded, from the privileges of freemen, Roman Catholics and all persons not professing Christianity—Jews, of course, included. When this exclusion was first introduced, it is impossible to tell. It was repealed during the revolutionary war, shortly after the landing at Newport of the French auxiliary army. Its inconsistency with the charter is palpable enough; but whatever speculative falling away it may evince from the original doctrine of soul-liberty, it never could have had any practical operation, except as to a very limited number of individuals.

Such is a brief but comprehensive statement of the parts taken, respectively by the colonies of Maryland and Rhode Island, in the inauguration and practical carrying out of the great American idea of freedom of religious opinion.

With these facts before him, the reader will be able to decide on the justice and truth of some of the assertions, by the recent Maryland work, referred to at the commencement of this article—a book, by the way, which, though very profuse and even superfluous in range of speculation and displays of antiquarian knowledge, going back even to Mahomet, as a man greatly to be admired, makes not the slightest reference to the existence of such a person as Roger Williams, or of such a colony as Providence Plantations and Rhode Island. Of the assertions to which we refer, we cite the following as a specimen:

"To the legislators of 1649 (meaning the Maryland Assembly of that year) was it given to discharge a much higher task—to execute a much nobler mission—to inaugurate a much greater idea (i. e., the idea of religious freedom)."—p. 52.

"The earliest policy of Maryland was in striking contrast with that of every other colony. The toleration, which prevailed from the first, and fifteen years later was formally ratified by the voice of the people, must, therefore, be regarded as the living embodiment of a great idea; the introduction of a new element into the civilization of Anglo-American humanity; the beginning of another movement in the progress of the human mind."—p. 64.

"Let not the Protestant historian of Ameri-

ea give grudgingly. (The author whom we quote boasts himself, by the way, as inheriting 'a pure Protestant blood—an unbroken Protestant faith, thought eight generations, from the age of Elizabeth,' p. 208.) Let him testify with a warm heart, and pay, with gladness, the tribute so richly due to the memory of our early forefathers. Let their deeds be enshrined in our hearts, and their names be repeated in our households. Let them be canonized in the grateful regards of the American, and handed down, through the lips of a living tradition, to his most remote posterity. In an age of cruelty, like true men with heroic hearts, they fought the *first* great battle of religious liberty, and their fame, without reference to

their faith, is now the inheritance, not only of Maryland, but also of America."

We desire to do all justice to Cecilius Lord Baltimore, and to the Catholics of Maryland; but we demand also equal justice for Roger Williams and the men of Rhode Island. A sectional spirit in politics is bad enough, but the attempt to carry it into literature and history—and that, too, under cover of sentimental liberality and a special regard for justice—deserves to be at once exposed and rebuked.

TO THE REV. MR. ——.

[Lines composed in Sermon-time.]

OFt, beneath thy gentle preaching,
 Visions from the dream-land come,
 Of pardoned sinners touched and weeping,
 Of saints no longer dead and dumb.
 My own many sins confound me,
 I begin to fear and quake;
 But the sinners, sleeping round me,
 Snore so loud that I awake.

Thou art not a son of thunder,
 But thou bringest rest to all;
 Soon again I sink in slumber—
 Fainter still thy accents fall.
 To the weary, heavy-laden,
 Fall thy words like drops of balm—
 Sleepy youth and nodding maiden
 Bless thy accents soft and calm.

Upper church! I dearly love thee,
 Though uncushioned is my seat—
 Holy quiet hovers o'er thee,
 Shall I e'er thy equal meet!
 Chasing pleasure's glittering bubble,
 Turns to thee my aching breast—
 Here the wicked cease to trouble,
 Here the weary are at rest.

HOW I COURTED LULU.

IN SEVEN TABLEAUX.

I.

I ARRIVE AT BELLEAIR.

WHEN I went to see aunt Wimple—not Lulu—at Belleair, in the good year eighteen hundred and blank, I was nineteen, had my pockets full of money, and was called Tom. I am Thomas ———, Esquire, now; but, looking back through the mists of many years, and making due allowance for the partiality of the judge, I think the fine young fellow I was then, a far more enviable personage than my eminently respectable self, now. But I am not much changed; my mustache contains but two or three white hairs, as yet—and those who know me, say I'm a gay young fellow still, in which opinion I agree with them.

Lulu, aunt Wimple's only daughter, had staid in town with us, the winter before, and I had met the fate of nearly every one who had the temerity to encounter the bright light of her dazzling eyes. I was not long in pleading for leave of absence from old Borem & Company—in whose commission house I lived—and in following this permission up, by graciously accepting my invitation to Belleair. I arrived at the old hall, one evening, when all the birds of August were singing; and when the beautiful stream, at the foot of the hill, was dancing in the red sunset, which it threw back from its broad expanse magnificently. I was warmly welcomed, of course, by kind old aunt Wimple, and, more enthusiastically still by Jack, Lulu's brother, and, consequently, my most intimate friend. As for Lulu, she came forward, rather demurely, and quietly extended her hand, struggling to suppress her laughter—of which commodity this fascinating young lady always seemed to have an unlimited supply.

"By your leave, mistress!" I observed; and, before the damsel could defend herself, I had impressed upon two of the reddest lips in the world a "salute"—as said our honest ancestors—far warmer than our relationship made necessary. You see, I was nineteen then, and the heart of nineteen beats warmly in the bosom.

Jack laughed heartily; aunt Wimple's countenance relaxed; and even Lulu, muttering "Impudence!" burst into laughter; and so we entered the old antler-decorated hall, and the great sitting-room, where all the portraits of my venerable forefathers, in pearls and powder, ruffled breasts and laces, seemed to extend to me a serene and courteously smiling welcome.

There were two visitors at Belleair, who soon made their appearance—Rose Walton, a demure little, quiet friend of Lulu, also a hopeless flame of Jack; and Mr. Fitzarthur, "from town." Did you know Fitzarthur, in those days? To make a negative reply, will argue that you yourself were wholly unknown. How shall I describe the serene effulgence of the noble knight—what do I say, the king, the emperor—of fashion! He wore the tightest kid gloves, the smallest boots, the most elegant and *recherché* coats and waistcoats; and his watch-chain, with its bundle of seals and "charms," then coming into fashion, was the admiration of every beholder. To know Fitzarthur was, if not to love, at least to admire and wonder at him. Fitzarthur patronized everybody in the most good-natured way—aunt Wimple, Jack, Rose, the Honorable Josiah Muggins, M.C., who sometimes came to Belleair—even Lulu herself, whom he had met at the Springs that year, and to whom he was paying his addresses.

As I look back on you now, my dear Fitzarthur, and recollect how you shone, and how I feared you would not recognize me in the country, and how you went through life at Belleair and in town, with changeless smiles and never-shaken self-esteem and admiration, I bow to you, as the prince of dandies, erect an imaginary tablet to record your graces, and declare that you were more than mortal almost—almost the paragon of fops.

As I have intimated, Fitzarthur accorded me a serene recognition, giving me, for that purpose, the end of his kid glove; and so, with Jack's arm round me—I wished it had been Lulu's—we were ushered into the great supper-room,

where a thousand merry jests went round, and where was eaten, perhaps, the merriest supper of the century. Afterwards, we had the pleasantest lounge upon the portico, looking out upon the noble chase, with its century oaks, and the broad stream, glittering, through the dipping foliage, with the last red fires of sunset; and, in good time, I threw myself joyously into one of those old, honest, tall-posted, league-wide country-beds, which are scarcely ever seen now, in our miserable generation. Jack was with me, of course, and we talked for hours—you see, I liked him, and he was the brother of somebody—and then I dropped asleep, and all the scene slipped from me in Elysian dreams: Elysian! for I dreamed that I was married to Lulu, and that Fitzarthur was my first groom's man.

I have dedicated these paragraphs to the evening of my arrival at Belleair, because the beautiful sunshine of that August evening shines in my memory still, and ever will live there for me, fair and dreamy, and instinct with the radiance of romance and youth.

The month of August flew by like a dream, and I find no difficulty in recalling—as I could relate in detail, were it necessary—every incident of that glorious time, when my heart beat warm and free, with the blood of nineteen. The rides; the games; the fishing parties, in the boat on the stream; the rambles in the woods; the apple-gathering in the orchard, when the "bell-flowers" were ripe, and all the thousand scenes, and jests, and merry utterances—all these are as real in my memory, to-day, as in my real life then.

I need scarcely say that my love for Lulu did not diminish, thus thrown with her, as I was, day-after day, and week after week. I found, every hour almost, something new in her character, which, more and more, deprived me of the small quantity of free will which I possessed. The loving circle, of which she was the life and pride, at that time, will bear me out, when I say, that there are few such natures in this prosy world, to-day. She was literally the life and joy of every scene—she had the rarest and most singular combination of maidenly delicacy and extravagant mirthfulness. Her dark, brilliant eyes had a "charming archness" in them, and her quick movements and ever-changing attitudes, were the perfection of wild

grace and daring abandon. What a poor thing language is! I try to trace some outline of Lulu at seventeen, and I am reduced to the most unhappy plight by my inability: I don't think any one would be more successful. I had seen many girls, of all styles of beauty, at town parties; and, while I had employed much of my spare time in the genteel and satisfactory occupation of flirting, I never so much as thought of loving any of them. After being ten days at Belleair, I was past praying for. Truth to say, I think my dreadful rival, Fitzarthur, was as nearly in the same condition as was possible for one who had so absorbing an admiration and regard for himself. He loved Lulu, however, I have no doubt—rightly supposing that, to receive such a wife, would be the crowning feather in his cap; to secure aunt Wimple's broad acres, or a portion of them, to be Lulu's some day, not a disagreeable plum in his pocket. As for myself, I can honestly say, upon my honor, that I seldom or ever thought of Lulu, in connection with such things; for I never knew the want of money, and my father was wealthy, and had no other child but myself. I own such reckless imprudence and disregard of "material affairs" was shocking; but I was very much in love, you see, and only nineteen. Now, at nineteen, the heart rules the intellect—a disgraceful despotism, shaken off in after life.

The month of September, like that of August, fled along on downy pinions, and the Belleair circle was the same. Fitzarthur had paid one or two visits to friends of his in the neighborhood; but he always so arranged these visits that they should not take him out of "hitting distance," so to speak, of Lulu. At last he returned to aunt's, where Rose Walton still was staying, avowing his design to tarry only a few days, and then return to town, from which, it was a wonder to the whole family, how any consideration could have kept this star of fashion absent so long.

I mention these little incidents of the summer months, you see, to afford, as it were, some frame and coloring to the deeply-absorbing and highly-interesting adventures of the real period of my courtship, which occurred in the bright month of October. To say that every day I had grown more and more hopelessly a captive, would be only repeti-

tion. I had long since come to the "desperate" point; and had vainly cudged my unfortunate brains for a means of impressing on Lulu, orally, the fact, that I was her slave. I revolved the propriety of requesting a private interview in the sitting-room; but the idea of solemnly entering that great apartment with Lulu following me wonderingly, and, in the presence of my grave old ancestors, proposing for her hand and heart—the very thought disarmed me, made me a coward, and I relinquished the idea instantly, like the poor poltroon I was. Then I thought of asking Lulu to ride with me—to take a stroll in the woods—to ramble through the grove. From all these propositions my cowardly heart recoiled, and retreated ignominiously. I never get any further than taking her hand, and holding it lingeringly, one evening at twilight, as we returned toward the hall, and striving in vain to speak. Lulu was an intelligent girl, and she, no doubt, perfectly understood my meaning; for she quickly withdrew her hand, and, blushing slightly, said, with a laugh, and somewhat hurriedly, "Come, cousin, let us go in, the dew is falling!"—and so she flitted up the broad staircase and disappeared.

When Lulu came down that evening she was in brilliant spirits, as usual; and, with her arm leaning on Miss Rose's shoulder, presented the most joyous and entrancing vision I had ever looked upon; Fitzarthur made her the most elegant compliment imaginable, and, of course, I had not the least desire to cut his throat, and so make an end of him.

But we'll get on to October. It was on a beautiful morning of that fine month that the first scene of real dramatic interest occurred between myself and Lulu, and the purpose of this little introduction has been, to convey, as rapidly and clearly as possible, some idea of the relative position of the parties.

Fitzarthur, you see, was in love with Lulu, and I was in love with Lulu: and the mutual desire of myself and Fitz. was, to reduce into possession the heart of this young lady. I saw that my rival was going to propose very soon, and I intended to frustrate him, having, at last, conceived a brilliant and encouraging idea, of which I shall proceed, at once, to speak.

II.

LULU AND MYSELF FALL OUT.

It was the brightest day of the whole month of October, and never have I seen the forest present a more gorgeous picture of splendid and imperial beauty.

We were all out upon the portico, and had been conversing for some time, my friend 'Fitzarthur "leading" the company, and making everybody laugh with his amusing stories. Fitzarthur, you see, was an admirable general; and, a long experience in the ways of women had led him to the conclusion, that these charming creatures like an entertaining fellow. But Fitz. had another axiom equally impressed upon his mind—namely, that a gentleman who wishes to produce the best effect upon a young lady, should never make his presence *stale*. I think he was right, and more than once have I known a fine young fellow to be ruined by a too exclusive devotion to the presence of his mistress.

In consequence of Fitz.'s views upon this subject, he rose at the end of a most entertaining story, and, gently caressing his "imperial," observed that he had too long neglected a fair friend of his, whose three last letters remained unanswered. He must positively write to her by the mail that evening—announcing his immediate return. Having made this communication with the most odious and graceful elegance, he kissed his hand, and retired into the hall.

Lulu pouted beautifully. Then there was somebody whose society Mr. Fitzarthur preferred to their own; even communication with her by mail. Well, Mr. Fitzarthur was the best judge of his own affairs: and, having clearly indicated these reflections in her eyes, Miss Lulu proceeded to pout again. As she did so, her eyes fell upon myself—I was smiling. Lulu looked at me for a moment, saw that I was watching her expression, and burst out laughing.

"Well, sir," she said, "why are you staring me out of countenance?"

"A cat may look at a king," I replied, "and, doubtless, the same applies to a queen."

"A queen! so you are laughing at me! Well, sir, laugh on!"

And Miss Lulu set me the example, by herself bursting into the merriest fit imaginable. She then heaved a mock sigh, and said:

"How in the world shall we pass our

morning? I thought Mr. Fitzarthur was going to give me a row on the stream—heigho!”

And Miss Lulu pretended to be broken-hearted.

“Won’t I do?” I said instantly; for this very idea had occurred to me on the evening before: “I have the largest and most serviceable hands, you see, my dear cousin —.”

“Now you are laughing at Mr. Fitzarthur, sir! He has the most beautiful hands I ever saw; they are as soft and white as satin.”

“Then you have experimented upon their softness, have you?” I said, laughing.

“No, sir! I never saw anything as unamiable as you gentlemen, in speaking of each other.”

“Very well: but you have not answered.”

“Answered what, sir?”

“Will you go and have a sail?”

Lulu hesitated: she wished to pique Mr. Fitzarthur; she wished to make the excursion; but she wished to take revenge on me.

“Ask Rose,” she said; “the boat will hold only two.”

“I can’t go,” said little Rose; “I have a cold, and am afraid of the air on the stream.”

Lulu was thus forced to say yes, or no; and while she was debating, I improved the time by painting such a richly-colored picture of the delights of the excursion, that she could not resist the temptation. Lulu knew very well that I was in love with her, and that I was seeking for an opportunity to tell her so. But either my tone of laughing carelessness disarmed her suspicions, or she yielded to the exciting temptation which so frequently assails young ladies under the same circumstances; and so she consented, and ran and got her bonnet, and in ten minutes we were in the boat.

It was one of those frail little canoes, which lie upon the water like a leaf of autumn; and had only seats for two—one in the middle, where Lulu sat, and the other at the stern, which I now occupied. Obedient to the single paddle, the skiff plunged her cutwater into the stream; and, ascending the lazy current thus, we glided past the “Lover’s Rock,” raising its tall granite peak straight up from the bed of the stream, to the top, almost, of the fir-clad heights;

along by the belt of richly-variegated oaks and chestnuts which skirted the stream, and so, into the primitive forest, as it were, through which the current wound and sparkled.

Lulu’s brilliant eyes seemed to gather fresh light from the blue skies and the golden forest; and the splendid tints of autumn communicated to her face, it appeared to me, a new and more dazzling beauty. We scarcely spoke, and nothing was heard but the dip of the paddle, as I drove on the little boat; the musical, fairy-bell-like chime of the crystal drops which fell from its edges into the water, as I raised it for a moment into the air; or, perhaps, now and then a snipe or plover’s cry, or the partridge’s whistle from the uplands, beyond the belt of forest. We ascended the stream thus, until we came nearly to the fish-baskets, on the Grassland estate; and there, in the midst of a scene of wild and picturesque beauty, of thick-woven foliage, brilliant with October, and clear-running water, mirroring the tall trees, I threw the paddle into the bottom of the boat, and permitted the craft to take its own way back toward Belleair.

We talked about the beauty of the scene, and a thousand things, but I think my cowardly voice trembled slightly. It’s an old story: I suppose young fellows will go on being cowards to the end of the world, and will never come to understand, that frequently the young damsel has no fonder desire than that they should take courage, and ask for the willing prize. I hereby recommend to my dear grandchildren the adoption of the venerable motto, “Faint heart never won fair lady yet,” assuring those dear boys, upon my honor, that bright birds very often wish to have themselves caged. Perhaps this advice may seem strange in connection with what follows; I nevertheless communicate it. But I will proceed.

As the little boat drifted down the stream, I sat with my eyes fixed upon the lovely face, shaking and trembling to my inmost heart, with the thought of what I designed. As yet, I could only try and tell her with my eyes, that life, without her, would be a miserable farce to me; and to this occupation I assiduously addressed myself.

Lulu did not seem to be aware of my presence; a dreamy influence seemed to have stolen over her, and, pensively

leaning her head upon her hand, she gazed at the tints of the autumn forest, and murmured, "Beautiful! beautiful!"

As she sat thus, supporting her fair brow with her white hand, with her dark curls falling upon her classic neck, I was plunged into such a sea of love, that I could not speak at first, my words fainting at the portal of the lips. At last I mustered courage to echo her observation, and murmur, "Yes, very beautiful."

There must have been something in the tone of my voice which sounded strangely, for Lulu waked up, as it were, from her reverie, and fixed her startled eyes upon my countenance. It told the whole tale fully, without a chance of misunderstanding; and a sudden flush covered her cheeks, and even invaded her neck. The ice was broken, the signal of the assault given, the cat released from the bag. Any of these figures of speech may be taken as a description of the sudden change in the face of affairs. In a moment, I was in possession of Lulu's unappropriated hand, with whose assistance I performed a foolish ceremony, common to lovers in all ages, and in the most rapturous manner.

The following were the terms in which I then proceeded to address my companion:

"How can I conceal it any longer? Oh! Lulu! if you only knew how much I love you! Without you, I feel that life to me will be a wretched burden, and unless you love me, I will kill myself, and my blood will be upon your hands! Oh, Lulu! answer me!—tell me that you love me, and will marry me! Unless you do, I will be ruined and broken-hearted, and I will leave my native land, and never more return!"

I paused, nearly out of breath, and only saw a blush suffuse Lulu's face, and her frame shake with emotion, as she covered her eyes with her handkerchief.

"Without you," I continued, "life will be nothing but a thunder-cloud to me, and all hope will depart! Do you, can you, doubt my love? If you doubt it, tell me what I shall do to prove it, and if it be to accomplish greater labors than those of Hercules, I will accomplish them; for I feel that the thought of winning you will give me a giant's strength. Speak, Lulu! tell me that you love me!—tell me that you

will be my wife, and make me happy! I know I am not worthy of you, but your love will make me so. If you are not mine, I care not what may happen to me; and you will have upon your conscience a ruined life. The thought of having refused such love as mine will prey upon your spirits; you will waste away, and perhaps fill an untimely grave, beside my mouldering remains. Avoid this dreadful future; love me in return, and the world will never see a happier pair. Oh, Lulu! answer me, and tell me I am blest!"

I stopped, this time wholly out of breath, and waited for a reply. Lulu's emotion seemed to have overwhelmed her; her face was covered, and she shook with emotion.

"Don't let your feelings overcome you, dearest Lulu," I cried, trying to draw away her hands, "your emotion, under the circumstances, is very natural, and I can understand it."

The hands fell down; a more violent convulsion shook Lulu's frame; she was overcome with laughter!

I have passed through some disagreeable scenes in the course of my life, but I don't think I ever experienced an emotion of such profound *meanness*. That is the word. Lulu's reception of my addresses had the effect of freezing water thrown on a naked and trembling wretch—I was completely speechless.

Lulu laughed for five minutes without intermission, and then, wiping the tears from her eyes, said, trying to speak gravely:

"Oh cousin Tom! How could you talk in that way? How could you say such horrid, dreadful things?"

And again Miss Lulu seemed to be about to lapse into laughter; but she restrained herself. By a powerful effort she grew calmer, and said with gradually increasing seriousness:

"I am very sorry—very, very sorry, cousin, that you—that we have had this conversation. I love you very much; but it would not be honest for me to make you think that I have any warmer feeling than that of a cousin. You fancy that your feeling for me is stronger than it is; but I think you are led away by your fancy. Let us forget this whole scene, and remain as good friends as ever: and, more than all, you must not think of going away, as I know you gentlemen think you ought to, at such times. Indeed, you must not,

cousin! It would distress me very much to think that you were unhappy; for I have great affection for you. I am very, very sorry, that my thoughtlessness should have carried me away just now: it was heartless to laugh so; but you will forgive me, won't you? You won't be angry with me—will you cousin?"

And she leaned her white arm on my shoulder; and, looking with the kindest expression in her tearful eyes, into my own, repeated: "You won't be angry with me, will you, cousin?"

There are times, I think, when the human heart experiences a delicious agony—a bitter delight. At least, such was my emotion on the present occasion. I did not know whether I ought to groan with anguish, or thank heaven for the chance which drew from Lulu such assurances of affection. A groan of unmistakable sincerity, however, indicated my conclusion; and I sat down in the stern of the boat, and covering my face, resigned myself to perfect misery.

I was aroused from my reverie of despair, by a sudden shock. The boat, left to itself, had taken the direction of a powerful current, which branched off from the stream, just under the willows; its side had struck heavily against an upright timber in the water; and, before I was conscious of the state of affairs, I was hurled out—my head striking the jagged timber, and the skiff overturned. As I rose to the surface, my hand caught in Lulu's dress, and I had just strength and consciousness enough to encircle her with my arm, and feebly direct my way to the shore.

I saw some frightened men running toward us; I looked, as in a dream, upon the figure of what seemed to me some Undine of the stream, with the tenderest and kindest eyes; and then I lost consciousness. I fainted from loss of blood—a curious termination of a love affair.

III.

"YOU WON'T BE ANGRY, COUSIN?"

I was confined to my bed for a week, and to my chamber for another, during which time I saw the tender-hearted Lulu often, but never except when the doctor or the nurse was in the room. She was as kind as a human being could be, and made me a dozen little delicacies which she brought with her own hands, looking at me kindly and compassionate-

ly, and sometimes, when our eyes met, with a sort of blush. You see, when a young lady of good feeling has discarded one whom she likes, and who loves her sincerely, she experiences a sort of regret and compassion, which prompts her to bestow upon him any favor in her power—herself excepted.

I say I was confined to my bed and my chamber, with the wound on my head, for two weeks. At the end of that time I quietly proceeded down stairs, expressly against the doctor's commands, and, burying myself in one of the huge old chairs in the drawing-room, began to amuse myself by gazing at the portraits high up on the wainscoted wall.

I felt not the least pain, as I reflected upon the scene at the stream; it appeared rather amusing. Somehow, I had grown older, and a sort of carelessness had taken possession of me.

"The fact is," I said, smiling, "a young gentleman's education is not finished until he has made himself ridiculous with a young lady, and been promptly discarded for his pains. How ridiculously I *did* act down there in the boat! It's a pity some romance-writer can't get my speech: it would make a capital paragraph. But I suppose it's the fate of humanity, and I feel that I'm growing wiser. At any rate, I won't put on a long face, and groan, and make Lulu unhappy with my obtrusive unhappiness. I won't go away, either, as I determined. I'll stay here and see the fun out. What have I to complain of? I suppose it's always so. No doubt grandmamma up there, that venerable lady in lace and powder, was called upon to do as Lulu has done: and grandpapa, respected gentleman, was probably quite as much disappointed as myself, at some period of his life. I'm sure great aunt Helen yonder, who seems to have been a pretty girl of seventeen, was frequently called upon to say 'No, I thank you,' and the emotions of the suitor were much the same as my own. Well, I won't sigh and groan. I'll laugh, and leave the rest to hope and happier times."

Having come to this philosophical conclusion, with a rapidity which, for a youth of nineteen, was very creditable, I think, I took up "Quentin Durward," and began to interest myself in his love affair with the countess. As I raised my eyes, in turning over a leaf, I saw Lulu approaching through the grove with Fitzarthur and Rose—Jack having de-

serted his sweetheart, temporarily, in view of the superior attractions of a partridge-hunt.

Lulu clapped her white hands, and ran, enthusiastically, toward my arm-chair, declaring, as she ran, that she was once more in good spirits at seeing me down again. Miss Lulu then repeated the ceremony with her hands; and, with a slight blush which astonished me, appealed to Mr. Fitzarthur to know if my paleness did not improve me.

Fitzarthur scanned my physiognomy with smiling attention; and then, caressing his elegant imperial, uttered, in an exquisite drawl, which I have never known surpassed, the expressive words: "Aw!—well, aw!—rather!" And then the elegant fellow—hang him!—smiled significantly, and asked if I had recovered from the consequences of my misadventure wholly? It was perfectly plain to what Mr. Fitzarthur's wicked smile alluded, and Miss Lulu pouted beautifully. Plainly, the whole thing had transpired, and, to this day, I am puzzled to account for it. I had Lulu's solemn assurance that she had never breathed it to a living human being, and her word was worth a thousand oaths. I can only account for it upon the ground that a discarded individual has something about him indicative, at first sight, of his condition:—else why the invariable discovery of the state of things? Wrap your secret in the triple brazen armor of reserve—it will be pierced; bind mademoiselle by the most imposing oaths—you are no safer; climb into a tree to have your interview, like Monsieur Jacques and Miss Belle-bouche, in the novel—a bird of the air will carry the matter.

Fitzarthur had evidently discovered everything, as I have said, and Lulu did not relish his sarcastic allusions, careless and elegant as they were. The great Fitzarthur saw that he was for the moment beneath a cloud—he collected his knowledge of military tactics—he retired to his favorite occupation on such occasions, of corresponding with the young lady whose last three letters had remained unanswered. Wily Fitzarthur! who could conquer your supreme self-possession and knowledge of the weakness of the enemy?

Fitzarthur having departed, it soon seemed to occur to Miss Rose that such a proceeding upon her part, too, would not be at all amiss. Who can fathom

the tact of young ladies under such circumstances, and who but admires the easy sang-froid with which they perform their obvious duty? Jenny always retires when William and Mary are thrown together, and reveal, by their tell-tale eyes, their desire to utter to each other confidential nothings. Much more does Jenny suddenly recollect something up stairs, when her dear friend, Phillida, is thrown with him she has "flouted"—and neither by beseeching glance, nor private telegraph, nor curving brow, can Phillida retain, in the apartment, the *third person*, who proverbially neutralizes similar interviews, and silences the lover. It thus suddenly occurred to demure little Rose, into whose good graces, I may here say, I had insinuated myself, that, perhaps, aunt Wimple wished her to aid in cutting out a new dress they had been discussing: and so, the little damsel glided quietly from the room, and disappeared.

If, however, Rose thought that a private and confidential interview was desired or expected by Mr. Tom Corydon, she was very much mistaken. That gentleman, as the reader has perceived, had come to take the most philosophical view imaginable of matters and things connected with Miss Lulu. Filled and penetrated with the recollection of his extreme folly upon the stream, he had no intention of proceeding to reenact that comedy, or, rather, farce—and he waited to be addressed by Miss Lulu, with great equanimity and cheerfulness.

Lulu sat down, and playing with the second volume of "Quentin Durward," said, smiling:

"I am very glad to see you down again, cousin; but, indeed now, is it not imprudent?"

"Not at all," I replied, returning her smile with much good feeling. "I'm getting as hearty as a buck, again."

"It was a frightful danger!"

"Dreadful, Lulu—you might have been drowned, and, in that event, I need not tell you, I never should have returned to aunt Wimple."

"Oh! I don't speak of myself," she said, "I had only a slight wetting, which a change of dress cured at once. But, just think!—had that blow killed you!—"

And Lulu, with her impulsive imagination, embraced the whole scene again

in her mind's eye, and turned pale at the thought. For a moment, this solicitude about myself sent a glow through my frame; but a voice, as suddenly, seemed to whisper in my ear, "Take care! don't make a fool of yourself again!" It was, therefore, with a careless smile, that I replied:

"Killed me? I'm sure I should have been very sorry! But, you see, I am not quite dead yet—and so, we may recollect the little scene down there in a perfectly pleasant way—regard it only as a comedy of 'All's Well that Ends Well,' in which comedy we were the sole performers, and reaped all the glory and honor!"

I uttered the word with the most natural and well-executed laugh—and considering the fact that I was dead in love with Lulu—actually worse than at any previous period—I think too much praise cannot be awarded to my histrionic abilities.

Lulu was an excellent girl—she was true and kind—and she sincerely regretted my disappointment, and was grieved at the pain I had suffered. Nevertheless, I don't think she was pleased with my easy unconcern, and smiling good humor, under the circumstances. Lulu, I think, would have preferred a few groans; a moderate quantity of protestations of eternal misery; for such is woman, and she was one of the best of them. She, therefore, pouted when I laughed, and tossed her head when I uttered my jest.

But, suddenly, her mood changed; her brilliant eye was fixed upon my face, as though to read me through and through. I don't know what she saw there—whether she penetrated my mask of assumed carelessness, and saw my real pain—or, as I am inclined to think, suspected that my laughter hid a sentiment of disdain and anger at *her* laughter on the stream. However this may have been, Lulu did not, at least, resent my nonchalance. The pout disappeared; a slight color came into her cheek; and, rising from her seat, she threw aside the volume of "Quentin Durward," and suddenly stood beside my chair. Then, leaning her white arm upon my shoulder, her delicate hand touching my hair, she said, with the softest and kindest look, as she had said before. "You won't be angry with me!—will you, cousin?"

Her beauty, as she looked at me thus,

fairly made my heart ache, and I was, for a moment, deprived of the power of speaking. I have never seen any human countenance half so lovely; and still she stands there, leaning on the back of the old carved chair, smiling forever, in my memory and my heart. If I had followed the bent of my feelings, I would have fallen at her feet, and pressed the hem of her dress to my lips, and burst forth into the most passionate oration upon the insanity of the idea that I could be angry with such an angel. But, you see, I had made an oration of this description upon a previous occasion, and I naturally feared that any repetition of it would meet with a similar reception. I heard my good genius, too, whispering, as before, "Remember! and don't make a fool of yourself!"—so, instead of kissing Lulu's skirt, I performed that ceremony, in the most friendly and cousinly way, with her white hand, and replied, with an engaging smile:

"Angry with you, Lulu? Impossible, my lovely cousin! Indeed, I am nothing of the sort; and I think my speech down there deserved the reception it received. Not that I have recovered entirely, Lulu," I added, with a smile and a look which brought the old tell-tale blush to her cheek, "I'm afraid my attack is chronic, and time, only, will cure it, though I doubt even the power of that respectable old medical gentleman. Angry! No, indeed, again! And I hope we will never be angry with each other, but remain good friends and affectionate cousins to the end of the chapter!"

"A thousand times!" cried Lulu, recovering all her gayety, and giving me, as she spoke, the brightest and most dangerous look, "I'm more delighted than I can tell you!"

And I believe Lulu was. You see I had acted with admirable adroitness; for I had persuaded her that my good spirits did not arise from any diminution of my passion for her, but only from a rational view of the present impossibility of being successful. I will here observe, again, for the benefit of my above-mentioned dear grandchildren—of the male sex—that young ladies, of good feeling, do not enjoy the suffering of one who sincerely loves them; and if such a young gentleman takes a cheerful view of the affair, and, after the eventful "No, I thank you,"

still continues to esteem and love them, without hope, but equally without obtrusive agony—in such cases, I say, I have never yet known the young lady who was not touched and pleased, and even much affected by the disinterested admiration of her friend.

Lulu was thus a better friend to me than ever; and when I observed, with great good humor, that I thought of remaining at least two weeks longer, she was quite duped by my sang-froid, and cried out that she was delighted, and would “dance the minuet with me when they had the tableaux.”

I requested information on the subject of the minuet and tableaux, and received in reply, the astonished question, Didn't I know? I certainly didn't—having been in retirement lately, on account of wounds received in a naval engagement. Miss Lulu thereupon burst out laughing, and explained herself to the effect, that on the next Thursday evening she was going to collect together a dozen girls and young gentlemen from the neighborhood; and, for the amusement of her guests, designed to have some beautiful tableaux in the new, foreign fashion, and, also, that a veritable *minuet de la cour* would be a part of the evening's entertainment. Miss Lulu concluded, by asking:

“Will monsieur dance the minuet with me?”

“With pleasure, mademoiselle—provided you teach me.”

“Oh! I must first learn from mamma, and we'll have, at least, three rehearsals! Besides, old Joe must be taught the tune—‘Ta—a—a-a! Ta—a—a-a! Ta—a—a-a!’” And Miss Lulu, in the most charming way, began to chant the old *minuet de la cour*, raising her head, and swaying her beautiful figure in the most grave and stately manner; after which she descended to real life again, and burst into laughter.

“What divine melody was that?” said the soft voice of the elegant Fitzarthur, who entered as Lulu finished her chant.

“Was it my humming?” asked the young lady, mischievously.

“Doubtless it was, my dear Miss Lulu. What air enjoyed the exquisite privilege of ——?”

“Being murdered by my voice? It was the old *minuet de la cour*, which we shall dance, you know, next Thursday.”

“May I hope for the happiness of being selected as your partner?”

“I am engaged to my cousin ——, but, maybe, we can have two.”

Fitzarthur looked at me with good-humored condescension, and with a smile, which seemed to say, in his elegant, drawling way—“Yes—aw—yes. I understand. Etiquette requires you to commence with this youngster—aw—certainly!” And then the conversation became general. Two or three mildly rational allusions, on the part of Fitzarthur, convinced everybody, including Rose, who soon came in with Jack, that the result of the scene between Lulu and myself, upon the stream, had come to that gentleman's ears; and, at one of these allusions, more smiling and pointed than the rest, I had the satisfaction of seeing Lulu's pretty brow suddenly cloud up, and her manner to the gay Fitzarthur become stately, and freezing in the extreme. It did not change throughout the day, and everybody perceived it, except the subject of it—the gay lover.

I have never yet, in all my travels, peregrinations, and experiences, my dear grandchildren, had the pleasure of meeting with the young lady who liked a favorite cousin to be laughed at for the crime of loving her. The fact is, that Fitzarthur had, for once, been guilty of what Rochefoucauld declares far worse than any fault. He had committed a blunder.

IV.

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

“It certainly is haunted,” said Jack, with a look of genuine horror, “and you couldn't get me to sleep in it, I can tell you.”

We were all sitting round the pleasant fire of sticks, which the cool October evening made far from unpleasant, and the conversation had turned upon the subject of ghosts—from which it glided naturally to the “haunted chamber,” belonging to Belleair, as to all old country houses.

“It certainly is—there's no doubt about it,” repeated Jack; “for aunt Louisa said she had seen strange sights there—more than she would talk about.”

“Nonsense!” said aunt Wimple, knitting busily, and, ever and anon, smiling at the chatter of the young people.

"I certainly have heard it before, aunt," said Rose, demurely.

"I wish some kinds of ghosts haunted it," said Jack, directing a killing ogle toward Rose, "I wouldn't be afraid of it, then."

This sally occasioned much amusement; but, very soon, the conversation grew grave again, and returned, as by a sort of fascination, to the haunted chamber.

"Of course, I do not believe in ghosts," said Lulu, "but, certainly, strange things have been told about our ancestors appearing there again, at dead of night. I trust I shall never see them—I like them much better in their frames."

"So do I," said Jack, "and I'm going to keep away from your room, Mr. Fitzarthur. You know that is the chamber."

For the first time in my life, I observed a disconcerted expression upon Fitzarthur's eloquently serene countenance, and the "Aw!—now—really?" with which he received Jack's observation, was not so blandly indifferent as usual. The fact was, as I had afterwards reason to know, Fitzarthur's single weak point was a fear of ghosts. Whether his nurse had instilled it into his mind—for, strange as it may seem, even the noble Fitzarthur had been a baby—or whether it was a natural idiosyncrasy, I do not know. But, certainly, Fitzarthur's peculiarity was a fear of ghosts. You know the great Doctor Johnson believed in them, and Lord Lyttleton saw one in the shape of a pigeon; so Fitzarthur had agreeable society in his peculiar views. To his "Aw!—really?" Jack replied:

"Yes, sir! It's your chamber, Mr. Fitzarthur, and there's no doubt that grandma and the old fellows up there have haunted that chamber. I don't say they do, now, though aunt Louisa says so; but they *have* walked there. Aunt Louisa says, one night, about twelve o'clock, when everybody had gone to bed, and the house was quiet, she went in there to get some towels for next morning—and what do you think she saw?"

Fitzarthur's wide-extended eyes were fixed upon the boy's face.

"She saw grandpa, dressed in his old-time clothes, just as he looks yonder—with his cooked hat and powder, and long waistcoat, and ruffles—she

saw him standing before the fire-place, with his hand in his breast—see up there!—and looking her through and through, as she stared at him. She had no power to move, and the figure advanced toward her without making any noise in walking, though he had on fair-top boots—advanced straight toward her, frowning, as if he intended to run her through with his short sword!"

"And—aw—what happened?" faltered Fitzarthur, losing all self-possession.

"Why, a cold sort of air, which came from him, blew out her candle, and she had just strength enough left to close the door and totter away. She did not get over it for a year, and you can't get her to enter that room again, to save your life."

The company, somehow, did not seem disposed to laugh; the boy's face, as he related the story, was too scared and solemn not to infect the rest with his own fright.

"Then, grandma has been seen there, too," continued Jack, in a low tone, addressing himself to the affrighted Fitzarthur. "She came in, gliding along, one night when somebody slept there, dressed in her old dress yonder, all lace and satin, and with her curls piled up in that very same way. It was about twelve o'clock, and the person who saw her, says she looked as pale as death, and brought a cold air with her, as if she came from the grave. She sat down at the table, on which there was a quire of paper, and pen and ink, and seemed to be writing. Then she rose again, looked round, heaved a deep sigh, and slowly glided from the room. The person that saw her went away next day, and didn't tell about it for a year. It was thought there was something left out in her will, that made her uneasy in her grave."

The company remained, for ten minutes, profoundly silent, after this narration, and then all began to talk at once, and laugh heartily, as though to prove how slight an impression such absurd nonsense had produced upon them. But, in some way, this merriment sounded false. There is something in a pale face, and nervous voice, in connection with a ghost story, which has its effect upon every one. The conversation changed to other topics very soon, and the haunted chamber no longer absorbed attention, and, soon,

every one retired. But no one forgot Mr. Fitzarthur's face, and there was a rumor, on the next morning, that his bed had not been slept in.

V.

THE PARTNERS IN THE MINUET.

The conversation I have just related occurred on Wednesday night. The following evening was dedicated to the minuet and the tableaux.

Toward noon, levies of young ladies, accompanied by their beaux, gallantly prancing on noble steeds, began to arrive; and by sunset, every invited guest had made his or her appearance, and the party was complete. The fact is that Lulu was desperately popular—as well with the girls as the young men. Numerous chivalric young fellows had, throughout the summer, disputed with Fitzarthur and myself the fascinating attention of Miss Lulu; and looking back now with historic and philosophic calmness, I wonder not more than I wondered then, at the favor in which Lulu was held. There was in her manner that delightful frankness and merri-ment which puts every one at his ease in an instant. The roughest and gawkiest youngster that ever blundered into a sitting-room, or emulated the combined glories of the bass-viol and the Guinea pig with his voice, found in Lulu the most pleasant companion, and went away praising her, and being desperate. She laughed at many persons, but, in some way, this young lady's mirth did not seem to wound; and from the school-girl to the matron, from the boy to the finished man of the world, all had a good word for Lulu, and chanted her praises and her beauty.

I don't think I ever saw anything merrier than the scene of that evening. As night drew on, the great sitting-room was illuminated by a flood of light; and—thanks to Lulu, whose genius had devised the idea of fixing tapers, even on the tops of the frames of grandma, grandpa, and grand aunts and uncles, shining in lace and powder—this light showered down, as it were, upon the heads of the company, in a silver stream of radiant and flashing splendor.

The ample ante-supper having been discussed with the most honorable ardor, the tableaux were prepared, and the various actors retired to arrange

their costumes. For these costumes the family wardrobe, for three generations, was put in requisition, and the amount of laces, jewels, satin dresses, and broad-skirted coats discovered in the course of this ransacking process, was really astounding. It really did seem as if our respected grandpapas and grandmas had never parted with their old clothes, but left them solemnly to their descendants. With the help of these costumes, and the floating drapery of the frames, arranged in the great door-way, many a striking picture was produced, which, were it necessary, I might take up much time in describing.

It is unnecessary, for the purposes of my story or history. It is enough to say that one half of the guests delighted themselves, and the other half, for at least two hours; and then, having washed the burnt cork from their faces, and changed the costumes of *Waverley* and *Rebecca*, then very popular characters, for the ordinary dress worn in the present century, the actors made their appearance again—the frames were taken down—and the buzz of voices and the sound of laughter followed the silence which had reigned during the progress of the picture-gallery.

I am mistaken in saying that everybody changed his and her costume—returning to their every-day dress. Neither Lulu nor myself made any such alteration, and that at the urgent request of our brother and sister comedians and comediennesses. You see, we were to dance the minuet to old Joe's fiddle, and everybody cried out at the idea of laying aside our dresses. Would you like to know what we wore in the last tableau, and in the minuet? Behold the description: Miss Lulu wears a splendid satin of grandma's, blue as the sky in August, and so stiff, that it will stand erect without the assistance of a young lady's figure within it. The waist is just under the arms, and it is distressingly "low necked," with which portion of the person, the neck, it seems to have no sort of connection indeed—and possesses no sleeves of any description whatsoever. A little band of blue satin only runs round each of Miss Lulu's dimpled shoulders, and her dazzling arms are bare to the dimples. The antique fashion being somewhat opposed to the young lady's ideas, she has enveloped her neck in a cloud of saffron-colored lace, of the richest qua-

lity, also the property, formerly, of grandma, whose bracelets and breast-pins Lulu has appropriated with as little ceremony as the dress. Add a pile of powdered curls, a rustling train like a blue cloud, and a fan made of pearl, ivory, and enameled paper, covered with shepherds and shepherdesses, making love by murmuring streams, in the most picturesque dresses, and you have a faint idea of Lulu's costume. To add, that her dazzling loveliness and fresh, laughing grace, more than ever enslaved a certain young man, is wholly unnecessary. Let me pass on, and only in passing, say that the young man in question, or rather myself, to drop the third person, wore a complete suit of the last century, broad-flapped coat, covered with embroidery, long, flowery waistcoat, silk knee-breeches, and white stockings, with buckled shoes. To these shoes Lulu had affixed rosettes; as to my hair, she had applied powder, first gathering it into a queue behind; and tying it with a great bow of ribbon.

These were the two young persons who made their entrée into the apartment, now cleared for dancing, in the midst of unanimous applause.

Well, well! Why regret it? I had my May-day merriment in May, and I won't groan at the absence of that sunlight of youth, or the presence of these snow-flakes in my still black mustache. I look back on that fair spectacle of youth, and joy, and beauty, through two generations almost, and salute the queen of it, and live again, in memory, through the brilliant hours which are immortal for me in their bloom and glory. Yes, Lulu! The gray-mustachioed bows to you at seventeen, that full, that evening!—and says that the world no longer has within it such a paragon! You rise before me now as clearly as then; I see your white hand holding up with delicate grace the ample folds of your blue satin, which more than once came near tripping up the white-satin-slipped feet which moved beneath it; I see you bending slowly in the profound curtsy, touching—it must have been—how could I know?—the oaken floor, with your knee; I see the round chin resting on your breast, the dark curls rippling around your cheeks; I take your extended hand, as the grave, lordly music floats on in its splendid stateliness, and mince my

steps, and smile with rapture as we glide; and, as you bend again, in a last queenly curtsy, as the noble strain dies into silence, I, too, press my cocked hat to my rich left waistcoat, and bow to you lowly with my very heart—as I bow now, O Lulu! fairest and sweetest image of my memory!

So it ended, amid immense applause from the friendly voices of these friendly companions. We had afterwards the grand supper, with its uproarious merriment, and the reel, with its flashing, glittering, exuberant delight. But of these I will not now speak. We have a reel every day—we may have a supper every night—but when do we see a veritable minuet; above all, when do I see a minuet in which Lulu curtseys to the stately music?

The festivities were kept up until nearly one o'clock; and then the ladies retired. You see, in the good old days, nobody went home to sleep, and the gentlemen soon followed the ladies.

I was going to my bed, with Jack, when, on the stair-case, I felt a hand upon my arm. I turned round and saw Fitzarthur opposite me.

"Would you object to having a portion of my bed to-night, Mr. Tom?" said Fitzarthur easily, and smiling as he spoke. "You may be crowded yonder."

"Oh, no!" I replied. "They have not turned Jack and myself out."

"But I would like to have you to-night; the fact is—aw—I did not sleep quietly last night; and I fancy that a companion—really, now, I shall take it as a favor."

And Fitzarthur added a good deal about being accustomed to sleep with his friend, my namesake, Tom. A glance at his face, however, told me the real origin of his request. The great Fitzarthur was actually afraid to sleep alone in the haunted chamber, and had descended to the humiliating point of requesting his rival to protect him.

I consented—why, I scarcely know. I thought I should like to try the haunted chamber rather; and we were soon safely housed there—Jack having bid us good night, and gone.

Fitzarthur was soon ensconced in the great bed, and I sat down on the old sofa before the slight fire, to feast my thoughts with Lulu's image. I blew out the candle, preferring the flame of the twigs for my brief reverie.

I leaned back on the sofa, I thought more and more tenderly of Lulu. I thought I was a gentleman of the eighteenth century, and that she was my wife. You see, I was asleep and dreaming.

VI.

THE GHOST AND THE RESULT.

I might have slept thus for nearly an hour, half stretched upon the old sofa, before the wood-fire, which gradually crumbled into gloom, when all at once, by a common phenomenon, my eyes opened suddenly, and in an instant, without moving a muscle, I had passed from sound sleep to the most perfect wakefulness.

I had been waked by some sound—what, I knew not.

I turned my head slightly toward the bed, and I was about to rise and seek that much more rational couch, when I descried, by the last flash of flame, the figure of Fitzarthur, raised up half from the bed, and motionless as stone. Fitzarthur presented so comical a spectacle, with his flower-decorated night-cap, and rigid features, that I was near laughing; but the thought suddenly flashed upon me, that, doubtless, there was some cause, other than night-mare or dreams, for this attitude in the sleeper.

A second glance proved to me that Fitzarthur's eyes were fixed with a horrified expression upon some object which, from my position, I could not see.

I did not rise—I only turned my head—and I saw what made my blood run cold.

It was a white figure, gliding toward the bed noiselessly; and as it seemed to me, with great white wings issuing from its shoulders.

I followed the movements of the figure with a gaze of the profoundest horror; and the recollection of aunt Louisa's superstition suddenly flashed upon me, and chilled the very blood of my heart.

The figure paused at the foot of the bed, and the wings all at once descended. I saw that they were only human arms, from which drooped the full white drapery of the figure. I had scarcely time to make this mental reflection, when the white thing turned noiselessly toward the table—and seemed to sit and write for a moment—and then rose

again, and once more approached the bed.

When I saw it write, I was more than ever convinced that I was in the presence of a spirit; and, with the hair standing up upon my head, I scanned the figure. It was a moving image, over whose person—even over its head—a snowy veil seemed to have been thrown. But a silken train which issued from the veil, proved that the spirit had other vestments beside.

I know not how it was, but suddenly my mind seemed to undergo a revulsion from horror to astonishment—from the grave, I seemed to enter life again. The train of the figure was of *blue satin*—suddenly I heard it rustle—at the same moment I heard a titter without the door.

I don't know how it was, but I knew at once, you see, the whole affair. I sprang from my seat with a loud laugh—the figure half screamed, and retreated quickly to the door—and in an instant, with a single bound, I had reached the side of the ghost, and encircled her with my arms.

The white veil was torn off, in the presence of a dozen young ladies *en déshabillé*, who retreated, screaming, to their apartments, and I found that I had in my arms no less a person than Miss Lulu, in her minuet costume, and with a face full of blushes and laughter.

But the laughter suddenly disappeared, and, with an angry pout, the young girl cried:

"Take away your arms, sir! how dare you hold me!"

"Take away your veil, madam!" I replied, laughing, "how dare you enter our apartment!"

"It was a joke!" she cried, struggling to extricate herself from my embrace.

"It's only a joke," I replied, trying—I am sorry and ashamed to say—trying to kiss Lulu.

"I will raise the house, sir!"

"The house is already up."

"Sir!"

"I mean those charming young ghosts, all dressed in white, who scampered just now like a dozen white rabbits."

Lulu's head drooped, and she ceased struggling, murmuring:

"Tom!—I shall—cry!—if you hold me, sir!"

This was more than I could endure. The murmur went straight to my heart, and I unlocked my arms. No sooner had I done so, than Lulu disappeared, like a shadow, into her apartment, the door of which she locked and bolted, laughing at her triumph.

I returned quietly to my chamber, and went to bed. Fitzarthur gave no sign of having been even for a moment awake: on the next day, too, no allusion even betrayed any knowledge, upon his part, of the events of the night. I have but one more fact to record, concerning the elegant and good-humored Fitz. In forty-eight hours he departed from Belleair, and never returned.

VII.

A YOUNG LADY'S CONFESSION.

I did not leave quite so soon. In fact, I am now residing at Belleair, being a married man, and quite a patriarch, with every prospect of benefiting my real grandchildren, by this history.

It was toward the end of our honeymoon that I said to Lulu one day:

"Do you remember the ghost, Lu?"

I laughed as I spoke; but Lulu did not laugh—she looked grave.

"Very well, indeed, I shall never forget it," she said, "and I shall not cease to reproach myself for it."

"Reproach yourself?"

"I must. I do not think it was delicate in a young lady, and I never should have ventured to do it, had not the girls spurred me on, and played upon my girlish wildness. From what I have since heard of Mr. Fitzarthur, I do not regret the result of the jest—his departure—but I do regret having been led to sacrifice so much to a practical joke."

"Pshaw! it's nothing."

"Yes, indeed, it was."

"Well," I said, smiling slyly, "since I come to think of it, Lu, it certainly was reprehensible in a young lady, in fact, a most improper proceeding!"

"Hum!"

And Lulu pouted; for, you see, the sex don't like us to be convinced, when they abuse themselves.

"You needn't regret it, sir," she said laughing.

"I! why not, Lu?"

"Because, sir—"

"Well, because—?"

"Because—because—I thought."

And Lulu laughed again, and leaned her arm upon my shoulder, looking down into my eyes, which were raised, from the book I was reading, to her face.

"You thought,—well, madam Sphinx?"

"Because I thought that any one who held me so tightly as you did that night, sir—and very improperly, sir—must—love me very much, indeed!"

And with the most bewitching and fascinating glance, madam Lulu burst into laughter.

"Horrible!" I cried, "What a confession for a young lady!—that she was actually won by an audacious embrace!"

Lulu looked penitent and sad.

"Was it wrong to say it?" she murmured with downcast eyes.

"Very wrong, madam!"

"Was it?" she repeated.

"Yes."

"But you won't be angry with me, will you, cousin?" she said, which words were followed by a shock of laughter, such as I have seldom heard. You see, I have the loveliest wife in the world, and I have related the manner in which I courted her.

THE SKY IS A DRINKING CUP.

THE sky is a drinking cup,
That was overturned of old,
And it pours in the eyes of men
Its wine of airy gold.

We drink that wine all day,
Till the last drop is drained up,
And are lighted off to bed
By the jewels in the cup.

HAVE ANIMALS SOULS?

THERE are two verses in holy writ, speaking of what we haughtily call the brute creation, that have ever seemed to us full of secret meaning and great import. When the Almighty had destroyed all flesh upon earth, save Noah and those in his ark, he made a new covenant, and as a token of it he set a bow in the clouds. "A covenant with you and with your seed," he said to Noah; adding, however, "and with every living creature that is with you, of the fowl, of the cattle, and of every beast of the earth." The inspired author himself calls it, therefore, "an everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon earth." The rainbow on high is, then, a sign for the lowly animal, as well as for proud man. What matters it, whether the gentle dove, with the olive branch, or the gigantic whale in the ocean know, or do not know, that such a bond exists between them and Him, whom we ought to call, in a much wider sense, Our Father who is in heaven?

One and the same covenant, then, binds animals and us to our Maker. Surely they must be more than a mere brute creation; and well may we ask, with many an ancient and modern philosopher: What is the animal's inner life?

A pity it is, that the word animal itself has become a term of contempt and disgrace; like all other borrowed words, it has taken the place of a better Saxon word (*feoh*), and now is commonly misapplied. We speak of precious stones and fertile plants with respect, and yet is not even the royal palm, in all its graceful splendor, and the brilliant diamond, with its floods of light, far below the humblest of worms, that creeps on the earth? The Romans knew much better the sense that bound the word to its owner; with them, animal only signified the *anima*, the breath of life—that high distinction among all created beings. And what a variety of terms they employed besides, for tame or wild, for clean or unclean animals! We have, at best, only the vile word *beast*, still lower in sense, and more reproachful in meaning than animal, and, to design the last and most loathsome, the term *vermin*, which corresponds to weeds among plants.

Still, it is not with us only, that men have found it difficult to say what distinguishes animals from other created beings. The sages of antiquity had their various theories; the philosophers of later days have established their systems, one after another. To the one, all animals were gods; and, even now, the gentle children of East India venture not to kill any being that has the breath of life; for do not the gods love to assume the forms of creatures, and do not their holy books teach, that the dying man, who seizes the tail of a cow, passes through her without hindrance, at once into heaven? The Spanish physician Pereira went to the other extreme. He first taught that animals neither thought nor felt; they had neither senses nor sensations; they were beautiful mechanisms, moving in the manner of a watch, which shows time more accurately than all reasoning could do. A little later, the great Descartes also gave to men, only, souls, and regarded animals as machines. He denied them even hunger and thirst, much more all desire or will—what could a mere automaton know or intend? Joy and pain, he said, were there only in appearance; their motions were the result of unconscious instinct; of course, when the dog barked, the machine was merely grating and creaking. His work was received with respect and applause; it was read even in the nunneries of France. Fortunately, gentlemen cannot be made cruel, but Cartesians are still found, in far too large numbers, among wagoners and physicians, butchers and naturalists. Did Descartes really fancy that a living pigeon was nothing more than the wooden bird, that clapped its wings and flew about, thanks to the skill of Archytas? Or would he have wished to compare his own head with that made by the great Archbishop of Ratisbon, Albertus Magnus? Another savant of that fanciful nation was taught, by an amusing occurrence, the folly of his cherished convictions. Traveling through the southern provinces, he was once impatiently waiting for his dinner. It never appeared; for the unfortunate landlord declared, upon his honor, that the dog, "whose duty it was to turn the spit, could not be found." Thereupon a great search was undertaken by all the

cooks and scullions, with the hungry philosopher among them. It appeared, that the inn-keeper had two dogs, who performed their work on alternate days; he whose turn it was on that day, being sick, the other animal, or rather the other machine, could not be induced to serve. He stood upon his rights: he knew it was not his day, and neither flattery nor threats could induce him to submit to such crying wrong! The savant lost his roast; but he insisted no longer that "animals were but machines."

Even in our day, great are the doubts, and many the battles fought, to settle the boundary lines between the great kingdoms of nature. It is easy to say that the pebble is a stone, the oak a plant, and the lion an animal. But the lines are not always so broad, nor the signs so conclusive. How nearly even minerals often resemble the work of man's skill and most exquisite art! Who ever found, for the first time, a beauteous rock-crystal, and doubted for a moment that its smooth, bright sides and its well-pointed pyramid were the result of the jeweler's careful labor? For centuries men thought that the lofty ranges of basaltic columns, as they are found here and there, standing in thousands, like gallant soldiers, in close ranks, all smooth and bright as if just from the polisher's hand, and their six sides as carefully measured as if to show how completely our mother nature is master of her mathematics, were the work of Titans, belonging to ages of fabulous antiquity. Other minerals, especially those we call talc, perfectly resemble plants. One variety looks like the bark of a tree, another like leather, and the finest amianth of Corsica can hardly be distinguished from the silky hair attached to the seed of the Syrian asclepias.

So difficult is it to draw the line between the two lower realms; and yet there is an impassable chasm between them, not less than the gulf that parted Dives from the beggar, who had starved at his gate, and was now in Abraham's bosom. Minerals exist, and they assume form and shape; but they do not live. Surely, man's lofty mind ought to be able to distinguish between death and life. He has, however, not been more successful as yet, in the two higher kingdoms. Not even the form enables us to distinguish the plant from

the animal. For ages the polypi were considered as plants; and even now the sponge is claimed by both great divisions. Certain crickets, like the familiar devil's riding-horse, resemble dead sticks, and the "religious mantis" is for all the world like a withered leaf. A South American lady's slipper appears, in form, size, and color, like a huge spider, whilst many an orchis assumes the shape of an insect. Plants, it has been said, cannot change place, and animals only have motion. But vegetables also move; not merely mechanically, as the mimosa, but freely and independent of all outward irritation. The common water-lentil rises to the surface, at the time of blooming, and descends when its purpose is fulfilled. The hungry ivy sends its shoots to the tempting chalk, the passionflower extends its roots to distant water, and the prosy potato, kept in a cellar, pushes its pale, sickly shoots many feet to the lighted window.

Certain tiny *confervæ*, observed but of late, are ever found waving to and fro; the larger leaves of the *hedysarum gyrans* rise and fall in gentle alternation, one after another, whilst the smaller perform a circular motion; and barberries, like a thousand similar plants, move certain parts of their flowers, with great and independent activity. The pistil of the *collinsonia* even touches first one and then the other anther, in regular change, during the short time of love! It is, in like manner, no longer believed that plants do not sleep. We all know now, that most plants, from the humblest herb to the giant oak, sleep during the winter. Others sleep at given times; the "lazy girl" wakes latest in the field, even long after the common clover, that waits for the warm rays of the sun; a few sleep only in the day, and wake all night, as the *hesperis*, or dame's violet. Nor can we now claim for animals an exclusive right to internal heat, as was formerly firmly believed. So far from it, we find that many plants have, at a certain age, a fever heat that rises and falls at stated intervals, and varies by many degrees, whilst the lowest classes of animals have no heat of their own, but only share that of the medium in which they are living.

Even feeling and instinct are no longer looked upon as attributes of any one

realm of nature. We can scarce believe that the polypi feel, which, after having been pounded in a mortar for a whole day, are seen to stretch out their arms, as soon as they are put into water, and to grow, and feed, and live as before. Oysters are proverbially unfeeling creatures. The little water-snake, nals, about an inch and a half long, may be cut into twenty-six pieces, and each one puts out a new head and a new tail, and becomes a new snake. How many plants would show more feeling and die, if they were so treated! If instinct be no more than an innate impulse, shown in some outward action, it may be found even in minerals. They assume ever like forms, regular, beautiful, and admirably adapted to their special nature. With plants this instinct becomes still more evident; we may place the grain in the ground, in what manner we choose, it will always send its tiny roots downward, and the gentle, graceful plumule upward, to greet the light of day.

Hence the growing conviction, that there must be an inner life in animals. Formerly, learned men claimed for them a soul, and not a soul of their own, but the same as that given to man. This was a pregnant error. We have no microscope for souls, and the subtlest anatomist and the boldest physiologist are left at a loss here. If man were really the highest in creation, and animals only the lower, they would present to us nothing but defective organizations, whilst all that has come from our Maker's hand is, in itself, perfect. Man is not the same being as the animal, only in a higher power—he is something entirely different. He is what Goethe calls a *macrocosm*, uniting in himself all the various bodily and psychical parts of animals, and superadding to them qualities peculiarly his own. The very act and mode of creation exhibits the difference. Animals were made by intermediate agents. God said: "Let the water bring forth, abundantly, the moving creature that hath life, and the fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven;" and later: "Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, the cattle and creeping thing, and the beast of the earth." But when the higher beings were to be added, he said: "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." So God

himself made man, not intrusting the duty to the earth or the water.

What was the "breath of life" given to animals, to the "moving creature that hath life?" This only we know, that it is not the soul of man, and hence the injustice of measuring the inner life of animals by the spirit given to the former. Modern investigations generally agree in granting to animals two distinct and peculiar qualities. They possess, it is said, instinct, or a number of certain ideas, that are born with them, reproduced in all times, under all circumstances, and incapable of change. The young chick, hatched in the Egyptian's oven, breaks through its shell and at once runs after the spider by instinct; the sea-turtle, born far inland, on a high and dry mountain, hastens at the moment of birth, with irresistible eagerness, to the sea-shore, by instinct. By it, the bee, the bird, and the beaver build their marvelous houses. But animals also possess intelligence—a power of acting freely under the influence of memory or training. The horse obeys, because he fears or loves his master; the dog, after having carefully examined two out of three roads, that meet at a common crossing, takes the third without further examination: his intelligence supersedes his instinct. Both qualities meet in the power of discernment, and this we believe to be the most characteristic feature of the inner life of animals. If the minerals possessed this power, they would surely show it at the moment of crystallization, when they blossom; for then they exhibit their highest powers, their greatest internal activity. But we find here no trace of discernment: they never yield to circumstances, nor change their immutable laws. Plants have a faint gift of discernment only in their powers of adaptation. Plants, that in our green-houses press their leaves against the window-panes, and flowers, that follow the sun from east to west, must be able to discern light. But in animals, alone, this power becomes clear, distinct, and even varied, improving visibly from the lowest upward. The universe is there for all; but it is not opened to all alike. Where the outer organs of perception are wanting, there, of course, the inner knowledge also is wanting. The worm discerns only his food or a want of food; the butterfly knows colors; the eagle discerns men, ani-

mals, and sounds; man himself discerns even the invisible, the past, the present, and the future. Who knows but there are, in like manner, beings above us who discern still more, even as we perceive a thousand things, which the beetle and the bird, the lion and the eagle, can never learn to distinguish?

The very fact, that this power of discernment is thus seen ever improving and extending, as animals become more perfect, shows the importance it has for their inner life. Hardly perceptible in the lowest of the race—in the intestinal worm—it becomes almost human in the elephant and the dog. It differs, however, not only in strength and acuteness, but also in the direction it takes, and here we can judge and measure it fairly.

Animals discern their food, as the first condition of their existence. The tree, also, it is true, uses all that nature has placed within its reach for self-preservation, as if it were created solely for its own purposes; but it does so mechanically, constantly, and without choice. The animal, on the contrary, knows its food from afar, seizes it with all the eagerness of instinct, and disposes of it in the most useful manner. In order to distinguish food, it must have been placed by the Creator in a preëstablished harmony with its food; it must have apertures to seize it, and a space within to hold it. These, however, are not given to all; for some, that dwell in the water, are mere ribbons or threads, balls or cylinders. How they absorb, we know not. The infusoria, however, have each a stomach and often several; they even begin to fight for their food. Others are endowed with cilia—tiny hairs, that whirl in restless motion around the mouth, and fill it with invisible victims. How different from the grim medusa, that sends out eighty thousand arms, a whole army, eager with insatiable hunger. The shark swallows men, horses, and oiled powder-casks; the whale entire hosts of sea-animals. Other cunning creatures are more fastidious than the most experienced gourmet. The silk-worm eats only mulberry leaves, and a suspicion of dampness deprives him of his appetite.

There is a large wasp that lives in sand-burrows and indulges in eccentricities like few other beings: the only animal, save the horse, that sleeps standing, and so

it dies. You see its lean, lank body, stand prim and prudish near its former dwelling—you touch it and it falls into dust. It proudly refuses to lie down, like other poor insects, and decently to fold up its limbs. But its pride is still greater in its choice of food. It catches spiders, butterflies, and caterpillars; but, instead of killing them at once, it only bites them in the neck, paralyzes them, and drags them into its little hole. Who taught it to deprive large insects of wings and legs, and to leave the smaller unharmed? It rejects all alms and gifts. You may choose its choicest morsel and place it before the hungry wasp, it will not touch it; if you put it, during the owner's absence, into his house, he indignantly ejects it on his return.

If the animal has once distinguished its food, it is bent upon obtaining it, by foul means or fair. The lion seizes it readily with unsurpassed strength; but what cunning, what dexterity is shown by the weak and the helpless! The vilest of bugs (*reduvida*) approaches human wickedness, solemn hypocrisy, in its proceedings. It carefully covers itself with dust and ashes, walks and stalks solemnly about, placing, slowly, one foot before the other, and gravely pausing at each step—you never saw more heavenly peace, sublimer grandeur. But lo, and behold! it has perceived an insect, and like a flash of lightning it falls upon the luckless victim. Not less amusing is the sharpshooter among fishes. Naturalists call him *cæthodon*, because he has a long syringe, out of which he shoots a few drops of water at flies and gnats, that sit peacefully on the green verdure of the shore. How quickly he loads his tiny rifle, how fiercely he shoots at the poor little insects; but, above all, how irresistibly ludicrous is his shame, when he has missed his aim, and, mortified, hides his face in the mud of his river.

The higher animals show, as we might expect, still greater powers of such discernment. The cunning ants keep cows in their stables. Almost every anthill, belonging to one variety, has a beetle in it, who lives, rears a family, and dies among them a welcome and honored companion. When the ants meet him they stroke and caress him with their antennæ; in return he offers them a sweet liquid that oozes

out under his wings, and of which the little toppers are passionately fond. So great is their attachment to the odd confectioner, that they seize him, in times of danger, and carry him off to a place of safety; the conquerors of an invaded nation spare the sweet beetle, and, what is perhaps more surprising, his maggot, and his ohrysalis, though themselves utterly useless, are as safe among their wise hosts as if they also possessed the luscious honey. Other ants, again, keep countless aphides, that sit on the tender green leaves of juicy plants, as on green meadows, and suck away so lustily that their delicate little bodies swell like the udders of cows on rich spring pasture. At that season, the ants have to feed their young with more delicate food than their own; they stroke and caress their tiny milch cows, gather the nutritious liquid that pours forth under their sagacious treatment, and carry it, drop by drop, to their nurseries.

Animals discern their domiciles, even with the lowest capacities. The tiny globe-animal among the infusoria moves on the glass-plate, on which he was born, from the place where the water has evaporated, to a moister location. The same fond attachment to home, it is true, may be found in all kingdoms of nature: all creation wishes to remain permanently in its assigned or chosen place. Even the stone defends his home with pertinacity, and yields only to force; the tree must be conquered by steel or fire, and the elements themselves have to war against it for hundreds of years. But here it is mere *vis inertie*; in animals it depends on their will. Even the fish of the water know and cherish their special dwelling; some in sweet and some in salt water, some a few feet below the surface, others many fathoms below it. To many, liberty is indispensable; some become blind in prison; carps and gold-fish, kept in captivity, produce monsters. The sluggish tortoise loves her home. A huge creature of the kind was caught by English sailors near the island of Ascension, and they burnt a name and a date into its upper shell. On their way to England it fell sick, and, from sheer pity, was thrown overboard in the channel. Two years later the same tortoise was captured once more, now quite well, near its old home, Ascension. What strange and inexpli-

cable home-sickness carried the slow, heartless creature four thousand miles back through "the ocean, where there is no track and no high-road?" It must be more than a mere dull submission to habit, that attaches even animals to their childhood's home. The swallow revels for a season, in the glare of distant Africa, and then returns to the north, where she finds the little village, the humble house, and the snug little corner under the eaves. What man, endowed with almost perfect powers of perception and faithful memory, would not often and often lose his way, and have to inquire here and there? But the bird flies, straight as an arrow, to the little spot where it first tried its wings.

How carefully, moreover, do they choose their dwellings. The bird weaves his nest with surpassing skill; the fish has his home in the reeds, and the hydracluse dwells forever in a diving bell. The fox perfumes, with vilest smell, the badger's cozy lodging, and makes it his own; the hermit-crab drops the worn-out shell and chooses, among thousands, another that is newer and brighter. Another crab has, like the children of the Alps, three dwellings for as many seasons, and, at stated times, the parent is seen with his numerous family gravely leaving the summer house on the sea-shore, for the cooler cottage further inland, and in winter climbing up to his quiet home in the mountains. Some love to live in the midst of the din and turmoil of large cities, as the stork that, in Juvenal's days, made his nest on the temple of Concordia, in the very centre of the tumult of great Rome. Hadrian caused a medal to be struck in honor of the "man-loving bird." Others prefer company in their houses; ants keep their aphides or beetles: the pigeon and the castrel, the owl and the prairie-dog, love to dwell in gentle friendship together. The cherry-finch is even a socialist, and lives in Fourierite phalansteries: they make a common roof, impervious to rain, and better able to resist the fiercest thunder-storm than the tents and huts of the Crimea. Under this, each pair has its own nest, and separate entrance, and over three hundred pairs have thus been found living in peaceful communion.

The power of discerning an enemy is given to almost all animals, though not

in equal degree. It seems to stand in precise relation to their love of life, and hence is but faintly developed in the inferior classes, where the continuation of the species is amply secured. Infusoria do not distinguish man, the common enemy of all that lives; the aphides see not and know not their most formidable foe, a huge maggot, that sits right in the midst of them and sucks their life's blood from one after another. Flies and other insects begin with efforts to escape; even the caterpillar, when threatened, tries to save himself by letting himself drop to the ground with the aid of a slender thread. He thus uses the material given him for one purpose, that of forming his cocoon, for another, the saving of his life. No mere blind instinct would employ the same means for two distinct ends. Birds know all their enemies, even the subtlest. "Surely, in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird," says Solomon, and how well they know the hated owl and all its foibles. Birds and beasts, without end, persecute the poor little songsters, and they fear them; but they hate only the owl. With true, unmistakable contempt they pursue their day-blind, awkward tyrant; they fly above it, below it, all around it, and peck and pinch with all their might. Other animals are taught cunning and deceit by their fear of the enemy. The stupid, gluttonous carp learns to know the net, and when he sees it above him he thrusts his head into the soft mud, so that it may pass over him; if there be no soft bottom to his river or pond, after he has once or twice felt the hard resistance, he jumps high above the net, by striking the water with his powerful tail, and thus throwing himself often to a height of six feet. The cunning beetle feigns death because crows do not touch dead beetles; and there is one of the kind so stubborn, that you may tear out his legs and his antennæ, you may hold him in a spoon over a fire, and roast him, or cut him to pieces, without his showing a sign of life. Like Epictetus, he seems to say: Pain, thou art no ill! and yet he feels; for he will move if you touch him gently, and when released from his torture, he hastens away with very natural speed.

Much later, only and among more perfect animals, we meet with the power of discerning their fellow-beings—a power so much rarer and higher, as it

affects not the food nor the life of the species. To distinguish food, home, and enemies, are lowest gifts; but to distinguish, in love or in hatred, others of the same kind as such, shows already a certain self-consciousness—an individual existence. Probably the first sign of such intercourse is found among the medusæ: they are forever shutting and opening their shells, and thus producing a sound: they hear each other, and love to do so. Below them, all is silent: they are the first who possess sound in their little universe. Much higher perfection, however, is required before mere knowledge of fellow-beings ripens into love. Even the spider, that "sieves with the hand," that measures time, and loves man, passes from one passion to another; the hydracluse seeks out his wife, woos and wins her; but hardly is the short honeymoon over, when the cannibal-wife falls upon the husband, conquers him and eats him without remorse. Wonderful and well deserving a special chapter, is that knowledge of fellow-beings, that develops itself at certain seasons and times among animals, and brightens their intelligence with the light of Hymen's torch.

What strange and startling intelligence do they show, in the selection of proper material for their varied dwellings. How skillful and choice the higher animals are in such matters, is known to all; but even the humblest exhibit mysterious powers. The very lowest, it is true, build no houses as yet, as the very highest build them no more; but all who do make a home, know marvelously well what materials answer their purposes best. Even the vilest worms often surprise us, both by their skill and their careful selection. The simplest of all architects are worms, that make themselves a covering of slime and mud; but already the gold-haired amphitrite fashions for herself a firm, conical shelter, built up of finest grains of sand, and well cemented. Who has ever watched a caterpillar and failed to wonder at its incomprehensible powers? He chooses his grass and his fibres, his saw-dust and clay, with grave circumspection; he chews them, and mixes and pounds them, until they are neither too soft nor too hard. He cuts off the hair of his own body, and, needing only short fragments, he bites it into pieces of equal length. Place him in

a jar, covered with paper, and he will make journey after journey to the top, tearing off tiny pieces and shreds, and making them serve his great purpose. Give him red and blue cloth in his prison, and he will weave it so skillfully, that the chrysalis dress will show you a regular pattern, in which the two colors are blended. If you destroy their work, the young will prefer light pieces to mend the rent, whilst the old rather choose dark cloth—have they, then, a sense of color? What they discern by the eye, the moth does by smell. It must smell the fur, in which it has to lay its eggs, or it will search in vain. Hence we protect furs by camphor, and other strong-smelling substances, whose odor alone protects them, by overpowering the original smell.

It sounds strangely, at first, to be told that philosophers gravely doubt whether all animals know both hunger and thirst. It is well known, of course, that they all must take food to continue their existence; but the sensation itself has, in the lower classes, at least, not yet been established. Animals whose whole surface acts as mouth, and imbibes the medium in which they live, can hardly be thought ever to be hungry. Many more perfect insects have, in certain stages, no mouth at all; they die of starvation, but without pain: almost all chrysalises take no food, and yet are never hungry. Even among the higher animals, all possible varieties seem to exist, and here nature appears as if she had shown her oddest whims and caprices. To some animals, nature gives sleep instead of food, as Pliny long ago observed. Bears and marmots, in the Polish forests, and amid the snow and ice of Switzerland, eat nothing during the whole winter, and so do almost all insects. Others, that might be troublesome and clamorous, if too hungry, are changed for a time into lumps of ice and hard stones. Spiders can go for months without food, and yet lose no strength. They roll themselves up in dark corners, and shrivel and shrink into mere phantoms; but, if attacked, they resist and fight better than ever, as if hungry but changed their courage into despair. Beetles may be kept fasting for a whole season, and even a fat dog can live several months on his fat; he becomes lean and weak, but he does not die. Others, again, suffer severely from hunger: "How do the beasts

groan! The herds of cattle are perplexed, because they have no pasture; yea, the flocks of sheep are made desolate."

In like manner, it may well be doubted if fish, dwelling forever in water, can be said to be thirsty. Grasshoppers are the first creatures that are known to satisfy thirst by drinking: they are passionately fond of sipping the dew of the morning. Generally, it may be said, that animals which live on liquid food do not drink, whilst birds, which eat dry seeds, are ever thirsty. Hence, it has often been asked, why drinking and singing should ever be found so closely bound to each other? Cruel experiments have been made to test the powers of endurance respecting the two sensations of hunger and thirst. A dog fed upon water alone, receiving no solid food at all, lived thirty-three days; fed upon salt meat, and no water, he did not survive the fourth day; if he received nothing at all, the savants had the satisfaction of finding that he died on the twenty-fifth day, of hunger and thirst combined.

The lowest animals feed on a single dish: caterpillars are known to die if they have not the only leaf they will deign to touch; others keep a princely table, with countless courses, and the dog and the elephant even sit down with man to his all-comprising table. They also drink everything that is nutritious—water and wine, milk, coffee, and brandy. Horses love oats steeped in wine, and in the days of the Maccabees, the Syrian elephants drank mulberry-juice and sweet wine, before a great battle, as they may, in our day, be bribed to do anything by a bottle of arrack. God has given to animals free access to all that may be eaten on earth—only man, their master, is excepted. To Moses he said: "Surely your blood of your lives will I require: at the hand of every beast will I require it, and at the hand of man;" and these words have all the more weight because they were spoken at the very time when God made his covenant with Noah and his sons, "and with every living creature, with every beast of the earth." Hence it has ever been deemed the greatest disgrace for man to be eaten by animals. Goliath tries to intimidate David by saying: "Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field," and David

retorts at once: "And I will give the carcasses of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the earth." Terrible and still ever-repeated are the threats of the Lord. Jezebel is torn by dogs under the wall of Jezreel, and Jeremiah is told: "I will appoint over them four kinds, saith the Lord—the sword to slay, and the dogs to tear, and the fowls of heaven, and the beasts of the earth to devour and destroy." But with the exception of this restriction, animals know no difference between clean and unclean. They have, however, their tastes, as well as we ourselves. Bitter things are not very popular. A caterpillar that loves a peculiar euphorbia, is almost the only undoubted example of a lover of bitter juices. Sour dishes are less generally shunned, but all the world seems to like sweetmeats. Gourmands are as frequent as gourmets. Gigantic snakes fill themselves, it is well known, until they are gorged, and so unable to move for weeks and months, that they are not rarely eaten up by hosts of ants while fully alive. Even by mere force of habit, some are led to eat more than is wholesome; hence our asthmatic birds and wheezing poodles. Others are true Sybarites, and require their food to be carefully dressed. Agur already tells us, in a much misunderstood sentence, that "The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in summer." Fishes are very choice, and thus have led us to invent such a variety of baits for their destruction. What food the tiny dog preferred, whom Henry IV. used to carry in a basket slung around his neck, we are not told in history; nor are we better informed as to the pet dog of the great Doria, doge of Genoa, who had two body servants, and ate only off silver, as the holy elephants of Siam are fed in gold troughs. The greatest *bon vivant*, curiously enough, is a toad, which actually shuts his eyes with delight, whilst he swallows a luscious morsel; like other worshippers of the god of good dinners, he also pays dearly for his enjoyment. He cannot digest ants, and still he eats them in numbers, knowing full well that they will cause him much pain, and often long sickness. Who would call him a machine, or his taste a mere instinct?

How suggestive is also the increasing self-control in hungry animals. The

lowest cannot restrain their appetite; birds and quadrupeds only are here also masters of themselves. The hamster still prefers death to the surrender of the morsel he has once seized with his teeth; but the dog and the horse can wait, to suit the wishes of others and the comforts of man. The horse suffers the oats he has already begun to munch to be swept out of the crib, and even the savory bone may be taken from the dog's mouth. Hungry, and sorely tempted, he still carries faithfully his basket filled with roast meat to his master's house; if other dogs pursue him, he puts his burden down and defends it; if they are too strong and fall upon his precious treasure, it is true, he cannot resist, and joins them at once. Perhaps he thinks that, as the meat being lost, the enemy ought at least not to enjoy it alone. On the other hand, instances also abound, of an improper indulgence in drinking as well as in eating. Not only horses are fond of oats soaked in wine, and cats of literal drunken bouts, but even insects are not free from the vice of intemperance. Ants drink sweet honey, until they are royally drunk. Bees, also, sip honey mixed with brandy, until they begin to roll and to rollick about: they fly in zig-zag lines to and fro; they cannot find their home nor the entrance-gate to their hive; they are genuine toppers. Gradually they become more and more fond of the dangerous drink, and as the habit grows upon them, they cease to labor, and finally change into robber bees, living upon the wealth of others. Thus, even animals may be demoralized by strong drink—soulless machines, forsooth!

Heat and cold, also, are clearly discerned by all living creatures. They love warmth, without distinction, and flee from extreme cold. Each animal, however, has its own peculiar temperature, and when the ice-bear suffers from almost intolerable heat, the elephant shivers with frost. Both extremes, fire and frost, are equally fatal to all life, and no animal can live in either. The fish, who have the temperature of the water in which they dwell, feel the declining vitality in winter, and often succumb; even the sleeping marmot can die of excessive cold. A few fish only, and the chrysalis of some butterflies, it is said, may actually freeze without hurt. Frogs also retire to their dark holes, and, needing neither air nor food, are changed

into lumps of ice; their souls must in like manner fall asleep, as if they had drunk from the waters of Lethe. As spring comes, they arise, like new creatures, once more, and thus they divide their life for twenty years between summer joy and winter sleep. How exquisitely even insects discern cold and heat, we see in locusts and spiders. The former crowd together in cold nights to keep each other warm; hence, Nahum could say: "Thy crowned are as the locusts, and thy captains as great grasshoppers, which camp in the hedges in the cold day, but when the sun ariseth, they flee away, and the place is not known where they are." Spiders, we all know, are true weather prophets, and perceive the most delicate changes, often hours and days in advance. Hence, Quatremère's famous advice to his countrymen, when he told them from the depth of his dark prison, that in a few days the marshes of Holland would be firmly frozen, and able to bear the French army. His pet spider had prophesied well: the frost came, and with it liberty for the kind-hearted patriot.

A power to discern the necessity, and the material of clothing, is naturally confined to but few animals. The majority either live in a medium that requires no such protection, or they are amply provided by nature with horn and scale, with hair and with feathers. The few cases as yet known are, however, both interesting and instructive. Some humble insects already cover their whole tiny body with foam, to protect it against the rays of the sun. The oft-mentioned enemy of the aphides, throws, like another Hercules, the skins of the tiny lions he has slain over his shoulder. But the motto of most animals, as to their clothing in winter and summer, is the consoling legend on the old gold coins of the republic of Berne: *Deus providebit*. Even those which periodically change their costume, as snakes and caterpillars, have the new garment all ready under the old. They only shuffle off the coil. Still, to do it, costs no little labor, and often great pain. The caterpillars are luckiest; they drop the old garment with greatest ease, though it is tightly fitting, and better made than human tailors could boast of. Grasshoppers change their green coat repeatedly, and often wear out their old clothes too soon, long before the new underneath are ready, in which case they suffer se-

verely. The water-newt seizes its tiny tail, and pulls its own skin off; the process is slow and fatiguing. Frogs and some toads wear such light summer-dress, that it looks like a mere shadow on paper: it must be curiously made, for they eat it as soon as they have stripped. Of all turn-coats, however, lobsters and crawfish undergo the severest trial, as they change the whole skeleton which they quaintly choose to wear outside, and insist upon renewing even their stomachs. The process is painful indeed: the armor cracks first on the back like the bark of a tree; through this opening appears slowly the thick, pulpy body of the animal, to which the limbs are attached like so many branches. The tail is then pulled out from behind, the claws from in front, and the legs below follow, one by one, leaving the oddly-shaped house standing empty. The whole change lasts generally three days, and the hardest part is the passage of the claws, as the whole broad hand and the opposite smaller part have both to be drawn through the narrow joint of the arm. Fortunately the flesh becomes, at this season, as soft and elastic as India rubber. Still, not unfrequently one claw at least is lost in the torture, and the remaining one has to serve then as anchor, and as weapon. Only in their older days, the poor creatures are left to enjoy the comfort of their old, loose-fitting clothes. Hence, we find them occasionally a yard long, with feelers like enormous rods, their feet covered with long hairy appendages, and thick moss growing in a miniature forest on their backs, amid which mushrooms are seen raising their delicate, flowering branches, and snails slowly wending their way.

All animals, high or low, discern rest, and motion, and love, if not the latter exclusively, at least the change from the one to the other. None, however, are incessantly moving, as none are permanently at rest. The difference, nevertheless, is almost incredible between the most active animal, and the most quiet. Parasites are probably the most sedentary; for their dwelling itself is their food. Infusoria, on the other hand, belong to the most restless, whether they whirl in unceasing motion around and around, or move as the paradox does, like a Roman phalanx, now in squares, and now in rhombs. The most active

of all are the children of the air, from the slow beetle, drowsily humming homeward, to the swift swallow and the light-winged hornet, that flies amost as fast as light itself. And who has not seen the merry dance of tiny gnats, who hover like faint clouds of mist, over hedges and fences, and, in the golden light of the setting sun, forget how near death is to birth. They seemingly move lawlessly up and down, enjoying the mere pleasure of motion. But an attentive observer will soon notice that they each know full well their appointed place: they move now on this side up and down, and now on that; they dash diagonally through the crowd and resume their position, so that in reality the confused maze is a beautiful, though mysterious dance. Surely it is not without higher meaning, that even the tiny insect should thus show both will and enjoyment in regular motion.

After motion follows rest; for among animals also the law prevails, that rest is production, but motion consumption. Hence the most active of all live shortest, whilst tortoises, water-snakes and crocodiles live almost forever, like the ever-resting trees of the forest. The more regularly divided rest and motion are, the higher the animal's powers—although we must not forget that the necessity for rest itself is a sign of inferiority, and hence the Eternal alone "never resteth." Hence we find animals to differ in few points more radically than in their sleep. The lowest classes exhibit no signs of such alternation—as their whole life is, perhaps, only a state between waking or sleeping. Closed eyes are no evidence; for many animals, even fishes and insects, have no eye-lids, and cannot shut their eyes. Others, and those of the most perfect, sleep with open eyes, their upper lids being too short, or their eyes themselves being so constructed. Stranger still it is, that the lower animals are affected only by the great changes of the seasons; so that they are lively in the summer sun, but fast asleep in cold winter. Only the higher organizations are affected by the slighter changes of day and night. The torpor of hibernating animals is no true rest, but merely a measure of self-preservation. The frozen frog and the ice-bound eggs of the caterpillar can hardly be said to be living. The marmot of Mont Blanc, which sleeps for ten months of the year, does not wake under

the surgeon's knife; his blood is stagnant, and his heart has ceased beating. Quite mysterious is as yet the periodical sleep of some insects. Deep under ground, some locusts sleep an unbroken sleep of seventeen years. All of a sudden they awake—who calls them? They feel an invincible impulse to rise to the surface, to greet the sweet light of day, to join the great chorus above with merry voice, to live and to enjoy.

The first discernment of night and day is found in the spotted crawfish, which sleeps in the day, and lives only at night. In the dark hours he catches small fishes, knocks them down, and then cuts them up into nice little bits, as with a knife. When sleep once commences among certain classes, it is lost no more; for it belongs necessarily to the economy of the more perfect animals. Hence, also, the strange effects of a privation of sleep among some of the most gifted. The wild are thus tamed, the docile taught to sing. The noble falcon of Iceland—that land of wonders which, amidst ice and fire, has given to the world some of the most useful animals, and some of the greatest warriors and thinkers—was, when first captured, placed on a hoop, and kept without sleep. After some days and nights passed in such cruel torture, his memory was so obscured that he forgot his old liberty, and became humbly subject to his new master!

Need we finally add, that animals discern, and show both pain and joy? They all avoid the former, and seek after pleasure. Various classes possess, of course, very different capacities, and what gives joy to some, is pain to others. Here, also, the law prevails, that the least perfect enjoy and suffer least; their nerves, through which, mainly, both sensations are felt, being too generally diffused. Hence some animals may be cut into pieces, and each piece grow into a perfect whole; the head of snails may be removed, and another will appear in its place. Grasshoppers have had cotton stuffed into the place of their bowels, and they have lived for weeks; turtles deprived of the brain, and even the heart, have lived for a month! The emperor Commodus beheaded ostriches, whilst they were racing at full speed, and they still ran to the end of the course; Boerhaave offered food to a hungry cock, and cut off his head whilst he was running towards the grain; the

bird ran twenty yards to his food, and, when there, bent over to pick up the grains. Hence also the common superstition that snakes will not die before sunset; their tenacity of life is so great that the severed head of a viper bit the famous Charas, several days after its decapitation, fiercely enough to expose him to serious danger. How strongly this apparent insensibility contrasts with the tenderness of the elephant, which uses unceasing diligence in driving off flies, or the sensitiveness of the dog that trembles at the mere sight of the rod.

Still, pain ever quickly passes away, and joy is, with animals at least, the permanent purpose of life. They all enjoy rest or motion, heat or cold, food and warmth. The melancholy

bat loves its kindred, and revels in its nightly wanderings, and the jubilant lark rises on high, singing loud anthems of joy and thanksgiving. Merry bees seize each other, and whirl round in merry dance, and ants play and gambol in the bright sunshine, and wrestle like men with each other. The fish in the water sport and gambol in their limpid home, chasing and beating each other with flexible tails, in merry joy and gladness. The herons of Numidia even come into the villages, and dance in a circle with widely-spread wings. Thus, too, there is joy among men, as God has said: "Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the field be joyful, and all that therein is, the world, and all that dwell therein!"

THE RAIN.

I.

DUSTY lies the village turnpike, and the upland-fields are dry,
While the river, inly sighing, creeps in stealthy marches by;
And the clouds, like spectral Druids, in their garments old and gray,
Sweeping through the saddened silence, fold their sainted palms and pray.
As their tears of tender pity, soft and chrismal, trance the plain,
All the birds, like sweet-mouthed minstrels, blend their tuneful notes again,
With the tinkling and the sprinkling
Of the gentle summer rain.

II.

Tangled in the dreamy meshes of the soft and slumbrous haze,
How the rain-drops thrill the spirit in the mild September days;
Pouring on the golden-tinted autumn splendor of the leaves,
Rustling through the yellow grain-fields and the reapers' standing sheaves—
How they swell the silver streamlets, how they brim the land with glee!
So our lives shall brim with pleasure, pulsing like a living sea,
At the clattering and the pattering
Of the joyous autumn rain.

III.

Sadly as when harp-strings quiver, wildly as a wail of doom,
Unappeased the night-wind surges through the elemental gloom.
All the inner light is winsome, though the outer dark be chill,
And my passing thoughts are fancies of a balm-entranced will—
I will charm the fleet-winged hours, they shall fold their pinions fair,
While I sit and weirdly listen, reading legends old and rare,
To the roaring and the pouring
Of the noisy winter rain.

ROBERT BROWNING.*

ROBERT BROWNING'S poetry is certainly very hard reading, like Cowley's and Dr. Donne's. But the difference between him and such obscurists is, that with the earlier poets, both the style and the sentiment were equally conceits—while Browning's style is the naturally quaint form of a subtle or sinewy thought. In any general classification of English poetry, Browning must be ranked with the modern school for his profound reality and humanity and faithful reliance upon nature. In any classification of poetry in general, he is strictly a dramatist—the most purely dramatic genius in English literature since the great dramatic days.

A great deal of the difficulty in reading his poetry arises from its purely dramatic conception and form. The man Browning is not to be found in his poems, except inferentially, like Shakespeare in his dramas. The various play of profound passion is his favorite realm. He loves the South, and southern character, as Byron loved the East. But Byron's passion, however fiery and intense, is a passion of the senses—Browning's is the passion of the soul, including and deepening the other. In other great English poets there is more daring indecency; but in none such startling audacity of passionate expression. It is the emotional nature of man with which he deals, and of man everywhere, and under all circumstances. Thus, while the quaint structure of his mind, and his rare and curious reading, show, for instance, his natural abstract sympathy with the fantastic horrors of the middle ages, springing, as they did, out of a kind of cold, religious logic; yet he dashes in the scene with a living picturesqueness, which invests it with a lurid but appropriate splendor. So absolute is his dramatic form, that the "Heretic's Tragedy," in his last volume, "Men and Women," is as entirely mediæval as a fragment of an old cathedral. The intense satire and prodigious deal of the poem arise from the reader's knowledge that it was written at the

present time. By some inexplicable power, which is entirely peculiar to Browning, without the faintest indication or expression of his personality, he seems to be present as a critic of all the scenes his various poems describe. But this consciousness on the part of the reader, never destroys, for a moment, the dramatic variety and completeness. The most exquisite illustration of this is "My Last Duchess." There is no prelude, no key—but not only is the story perfectly told, so that you feel yourself to be in mediæval Italy, hearing an Italian talk, but without a word said, you have the whole thing impressed upon your mind as utterly iniquitous. We subjoin the two poems. The first is from his last volume, "Men and Women;" the second from the Dramatic Lyrics, in the second volume of his earlier works:

"THE HERETIC'S TRAGEDY.

"A MIDDLE-AGE INTERLUDE.

"(In the Original) ROSA MUNDI; SEU, FULCITE ME FLORIBUS. A CONCEIT OF MASTER GYSBRECHT, CANON REGULAR OF SAINT JODOCUS-BY-THE-BAR, XPRES CITY. CANTUQUE, *Virgilius*. AND HATH OFTEN BEEN SUNG AT HOCK-TIDE AND FESTIVALS. GAVISUS ERAM, *Jessides*.

"(It would seem to be a glimpse from the burning of Jacques du Bourg-Molay, at Paris, A.D. 1314; as distorted by the refraction from Flemish brain to brain, during the course of a couple of centuries.—R.B.)

1.

"PREADMONISHETH THE ABBOT DEODART.

"The Lord, we look to once for all,
Is the Lord we should look at, all at once;
He knows not to vary, saith St. Paul,
Nor the shadow of turning, for the nonce.
See Him no other than as he is;

Give both the Infinites their duo—

Infinite mercy, but, I wis,

As infinite a justice too.

[Organ: *plagal-cadence*.

As infinite a justice too.

2.

"ONE SINGETH.

"John, Master of the Temple of God,
Falling to sin the Unknown Sin,
What he bought of Emperor Aldabrod,
He sold it to Sultan Saladin—

* *Browning's Poems*. 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1848.

Men and Women. By ROBERT BROWNING. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1856.

Sordello. By ROBERT BROWNING. Chapman & Hall, London. 1840.

Christmas Eve, and Easter Day. By ROBERT BROWNING. Chapman & Hall, London.

Strafford, an Historical Tragedy. By ROBERT BROWNING. London.

Till, caught by Pope Clement, a-buzzing there,
Hornet-prince of the mad wasps' hive,
And clipt of his wings in Paris square,
They bring him now to be burned alive.
[And wanteth there grace of lute or clavi-
cithern, ye shall say to confirm him who
singeth—
We bring John now to be burned alive.

3.

"In the midst is a goodly gallows built;
Twixt fork and fork a stake is stuck;
But first they set divers tumbrels a-tilt,
Make a trench all round with the city muck:
Inside they pile log upon log, good store,
Fagots not few, blocks groat and small,
Reach a man's mid-thigh, no less, no more,—
For they mean he should roast in the sight
of all.

"CHORUS.

"We mean he should roast in the sight of all.

4.

"Good sappy savins that kindle forthwith;
Billets that blazo substantial and slow;
Fine-stump split deftly, dry as pith;
Larch-heart that chars to a chalk-white
glow;
Then up they hoist me John in a chafe,
Sling him fast like a hog to scorch,
Spit in his face, then leap back safe,
Sing 'Laudes' and bid clap-to the torch.

"CHORUS.

"*Laus Deo*—who bids clap-to the torch.

5.

"John of the Temple, whose fame so bragged,
Is burning alive in Paris square!
How can he curse, if his mouth is gagged?
Or wriggle his neck, with a collar there?
Or heave his chest, while a band goes round?
Or threat with his fist, since his arms are
spliced?
Or kick with his feet, now his legs are bound?
—Thinks John—I will call upon Jesus
Christ.

[Here one crosseth himself.

6.

"Jesus Christ—John had bought and sold,
Jesus Christ—John had eaten and drunk;
To him, the Flesh meant silver and gold.
(*Saled reverentiâ.*)
Now it was, 'Saviour, bountiful lamb,
I have roasted thee Turks, though men
roast me.
See thy servant, the plight wherein I am!
Art thou a Saviour? Save thou me!"

"CHORUS.

"Tis John the mocker cries, Save thou me!"

7.

"Who maketh God's menace an idle word?
—Saith, it no more means what it proclaims,
Than a damsel's threat to her wanton bird?—
For she too prattles of ugly names.
—Saith, he knoweth but one thing,—what he
knows?
That God is good and the rest is breath;
Why else is the same styled, Sharon's rose?
Once a rose, ever a rose, he saith.

"CHORUS.

"O, John shall yet find a rose, he saith!"

8.

"Alack, there be roses and roses, John!
Some honied of taste like your leman's
tongue;
Some, bitter—for why? (roast gaily on!)
Their tree struck root in devil's dung!
When Paul once reasoned of righteousness
And of temperance and of judgment to come,
Good Felix trembled, he could no less
John, snickering, crook'd his wicked thumb!"

"CHORUS.

"What cometh to John of the wicked thumb!"

9.

"Ha ha, John plucks now at his rose
To rid himself of a sorrow at heart!
Lo,—petal on petal, fierce rays unclose;
Anther on anther, sharp spikes outstart;
And with blood for dew, the bosom boils;
And a gust of sulphur is all its smell;
And lo; he is horribly in the toils
Of a coal-black giant flower of Hell!"

"CHORUS.

"What maketh Heaven, that maketh Hell.

10.

"So, as John called now, through the fire again,
On the Name, he had cursed with, all his
life—
To the Person he had bought and sold again—
For the Face, with his daily buffets rife—
Feature by feature It took its place!
And his voice like a mad dog's choking
bark
At the steady Whole of the Judge's Face—
Died. Forth John's soul flared into the
dark.

"SUBJOINETH THE ABBOT DEODAXT.

"God help all poor souls lost in the dark!"

The terrible diablerie of this poem is quite unmatched in English literature. It is as morally effective as a whole volley of sermons, or strings of resolutions of an anti-papal league. The stanzas strike home like the blows of a trip-hammer. The poem is as simple in drift as any amiable verse of Mrs. Barbauld. But the resemblance ends there. The conception, the method, the treatment, the moral, are peculiarly Browning's. It is the sinewy Saxon mind of the nineteenth century, sitting in judgment upon the spirit of the fourteenth. In rhythm, it is as melodious to the ear as a love-song of Moore's, with a deep, inward music, that haunts the heart, as all Browning's music does.

Here is "My Last Duchess," which, as a work of mere art, is no less composed and polished than Pope; but with such a pregnant meaning in every line, that you seem to have read a tragedy, or an old Italian romance, and not a mere sketch:

"MY LAST DUCHESS.

"FERRARA.

"That's my last duchess painted on the wall,
 Looking as if she were alive; I call
 That piece a wonder, now; Frà Pandolf's
 hands
 Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
 Will't please you sit and look at her? I
 said,
 'Frà Pandolf' by design, for never read
 Strangers, like you, that pictured counte-
 nance,
 The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
 But to myself they turned (since none puts
 by
 The curtain I have drawn for you, but I),
 And seemed as they would ask me, if they
 durst,
 How such a glance came there; so, not the
 first
 Are you to turn and ask me. Sir, 'twas not
 Her husband's presence, only, called that
 spot
 Of joy into the Duchess' cheek; perhaps
 Frà Pandolf chanced to say, 'Her mantle
 laps
 Over my lady's wrist too much,' or, 'Paint
 Must never hope to reproduce the faint
 Half blush that dies along her throat;' such
 stuff
 'Twas courtesy, she thought, and cause
 enough
 For calling up that spot of joy. She had
 A heart-how shall I say?—too soon made
 glad,
 Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
 She looked on, and her looks went every-
 where.
 Sir, 'twas all one! My favor at her breast,
 The dropping of the daylight in the west,
 The bough of cherries some official tool
 Broke in the orchard for her, the white
 mule
 She rode with round the terrace—all and
 each
 Would draw from her alike the approving
 speech,
 Or blush, at least. She thanked men—good;
 but thanked
 Somehow—I know not how—as if she
 ranked
 My gift of a nine hundred years old name
 With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
 This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
 In speech—(which I have not)—to make your
 will
 Quite clear to such an one, and say, 'Just
 this
 Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
 Or there exceed the mark;' and if she let
 Herself be lessened so, nor plainly set
 Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made ex-
 cuse,
 E'en then would be some stooping, and I
 chuse
 Never to stoop. Oh! sir, she smiled, no
 doubt,
 Whene'er I passed her; but who passed
 without
 Much the same smile? This grew; I gave
 commands;
 Then all smiles stopped together. There she
 stands
 As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll
 meet
 The company below, then. I repeat

The Count your master's known munifi-
 cence
 Is ample warrant that no just pretence
 Of mine for dowry will be disallow'd;
 Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
 At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
 Together down, sir! Notice, Neptune, tho'
 Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
 Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze
 for me."

There is all Italy in that poem. No-
 thing could be simpler and more intelli-
 gible—nothing more various, subtle,
 intense, and tragical. The concentrated
 meaning of the last few lines; the sly,
 complaisant, cold-blooded, jealous self-
 ishness, the mock refusal of the proffered
 honor of going first, which only his unreal
 words, and not his real manner, present
 —for the reader sees that the count's
 ambassador was holding back to let
 the duke advance; the self-possession
 which will not lose the chance of flatter-
 ing itself by an affected contempt for
 the treasures of art; the hard, haughty,
 iron-willed, remorseless, sensitive, sus-
 picious, smooth, gracious, and pitiless
 Italian noble, as are perfectly delineated
 in this sketch as in a portrait of Gior-
 gione's. Then the love-tale with which
 they are enlivened, and the duke's con-
 temptuous jealousy of appearing to have
 been jealous; the artist-monk who loves
 the lovely lady—her sweet, wasted na-
 ture, and lost life; her flower-like spi-
 rit, slowly sickening and withering in
 stately desolation—all these, with their
 wild changes in the fierce struggle, like
 the jangled strains of bells in a tempest,
 are so firmly and fully impressed, in
 much fewer words than they can be pa-
 raphrased, that we are disposed to rank
 this sketch with the best specimens of
 dramatic description.

Do you not observe in this, also, the
 presence of the poet as a kind of ab-
 stract moral and historical critic? No-
 thing is said or implied of him. But, as
 you read, you shudder—and that shud-
 der is the protest of the moral nature,
 and seals the triumph of the poet's art.

The secret sympathy of Browning's
 genius with everything Italian, is one of
 the most remarkable peculiarities of his
 poetry. It is the key, also, to the char-
 acter of his genius. Many of the recent
 English poets have had the same fond-
 ness for Italy. Byron was never so
 much Byron as in Italy; Shelley lived
 there; Keats died there. But none of
 them has so completely and dramati-
 cally reproduced the romance and trage-

dy of the Italian nature as Browning. His poem of "Sordello," which nobody reads, because few have the patience to understand it, is a prodigious work, in this respect. Even if you do not fully grasp its drift and scope, yet, as a northerner, a Saxon, an Englishman, or an American, you are conscious of being, in a manner, denatured. You are taken up and into an absolutely different style of being and life. It is like walking in a dim twilight, through intricate ranges of grotesque Lombard art. There is a bewilderment of fascination, and an occasional gleam of such grace and happy beauty, that the darkest ages seem only ancestors of our brightest modern days.

This occasional obscurity is the grand impediment to the popularity of Browning—and yet it is surprising that the affluence of poetic meaning and beauty in the poems, which are entirely intelligible, should not suggest that the tougher ones are quite worth undertaking. Considering the enthusiasm which hailed Alexander Smith, who is a striking, but, in the strictest sense, a spasmodic writer, it is curious that so pure a poet as Browning should be so little read and comprehended.

The fact of occasional obscurity is not to be denied. Upon the whole, Browning's poetry is harder to follow than that of any other great English poet. But the chief reason is, that he boldly aims to express what is, in its nature, so evanescent and shadowy—to put into words processes of thought and feeling, so delicately inwrought and fluctuating, that only sharp self-observers and students of human character can pursue them. For instance, "Luria," and "A Soul's Tragedy," are like transverse sections of human life and human souls. As in the wax physiological models every exquisite detail is preserved, so the finest fibres of feeling, so to speak—the most intricate, and, at the same time, delicate convolutions of impulse, policy, and principle—are laid open in this poetry. The poet shrinks from expressing nothing, and there is, therefore, a variety of the profoundest passionate experience in Browning's poetry, not to be surpassed out of Shakespeare.

Critics complain that they find no difficulty in understanding Pope and Thomson, and Cowper and Dryden, and Goldsmith and Byron; but the modern school, Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, Ten-

nyson, and Browning, they declare to be beyond them. They find, in the modern men, a tendency to euphuism, a dazzling range of splendid and voluptuous words, but nothing else. It is contended, that the modern men mistake obscurity for profundity, and a glittering epithet for a beautiful thought. Now that Pope and the other poets are, in a certain sense, easier reading than the others, is true enough. But it is easier reading, because it is easier thinking. Shakespeare is no primer, nor so shallowly intelligible. The greatest things are simplest, certainly; but ease is not necessarily simplicity. Tom Moore never perplexes us about his meaning; but then, Tom Moore never has much meaning. To insist that, if a man has anything to say, he must say it so that everybody can understand it, is merely idle; for only experience can understand what experience inspires. To complain of Browning, because he is not so intelligible, at a glance, as Pope, is like complaining that Plato is not so easy as Steele. It is as impossible that Browning should write as Pope wrote, as it is that Pope should have written like Byron. The truth is, that no poet's style is more profoundly individual and appropriate than Browning's. The very form of his expression helps us often to the significance of the thought; and when we bear in mind what the character of his mental action is, how sudden, and unexpected, and vigorous, and subtle, and romantic; that he is peculiarly a psychologist; it may be better, instead of calling him turgid and blind, and asking him to say what he means, to reflect, that he has as much to say as any recent poet, and says it as perfectly, although entirely in his own way. The following poem, for instance, says just as completely what it means to say, as the most polished of Pope's satires. But it is so intensely dramatic, that it is not necessarily understood, nor all its force felt by a reader who has not reflected upon the venom of jealousy, forever feeding upon itself, in the mind of an ignorant monk in a cloister.

"SOLILOQUY OF THE SPANISH CLOISTER.

I.

"Gr-r-r—there go; my heart's abhorrence!
Water your damned flower-pots, do!
If hate killed men, Brother Lawrence,
God's blood, would not mine kill you?"

What? Your myrtle bush wants trimming?
Oh! that rose has prior claims—
Needs its leaden vase filled brimming?
Hell dry you up with its flames.

2.

"At the meal we sit together:
Salvetibi! I must hear
Wise talk of the kind of weather,
Sort of season, time of year;
'Not a plenteous cork-crop: scarcely,
Dare we hope oak galls, I doubt:
What's the Latin name for parsley?'
What's the Greek name for swine's snout?"

3.

"Whew! we'll have our platter burnished,
Laid with care on our own shelf;
With a fire-new spoon we're furnished,
And a goblet for ourself,
Rinsed like something sacrificial,
Ere 'tis fit to touch our chaps—
Marked with L. for our initial!
(He, he! there his lily snaps!)

4.

"Saint, forsooth! While brown Dolores
Squats outside the convent bank,
With Sanchicha, telling stories,
Steeping tresses in the tank,
Blue-black, lustrous, thick like horse-hairs,
Can't I see his dead eye glow
Bright, as 'twere a Barbary corsair's?
(That is, if he'd let it show.)

5.

"When he finishes refection,
Knife and fork he never lays
Cross-wise, to my recollection,
As I do, in Jesu's praise.
I, the Trinity illustrate,
Drinking watered orange-pulp—
In three sips the Arian frustrate;
While he drains his at one gulp.

6.

"Oh, those melons! If he's able,
We're to have a feast; so nice!
One goes to the Abbot's table,
All of us get each a slice;
How go on your flowers? None double?
Not one fruit-sort can you spy?
Strange! And I, too, at such trouble,
Keep 'em close-nipped on the sly!

7.

"There is a great text in Galatians,
Once you trip on it, entails
Twenty-nine distinct damnations,
One sure, if another fails.
If I trip him just a-dying,
Sure of heaven as sure can be,
Spin him round and send him flying
Off to hell, a Manichee!

8.

"Or my scröfulous French novel,
On grey paper with blunt type!
Simply glance at it, you grovel
Hand and foot in Belial's gripe:
If I double down its pages
At the woeful sixteenth print,
When he gathers his green gages
Ope a sieve and slip it in't!"

9.

"Or, there's Satan—one might venture
Pledge one's soul to him, yet leave
Such a flaw in the indenture
As he'd miss till, past retrieve,
Blasted lay that rose-acacia
We're so proud of! *Hy, Zy, Hine,*
'St, there's vespers! *Plena gratia*
Ave Virgo! Gr-r-r, you swine!"

Nothing could be more complete and dramatic than that poem. How perfectly the enraged contempt and taunting sneer, coupled with pharisaical complacency, groveling superstition, and ill-repressed sensuality, are expressed! The locality and circumstance are inwrought with the whole, by a few vivid touches, and the entire poem shows the easy mastery of a consummate artist. The same things could scarcely be said in a more concentrated, effective, and suggestive manner.

But the power which appears in the quaint and horrible poems of our author, which is a power working to most legitimate ends—for what a prodigious moral in human history and development is thundered from each of the poems we have quoted—is no less evident through all his dramas, dramatic lyrics, and pure love poems. Love is peculiarly his inspiration. Not the love of girls, or sick striplings, but the terrible love of great, strong, passionate natures. Of all modern poets, Browning is the most subtle analyst of the passion, and yet, singularly enough, his poetry is full of its finest fire; for his knowledge does not come from philosophical investigation, but from the acutest perception. Akin to this is his remarkable appreciation of the passion, as it appears in women. No other English poet, but Shakespeare, has given expression to so many and different moods of love. He is sternly true to nature and experience. The slight influences that so strongly affect deep feeling, the inconsistencies, caprices, irrationalities, and surprises of human love, are shown by the poet in their most delicate and evanescent forms and relations. As a pure love-song, as a lyric of the profoundest passion, tenderness, and tragedy, can there be anything better than the following, from the "Men and Women:"

"IN A YEAR.

1.

"Never any more
While I live,
Need I hope to see his face
As before.

Once his love grown chill,
Mine may strive—
Bitterly we re-embbrace,
Single still.

2.

"Was it something said,
Something done,
Vexed him? was it touch of hand,
Turn of head?
Strange! that very way
Love begun.
I as little understand
Love's decay.

3.

"When I sewed or drew,
I recall
How he looked as if I sang,
—Sweetly too.
If I spoke a word,
First of all
Up his cheek the color sprang,
Then he heard.

4.

"Sitting by my side,
At my feet,
So he breathed the air I breathed,
Satisfied!
I, too, at love's brim
Touched the sweet;
I would die if death bequeathed
Sweet to him.

5.

"Speak, I love thee best!
He exclaimed.
'Let thy love my own foretell;—
I confessed;
'Clasp my heart on thine
Now unblamed,
Since upon thy soul as well
Hangeth mine!'

6.

"Was it wrong to own,
Being truth?
Why should all the giving prove
His alone?
I had wealth and ease,
Beauty, youth—
Since my lover gave me love,
I gave these.

7.

"That was all I meant,
—To be just,
And the passion I had raised
To content.
Since he chose to change
Gold for dust,
If I gave him what he praised
Was it strange?

8.

"Would he love me yet,
On and on,
While I found some way undreamed
—Paid my debt!
Gave more life and more,
Till, all gone,
He should smile 'She never seemed
Mine before.

9.

"What—she felt the while,
Must I think?
Love's so different with us men,
He should smile.
'Dying for my sake—
White and pink?
Can't we touch these bubbles then
But they break?'

10.

"Dear, the pang is brief.
Do thy part,
Have thy pleasure. How perplex
Grows belief!
Well, this cold clay clod
Was man's heart.
Crumble it—and what comes next?
Is it God?"

This is the intensest romance, and yet it is the fact of every-day experience. Browning shows his right to stand among the poets and his sympathy with his own time, by nothing more than his close adhesion to reality. This little song might have been sung in a hundred American and English drawing-rooms. The great artist is he who has such absolute confidence in nature, that he knows art is best served by obeying nature. The English literature of this epoch is fully charged with this spirit. Tennyson's "Maud" is a story of England of the nineteenth century; so is Hood's "Song of the Shirt;" so is Mrs. Browning's "Bertha in the Lane," and "Lady Geraldine's Courtship." This is at once their excellence and their power. Study a little the song we have just quoted; mark, first of all, the sensitive propriety which chose the measure, then the wail of the music—a rapid movement, as if of intense musing, broken occasionally, as if by involuntary sobs. Then mark the exquisite gradations of feeling and description. They are akin to the wonderful gradations of color, that the painters love in Titian's pictures. The first stanza accepts the heavy fact of fickleness and desertion. The first word is "Never;" then comes the musing wonder and questioning—the sad, detailed recall of the past, the sorrow wrung, pang by pang, from remembrance. The quick woman's heart knows how slight the first cause of swerving may be—knows also, that the slightest deflection is the end, because love is the blending of the two parallel lines of life. The third stanza is a delicious truth of love, which no other poet has trusted the delicacy of his art enough to dare. Then follows the

doubt, the half self-crimination. There is no reproach of the lover, only a mis-giving of herself. Then breaks out the deep, wild yearning to be loved again, that all the untold resources of her woman's love may be revealed; and finally that victorious submission and perfect, although broken-hearted and half hopeless, renunciation, of which the love of woman is capable. This is the tragedy in the midst of which we live, which hides itself under smiles, and is so well concealed that we hardly dare suspect it; for "Love is love for evermore."

This poem reveals, also, another of the distinguishing traits of Browning—his singular apprehension of womanly experience, and his consequent justice to the dignity and worth of womanly nature. It is safe to say, that Browning and Tennyson have either a finer sense, of the real character of woman, or a greater gift of expressing that sense than any modern English poet. "In a Balcony," in the last volume, a very long dramatic lyric, is, perhaps, the most noticeable single illustration of this gift in all Browning's poems, although illustrations abound everywhere. In the earlier volumes, "In a Gondola" shows an entirely different play of the same sentiment. This latter poem is purely Venetian. The whimsical, wanton play of deep love was never more truly expressed, and the feeling, the wild sport and fantastic singing, the utter abandonment to the delicious caprices of love, all partake of the dark tragedy of the place, the climate, and the time.

More than any contemporary poet, Browning touches "the tender stops of various quills," and, in continuation of our illustration of his dramatic affluence, we quote a Cavalier tune, which is as thoroughly England and the seventeenth century as the "Villa and City" of his last volume are Italy and the nineteenth.

"MARCHING ALONG.

1.

"Kentish Sir Byng stood for his king,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing;
And pressing a troop unable to stoop,
And let the rogues flourish, and honest folk droop,
Marched them along, fifty score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen singing this song.

2.

"God for King Charles! Pym and such carles.
To the devil that prompts 'em their treasonous parles!

Cavaliers up! Lips from the cup,
Hands from the pasty, nor bite take, nor sup,
Till you're (chorus) marching along fifty
score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen singing this song.

3.

"Hampden to hell and his obsequies knell,
Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as well!
England, good cheer! Rupert is near!
Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here,
(Chorus) Marching along, fifty score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen singing this song!

4.

"Then, God for King Charles! Pym and his snarls
To the devil that pricks on such pestilent carles!
Hold by the right, double your might;
So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight.
(Chorus) March we along, fifty score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen singing this song."

This little poem, one of a series of three, is one of the finest specimens of the union of sound with sense. The vigorous, steady tramp, the solid advance of the verse, is like the march of the great-hearted gentlemen. They tread all together, pealing their chivalric chorus. It rings with enthusiasm—a lyric of loyalty.

It also shows the exquisite sense of melody which distinguishes Browning. He is a musician not only by the ear, but by study. It is a favorite science as well as instinct with him. Hence in his poetry, which is so often dismissed as rough and uncouth, there is the most pervasive music. Look at any of the poems already quoted, to feel this. "A Toccata of Galuppi's," in the "Men and Women," is a poem which only a sensitive musician could write. The musical composition which the poet hears, becomes history, and painting, and poetry to him, and, as he listens to the tripping measure, all Venice comes dancing to him—true Venice with the intrigue, the mystery, the frivolity and fire.

* * * *

"What? Those lesser thirds so plaintive,
sixths diminished, sigh on sigh,
Told them something? Those suspensions,
those solutions—'Must we die?'
Those commiserating sevenths—'Life might last! we can but try!'

"'Were you happy?'—'Yes.'—'And are you still as happy?' 'Yes—And you?'

—'Then more kisses'—'Did I stop them, when a million seemed so few?'
Hark—the dominant's persistence, till it must be answered to!

"So an octave struck the answer. Oh, they
praised you, I dare say!
'Brave Galuppi! that was music! good alike
at grave and gay!
I can always leave off talking when I hear a
master play.'

"Then they left you for their pleasure: till in
due time, one by one,
Some with lives that came to nothing, some
with deeds as well undone,
Death came tacitly and took them where they
never see the sun."

This is the verse of a man who feels the poetry of a science, to whom its technical rules are not whims, nor accidents, but replete with significance. Of the same general kind is "Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha." Master Hugues is a famous old church-composer and contrapuntist; and the organist of some dim, dingy German church, left in the loft alone, settles himself to a colloquy with the old composer, to make him deliver the secret of some knotty fugue. He describes the scientific course of the composition, with a rollicking exuberance of language which is quite startling, and then plunges on to discover the spiritual meaning, in the midst of which effort he sees that his candle has burnt out, and hallooos lustily, to the sacristan, not to leave him in the lurch.

"While in the roof if I'm right there—
... Lo, you, the wick in the socket!
Hallo, you, sacristan, show us a light there,
Down it dips, gone like a rocket!
What, you want, do you, to come unawares,
Sweeping the church up for first morning
prayers,
And find a poor devil, at end of his career—
At the foot of your rotten-planked, rat-riddled
stairs?
Do I carry the moon in my pocket?"

We have quoted copiously from the volumes of our author, because there is so much general misconception as to the character and intelligibility of his poetry. We have also spoken of the shorter poems, both as more easily quoted, and rarely beyond the immediate comprehension of a thoughtful reader. By comprehension we do not mean exhaustion. Few poets more absolutely require, or more copiously repay study and repeated reading. The longer poems, especially "Paracelsus" and "Sordello," are not to be grasped without the closest attention. "Sordello" is as hard reading as anything we know. It is a dramatical, metaphysical poem; but not of the "Life-Drama" school.

Sordello is a Lombard troubadour, a forerunner of Dante.

"Sordello, thy forerunner, Florentine!
A herald-star I know thou did'st absorb,
Relentless into the consummate orb,
That scared it from its right to roll along
A sempiternal path with dance and song,
Fulfilling its allotted period.
Serenest of the progeny of God,
Who yet resigns it not; his darling stoops
With no quenched lights, desponds with no
blank troops
Of disenfranchised brilliances, for, blent
Utterly with thee, its shy element,
Like thine, upturneth prosperous and clear.
Still, what if I approach the august sphere,
Named now with only one name, disen-
twine
That under-current, soft and argentine,
From its fierce mate in the majestic Mars,
Leavened as the sea whose fire was mixt
with glass,
In John's transcendent vision, launch once
more
That lustre? Dante, pacer of the shore
Where gluttied hell disgorgeth filthiest
gloom,
Unbitten by its whining sulphur spume,—
Or whence the grieved and obscure waters
slope
Into a darkness quieted by hope—
Plucker of amaranths grown beneath God's
eye,
In gracious twilights where his chosen lie,
I would do this! If I should falter now—"

The poem is the story of his life—a romantic, mediæval life, in which the singer tries to "weave his chaos into cosmos." We will quote one other passage from "Sordello," admirably illustrating Browning's power of natural description, which we cannot further criticize than to say that the peculiarity of this excellence in the poet is the personal consciousness which he attributes to nature. The same thing is observable in Tennyson, and in others of the modern poets; but in none is it more absolute than in Browning.

"Apollo? That shall be the name, nor bid
Me rag by rag expose how patchwork hid
The man—what thefts of every clime and
day
Contributed to humble the array
He climbs with (June's at deep) some close
ravine,
'Mid clatter of its million pebbles' sheen,
Over which singing soft the runnel slipt,
Elate with rains; into whose streamlet dipt
He foot, yet trod, you thought, with unwet
sock—
Though really on the stubs of living rock.
Ages ago it crumbled; vines for roof,
Landens for wall; before him, aye aloof,
Flittered in the cool some azure damselfly,
Child of the simmering quiet, there to die;
Emerging whence, Apollo still, he spied
Mighty descents of forest; multiplied
Tuft on tuft; here the frolic myrtle-trees;
There gendered the grave maple-stocks at
case;

And proud of its observer, strait the wood
 Tried old surprises on him: black it stood,
 A sudden barrier ('twas a cloud passed
 o'er),
 So dead and dense the tiniest brute no more
 Must pass; yet presently (the cloud dis-
 patched)
 Each clump, forsooth, was glistening, de-
 tached,
 A shrub; oak-bolea shrunk into ilex-stems!
 Yet could not he denounce the stratagems
 He saw thro', till, hours thence, aloft would
 hang
 White summer-lightnings; as it sank and
 sprang
 In measure, that whole palpitating breast
 Of Heaven, 'twas Apollo naturo preat
 At eve to worship."

"Paracelsus" is the history of the inner life of the middle-age scholar and searcher for the philosopher's stone. It is his life, told from the point of view of thought, not of action; and Browning represents him as an enthusiast rather than a quack. It is a noble poem, which, with "Sordello," better illustrates the quaint, curious, intellectual processes of which Browning is fond, than any other of his works.

Of the dramas, we have no room to say more than what we have incidentally hinted. As acting plays, they would hardly succeed, although "Stratford" and "Colombe's Birth-Day" have had their career upon the stage. Browning is rather a dramatic lyrist in the completest sense, than a playwright—and of these dramatic lyrics, the "Pippa Passes" is the most remarkable. The story is simply that a young Italian girl, from the silk-mills at Asolo, walks through the town on New-Year's morning, singing as she "passes" along. Her song floats into the windows of different houses, and into the hearts of the people there, and by its appositeness affects them profoundly. The poem proceeds in its description of the *dramatis personæ* and their situation, and the varying strains and sentiments of the singing mingle with the rest like a criticizing chorus. The conceit is natural and beautiful, and its elaboration in the work gives us one of the most striking poems in the language. The first hearers of the song to whom we are introduced, are Ottima and Sebald, the wife of an old man and her paramour. They have just murdered the husband, and the day breaks upon them together. It is a magnificent and terrible picture of the most imperial and voluptuous passion. The nature of Ottima is strong in sin. It sways and

tosses her lover, who is appalled at the enormity of his crime and the audacious supremacy of his mistress's love and lust. They lie in the hot morning, which seems to the quaking Sebald "a night with a sun added," and recount their crime and the details of their passion, during which Sebald is gradually swept away and sustained in evil by Ottima. We quote the crisis of this scene, as a passage unequalled for its perfect expression of absolute passion, and that the reader may see and know that with this masterly and, in a sense, tremendous power, the poet is true to God, and not, as so many poets have been with similar power, to the devil:

"Ottima. Then our crowning night—

"Sebald. The July night?

"Otti. The day of it, too, Sebald!

When the Heaven's pillars seemed o'erbowed
 with heat,

Its black-blue canopy seemed let descend
 Close on us both, to weigh down each to each,
 And smother up all life except our life.
 So lay we till the storm came.

"Seb. How it came!

"Otti. Buried in woods we lay, you recol-
 lect;

Swift ran the scorching tempest overhead;
 And ever and anon some bright white shaft
 Burnt thro' the pine-tree roof—here burnt and
 there,

As if God's messenger thro' the close wood-
 screen

Plunged and replunged his weapon at a
 venture,

Feeling for guilty thee and me: then broke
 The thunder like a whole sea overhead—

"Seb. Yes!

"Otti. While I stretched myself upon you,
 hands

To hands, my mouth to your hot mouth, and
 shook

All my locks loose, and covered you with
 them—

You, Sebald, the same you—

"Seb. Slower, Ottima!—

"Otti. And as we lay

"Seb. Less vehemently! Love me—

Forgive me—take not words—mere words—
 to heart—

Your breath is worse than wine! Breathe slow,
 speak slow—

Do not lean on me—

"Otti. Sebald, as we lay,

Rising and falling only with our pants,

Who said, 'Let death come now—'tis right to
 die!

Right to be punished—nought completes such
 bliss

But woe! Who said that?

"Seb. How did we ever rise?

Was't that we slept? Why did it end?

"Otti.

I felt you,

Fresh tapering to a point the ruffled ends

Of my loose locks 'twixt both your humid lips—

(My hair is fallen now—knot it again!)

"Seb. I kiss you now, dear Ottima, now, and
 now!

This way? Will you forgive me—be once more
My great queen?

"Otti. Bind it thrice about my brow;
Crown me your queen, your spirit's arbitress,
Magnificent in sin. Say that!

"Seb. I crown you
My great, white queen, my spirit's arbitress,
Magnificent—

"(From without is heard the voice of Pippa,
singing.)

"The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven
All's right with the world!

(Pippa passes.)"

The song is the lightning flash, that cleaves, with avenging purity, the sultriness of passion. Remorse for his crime, hatred of his paramour, aggravate each other in Sebald's bosom. The spell is broken, and he wakes to conscious despair. We cannot follow the rest of the poem. We believe, after this taste, our readers will do so for themselves.

This is the poet who is called obscure, because he is not particularly easy reading; and immoral, because he recognizes every great fact of human development, but is never for a moment warped from the true vision of what is essentially true.

Browning's dramas would amply supply material for another article. Our present object has been rather to show the general character and affluent variety of the poet's genius; and to remind the reader that if there is much of his verse which will demand close study to understand, there is very much which is really as simple and original and beautiful as any poetry. Browning is an objective poet in an age of subjective poetry. His heart beats strongly for the noblest truths. With all his profound sympathy with the spirit of many countries and times, he is never, for a moment, recreant to the loftiest spirit of his own age and country. Yet this sympathy never appears directly; never, by any chance, in the way of preaching. He holds the mirror to mediæval Germany, Italy, France, and England, and so firmly that the picture is perfect, and is its own criticism. He holds the mirror to his own day as truly, and the reflection is a profound

commentary upon the time, as in "The Italian in England." The proof of the genuineness of his dramatic power, in the Shakesperian sense, in such lyrics as "Pippa Passes," *Frà Lippo Lippi*, "Andrea Del Sarto," and the like. These, also, have the final evidence of their genuineness in the marvelous fidelity of his transcripts from external nature. A remarkable study in this direction is, "The Englishman in Italy," which is full of a purely pre-Raphaelite accuracy.

A poet's poet, he has been called. But if a poet's poet, then how much a poet! We beg the reader not to judge this man unheard, nor to believe him only a phrase-monger, because some critics cannot slip along his verses as smoothly as they do upon some others. Browning is not less a poet because he is not like other good and true poets. He *would* be less a poet if he were more like them; for he would then be less original and individual. His individuality is not a spasmodic use of words for thoughts; but it is the exquisite perception of a strong and rich mind, using words with a delicate skill, and an inward music.

In the valedictory of "Men and Women," his last volume, Browning lays aside his dramatic variety of character, and speaks before all the world to his wife, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in "One word more." Shelley, in the introduction to "The Revolt of Islam," had paid a similar homage of the heart to his wife, in lines which he rarely surpassed. In both instances, it is the devotion of a loyal mind and a loving heart to the power which the true man and the true poet prove their truth by acknowledging. The singular thoughtful beauty and grace of Browning's valedictory we can only mention, and we gladly seal our article with a few lines from it, showing how the poet and the man are one:

"I shall never, in the years remaining,
Paint your pictures, no, nor carve your statues,
Make you music that should all-express me;
So it seems: I stand on my attainment.
This of verse alone, one life allows me;
Verse and nothing else have I to give you.
Other heights in other lives, God willing—
All the gifts from all the heights, your own,
Love!"

SCAMPAVIAS.

PART II.—GIBEL TAREK.

"Safely in harbor

in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there's she's hid,
The mariners all under hatches stowed;
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labor,
I have left asleep: and for the rest of the fleet,
Which I dispersed, they have all met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote."

IT was on the seventh of June, that the frigate was flying over the water, going on her course like a belle to a ball. We had sailed past the Azores, the ocean smooth as a carpet, the sky at times a little trade-cloudy, with the light, white fleece occasionally skimming, like gauze, through the heavens, and darkening the water beneath; the lovely, mellow moon, too, gleaming large, full, and soft, putting most of the stars to shame, and glowing like silver, over the rippling waters; then the stately frigate, all alone in this magnificent scene, flooded with white sails upon her lofty masts, up, up, then, to those little trucks, which almost touch that pale, twinkling planet, while her broad wings spread far out on either side the darkened hull, as the sea rolls back in sparkling bubbles from her bow, and opens a path before her resistless power.

The lower cables had been bent; for we scented the land afar off. As the sun colored the eastern sky, the mountains of Spain and Africa developed their high outlines, and, with the advancing light, we found ourselves at the entrance of the strait of Gibraltar. In a few hours, aided by breeze and current, we sailed rapidly past cape Spartel and Tangier, on the one side, and Trafalgar and Tarifa on the other, and soon after meridian, the frigate, heeling over to the strong puffs that swept through the gorges of Andalusia, reached the anchorage, and let run the chains, with the Devil's tower just open with Gibel Tarek, or the rock of Gibraltar.

A health-boat, with a boarding officer, was soon alongside. "Where were we from? and were we contagious?" was the pith of the information he cared to elicit; and, being assured of our general salubrity and freedom from infection, he snapped up a blank bill of health with a pair of sheet-iron tongs, which, being properly filled out by the surgeons, was received again by the

tongs. After an arm's length inspection, we were informed that we might communicate with the shore, and thus we received what is called "pratique."

In a few minutes those jolly souls, the bumboat people, came bobbing about the frigate; their pipes, bread, tobacco, fruits, straw hats, fried fish, oranges, eggs, and onions, piled in promiscuous heaps in their boats, while the venders were clamorously profuse in offers of sand and holy-stones to the first lieutenant, for the privilege of supplying the crew.

The bumboats were soon followed by other vessels, filled with soldiers' wives and maidens generally, each provided with letters of recommendation, as washerwomen, which they held above their heads to attract some sympathizing officer's eye, who might, perchance, be afflicted with soiled linen.

Presently our young consul came on board, looking a smaller edition of his patriotic father before him, and then the thunder of twenty-one guns officially informed the governor of the fortress of our arrival, to which the water-battery, at the ragged staff, replied in similar tones, when, with nine more by us to the consul, the powder was locked up in the magazine.

I went on shore, and landed at the old mole, amid the crowd of quaint lateen-rigged luggers, with their picturesque sails and hulls shading the quay.

I touched my hat to the same scarlet-coated soldier, or guard, at the pier-head; pushed my way through the same throng of Moors, in their petticoat breeches; a thorough cluster of chibouque-sucking Turks; Jews, with pointed beards and eyes; Andalusians, all a-jingle with silver buttons and velvet jackets; through smugglers, boatmen, porters, and vagabonds that I had seen, or others, may be, just like them, years and years before. Then over the moat, under the portcullis, through ponderous

gates and strong pickets—all the while touching the point of my cocked-hat, right and left, to the sentinels on post—until, at last, I gained a little street-room in the main avenue of the town. Here the crowd thinned a little; but yet there was no lack. Plenty of Moors still, with tawny legs and full, snowy turbans; hosts of Levites, with hawk-bill noses, and usurious eyes; lots of guides to the excavations and batteries; droves of small *burros*, with their drivers and water-butts; groups of bustling, florid-faced Englishmen, dark-skinned Spaniards, and merchant-skipppers; then an interval of healthy-looking English women, or mantilla-robed brunettes, from San Roque or Algeziras—all these moving throngs dotted about with the soldiers of the garrison. There they are, at the corners, on the pavé, in the streets, craning out of every window of that great range of barracks, fatigue-parties moving backwards and forwards, guard-houses filled with them, everywhere, save in the wine shops; then officers, too, brilliant in red and blue, lace, bullion, and swords, greeting one at all times and in every quarter. To one fond of military display, there is no better place for this enjoyment than in Gibraltar. English troops, though more rigid and stiff in movement than the French, still fill the eye very pleasantly; for with scarcely an exception, they are picked men, of fine stature, and, so far as cleanliness of dress and elegance of equipment go, they are unexceptionable.

At the time of our visit, the garrison was composed of four regiments of foot, five companies of artillery, and one of sappers. It was one of these regiments, the 44th, that had the opportunity of distinguishing themselves at the memorable Bladensburg races, and to this day carry that name on their colors.

After a visit to the consul, I strolled to the Alameda—a flat esplanade, beveled from the face of the rock, and where, even now, the monkeys sometimes descend from their subterranean retreats, to watch how the world wags, and to note, perhaps, how well the pretty groves of orange trees and shrubbery thrive in their former haunts. Even in this promenade, there are everywhere seen great pyramidal stocks of cannon-balls and ranges of grim cannon staring out upon the bay.

As all the world knows, Gibraltar is an isolated rock, about fourteen hundred feet high, with a ridge as sharp as a wedge; narrow for its length of three miles; which may once have been standing by itself, nearly midway of the strait between Africa and Europe. It has not, however, changed its relative position in that respect; but the low sand-link, which connects it by the "neutral ground" to Spain, has probably been formed by the meeting currents of the Atlantic and Mediterranean. On the side of the Mediterranean, it is precipitous, but it shelves less abruptly on the western face, towards the bay, where the town is built.

The renowned excavations are on the northern point, where the sheer, red rock rises almost perpendicularly, overlooking, as from the eyrie of an eagle, the green slopes of the hills of Andalusia, in the distance.

The galleries and batteries constructed there, were the result of a happy accident in war, during the assault of the Spanish and French forces, in 1782. Previously, a small battery had been planted on the northernmost peak of the rock; but, to reach this spot, many lives of the garrison were lost in carrying supplies by an exposed path, under the fire of the allies, the muzzles of whose guns were elevated by bags filled with sand.

To remove this necessity of exposure, the English engineers began to cut a means of ascent by a channel within the shell of the mountain. In executing this work, and when about half-way up, while blasting in the gallery, a fragment of rock was blown clean out towards the isthmus, which, upon being discovered by the allies, was welcomed by shouts of derision.

The besiegers were not left many hours to exult over this accident; for, in the natural embrasure caused by the explosion, a heavy piece of ordnance was pointed, and the nearest batteries below were obliged to abandon their positions.

In all the sieges for which Gibraltar has become historical, the most desperate, determined, and prolonged, were those repulsed by General Eliot, afterwards Lord Heathfield. He married a descendant of Sir Francis Drake, who was, himself, one of the boldest old viking freebooters that ever "scuttled ship;" and should their descend-

ants be imbued with the blood of that union, Britannia will never lack, in that family, sailors to rule the main, or soldiers to lead her armies.

There is a club-house for strangers, in the town, whither I betook myself, and swallowed an imperial pint of ale; for, of all things,

“——my soul sentimentally craves
British beer!”

and a free English port is the place to drink it in perfection. Then, buckling my sword about, I bent my steps to the mole again. As the sunset-gun, from the summit of the rock at St. Michael's, poured forth its report, I passed through the sombre archways; the gates rolled together, the portcullis came down, the draw-bridge went up, and all the Gibraltar world were made sensible that the fortress was locked up, and, at the same time, I knew myself to be locked out for the night. Thus being left to my own devices, I got into one of the frigate's boats, and pulled to my floating home on board.

On the following day, in virtue of mine office as one of the staff, I went on a visit of ceremony to the governor of the fortress, Lieutenant-general Sir Robert Gardner, K.C.B. The official residence is at a former convent, near the centre of the old town. We were received at the gateway by a brace of aids-de-camp, who at once ushered us up a cool, spacious stairway, to the second story. Then traversing a broad corridor, which overlooked a gem of a garden and lemon grove, and where, no doubt, in times past, many an old friar or imprisoned nun regaled themselves, while telling over their aromatic beads, we reached the end of the hall, and were, in a moment, in presence of General Gardner. He was a tall, elderly gentleman, on the advanced posts of life, with silvery hair, fine eyes, and a cordial, pleasant expression of visage. He wore an artillery uniform, and on his breast a Waterloo medal. He received us very graciously, but apologized for being deprived of the pleasure of granting more than a moment's interview, since he had been commanded to attend the Archduke Maximilian of Austria to the “ragged staff,” prior to the embarkation of that illustrious personage for Cadiz.

This young brother of the emperor of Austria, by the way, was serving as a lieutenant on board a steamer of war,

lying, at the time of our arrival, in the bay. Contrary, however, to the usual naval etiquette, the commander of the steamer did not send a boat on board the American frigate, to inquire after our well-being. The omission was possibly attributable to the bad name M. Kossuth had given us in the dominions of the House of Hapsburgh. Our grief, however, at this slight, was not of a permanent nature; and we hoped, at some future day, to teach the subjects of that house better manners.

We took leave of the governor, returned to the mole, and rowing through a fleet of felucca-smugglers, watching a chance to evade the Spanish gun-boats, we reached the frigate.

On getting on board, the wind was blowing too fresh from the westward to get under way, from the position the ship lay; and it was only when the sun fell behind the mountains of Spain that the wind lulled sufficiently to make sail.

Ships I have always believed to have been the invention of the foul fiend himself; for it matters not how great care or forethought be exercised in their peculiar management, there is, at the most inopportune moment, a screw loose, or something to go wrong, that our arch enemy, the inventor, delights in.

The trouble this evening with us was, the refusal of the rope messenger, used to draw in the chain-cable, to clasp the capstan tight enough to heave up the anchor. It would keep slipping around the oaken barrel, and no skill or contrivance would make it hold.

At last, however, the anchor was dragged just clear of the bottom, but when canvas was spread upon the ship, she fell off into shoaler water; so that the infernal grapple would take to the ground again, and then we went waltzing about the bay. Vessels, too, were all around us; but by the mere force of good luck, we avoided them very cleverly, and, notwithstanding our perplexities, we passed clear out in a style which would have called forth the utmost admiration from the British fleet, had they beheld our lucky manœuvres. As we got into deep water, the obstinate anchors were brought to the bows, and we steered for the open strait.

The giant fortress reposed like a lion couchant in silent security, just as it did, no doubt, when the Moors in 712 built their castles on it; when Barbarossa's Algerine corsairs pillaged it in

1540; when John Bull planted his paws upon it at the storming in 1704; or afterwards, when the brave Eliot, in 1782, withstood the terrible siege of the allies for three years. In short, from the remotest ages, this Rock of Gibraltar—this pillar of Hercules—is still the same.

In all the strifes and changes in which Gibraltar has borne so prominent a part, there may have been seen more monkeys clambering about the rocky heights, more ships in the bay, more soldiers on the land, more murderous, fiery missiles flying through the air,

"The bursting shell, the gateway rent asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade,
And, ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade,"

with, perhaps, less to eat and drink than in these peaceful times; but yet, without the aid of any grand convulsion of nature, it does not seem improbable, that this hoary, sturdy monarch of rocks may, again and again, be an indifferent witness to bloodier and more terrible scenes than these.

As the frigate slowly sailed along the base of the rock, thousands of lights sparkled in the town; the nine o'clock gun pealed out its nightly warning, while the drums, flutes, and bugles echoed from point to point. Soon, however, we rounded Europa, and then, as we stood fairly into the Mediterranean, the clusters of lights were shut from our sight, the music was lost in the distance, and at midnight the dim, red gleam of the light-house only marked where Gibraltar lay, in its pride and power.

The following morning we were running, with a free wind, along the Spanish coast. We were too far off to catch more than an unclouded view of the back-ground; but that was in itself magnificent. The topmost peaks of the Sierra Nevada were clearly out against the far-distant sky, shining cold and white with the winter snows.

Passing out of sight of Malaga, Almeria, and lesser ports, by evening we were abreast Cape de Gott.

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The breeze held fair during the night; and the next day, after passing Cape Palos, from which Columbus sailed on his first voyage to America, we descried the English fleet. It was composed of five ships of the line, and two frigates. Four of the majestic two-deckers stood in shore, by the wind, while the rear-most vessel held towards the Cumberland. As she approached, we beat to quarters, cast loose the guns, and cleared for action, merely by way of friendly precaution, and the practice with men-of-war upon meeting one another on the high seas.

After a mutual exhibition of pennants and ensigns, the Englishman put his helm down, and slowly went around towards the land, while at the same time he triced up his lower gun-deck ports to show his teeth, and to let us know, that he, too, was ready with the black-mouthed cannon, to belch forth red flame and destruction, should the necessity arise.

Fortunately the necessity did not arise, and we thought, with the Spaniards, it were better to have

*"Con todo el mundo guerra
Y paz con Inglaterra,"*

and so we both departed on our several missions; he to inform his admiral that he had shown his ensign to an American frigate, and we to keep on our course to the southward of the Balearic Isles.

Passing Tormentera, Majorca, and Minorca, our progress, somewhat hastened by a clear, cool snap of a *mistral* out of the gulf of Lyons, the lofty, bold mountains of Corsica and Sardinia loomed up before us. Then, heaving about, we worked up towards the Italian coast, and a month from the day we sailed from Boston saw us overshadowed by the grand Apennines, whose high, shining summits of glacier and snow broke out clear and sharp above our heads.

With the early morn we entered the gulf of Spezzia, and dropped anchor near the Lazaretto.

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THE OCEAN DEPTHS.

A DIVER'S TALE.

THE life of one who explores the mysteries of the sea, is not more perilous than fascinating. The charm of terror hangs around it, and the interminable succession of exciting events renders it dear to its professor. Not to the common diver of the East, who can remain but for a fraction of time beneath the wave, and grope fearfully among rugged ocean-mounds, but to the adept in the civilized mode of diving, who, in his protective armor, may remain submerged for hours, and wander, with impunity, for miles along those unknown regions far below the sea. To him are laid open the horrors of the watery creation, and he may gaze upon such scenes as Arabian story tells us were presented to the fearful eyes of Abdallah. To him the most thrilling occurrences of the upper world seem frivolous; for, in his memory, he retains thoughts that may well chill the soul with dread.

I am a diver—a diver from choice—and I am proud of my profession. Where is such courage required as is needed here? It is nothing to be a soldier: a diver, however—but I forbear. I will tell my story, and leave others to judge concerning it.

An appalling shipwreck occurred, not long ago, upon the wildest part of the coast of Newfoundland. The tidings of this calamity reached the ears of thousands; but, amid the crowd of accidents which followed in quick succession, it was soon forgotten. Not by us, however. We found that the vessel had sunk upon a spot where the water's depth was by no means great, and that a daring man might easily reach her.

She was a steamer called the *Marmion*, and had been seen going suddenly down, without an instant's warning, by some fishermen near by. She had, undoubtedly, struck a hidden rock, and had thus been, in one moment, destroyed.

I spoke to my associates of the plan, and they approved it. No time was lost in making the necessary preparations, and a short time beheld us embarked in our small schooner for the sunken ship. There were six of us, and we anticipated extraordinary success.

I was the leader, and generally ventured upon any exploit in which there was uncommon danger. Not that the others were cowards; on the contrary, they were all brave men, but I was gifted with a coolness and a presence of mind of which the others were destitute. As two persons were needed, in order to explore the *Marmion*, I had selected as my companion a young fellow, whose steadiness and dauntless courage had several times before been fearfully tested.

It was a calm and pleasant day, but the southern and eastern horizon looked deceitful. Small, suspicious clouds were gathered there, ill of aspect, and "sneaking fellows, regular hang-dog fellows," as my comrade, Rimmer, remarked to me. Nevertheless, we were not to be put off by a little cloudiness in the sky, but boldly prepared to venture.

So deep was the water, that no vestige of a ship's mast remained above the surface, to point out the resting place of the *Marmion*. We were compelled, therefore, to select the scene of operations according to the best of our ability. Down went the sails of our schooner, and Rimmer and I put on our diving armor. We fixed on our helmets tightly, and screwed on the hose. One by one each clumsy article was adjusted. The weights were hung, and we were ready.

"It looks terrible blackish, Berton," said Rimmer to me.

"Oh," I replied, gaily, "it's only a little mist—all right!"

"Ah!" He uttered a low exclamation, which sounded hollow from his cavernous helmet.

"All ready," I cried, in a loud voice, which they, however, could not easily distinguish. Then, making a proper sign, I was swung over the side.

Down we went, I first, and Rimmer close behind me. It did not take a long time for us to reach the bottom. We found ourselves upon what seemed a broad plain, sloping downward, toward the south, and rising slightly, toward the north. Looking forward then, a dim, black object arose, which our experienced eyes knew to be a lofty rock.

I motioned to Rimmer that we should proceed there.

I cannot tell the strangeness of the sensation felt by one who first walks the bottom of the sea.

There are a thousand objects, fitted to excite astonishment, even in the mind of him who has dared the deed a hundred times. All around us lay the plain, covered by water; but here the eye could not pierce far away, as in the upper air, for the water, in the distance, grew opaque, and seemed to fade away into misty darkness. There was no sound, except the incessant gurgle which was produced by the escape of air from the breast valve, and the splash caused by our passage through the waters. We walked on at a good pace; for this armor, which seems so clumsy up above, is excellent below, and offers little inconvenience to the practiced wearer.

Fishes in crowds were around us. Fishes of every shape and size met our eyes, no matter where they turned. They swam swiftly by us; they sported in the water above us; they raced and chased one another, in every direction. Here a shoal of porpoises tumbled along in clumsy gambols, there a grampus might be seen rising slowly to the surface; here an immense number of smaller fish flashed past us, there some huge ones, with ponderous forms, floated in the water lazily. Sometimes three or four placed themselves directly before us, staring at us, and solemnly working their gills. There they would remain, till we came close up to them, and then, with a start, they would dart away.

All this time we were walking onward, along the bottom of the sea, while above us, like a black cloud in the sky, we could see our boat slowly moving onward upon the surface of the water. And now, not more than a hundred yards before us, we could see the towering form of that ebony rock which had at first greeted our eyes from afar. As yet, we could not be certain that this was the place where the *Marmion* had struck. But soon a round, black object became discernible, as we glanced at the rocky base.

Rimmer struck my arm, and pointed. I signed assent, and we moved onward more quickly.

A few moments elapsed: we had come nearer to the rock. The black object now looked like the stern of a vessel whose hull lay there.

Suddenly, Rimmer struck me again, and pointed upward. Following the direction of his hand, I looked up, and saw the upper surface of the water all foamy and in motion. There was a momentary thrill through my heart, but it passed over. We were in a dangerous condition. A storm was coming on!

But should we turn back now, when we were so near the object of our search? Already it lay before us. We were close beside it. No, I would not. I signaled to Rimmer to go forward, and we still kept our course.

Now the rock rose up before us, black, rugged, dismal. Its rough sides were worn by the action of the water, and, in some places, were covered by marine plants, and nameless ocean vegetation. We passed onward, we clambered over a spur, which jutted from the cliff, and there lay the steamer.

The *Marmion*—there she lay upright, with everything still standing. She had gone right down, and had settled in such a position, among the rocks, that she stood upright here, just as though she lay at her wharf. We rushed eagerly along and clambered up her side. There was a low moan in the water, which sounded warningly in our ears, and told us of a swift-approaching danger. What was to be done, must be done speedily. We hurried forward. Rimmer rushed to the cabin. I went forward, to descend into the hold. I descended the ladder. I walked into the engineer's room. All was empty here, all was water. The waves of the ocean had entered, and were sporting with works of man. I went into the freight-room. Suddenly, I was startled by an appalling noise upon the deck. The heavy footsteps of some one, running, as though in mortal fear, or most dreadful haste, sounded in my ears. Then my heart throbbed wildly; for it was a fearful thing to hear, far down in the silent depths of the ocean.

Pshaw! it's only Rimmer.

I hurriedly ascended the deck by the first outlet that appeared. When I speak of hurry, I speak of the quickest movement possible, when cumbered with so much armor. But this movement of mine was quick; I rushed upwards; I sprang out on the deck.

It was Rimmer!

He stepped forward and clutched my arm. He pressed it with a convulsive grasp, and pointed to the cabin.

I attempted to go there.

He stamped his foot, and tried to hold me back. He pointed to the boat, and implored me, with frantic gestures, to go up.

It is appalling to witness the horror-struck soul trying to express itself by signs. It is awful to see these signs when no face is plainly visible, and no voice is heard. I could not see his face plainly, but his eyes, through his heavy mask, glowed like coals of fire.

"I will go!" I exclaimed. I sprang from him. He clasped his hands together, but dared not follow.

Good heavens! I thought, what fearful thing is here? What scene can be so dreadful as to paralyze the soul of a practiced diver. I will see for myself.

I walked forward. I came to the cabin door. I entered the forward-saloon, but saw nothing. A feeling of contempt came to me. Rimmer shall not come with me again, I thought. Yet I was awe-struck. Down in the depths of the sea there is only silence—oh, how solemn! I paced the long saloon, which had echoed with the shrieks of the drowning passengers. Ah! there are thoughts which sometimes fill the soul, which are only felt by those to whom scenes of sublimity are familiar. Thus thinking, I walked to the after-cabin and entered—

Oh, God of heaven!

Had not my hand clenched the door with a grasp which mortal terror had made convulsive, I should have fallen to the floor. I stood nailed to the spot. For there before me stood a crowd of people—men and women—caught in the last death struggle by the overwhelming waters, and fastened to the spot, each in the position in which death had found him. Each one had sprung from his chair at the shock of the sinking ship, and, with one common emotion, all had started for the door. But the waters of the sea had been too swift for them. Lo! then—some wildly grasping the table, others the beams, others the sides of the cabin—there they all stood. Near the door was a crowd of people, heaped upon one another—some on the floor, others rushing over them—all seeking, madly, to gain the outlet. There was one who sought to clamber over the

table, and still was there, holding on to an iron post. So strong was each convulsive grasp, so fierce the struggle of each with death, that their hold had not yet been relaxed; but each one stood and looked frantically to the door.

To the door—good God! To me, to me they were looking! They were glancing at me, all those dreadful, those terrible eyes! Eyes in which the fire of life had been displaced by the chilling gleam of death. Eyes which still glared, like the eyes of the maniac, with no expression. They froze me with their cold and icy stare. They had no meaning; for the soul had gone. And this made it still more horrible than it could have been in life; for the appalling contortion of their faces, expressing fear, horror, despair, and whatever else the human soul may feel, contrasting with the cold and glassy eyes, made their vacancy yet more fearful. He upon the table seemed more fiendish than the others; for his long, black hair was disheveled, and floated horribly down—and his beard and mustache, all loosened by the water, gave him the grimness of a demon. Oh, what woe and torture! what unutterable agonies appeared in the despairing glance of those faces—faces twisted into spasmodic contortions, while the souls that lighted them were writhing and struggling for life.

I heeded not the dangerous sea which, even when we touched the steamer, had slightly rolled. Down in these awful depths the swell would not be very strong, unless it should increase with ten-fold fury above. But it had been increasing, though I had not noticed it, and the motion of the water began to be felt in these abysses. Suddenly the steamer was shaken and rocked by the swell.

At this the hideous forms were shaken and fell. The heaps of people rolled asunder. That demon on the table seemed to make a spring directly towards me. I fled, shrieking—all were after me, I thought. I rushed out, with no purpose but to escape. I sought to throw off my weights and rise.

My weights could not be loosened—I pulled at them with frantic exertions, but could not loosen them. The iron fastenings had grown stiff. One of them I wrested off in my convulsive efforts, but the other still kept me down. The tube, also, was lying down still in my

passage-way through the machine rooms. I did not know this until I had exhausted my strength, and almost my hope, in vain efforts to loosen the weight, and still the horror of that scene in the cabin rested upon me.

Where was Rimmer? The thought flashed across me. He was not here. He had returned. Two weights lay near, which seemed thrown off in terrible haste. Yes, Rimmer had gone. I looked up; there lay the boat, tossing and rolling among the waves.

I rushed down into the machine-room, to go back, so as to loosen my tube. I had gone through passages carelessly, and this lay there, for it was unrolled from above as I went on. I went back in haste to extricate myself; I could stay here no longer; for if all the gold of Golconda was in the vessel, I would not stay in company with the dreadful dead!

Back—fear lent wings to my feet. I hurried down the stairs, into the lower-hold once more, and retraced my steps through the passages below. I walked back to the place into which I had first descended. It was dark; a new feeling of horror shot through me; I looked up. *The aperture was closed!*

Heavens! was it closed by mortal hand? Had Rimmer, in his panic flight, blindly thrown down the trap-door, which I now remembered to have seen open when I descended? or had some fearful being from the cabin—that demon who sprang towards me——?

I started back in terror.

But I could not wait here; I must go; I must escape from this den of horrors. I sprang up the ladder, and tried to raise the door. It resisted my efforts; I put my helmeted head against it, and tried to raise it; the rung of the ladder broke beneath me, but the door was not raised; my tube came down through it and kept it partly open, for it was a strong tube, and kept strongly expanded by close-wound wire.

I seized a bar of iron, and tried to pry it up; I raised it slightly, but there was no way to get it up further. I looked around, and found some blocks; with these I raised the heavy door, little by little, placing a block in, to keep what I

had gained. But the work was slow, and laborious, and I had worked a long while before I had it raised four inches.

The sea rolled more and more. The submerged vessel felt its power, and rocked. Suddenly it wheeled over, and lay upon its side.

I ran around to get on the deck above, to try and lift up the door. But when I came to the other outlet, I knew it was impossible; for the tube would not permit me to go so far, and then I would rather have died a thousand deaths than have ventured again so near the cabin.

I returned to the fallen door; I sat down in despair and waited for death. I saw no hope of escape. This, then, was to be my end.

But the steamer gave a sudden lurch, again acted upon by the power of the waves. She had been balanced upon a rock, in such a way that a slight action of the water was sufficient to tip her over.

She creaked, and groaned, and labored, and then turned upon her side.

I rose; I clung to the ladder; I pressed the trap-door open, while the steamer lay with her deck perpendicular to the ground. I sprang out, and touched the bottom of the sea. It was in good time; for a moment after, the mass went over back again.

Then, with a last effort, I twisted the iron fastening of the weight which kept me down; I jerked it. It was loosed, it broke, it fell. In a moment I began to ascend, and in a few minutes I was floating on the water—for the air which is pressed down for the diver's consumption constitutes a buoyant mass, which raises him up from the sea.

Thanks to heaven! There was the strong boat, with my bold, brave men! They felt me rising; they saw me, and came and saved me.

Rimmer had fled from the horrid scene when I entered the cabin, but remained in the boat to lend his aid. He never went down again, but became a sea captain. As for me, I still go down, but only to vessels whose crews have been saved.

It is needless to say that the Marmion was never again visited.

ABOUT PEAR-TREES.

EVERY one knows that when a man's head is set, it is very difficult to turn it—that when an idea or opinion has once possessed a brain, it is not easy to dislodge it, even if it is a poor tenant who never pays.

“What has that to do with pear-trees?”

Everything, Rowley, everything—for that is the introduction. Now, see how ingeniously I shall spin from it.

Many people hold, that pear-trees are to be desired because they bear pears, and that pears are to be valued for the palate, because they are rich, juicy, and delicious—for so they certainly are. That is the notion which has possessed some brains, and I cannot deny that it is plausible; yet it is mainly a mistaken one—a narrow and carnal view.

“But,” said my familiar, “when the Professor brings me down one ‘Duchess,’ and two ‘Flemish Beauties’ (I am speaking of pears), and my lips kiss their cheeks, and their juices flow along my tongue, to gladden the sense, then I hold to that view, and I bless God——”

Now wait, Rowley, wait, I said; for I was afraid he would say something foolish. So he sat in my porch, and, with his cigar (which I condemn mildly), disputed the fragrance of the honey-suckles, and listened to the wisdom of age.

Whoever, I continued, whoever prizes simply his existence—who thinks highly of his presence, values his deportment, and is content with “being”—in other words, whoever believes life is an end rather than a means, and, therefore, is content to *be*, rather than to *do*—he may think himself happy; but he is mistaken. You shake your head, Rowley; but it is so.

So it is with pears—they, too, are a means, not an end.

Whoever, having grown a fine pear, is elated, and lays much stress upon the tempting fruit, is in danger of sorrow and disappointment—he may be laying up for himself a future grief. Yet I must allow, that, if the fruit had been nipt by an untimely boy, or arrested by a summer blight, before its juicy flesh had been ripened to perfection, my own sense of propriety would have been shocked; for all things work towards completeness, and thus minister to

our satisfaction. Satisfaction, my dear friend—not happiness—is the end and aim of a true existence. Consider what it is which satisfies, when we look upon a daisy or violet blooming in the shelter of a rugged rock; upon the cedar, the oak, or the beech, spreading its broad branches over the shadowy plain; upon the field of grain, waving in the light of the golden sun; upon the succulent asparagus, pushing through the dark, damp earth—these all come to the fullness of perfection, and we are satisfied with them, for they are complete. It is so with the wood-duck, diving and sporting in the still waters of an inland lake; with the robin, that sings out his soul to his mate brooding on the sky-blue eggs; with the slow and stalwart ox, who drags the plow along the fertile furrow; with the hound who courses the wily fox, and with the fox who outwits the chasing hound—these all satisfy us, for they are complete; they do *well* what they are made to do. Is it not so with men, my friend? We find no fault with a man, or a woman, who does a thing well—but are satisfied; and he who makes a perfect pair of shoes, does as complete a thing as he who sits well on a king's throne, or decides justly on a judge's bench.

It is the same in art: for the completeness of Menó's Rag-picker (two inches high), or his Cat suckling her Kittens (done in clay), is equal in perfection to the Dying Gladiator, or Angelo's Moses, done in marble. In literature, also, we find this so, and we are satisfied with Burns's verses to a Mouse, with Leigh Hunt's Abou-ben-Adhem, with Lowell's—

“John P.,
Robinson, he”—

because they are, in themselves, as perfect and complete as is a Hamlet, or a House of Seven Gables. It is, therefore, desirable that men and women should do that well which they can do, and find out as soon as possible what they can do best, and not waste too much time in tears or complaints, because they cannot do something else. The man who raises good potatoes, is eminently worthy, as is he who makes good verses, busts, or coaches, and either of them may be a complete man

(and so great), and satisfactory to himself and to his fellow-men. It is not the thing done, but the spirit of the man who does it, that God loves.

Now it will be clear, therefore, that, to the pear-tree, it is necessary to bear pears, for that is its vocation, its purpose. It was for that, that the brown seed was dropped into the earth; that when the warm, bursting spring came, it sent down its delicate root, and pushed up its tender top, and unfolded its leaves, and stretched forth its branches, and, when the time came, elaborated its juices into buds enfolding blossoms—fragrant promises of future fruit.

It is right, therefore, for the pear-tree to bear pears.

But, for a man, his duty is to furnish the tree with every possible facility and convenience, necessary for it to perfect its purpose; for the tree cannot do this for itself. He is to see that there is good soil, and that it is in good heart (not made over rich), and well dug and broken, so that the rays of the fructifying sun can enter it, and the gentle dews sink into it; then he is to plant the tree in it. And let him do that well—for trees are grateful; they like not to have their roots crowded into a small hole dug in a hard soil—no well-bred pear-tree will submit to such indignity, and many will die if so treated—but rather into the mellow earth; spread out the roots, and press among them the genial mould, so that they kiss one another; and plant not too deep, but so as to cover, with an inch of earth, the neck whence the roots branch; then sustain the stem with a slender stake, and the first work is done. Whoever has done this, will value the warm April sunshine and the soft April showers, and he will watch in the last of the month, till he shall see the unfolding buds; and then the expanding leaves, and the lusty shoots, wagging in the wind, will give him hope. In another year, he will wait for blossoms, and, when they come, he will be thankful. He will see to it that no marauding caterpillars fatten there, that no curculio whets his tooth in that first fruit; for he will walk in his garden in the fresh morning, in the shimmering noon-tide, and at the shady evening, and will feel that he has something to live for. He will be the providence of his pear-tree, and a worthy man.

I shall always remember S. G. P., who

at last found peace among his pear-trees—a Salem and repose. He was early driven forth, Ishmael-like, into the wilderness, as other men are, and was in danger of perishing: for, was it not necessary, indispensable, to have much wealth, to be a merchant prince, and send forth ventures in ships? To other men, older men, it seemed so, and his rapid energies grappled with these weapons with which to fight the world; for other men and merchant princes were struggling to get what all could not have, and there were many obstacles to be overcome, and much competition. For years he worked like a lion, and knew no rest; he visited many lands and braved many seas, and for what? That he might secure, in his own hand, a larger share of the world's wealth, and so be pointed at as the man who owned much gold. But ships were lost, and fires ravaged, and agents were dishonest, that they, too, might have wealth; and the end saw S. G. P. a ruined man. When he was too old to reform his life, so as to work and not waste his energies, he remembered his father's garden and his pear-trees, and there he went, with a small income, to pass the evening of his days; and there he did pass it, in company with his two good daughters, and in communion with his "Louise Bonnes" and "St. Michels."

To me it was a satisfaction to enjoy his satisfaction; for he was in harmony with his pear-trees, and they, knowing what he wanted, and knowing that he was right, tried to do as he wished, and grew well—as espaliers, pyramids, dwarfs, balloons, or standards. They resisted blights and frosts, blossomed timely, set well, and bore their fruits. It was a delight to see little fellows of three feet high, bearing up bravely their load of half a dozen Duchesses or Wurtemburgs, while stately standards stood and ripened their bushels of Urbanistes and Boscs through all the long summer suns.

It seemed to me that they leaned to the old man as he walked among them, trimming a little here, praising there—and I do not doubt they had as much satisfaction in him, as he had in them; for he fully appreciated their virtues.

Do not think the old man did this because he wanted pears. He could have bought one for a sixpence any day, and have sat down in the shade and swallowed it: would that have sufficed? I

throw not. No; he raised pears, as I said, because the trees must bear them, and it was his pleasure to give them every opportunity, which having done, the trees produced abundantly; and then the pears were eaten, because they had been created, not vice versa. Ah! many think it is a small thing to grow a good pear-tree, but it is *one* thing well done; and I know richer men than S. G. P., who, so far as I am aware, have never been accused of doing even one.

The Dutch doctor, Van Mons, was a creator of pears; and in his hand nature became a prolific inventor. It was his habit to sow the seed, to select from the young those which promised well, to graft them at once into bearing trees whose juices were rich, where they would make blossoms and fruit within three years from sowing the seed; for it is a curious fact, that the juices of the tree which really produce the fruit, have almost no influence upon the little graft upon which the fruit grows. From the fruits so produced, many good pears were given to the world by Dr. Van Mons.

Now the doctor did this, not because he wanted pears, but because he wished nature to do all she could do, and he found a satisfaction in helping her towards completeness.

One crowning use of pear-trees and pears is, that they furnish topics for talk, and are, in my opinion, fully equal to a "Bourbon," had we one amongst us. I have known many virtuous men who grew pear-trees (I am proud to say it), and I never knew one who enjoyed scandal or backbit his intimate friends: the reason is plain—he had something better to talk about, in capacity quite infinite; for are there not Beurrés by the score? But no pursuit is perfectly safe from misfortunes, and pear-growing is not quite secure. Judge Buel once had a package of valuable pear-grafts sent to him from Paris, every one of which was choice and was

labeled; but, sad to say, rats had eaten or damp had rotted the strings which bound them, and Beurrés were mixed confusedly with Bergamots. To my friend, J. T., the judge gave some of these grafts, and J. T. took them, as a man might a young elephant or a fine horse, not counting the cost. He grafted them into his trees, and in due time they bore delicious pears—but—

"What were they?"

No mortal man could tell their names, and many of them were new to us. From that day J. T.'s peace of mind was gone, and, it seemed, hopelessly gone; for no nomenclature could be certainly right. It was well for Judge Buel that he was snatched away before these grafts bore fruit, and, perhaps, J. T. was happier in soon following him.

I alone remained, and, in the language of Mr. Samuel Weller, I may say:

"I eats my melting pears without any names, and gets along werry well, indeed."

I would have my money-making friends, and my political friends, and my verse-making friends, and my women-friends, consider of this thing, and then plant pear-trees, and grow pears, that so it may be well with them. And I would have those wise men who *know* what a little care and kind treatment will do with a pear-tree, and how it comes to strength, and beauty, and fruitfulness, when external circumstances are made favorable by them, I would have them consider what grand results might come from a little of such judicious care and attention, if applied by them to a poor boy or girl now and then, or to a man or woman struggling, in an uncultivated soil, with crowded roots, and bruised top. I would have them remember that the most capable and wonderful of all God's creations is MAN; and then I would have them not only cultivate pear-trees, but also cultivate men.

WHAT THE VOICE SAID TO THE STUDENT.

COME, push on, the world keeps moving—
 Press to your place in its restless throng;
 Life is action, grieving or loving
 Only wastes time, so move along:
 "Change makes change," say earth and ocean—
 Daybreak, sunset,—flux and tide;
 The law of being is ceaseless motion,
 Struggle you must or be thrust aside.

Cloistered in yon antique case,
 Row on row, the volumes see!
 They who list may run the race;
 Leave me my books and let me be.

Shut your book-shelves' rusty jaws,
 This is no age of cowls and frocks—
 Flatter opinion into applause,
 And mouse to fame through the ballot-box:
 Narrow, the disk of the student's light—
 Ample and broad, the bounds of state;
 You—when pay and honors invite—
 Are a fool to be wise, when you might be great.

Radiant lights, through ages gone
 Shining ever steadily,
 Still your splendors lure me on!
 Leave me my books and let me be.

Golden the text of notes and scrip,
 Tinsel and stuff your prose and verse;
 Who, in this "progress age," would grip
 The impotent pen, if he could the purse?
 Wealth is the modern, true sublime,
 Press to the goal by toil or luck,
 Rapid the wheel in the mint of time—
 Every minute is silver-struck!

Ah, my stilly, stilly pages,
 Dearer, dearer yet to me
 Seems your hoarded ore of ages!
 Leave me my books and let me be.

Dreamer! rhapsodist! ope thine eyes!
 Time and occasion wait for none;
 What though competitors gripe the prize?
 Palms worth winning may still be won.
 Action! action! oust you must,
 Or ousted by others expect to be:
 Men by attrition are fashioned, just
 As pebbles are ground in the stormy sea.

In yon silent shrine of thought
 Lies a wondrous history;
 All the toiling world hath wrought—
 Leave me my books and let me be.

Stubborn idolater! wealth and fame
 Powerless arguments 'seem to you;
 Scrawl, then, in century-dust, "a name!"
 Starve, with the starveling dreaming crew;
 Die, and lie with your noble dead,
 Who win futurity's plaudit note,
 To rise, like the drowned, from the river's bed—
 But deaf to the cannon that bids them float.

THE SCULPTOR OF ALBANY.

MRS. GRANT'S "Memoirs of an American Lady" have preserved a charming memorial of olden times in Albany. The tone of manners, and the simplicity of life she describes, have the pure and cheerful spirit of the domestic and rural scenes delineated in the *Vicar of Wakefield*. Equality seems to have existed with the most genuine self-respect; Addison and Milton were the literary oracles; hospitality was too instinctive and habitual to rank as a virtue; abundant game and fruits, and universal thrift, with comfortable domiciles and ample domains, equalized the gifts of fortune; an honest chivalry of sentiment, choice though limited reading, the right kind of family pride, and no casual interest in the songs and sermons of the day, gave a refinement to minds and manners thus developed in a secluded region, where truth and individuality of character were fostered by the fireside and around the porch; the fairest scenes of nature appealed to the imagination; the most candid social intercourse elicited the affections; and even negro slavery became contented domestic servitude, patriarchal in its household comfort and loyalty. As the capital of the state, Albany, at a later period, gathered a select and honored circle of eminent lawyers, statesmen, and divines; and boasted more aristocratic families than any town of its size in the Union. The eloquence and acumen exhibited in the courts, the wit of the banquets, the intelligent conversation, and the deference to mental superiority, are traditional features of those times. Arguments are yet cited by venerable barristers, memorable sayings, original characters, the zest of a new *Waverley* novel, and the discussion incident to a fresh Bonaparte victory, live in the reminiscences of a few who

survive that dignified and brilliant society; and nowhere in the country is evident more of the exclusiveness of a proud lineage than among its descendants. All the famous names associated with great landed estates in New York, with colonial distinction and revolutionary statesmanship, are identified with that old city.

A few superior professional men, and, in the winter, some eminent officials, still give a certain intellectual life to the place. The Rev. Dr. Sprague, with his urbane and reminiscent conversation, and most interesting collection of autographs, may charm away an evening, spared from parochial duties and the labor he so constantly bestows on a large biographical work, devoted to the American clergy of past generations; and at the state Library may be found, ever at his post, the guardian of its treasury of wisdom, the Flemish limner, in verse, of native scenery—Alfred B. Street. To the visitor of the present day, Albany, however, with these exceptions, offers little to distinguish it from other flourishing inland cities, save an influential political journalist, and some notable wire-pullers in the arcana of faction. With difficulty one finds a Dutch house, with quaint gables and broad stoop. A few old-fashioned mansions, however, with spacious front inclosure, where umbrageous shrubs and fine elms remind us of the rural aspect of the ancient settlement, and some lingering customs and celebrated names, are eloquent of the past.

But the bustle of a mart, and the confusion of a railway dépôt, are more obvious to the passing traveler. It was, therefore, with little anticipation of so delightful a surprise, that I strolled forth to beguile two hours of a summer afternoon at Albany, while awaiting the

train, and under the wing of the capitol discovered the studio of a sculptor, whose achievements and history are equally remarkable. Indeed, the mere fact that, by patient devotion to his art in his native state, without the least attempt to conciliate public favor, or the usual eagerness to study abroad, as the indispensable means of success at home, struck me as no common evidence of self-reliance. The commodious atelier and dwelling-house—fruits of his professional labors—plainly indicate that they have been successful, even according to the external American standard; but still more impressive is the fact that, brief as his career has been, and unaided by foreign and conventional appliances as has been his culture, a high ideal, a progressive taste, the most individual conceptions, and an execution scrupulous in its refinements, are Palmer's normal characteristics.

I had scarcely crossed the threshold of Palmer's studio, when it seemed, as if by some magical process, Albany was transformed to Florence. The huge blocks of marble at the door, the workmen in the lower rooms engaged in blocking out from the same material the plaster-casts before them; a young man, of artistic look, giving the finishing touches to a child's statue; above, the clay model on which the sculptor—dressed in a blouse and cap, exactly like those Greenough and Powers used to wear—was intent, his height and air, as well as occupation, adding to the resemblance—made the scene a counterpart of those so often encountered in Italy: while the entrance of one of the artist's young daughters, with dark hair and eyes, and a broad hat of Tuscan pattern, enhanced the illusion. The building and its arrangements were more like a studio, as that term is understood at Rome, than any edifice I had seen in this country; the method, order, and activity, the reproduction of favorite heads, and the different apartments each process approximately occupied, gave the impression of the art of statuary, pursued as a regular and lucrative business, for which the visitor is unprepared. To learn the antecedents of such an efficient and isolated votary becomes a natural desire; and the incidents of the sculptor's life are not less illustrative of the triumph of a native aptitude than of the success which is certain to attend merit in a free land.

The first work in marble that excited high anticipations of Palmer's future triumphs in sculpture, was a head known as the *Infant Ceres*. It was modeled from one of his young children—a lovely girl—and idealized with strict regard to nature as a basis. The exquisite contour and sublimated infantile expression of this bust attracted a crowd of delighted gazers at the N. Y. Academy Exhibition: the conception proved a remarkable eye for beauty, while the finish indicated an exactitude and refinement of chiseling. Next came two bas-reliefs representing the *Morning* and *Evening Star*, in the form of two beautiful winged heads, one with drooping, and the other with intent eyes; and soon after he produced the "*Spirit's Flight*," in similar style, but of yet higher poetic significance. The mother looks earnestly upon the cross, and the child is full of graceful simplicity—two ideal busts of such lovely impressiveness that they seem conceived in the trance of beauty which wraps an enamored soul—such a personification of the chaste and tender attributes of grace and thought in woman's face as cling to memory and haunt imagination. There are two distinct species of artistic forms—one that instructs us in the difficulties and inspires us with admiration of creative genius. We deem the hour thenceforth memorable when it was first our lot to behold them. They constitute a standard of taste, embody a whole formula in the philosophy of the beautiful and the grand, and serve as landmarks in æsthetic experience: but we no more think of appropriating them, or desire to render the sensations they awaken permanent, than we wish to linger forever on a beach, enjoy a monopoly of the sunset, or have a waterfall at our threshold. Such are the *Last Judgment* of Michael Angelo, the more elaborate miracles of color bequeathed by Titian and Rubens, the Cathedral wonders of England, the Sphinx, the Campanile of Brunelleschi, and other monuments, whose interest, however powerful, is enshrined in local, historical, or rare associations: they are sublime generalizations or specific exemplars, invaluable, unique, and broadly suggestive. Another class of works have an endearing individuality. We love them, as Desdemona did the Moor, "to live with them;" and would fain look upon them in the familiar admira-

tion of constant sympathy: like Wordsworth's true woman, though of surpassing charms, they

"Are not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food."

The first order of art is as a sacred temple, into which we would reverently enter in an exalted mood; the other appeals so directly to the heart, as well as the imagination, that our instinctive desire is, to make of its works our household gods. Of this latter kind are the ideal busts of "Resignation" and "Spring;" rife, the one with womanly, and the other with maiden traits. There is superinduced upon, or rather interfused with these, in the first instance, an expression of subdued happiness, divine trust, and latent hope—which is the Christian idea of resignation—a holy consciousness that all is well, a spiritual insight which charms the heart that we yet can see has bowed to sorrow; and this feeling kindles features in themselves so pure and lovely, yet so human and feminine, that consummate beauty seems to overflow with the sentiment of the patriarch—"it is good for me that I have been afflicted." "Spring," on the other hand, is the sweetest type of maidenhood; the gentle swell of the child-like bosom, the delicate, fresh lips parted, as if about to utter some accent of love and promise, the girlish head rounded with a grace, half of sprightliness, and half of expanding nature, and the wreath of grass, not ripe and full, but at the moment when the blade is about to merge into a head—all this embodies the language of that mysterious and enchanting season when the embryo forces of earth and air stir with the bursting life of rejuvenated elements. The only example of an entire figure yet modeled by Palmer, is the "Indian Girl." The design is equally felicitous for simplicity and invention. An aboriginal maiden is supposed to be wandering in the forest in search of stray feathers to decorate her person, when she discovers one of the little crosses placed here and there in the wilderness, by the early missionaries, as symbols of the faith to which they endeavored to convert the savage tribes. As she looks upon the hallowed emblem, the divine story of Jesus recurs to her mind, and awakens emotions of awe and tenderness; the religious sentiment thus accidentally

roused, lures her into a reverie: the crucifix is held before her downcast eyes in the palm of her right hand; in her left, with grasp unnerved by this abstracted mood, rest, rather than are held, the plumes already gathered; the unconscious attitude, the fixed gaze, and the musing air betoken her absorbed and pre-occupied mind; the expression of the face is pensive and thoughtful; the deckings of vanity are evidently forgotten in the predominance of an "idea dearer than self." It is a single figure, but it tells a comprehensive story—the dawn of Christianity upon savage life—the first glimmer of divine truth upon an untamed and ignorant, but thoroughly human soul. Such is the allegorical lesson of the statue; but attention is, ere long, diverted from the myth, truly as it is embodied, to the details of the execution; and, herein, Palmer's success is not less remarkable. Perhaps a better torso was never modeled in this country—it is a keen pleasure to an intelligent lover of nature to trace the sculptor's hand in the truest undulations of surface, the most correct and mobile distribution of muscle, and the almost breathing convolutions of the form—each line and curve, each indentation and swell has the chaste expressiveness of nature. An eye of singular correctness, and a touch of rare facility and temper, could alone have reproduced—not merely the form of humanity, but—what a genuine artist will understand—the humanity of form. It is needless to say, that a result like this could never have been attained, except by the aid of careful studies from life; and the artist may count it among his other fortunate or, we prefer to say, providential advantages, that, in this country, he was enabled to profit by a living model of such admirable proportions. In the face he has carefully followed the aboriginal type; it is Indian in feature and genus—but, in accordance with his invariable principle, the details are refined upon, so as to combine truth to the general facts with an artistic and consistent idealization. The back of this statue, alone, is a charming study, anatomically and artistically; the right arm, so abstractedly pendent, so gracefully wrought, the feet, and the bosom, challenge scientific scrutiny, while they allure the worshiper of beauty.

From this work turn to one of the artist's portrait-busts—of which there are

several in an adjoining room—that, for instance, of Erastus Corning. Instantly there is a positive revelation of character; the brow, alive with practical energy; the mouth, remarkably beautiful in itself, expresses clearly benignity and firmness, exquisitely blended; how uncommon the degree and precision of expressiveness in the eye, peculiarly natural, from the shadow cast by the lid—twice the size of nature—but in marble, giving the effect of the absent lashes by a similar amount of shadow: the finish is so exactly like a fleshy surface, that the hard stone loses its apparent density and glint; it not only has the flexible appearance of life, but that of the skin of a man of sixty. In each product of his chisel around us, somewhat of these merits is discernable; here is a boy's foot which looks warm with life, so vital is its shape and surface; there is a mortuary tablet—merely a sad face, but the very folds of the cap are eloquent of death.

It is this absolute fidelity to the essential in nature, combined with a peculiar feeling for beauty in her absolute relations, that gives to Palmer's executive skill a meaning and a value of its own. He not only has the language of art, but something always genuine to say in that divine vocabulary. In conversation, I elicited a few of the elements of the faith that is in him, enough to confirm the inference unavoidable from his works—that no lucky accident ushered him on the way of progressive excellence, but the faithful exercise of his intelligence, inspired by an instinctive love of beauty. In the first place, he is repelled by the mannerism engendered by too gregarious a life among the votaries of art; he is wisely jealous of academic conventionality; he believes the aim and origin of art to be, in the last analysis, spiritual, and, therefore, to be mainly sought in the individual study of nature, and interpretation of her principles; he relies more upon unhampered observation and earnest feeling, more upon consciousness, than prescription. He asserts what is apparently paradoxical, but literally true; that, in order to make a good likeness, we must deviate from nature. He repudiates absolute imitation, and recognizes in art the truth, that it is not her function to *copy* but to *represent*, and in order to do this, *effects*, not literal imitation, must

be the aim. In the instance already referred to, for example, it is requisite to make the eye-lid, in marble, larger than in life, in order to make up for the absence of the lashes, which cannot be represented otherwise; and so in regard to the hair—its texture cannot be imitated in stone, but the effect of it, and an appropriate arrangement, will secure the desired result. To carry out what nature hints, to give her obvious intention by seizing the best characteristic expression, the better moments, the soulful mood—what the individual face indicates, but rarely expresses—is his great object. And is not this, in point of fact, the true interpretation that art owes to nature? Is not the soft light in the eye, the dimple born of sympathetic smiles, the expanding nostril under noble excitement, the kindling look, the heart-born glow—what we really see, recall, cherish, and so identify with those we love, that the bust or picture, that conveys none of these attributes of the soul's proper individuality, is to us but a meaningless effigy?

There is a little wooden house, almost lost to view amid its more ostentatious neighbors, in the handsome avenue at Utica, called Genesee street, which was built, a few years ago, by Erastus Palmer, a thrifty young carpenter. When he put the last touches to his modest but comfortable domicile—the work of his own hands, and the fruit of long and patient industry—he doubtless felt a glow of honest pride, and a consciousness of material advancement, so often the reward of the American mechanic, and usually better earned, and more worthily enjoyed, than by any other class of our people. In the basement of this humble dwelling, and during the intervals of his regular toil as a joiner, Palmer, incited by the sight of a cameo portrait he saw, and prompted by a constructive talent, already exhibited by ingenious carvings on wood, essayed, with a bit of shell and a file, to execute a similar head of his wife; never having witnessed the delicate process, his work was purely experimental, yet he undertook it with singular zest, though with many misgivings. As he wrought at this, in a double sense, real labor of love, and subsequently contemplated the result, the impulse to a higher sphere than had yet occupied his mind began to stir within him; but his ability was not less marked than the self-distrust which

usually accompanies genuine merit, and he longed to test his aptitude for such work by the judgment of one of taste, knowledge, and experience. Fortunately, in his immediate neighborhood resided a gentleman—one of those rare exceptions to the mere utilitarian character of our professional men—who loved art for its own sake, was familiar with its history and memorable trophies, and honored it as a career with the true enthusiasm of a disciple of the beautiful. To him Palmer determined to submit his cameo: it was a momentous interview for the neophyte; his aspirations might be checked by indifference; his consciousness of a vocation for art set forever aside, if unrecognized by one he believed could speak on the subject with authority. "I was sitting in my office," says this gentleman, "one summer afternoon, when there entered a tall man, whom I remembered as an honest and industrious mechanic of the town; his dress betokened his occupation, his manner was unassuming, and his expression somewhat anxious. He told me he had understood I was acquainted with 'such things,' diffidently exhibiting his cameo, and desired to know what I thought of this. I took it from his hand, turned it to the light, and carefully examined the outline and finish: little did I then realize the earnest feelings which agitated this new species of client; my surprise and delight were immediate. 'This,' said I, 'is beautiful; you have extraordinary talent.' Hearing no response, I looked from the exquisite medallion to the artist's face, and saw the tears of gratified sympathy in his eyes."

Thenceforth this noble lover of genius became the warm friend of the future sculptor: the latter's next effort was a likeness, in the same style, of one who had so seasonably encouraged him; and this served to make his skill public. For two years he was constantly and profitably engaged in a department of art in which successful portraiture is scarce. I have seen many of the best originals and plaster copies of nearly all of these heads, and for fidelity of resemblance, nicety of execution, and picturesque arrangement, they are the most pleasing specimens imaginable of one of the most difficult and beautiful spheres of artistic labor. Some of them are perfect gems, and far more satisfactory than most of the cameo portraits

for which travelers pay such exorbitant prices at Rome. The cutting is bold, distinct, unevasive; a masterly air is evident at a glance, and it seems marvelous that a hand, previously habituated to the coarser efforts of the joiner, could, in so brief a space, acquire facility in our most delicate workmanship. From shell-cutting to basso-relievo in clay is a natural transition; but the consistent zeal of Palmer might have long confined him to the limited range of his earliest success, had not the details of the work seriously affected his eyes. After a somewhat unprosperous sojourn in New York, he returned to Utica, with his sight much weakened, and his spirits depressed, from a conviction that this infirmity would compel him to abandon the new and elevated life of art for his old mechanical employment, as the only available means to support his family. On this occasion he had recourse to the same loyal friend who first urged him on the career he loved, and he proved again a faithful counselor—citing the remark of an experienced artist, to whom he stated the case: "This is providential; he will now model in clay, and achieve wonders." And so it proved. With the "Infant Ceres," he fairly began the pursuit of a sculptor, and with it, a methodical course of self-education. Having been at school but six months in his life, he began, with his intelligence quickened in every direction by the associations of his present employment, keenly to feel the want of early advantages; and, with characteristic energy, to atone for the deficiency by every means in his power. His evenings were devoted to study; he profited by the counsel and the discourse of eminent men, who interested themselves in his welfare; and for many hours, daily, his wife read aloud to him the best English authors. It is marvelous how loyalty to one source of truth opens avenues to all others; how earnestness in a single aim intensifies and widens the general intelligence; and as our artist has progressed in his special occupation, his ideas on all subjects have multiplied, his knowledge of beauty under all forms has deepened, his vocabulary, faculty of acquisition, and whole mental and moral discipline have steadily advanced.

In one of those rural homesteads, which proved the fruitful nursery of

our first race of patriots, where neither luxury enervates, nor want harasses, with nature around, faith within, and honest toil the only condition of unambitious prosperity, Palmer first saw the light. The farm-house stood in the midst of an orchard, with a brook in the rear and meadows in front; within the fertile borders of Onondaga county, about nine miles from Syracuse. It was surrounded by woods; and the rustic boyhood of the future artist was familiar, at home and under the adjacent roofs of both his grand-parents, with reminiscences of wolves and panthers that hung around the new settlement. On the broad clearing upon which his eyes opened, however, rosy apples and russet pears, waving grain, and a tall butternut tree gave assurance of peace and plenty, and the local features of the domain have since undergone little change. A rib of pork, suspended by a cord to roast before the hickory fire, was the usual signal of a good dinner. He remembers a famous wheat crop, and the huge straw rick, that he and his brother carefully excavated into a symmetrical dome, where their childish treasures were secreted, and they played hermits—finding the impromptu thatched cottage, in summer, a cool retreat, and in winter a warm domicile. His first adventure was to catch a woodpecker asleep on a rail in the hush of early morning; and his first grief to see its head chopped off. One day he came home, in a flush of joyful excitement, with a beautiful autumnal oak-leaf. The pleasure it gave was the dawn of that love of beauty and delight in natural forms, that prophecies the instinct for art; and, inspired by this feeling, he carved its outline and veins on a bit of wood with great exactitude. The anecdote is as significant as Audubon's rapture over the bird's nest he found when a child, amid the grass, and rudely copied from memory. The neighborhood of his birth-place is associated with one of those domestic tragedies which become local traditions, and are often embodied by poetry and romance. Near by lived a fair lunatic, whose harmless life and melancholy fate made her a favorite guest in every dwelling. Her loveliness won an admirer unworthy of her affection, who, within a few months of the wedding-day, clandestinely transferred his plighted faith to the sister of his betrothed; absenting

himself on pretence of business, he only returned on the appointed day of the bridal, and, without a word of explanation, married his new love. The shock benumbed the consciousness of the poor victim, and she fell, in her wedding-robe, to the earth, insensible, and only recovered with reason overthrown. "Crazy Lucy" thenceforth roamed from house to house, the welcome recipient of shelter and food, coming and going, a privileged wanderer; sometimes seated under a tree patching gay-colored shreds, in fantastic array, on her humble dress, and sometimes combing her luxuriant tresses—as if in preparation for the marriage rite. Her gentleness and calamity gained for her universal respect and sympathy; and the rudest swain feared to molest the deserted bride. Fifteen years after the catastrophe, one morning, she awoke in her right mind; during the interval she had been unconscious of the flight of time, and her first thought now was, that of the day when her intelligence was eclipsed; she started with anguish at the sight of her hand, now wrinkled and old—and soon remembered her sudden abandonment and the treachery of those she loved. There was, however, no lapse of intellect; but the arrow, so long blunted by delusion, was now barbed; she lingered tranquilly awhile, and then passed away.

In the freshness of his youth Palmer left these scenes, according to the prevalent impulse of the country, to exercise his mechanical skill more profitably at a distance from home. He had always handled tools with facility, and excelled as a carpenter. When nine years old, he had made a little saw-mill, which was the wonder of the village; at twelve, he had no superior in the vicinity, as a constructor of window-sashes, and many a wooden horse of his juvenile manufacture excited the admiration of his comrades, and became the ornament of their shelves. When seventeen, he left the beautiful agricultural district, in company with two young men, to visit the far west, as the limits of his native state were then deemed. The journey was to be performed on foot, but his companions, ere long, manifested a want of independence, sadly at variance with the extravagant hopes they cherished. Although resolved, as they declared, to return in their carriages, they yet proposed to save the small sum appropri-

ated to the expenses of the march, by asking for lodging and food on the way. Palmer, whose manliness revolted at this want of self-respect, could not believe them in earnest, until, on the second noon of their pilgrimage, one actually demanded refreshment at a wayside farm. He then expressed his opinion of this needless sacrifice of self-respect, and hastened onward alone.

At nightfall he realized the truth of the homely proverb, that "Heaven always helps those who help themselves." Ashamed of such spiritless friends at the very outset of life's struggle, he trudged rapidly away from them, and at evening reached a little inn, where he called for his supper. As he sat by the fire, another traveler entered—a hale old farmer—who, having refreshed himself, began a conversation with the youth, and, learning his destination, urged him to accept a seat in his wagon, as their roads were the same. This incident made a great impression upon the young adventurer, and he regarded it as providential. The rest of the long journey to Dunkirk was performed without fatigue, and in comfort.

In the steady pursuit of his calling, he remained there more than six years, always in receipt of good wages, and then established himself nearer home, at the town of Amsterdam, now on the track of the Central Rail-road. There he also found constant and lucrative employment, some of the substantial results of which are yet visible, which he has the honest pride to designate as landmarks of a career wherein the skillful mechanic rose to the consummate artist. Ability in the former vocation has been a constant benefit. He recently invented a measure, that facilitates, greatly, the purposes of his art, and refused to secure a patent, that the instrument might be freely used by artists. In this village he partook of the hearty recreations of Dutch pastime, and attended many a "fuddle," such as colonial annalists have recorded, and Irving has snatched from oblivion in his *Knickerbocker Legends*. A board laid across an empty barrel, to hold the fiddler's legs, and thus economize room for the dancers, served as an orchestra. "Lead out your heifer" was the Dutch signal for a rustic dance; and many a buxom lass kept up the sport from sun-

set to dawn, without a sign of weariness. Here Palmer married a farmer's daughter, and soon after removed to Utica, where he was specially occupied in the more artistic labors of his trade, and his services were in constant demand, when an original stove-pattern, or an elaborate stair-case was required. The manner in which he emerged from this sphere to that of pure art, has been already traced; and it is worthy of remark, that while the same habits of application and integrity have marked his subsequent life, the spirit in which he has worked has never ceased to be as true to modesty as to aspiration. He could afford to remain silent when a complacent foreign amateur, visiting his studio, called his noblest efforts "pretty," and took it for granted he had never heard of Canova. "He has never been abroad," remarked a gentleman at Florence to Powers, when showing him a daguerreotype of one of Palmer's works. "He never need to come," replied the artist. So profound, indeed, is his sense of the ideal, that the remarkable success already obtained, instead of causing elation, has but awakened more thoroughly his artistic conscience. He feels like one to whom, by virtue of certain endowments, has been intrusted a great mission; he is oppressed with a consciousness of the spiritual authority of art; and while this faith acts as a high inspiration, it also creates a feeling of responsibility—an earnest desire to be true to exalted requirements. This is the test of the artist, in the legitimate meaning of the term. It is the view always cherished by those whose skill and purpose transcend the mechanical and the imitative. It is the best pledge of progressive achievement, the sanction that distinguishes genius from talent. It isolates the mind wherein it lives from vulgar praise and mercenary ends; it engenders a self-imposed criticism, more severe than any public ordeal; it consecrates the soul to the worship of beauty, as the manifestation of truth; it implies an inward thirst, which fame cannot slake, and a calling, too high to be diverted by any material compensation; and it is because we have found this spirit in a native, self-taught sculptor, that we have endeavored thus, with sympathetic greeting, to bid him God speed!

A TALK ABOUT POPULAR SONGS.

"National poetry must be shallow or become such, which rests not on what is most universally human, namely, the historic events of peoples and their leaders, when both agree in one cause. * * Every nation, if it would be worth anything, must possess an epopee; to which the precise form of the epic is not necessary."—GUTHRE (*Wahrheit und Dichtung*).

"Motions and means, by sea and land at war
With old poetic feeling."—WORDSWORTH.

THIS is usually a brilliant and a taking magazine theme, and many brilliant papers are written upon it. But here, we do not mean to sparkle at all; intending merely to discuss the matter in a philosophic and perhaps rambling manner, without giving way to the temptations which lie along the path of such a flowery disquisition. Indeed, our peculiar ideas on the subject will not allow us to do otherwise; for the popular songs we mean do not lie very much among the lofty Pindarics, or the more polished fragments of lyric verse. Popular songs, and that high style of poetry, are two very different things—such as they have been for a very long period of time; and the dignity and influence of the former, which were never greater than in the old states of Greece, their isles and colonies, seem to us to have only diminished in the progress of civilization, and to be just now less than ever they were. The older the world has grown, in fact, and the more it has improved itself in general—we refer, of course, to those nations, the history and literature of which are most familiar with our ideas—the more it has appeared to forget the old poetic feelings of the people. The older generations had ten times the spirituality that belongs to the world at present; a curious thing to say, but a true one. The reason is, the world has grown wiser than it was. It has less of the ignorance, idleness, and superstition, in which the men of those by-gone days felt their thoughts grow into fear, and wonder, and worship—that is to say, into the ways of reverie and song. The spirituality of the world, at present—religion apart—is confined to those cliques of theorists who seek solutions of the eternal enigma, and others of the poetic school, who hear harmonies, and clasp the mountain in the mind's embrace. But we have an idea that much of this modern rapture, which spiritualizes nature in a style unknown to the preceding ages of poetry, is a mere jargon, imitated from Wordsworth, Shelley,

and the more genuine thinkers. Deep thought and poetic feeling were more equally shared by all classes formerly, and the aggregate of these was then much greater than it is now. Our spiritual poets are apt to follow a spiritual *façon de parler*, though the great majority of them may have no more spirituality than any of the rest of us, reader. For the rest, we would ask: Is there one of the present age, in town or country, afraid of a ghost? Not one, indeed; and the smallest laddie in the school will take a *vizzy* at you, if you talk to him of fairies or goblins. Ah, we must quote softly to ourselves, once more (what the reader may skip, if he pleases), the somewhat hackneyed lines of Schiller-Coleridge:—

"The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale or piny mountain,
By forest, or slow stream or pearly spring,
Or chasms, or watery depths—all these have
vanished,
And live no longer in the faith of reason."

No doubt, all are gone—either to yon starry world, or the Red Sea—which last, by the by, will soon be no place of repose for any quietly disposed supernatural, after the great railroad and canal of Suez shall have made it a highway of the world's intercourse, and vexed its depths with ten thousand keels, paddles, and screws. The world, we repeat, has certainly grown wiser, in chemistry, and goes at a far greater rate per hour, from one place to another; but, in the matter of that spirituality we speak of, as connected with the love and enjoyment of music, and the amenities of poetry, it has rather grown deficient than advanced; so that we must look back somewhat for the genuine popular songs of our theme, and the influence belonging to them. Such songs are, of course, things which are, or should be, sung by the masses of the people, which express all their sentiments and feelings, and, conse-

quently rank high among their solaces and enjoyments. In the present state of society and literature, we do not see anything of the kind very distinctly.

Glancing backward, therefore—and, when we discuss the genial subject of poetry, we always do glance backward—we perceive that, in those simpler ages when music and verse formed parts of the laws and public worship, the national songs were necessarily popular, and the choruses and psalms of Miriam, Deborah, David, and others among the Hebrews, were also those of that people, in war or peace. David's *In Memoriam* for Jonathan must have been sung in their households and fields, and not without tears, for many a day, while the verses of the Song of Solomon would be among their lyric enjoyments in their most genial hours.

In the republic of Greece we find, still more clearly and numerously, the general influence and importance of the people's songs. Within their several restricted limits, the inhabitants of that bright clime of battle and of song were all more or less connected with the government and religious services of the state, and the number of their games and festivals, celebrated with all the grace and pomp of music, made them familiar with the efforts of their poets—makers of the airs and choruses of their country. For this reason, in the earlier ages of those little states, popular songs and the poetry of the nation were the same. Homer was a singer of the people, and his themes were such as, in all ages, are the surest to win their ears and sympathies—those of adventure by sea and land, war, and the great pitched battles; and after him came the Cyclic poets, who still harped on the subjects of their great precursor—the siege of Troy, and all the achievement and mythology that belong to it—and who got their name from the habit of always writing and singing “about it and about it,” in a circle, as it were, with their Thebais, Epigoniads, Cyprias, Little Iliads, Nostis, and so forth. And then, when the voices of poetry were more variously heard among the Hellenic races—the people still understood and appreciated them; the Elegies, Iambics, Strophes, Epodes, Nomes, Threnodies, Mimes, Symposiasts, Scolia, Erotics, Hymeneals, Epinicia, the Goat songs, the jolly Dithyrambs, and clear Pæans, and that grand anapestic military march, on

the flutes, to which the calm Spartan line stepped into action—the song of Castor, the Dorian demigod—all these, we say, the people knew as well as the poets and polemarchs themselves; and the flute or harp airs, in the gay, satiric songs of Simonides, Arion, Tyrtæus, Alcæus and the rest, were as popular—in their respective states, at least—as those of Robert Burns among his countrymen of Scotland. Even the Spartans, who have had such a name for black broth and general austerity, were so addicted to tunes and choruses, that when, in the Messenian war, they asked assistance of the Athenians, and the latter people (who never could resist a joke, and whose jest on the mulberry face of Sylla cost them so dear) sent them a singer with his *phorminx*, those simple Dorians made much of him, and in the end said he was as good to them as a regiment of *hoplitai*—he roused them all up with his music so spiritedly.

That was, indeed, the finest age of poetry—an age in which the old tetrachord of Homer became the seven-chorded lyre of Terpander; poetry meant something then. It was “a true thing”—to use the words of poor Audrey, in *As You Like It*—and, either in the Dorian, Phrygian, or Lydian styles of harmony, modulated the war and worship, the labor and joyous leisure of the whole community. But in process of time a distinction grew up, and the songs of the people became different from the metres of the poets; though their social and political education still left them fully competent to appreciate the best things brought out in the modes of their lyric bards, and to modulate in their homes and workshops the melodies that might particularly strike their fancies. The track of those bards is, as everybody knows, a bright and classic one; but it would be more to our purpose to ramble into the more uncertain ways leading us among the people's own airs and choruses, seeing that everything coming from that genuine source has a raciness and originality which seldom or never belong to the more dignified order of poetic expression. It is to be regretted, however, that the latter are so fragmentary and so few. The people, as we have said, were capable of enjoying much of the higher order of poetry, and there were among the symposiasts, epigrams, and *scolia* of the wealthier classes, many melodies that made them-

selves popular with mechanics, soldiers, and husbandmen. Enjoying their chief meals, with thanks to the generous gods, the Greeks sat leisurely at table—*sat*, in the manlier early times, before the Persian fashions came up—and were accustomed to cheer their banquets with wine-songs of various names, and, among them, the *scolia*—verses having something of the meaning of our “sentiments,” and these the feasters sung in succession, each holding, during the singing of his stanza (made extempore or chosen from some poet), a sprig of myrtle or a lyre, which he gave in turn to the man he was pleased to knock down for the next song. One of these *scolia*, as Athenæus tells us, was the famous song of Harmodius—“I will bear my sword in myrtles”—another, the song of Hybrias of Crete, in which a burly palikar of the old stock says: “My chief property is a spear and a sword and my body’s defense, a leather-covered buckler,” *et cætera*. These and others were familiar as household words in the mouths of the people—especially “I’ll bear my sword in myrtles”—a cherished melody for ages, in the midst of a people fitted by climate and education to receive the finest impressions of poetry and patriotism.

But we know little of the more genuine order of songs they vocalized after their own fashion. The Spartan *oi polloi*, after having taken part in the graver musical rites, were in the habit of “unbending,” with great license and extravagance, in their *hyporchematic* dances and choruses, where satyrs capered and gesticulated, old men reeled about on stilts, and men and women alike mimicked and railed at one another and everything else. The Athenians, in the festivals of Bacchus, enjoyed themselves in the same loose, dithyrambic way. In such amusements, which were common all over Greece, the people would exhibit their genuine feelings, and chant their own minstrelsy. But all this old comedy is lost, or was never recorded. Fragments, however, of the Greek popular song, have come down to us. One of the oldest of them is a “Mill-song”—such as, from its subject, must have been among the most ancient in all countries. The refrain of a Mitylænean song was:

“Grind, mill, grind!
For King Pittacus
This mill of Mitylene grinds!”

The allusion to the king being, no doubt, grafted, by order, on the old island formula. It is remarkable, that when Priest Ball, the English *sans culotte* of the time of Henry VI. (the author, says Stowe, of the red republican couplet—

“When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?”)

went about exciting rebellion, he circulated notices, formed partly by himself, on the mill-songs, or mill-work of the country, such as would best come home to their ideas and interests. There are other Greek instances, presenting a curious resemblance to modern popular customs. There were several chants sung by people who went about, at seasons, soliciting gifts at the doors of the more wealthy sort—to wit, the Song of the Swallow, the Song of the Crow, the Wool-chaplet, and the Song of the Field-fares. These were originally sung by the mendicants of the community, who, like the gaberlunzies and bedesmen of Scotland and England, had a regular license to beg; but afterwards the boys and youths took up the game, and went from door to door, the jolly beggars of their day. The song of the swallow was sung in spring, on the first appearance of that bird:

“Here comes, here comes the swallow!
With happy hours and seasons bright,
Her head so black and her breast so white,
And we bring her with chant and hollo!
Out of your houses hand a dole—
A bunch of figs or wine in a bowl,
Some wheaten meal, or what you please,
A barley-cake or a slice of cheese!”

Then they go on to threaten that, if refused, they will pull down the door and run off with the young wife; declaring they are none of your gray-beards, but gay lads that would do it! There was also the song of the crow, which ran something in this style:

“Worthy masters, here we go!
Some barley or wheat to help the crow,
A loaf, or a handful of salt or so;
For all are welcome to the crow.
Aha! good Plutus is kind to-day,
The sweet little lady comes out with a tray.
The gods reward her, and give her. I pray,
A right good husband, to make her gay,
And a boy, with his grandsire to sport and play.
And a girl, the image of her mother,
To bring her, some day, just such another!”

In the Wool-chaplet Song, persons carried the staff of Apollo round among their neighbors; and the Lay of the

Field-fares, sung in Autumn, was of the same character. These customs have come down to the present day, existing in Scotland, as the Hogmanay chant of the New Year's Eve in some parts of England, in honor of Bishop Blaize, and more remarkably, in Ireland, where, on St. Stephen's day, boys and men carry about a holly-bush with a dead wren in it, singing the Wren Song, and demanding money at the doors. A lay of the swallow is still sung in some districts of modern Greece.

The Greeks had also some gay fancies respecting cranes, frogs, mice, and so forth—a burlesque war of the two latter being attributed to Homer himself. Such fancies appear in the modern popular rhymes, especially of Scotland. The Scots have a ballad showing how a frog goes to court a mouse, and dines with her and her uncle rat; when all three are set upon by a cat. The rat dies; the frog takes to the water, where he is quacked to death by a drake; and the mouse reaches her dwelling, blessing her stars she is so small of size. This resembles the nursery rhyme beginning:

"A frog he would a wooing go,
Heigh ho, says Rowley;
Whether his mother would let him or no,
With my roly, poly," etc.

Some of the oldest of the people's songs were those sung, chiefly in the country parts, on the subject of Linus, one of the traditional youths of many localities, who perished in the flower of their age, and received the melodious pity of succeeding generations—such as Hylas, Bormus, Adonis, or Thammuz, yearly wounded—the latter being he for whom the Hebrew maidens were wont to sit weeping in the chambers of their imagery, after the Oriental custom. The young men generally sung the song of Linus, while the maidens chanted that of "Calycy"—the Flower-bud—lamenting the evanescence of human life, love, and beauty. There were others of a like character, called the Lay of the Maid of Twilight, and the Lay of the Maid of Dawning—laments of unrequited love. The latter maiden goes about the woods, wildly seeking Menalcas, and the burden of her song is:

"Tall grow the woods; wo is me, Menalcas!"

reminding the reader of some of the old *refrains* of our language:

"Lady Isabel sat in her bower sewing;
Aye, as the gowans grow gay."

Those popular songs of the Greeks were extremely light and musical. In the Anthema—Flower-song—on the coming of spring, the return was:

"Where are my roses, where are my violets,
Where is my parsley?
Here are your roses, here are your violets,
And here is your parsley!"

Again—among some of the metrical games of the girls, was one of which we have a verse or two. A maiden, Chelone (Tortoise) sits on the shore, and her companions go about her, singing:

"Tortoise, tortoise in the middle,
What are you about?
'I've got a stock of Miletus' wool,
To card and spin it out.'
'Tortoise, tortoise, your young son,
'Tell us how died he?'
'He jumped from my white horses
Into the deep sea!'"

The foam-crests on the Lake of Killarney, in Ireland, are called "O'Donoghoe's white horses," by the people of the district, showing how true to nature was the old Greek fancy. In another popular chorus of Sparta, the young men exhort one another:—"Forward, lads! haste, haste your steps, and show yourselves more gaily!" a spirited movement, resembling the *tarantella* of Naples.

Athenæus shows that the Greeks were a music-loving people; for he says that the various trades—millers, potters, masons, reapers, herdsmen, armorers, sailors, and all other classes of workers in the community—had their own songs and choruses, which they chanted as they labored. These have not been preserved. But among the small poems attributed to Homer, is one called the Potter's Oven, in which Minerva, patroness of the important fictile art, is implored to bless the batch of earthen-ware then in the furnace. Our modern songs of the Bell, of the Anchor, and of the Ship, have had their originals, no doubt, in the ancient lyrics of the sprightly Greek trades-people. The scraps and remnants alluded to above, as well as others that may be gathered from extant Greek works, show that the popular songs of the Hellenic race must have been of a rare order of grace and fancy, if not of melody; and that the want of them is, at least, as much to be regretted as that

of the more dignified lost poetry of the time; because the former had greater reference to the ideas of the people, their jocoseness and genius, than that framed on the mythologies and traditions of the educated poets. Archilochus, Aristophanes, and others, give a good idea of the free thoughts and ideas of their countrymen, and show that much of the Greek poetry must have died with the common songs they were accustomed to sing.

Coming, by natural transition, to Rome, we find that its literature has preserved little or none of the poetry of the people. Indeed, what has been called the literature of Rome, was not the growth of that soil. The curse of imitation was upon it; and its great misfortune was, that the Greek literature had lived before it, and was partly cotemporary. Rome, inaugurated by filibusters, and the wild right of the strong hand, was long obliged to keep armed watch upon its hills; and fighting and farming were the chief occupations of the *turba Remi* for ages. The two earliest pieces of their poetry extant are, the song of the *Fratres Arvales*—agricultural flamens who blessed their fields—and the *Carmen Saliare*, sung by the leaping priests of Mars round the national bucklers. Still, the custom of popular singing, natural to such a clime, could not be wanting, and the Romans, inspired by the genius of the Etruscans, their more civilized neighbors, used to celebrate in ballads, lyric verses, and military pæans, the heroism of their chiefs and ancestors. These ancient lyrics were afterwards used by Ennius and Fabius Pictor in forming their poetic annals and histories of the city—things which Niebuhr considers a sort of epopee, or string of fictions, and which Macaulay has pretended to give an idea of in his fluent and artistic ballads—showing that no mere force of taste or critical feeling can ever reproduce anything like the genuine old poetry of any simple people.

From the Etruscans the Romans also received the licentious fashion of the Fescennine verses and sports—matters pertaining to human nature, and a happy soil. For near five hundred years the languages and ideas of the neighboring little states of Italy had been growing round Rome, and a native literature was beginning to show itself,

when it came in contact with that of Greece, and its promise was frustrated. People say, the Romans had no poetry, till they took Tarentum, and the other cities of the Greek colony in Italy, and brought the servile Greek writers to the city. But it was then they lost it. The true literature of ancient Rome was changed in the cradle, so to speak; another was put in its place, and it was itself sent to live in the remote country places, on the traditions, manners, customs, jests, sports, games, and festal choruses of the earlier ages. Then tragedies and comedies on foreign models were written in Rome by the great masters (masters in literature and slaves in social degree), Andronicus, and others; but the people did not enjoy them, and wore, therefore, satirized by the plagiarists. Horace tells us, with an air of scorn, how the *plebs* yearned after the old style of things, or at least, a good rousing spectacle with horses and chariots, instead of the elegant imported dramas. Julius Cæsar, and other literary men, tried to reclaim the people's tastes, and wrote a number of amateur plays for the purpose; but it was all in vain. The people thought them very stupid—an opinion in which we are disposed to concur—and still called for the mimes, the horses, chariots, wild beasts, and manly gladiators—which in the end they got and enjoyed—till Alaric came to the gate.

The Roman people had no sympathy with the Roman literature, after the times of Andronicus. From that period, the religious and heroic systems and hereditary inspirations of the people were sneered down by that pantheon of Roman writers we are accustomed to reverence—just as the Lydgates, Chaucers, Blind Harries, Skeltons, and the other old bards and ballad-makers of England, were disparaged by the metaphysical poets, and the vicious and influential school of Dryden, Pope, and the rest, who came after them. Roman literature was a second-hand literature, cultivated by the polished class which may be called the aristocracy of Rome, and, in its poetic and dramatic features, little favored by the masses. In such a literature, we can find few of those flowers of popular song of which we have been talking; though there are passages in some of the Roman poets, full of nature, and the spirit of the clime. We remember one, for instance,

in Ovid, who gives us, in his *Fasti*, the humors of an Italian country festival—a good deal resembling those of a modern fair. On the ides of March the people used to hold a “patron,” in honor of Anna Perenna—a native legend—near the river Numicus, where they had tents of boughs, drank healths, danced, boys and girls together, on the grass, and then went home in the evening, as they might—one of the latest departures being a tipsy old man helped along by a tipsy old woman—singing, doubtless,

“Toddlin’ hame, toddlin’ hame,
Round as a neop, we come toddlin’ hame!”

A fragment of a military song has come down to us, showing the simple character of the lyrics furnished by the popular muse to the soldiers of the Roman army. The air is lost; but it must have been a tremendous kind of chorus, if we may judge by the meaning of it. The word “thousand” was very emphatic and repeated several times together:

“A thousand (6 times) men we’ve slain!
One man slew his thousand;
May he live a thousand (bis) years who slays
a thousand (bis).
No one has more wine than Cæsar sheds
blood!”

All this very natural and suitable to a warrior’s idea of his trade, in all countries: It will be perceived, it is very nearly the *pæan* of those who came to meet Saul and David, returning from battle, “Saul has slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands!”

Stepping over an interval, to the familiar ground of our own language, we shall also find that the greater part of its popular poetry is lost in its literary estimate, and in the end we must come to the conclusion, that the tendencies of the time are opposed to any growth or influence of that poetry—a poetry which shall touch, warm, and excite a people, and be capable of a large influence in society. People are fond of quoting Fletcher of Saltoun’s saying that—give him but the making of a people’s songs, and he would leave the making of the laws to others. But that is a fallacy, and was not founded on a true knowledge of his time. It might, no doubt, have some significance, if applied to the old free days of Greece, when Solon, statesman and song-maker, could get up a chorus against the archons, in the street:

“O, we’ll all go to Salamis,
The Lone Star of Salamis;
We’ll all go to Salamis,
Extending freedom’s area!”

and so bring about the annexation of the island, by sheer lyrical predominance—by a fyttle of singing. It might also have some meaning in those polemic days of the *Homousion* and *Homoiousion*, when Arius and Athanasius shook the world with their dipthong war, and ranged singers, sacred and profane, against one another in the churches and the streets; the former having written a great number of songs, in *oi*, for the trades-people and citizens of Constantinople and other cities; and Chrysostom having written others to out-bawl them, in *o*—a musical uproar without parallel since the time of Babel! Or, it might even pass, in England, in the days of *Cœur de Lion*, when Bishop Longchamp, Lord Chief Justice, used to have minstrels and ballad-makers to sing his praise, and puff him in town and country. But not in Fletcher’s days, nor in ours either. It was a flourish, something like that of the Irish orator, who said, if he had but a free press, in the midst of a despotism—that is, a light burning in a dark room—he would not despair. He would thus bring impossible conditions together. The press, now-a-days, must succumb in the Old World; and popular song, a less robust agency, has little chance or *prestige*. Song was dethroned long before the time of Charles X.—begging Beranger’s pardon—and after it, too, but not in that bard’s sense. Louis Philippe, the law-maker, put down the song-makers, and the hurricane minstrelsy of 1848 was overpowered in December 1851. In Germany—the most lyric nation in Europe—there were songs enough, from 1809 to 1816, to do anything in the power of poetry; but the kings silenced them all, proving the truth of Pascal’s saying, that force is the ruler of the world. And, as regards those societies where types and tunes are supposed to be free, there are other causes which operate strongly against the influence claimed for popular song. For men, now-a-days, are so occupied by the industries and novel impulses of material progress, and hasten at such a rate over the highways of the world, that the government of song would not have the force of cobwebs, seeing that the government

of the laws themselves is very often shouldered out of the way, as everybody knows.

We have said, that the poetry of the many in our language is lost, in a great measure: but that is not lamentable; for our peoples, not being such, in the Greek sense, the lyrics which have served their turn, and expressed their ideas, would be hardly worth preserving. This argument, however, applies rather to the Anglo-Saxons of the present day than to their ancestors. In the simpler times of England, Scotland, and Ireland, when the populations were small, their festivals, traditions, and wandering players and singers kept alive a general love of poetry, and inspired their minstrels to compose things which Percy, Ritson, and Bunting would not willingly let die—originating those airs and volatile forms of speech which ripened into popular melodies. In England, the publishers brought out songs and ballads, written by clever men, taught their agents to sing them, sole or in concert, and sent the men, so prepared, to vend them round the country. The strong age of Elizabeth was highly flavored with the minstrelsy of England, and many popular pieces—such as *Fair Rosamond*, and the *Children in the Wood*—were then composed by Johnson, Delony, and others. But a change, which had been operating in the preceding reigns, now showed itself decidedly. The people's poetry was found to be too much addicted to the benches and barrel heads of taverns, and the company of *Autolycus*; and the law put it down, throughout the agricultural and well-policed region of England. The population increased, the decline of feudalism obliged the nobles to dismiss their crowds of servants and buckler-people, and shut up their hospitable halls—where the minnesinger, instead of welcome, could get “a blow on the back with a stone”—and the piping times of the minstrels and their audiences came to an end. The islanders, working more and playing less, grew stupid; and the first poor-law came in, along with the new classic inspiration, to make a great change in the character of English poetry.

English popular minstrelsy, which formerly showed better (as we know by its ballad and lyric remnants) than those of Scotland and Ireland, is now con-

sidered inferior to either. Ireland, of course, comes into this comparison irregularly, seeing that her airs were expressed in a different language; but, as regards the modern phase of her poetry, it is allowed that her melodies, as well as Scotland's, are beyond those of England. It is easier to give reasons for the Irish superiority, than for that of Scotland—seeing that the Scottish airs belong to the Saxon Lowlands and the Borders. But after pondering the influences of climate, along with historic facts, one is inclined to think the difference due, in the first place, to the poorer and more pastoral character of the north—a condition which favors sauntering and thoughtfulness; also, to the communication with Denmark and Norway—lands of runes, eddas, and sagas—and also with France; next, to the debonair character of the Stuart princes, who largely employed their leisure in hearing songs sung, and sometimes composed them, and especially to the establishment of schools all over the country, and the activity of thought following the reformation, leaving the people a more book-reading, independent class than those of England, under their palatines, bishops, and beadles. Three hundred years ago, the Scots had a long list of old songs—gross, gay melodies, which scandalized their Puritan pastors so much, that the latter resolved to give them, at least, good words to the tunes they loved so much, and so foil the Evil One with his own weapons. In 1590, Andro Hart published a number of devout songs to profane airs. One was:

“John come kiss me now,
John come kiss me now,
John come kiss me now,
And make no more ado.

The Lord thy God I am,
That, John, does on thee call!” etc.

Others were of a like absurd character. It is not hard to perceive the effect this battle of the melodies must have had on the canny Scots. What with the devil's songs on one side, and the Lord's songs on the other, their humorous sense of the controversy must have kept music always in their minds, and only the more strongly confirmed the lyric propensities among them. Along with all this, we must take into account the simple vulgate in which the songs were written, making them more attractive and easy of imitation.

The superiority of the Irish airs, over

those of Scotland and England, is, as we have said, generally conceded. The Scottish minstrelsy, though fuller and more numerous in metrical expression than the Irish, and having a more complete and attractive appearance to the general eye, has yet nothing that can be compared, in high musical character, with the best melodies of the sister island. This may be attributed to the distinct nature of the Celtic race—its greater fire and feeling; or it may be particularly attributed to the higher order of its inspiration—chiefly that of sorrow; for sorrow is the strongest inspiration of song. "Sorrow," says Sir James Mackintosh, "seems to be the muse of song; and, from Philomela to Mrs. Tighe, the most plaintive notes are the most melodious." Whatever the cause may be, the acknowledged fact remains; and the old unrivaled melodies of the Irish people have raised Moore to the highest rank of the lyric bards. Conscious that he changed the character of those melodies, he was disposed to contend they were modern and indebted to the floating foreign airs of the last age. Mr. Bunting, on the contrary, argued for the antique dignity of them, believing that the Irish bards and *seannachies*, in castle halls, and the people, at wakes and festivals, possessed full powers of originating them in times long past; and he accused Moore of outtailing and misinterpreting them—just as Ritson, before him, denounced Dr. Arne and Mr. Jackson for a similar offense against the old English airs. Bunting was right. The growth of Irish song was certainly from the mere Irish, among whom its noblest airs are still crooned in the cottages. From the earliest ages minstrels were in the habit of traversing the country, singing its legends, war-feats, and hospitalities; and Sir Philip Sydney, Spenser, and others acknowledge the poetical abilities of that class of men. In the last century, Carolan, his son, Kempson, Fanning, O'Neill, and the rest still practiced the time-honored *clairseach*; and in the agitation and glow of national feeling which preceded and followed the parliamentary independence of 1782, the old Irish bards seemed to have all come back again. In 1792, a grand musical festival of the harpists took place in Belfast, increasing the flushed hopes which had begun to warm the people's thoughts. But those hopes were baffled, and the

harpists have died out as a class; though the national spirit of bardism has shown itself still strong in Ireland, whenever the old baffled hope renews itself there.

Taken altogether, the minstrelsy of the old islands—as printed and recognized—is not that of the masses; it is not what the people sing, when they do sing. We should except the Scottish songs, which are generally sung by the working classes, as well as by those above them—being mostly in the familiar Doric of the country. In England, the standard songs of the nation—those of Sheridan, Campbell, Proctor, and their order—are seldom or never heard among the people; and even in the middle class, a lower sort of lyrics is usually preferred; the "Mariners of England," give place to "We won't go home till morning," and "the Storm" is unheard in the chorus of "Billy Barlow," or some such melody. Dibdin's songs were never favorites with the sailors—who have in general salt-water muses of their own, and tarpanlin airs, smelling of tobacco and grog, and all the rank enjoyments of the fore-castle—songs

"Of Moll and Meg, and strange experiences,"

at New Orleans, Liverpool, Rotterdam, or Shanghai—rough husks of melody, seldom or never receiving the honors of print in any shape. In the English song-books, you will find some of the finest lyrics, poetically speaking, in the world, along with a great number of the Haynes Bayley sentimental order; a numerous mixture of others full of a chirping or grotesque humor, and displaying the peculiar jocularity of the Cockney kind, and accompanying these a plentiful sprinkling of Irish, Scottish, and sea-songs—humor and a jovial good sense seeming, on the whole, to predominate over the pathetic or the fanciful. There is no English air to equal that of the Banks and Braes of Bonny Doon, or the Coolun, or which excites the loving enthusiasm felt by the Irish, and still more by the Scots, when their tunes are struck up. The concert-rooms, singing-saloons and rum-cellars furnish the people of the cities with songs which, coming from such sources, have but a passing popularity among them, while, in the remote districts, the ballads of Chevy Chase, Barbara Allan, and the Children in the Wood, have a feeble and lingering hold on the feelings, for the sake of their traditions. Alto-

gether, it may be safely said, that agriculture, trade, and commerce, and all the motions and means of material progress, have nearly done away with the popular poetry that once existed in England; and, begging pardon of Alexander Smith and the rest, we have an idea that the heroism of the present Crimean warfare will not do very much to restore it. "In countries of wealth," as Sir James Mackintosh says, "the stream of events sweeps away those old remembrances."

As to Moore's songs, the Irish in general do not sing them. The people of the cities and towns, in their singing moments, usually choose others of a more racy order, and many which express the old airs in words different from Moore's. There, and everywhere else, "Rory O'More," the "Bold Soldier Boy," "Widow Machree," and the "Low-backed Car," are heard twice as often as, "Go where glory waits thee," the "Meeting of the Waters," or the "Harp of Tara." The marble halls of the English aristocracy were bad places for anything like Irish inspiration, apparently; and Moore seems to have taken his old airs to make melodies for Anglo-Saxondom, as others took the stones of the old castles to make elegant modern houses—thinking they put them to a very good use, too. His songs have too much refinement, and too little pathos and simple heartiness, to be popularly cherished among his countrymen. The Irish-speaking portion of them do not know his songs, of course. Some time ago, an attempt was made to turn these into the Irish; but the experiment, with his pointed and figurative stanzas, was a failure. The people did not take to the translations—preferring their own rude lyrics, which are as numerous and racy, and, being without rhyme, are as frequently spun out (by tailors, shoemakers, and others) as those of the Italian improvisers—or *were*; for it is likely the popular poetry of Ireland is now pretty well extinguished.

In our own country we do not see that popular song has shared the prosperity of most other things making an abode in it. And the causes for this are not hard to discover. In the first place, men brought with them to the chief English settlement on this seaboard, a hatred of melody, songs, and catches, as little better than snares and lures of the Evil One; while in all the settlements they thought it, of course,

rather the duty of the colonists to dig, build, and fight the Indians, than cultivate the muses. Whence it followed, that the latter received, on the whole, but cold encouragement in the new hemisphere. Subsequently, when our poets began to weave their rhymes, they did so in a mere spirit of imitation; and it is not hard to understand what sort of verses must have been produced by a colonial imitation of what was bad in itself—the cold, classic school of the Georgian century. It was, accordingly, mere British at second-hand; and a glance over our books of collected poetry may, to a critical observer, exhibit the natural results such models and such deference were calculated to produce upon the poetic inspiration of the country. We find, throughout, a great heaviness and monotony of verse—with some exceptions—and little or nothing of that fervid spirit natural to a young and growing democracy—a people victorious in three wars—twice victorious over one of the greatest powers on earth—little of the bold lyric poetry that runs like wildfire through a community, and becomes the music of the people forever. And yet, with those who would make too great a disparagement of all this, we might use the argument of *strategos* Themistocles, who once said that, though he could not make music on the flute, he was capable of governing a great city; and of Charlemagne, who, while he found it difficult to write his own name with a pen, could, nevertheless, either overturn or sustain empires by his genius.

The popular analogies of Greece would lead one to suppose that the influence of lyric poetry may grow strong in this democracy—that, after beating our Persians, we must have our *Æschyluses*, *Pindars*, and so forth. But it must be considered that the circumstances of the people and the world are different from "those ancient." Formerly, music and song were parts of divine worship and patriotism—regulating the peaceful festivals, and the forms of war. They were an expression of civilization. As for us, our civilization has got so many expressions in so many modes, that popular song and melody are no longer needed in the old ways. We have newspapers and books, pulpits, platforms, pictures; and society can be regulated on more prosaic principles. It is to be feared that the com-

mercial influences of the age which suit the literature of newspapers so admirably, are opposed to those slow, stationary habits which form homes, endear localities, gather associations, ripen the deeper thoughts, and thus, by degrees, and with a loving inspiration, produce a poetry autochthonous and born, as it were, of the ground. We want a great many of those conditions belonging to the old cotemporary minstrelsies, such as they are. Our popular song has not had time to grow—for everything of worth must grow—from the thoughtful and fanciful modulations of the people, twining itself, at the same time, round honored names and acts, and fair and cherished localities. The most popular songs, as the reader knows, have a certain charm of *name* and *place*, indicating how they rose; and the effect of the Scottish melodies, in particular, is greatly due to it. Names, indeed, possess that charm in all kinds of poetry, as Milton—master of melodious rhyme—well knew, and proved in his greater poems, where he makes a noble sort of music with a geographical roll-call:

"From Cambalu, seat of Cathayan Khan,
And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
To Pequín of Sinzan kings, and thence
To Agra and Lahor of Great Mogul,
Down to the Golden Chersonese, or where
The Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since
In hispanan," etc.

Burns and Scott well understood how that felicity endears and lights up a melody. A single, simple nomenclature has more power than a general reflexion; and "Lochaber na mair" or "Lord Lennox March" will thrill a Scot more unanswerably than the renown of Bruce. One's native land is very much of an abstract idea. But the names of hills, rivers, forests, battle-fields, touch the feelings, and produce the finest emotions of patriotism.

Our American bards have yet to understand this charm, and identify their streams, vales, hills and hamlets with songs that shall express their loves, hopes, sorrows, and joys—taking care, at the same time, that the names be of the fitting euphony, and not like the *Equotuticum* of Horace, incapable of running in the even road of a lyric verse—by which means they would be sure to acquire some of the *vis viva* and picturesque attraction of the older minstrelsies. But all this requires time,

and a ripening process of thought, which, it is feared, our civilization may not be disposed to afford to the muse of popular song.

"The world seems too much with us, late and soon,
Getting and spending;"

and, in spite of the harmonic example of our German element, our materialism threatens to retard the triumph of our muses.

Our collected poetry, we repeat, furnishes little that the people care to sing; a bookish inspiration runs through it, appealing chiefly to the intellectual. American lyric and ballad literature, before the Revolution, was tame and meagre, and greatly wanting in the most genial inspirations of song—love and wine. At and after that period, the ferment and glow of men's minds produced a change, and lyrics increased in number and spirit. But they were almost all political and patriotic, written in a great degree by Warren, and other thinkers, who were aware that the songs of a people have a certain effect, and so applied themselves to the making of them, as if nothing was wanting to the task but the will. But we do not find in their lyrics anything that young men and maids love to chant, or sentimental toppers troll over a glass. The poetry of these was engaged in the service of the more serious and practical feelings. Franklin wrote a song for the trades—including them all, and spun out into a poem. Glancing along the lyric array, the reader is struck by the form and spirit of Francis Hopkinson's metaphorical song, the "New Roof," and by the dancing Yankee Doodle, a genuine people's air. This last is said to have been first versified by Dr. Shackford, of the British army, in 1755; while Mr. Duyckinck thinks it had a Knickerbocker origin, from the following words, formerly sung, as a friend informed him, by the reapers of Holland:

"Yanker didel, doodle, down,
Didel, doodel, lanter;
Yanke viver, vooover, vown,
Botermilk and tanther."

Reading this over, we are seized—we cannot help it—with a horrible idea that the informant was quizzing Mr. D. That stanza has an extremely discomposing appearance, beyond all doubt.

Among those lyrics of the Revolution,

we find a spirited sailors' song, "America, Commerce, and Freedom," by Susan Rawson; and others, in a Scottish style of simplicity, by Wilson, who, as well as the lady, was foreign-born. As we write, we glance at Mr. Moore's songs and ballads of the Revolution—all in the political mode, and mostly in the hand-gallop, derry-down metre. In some of them we perceive the rules of grammar treated as scurvily as the tea-tax; Priscian and Lord North suffer together. The best song in the sheaf—a volunteer song—is by Archer, an Englishman; and the reader is displeased to find, by internal evidence, that, instead of referring to our people, it was actually made for the agitated family of Great Britons. There is little or no sign of poetry in the volume. One of the New England songs says, respecting Washington:

"And in his soul revives
Great Marlborough's martial fame."

Not Tell's fame, nor Wallace's; but that of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough! Another song, "God save the Thirteen States," is shaped after the King's Anthem. The chorus of one of those revolutionary lyrics is highly expressive of their character in general:

"While our sons, crowned with wealth
immense,
Sing Washington and common sense!"

Two things, take notice, not to be sneezed at, after all, by English, German, French, Muscovite, Spanish, or Danish—by Saxon, Celt, Cymry, Sclavon, or any other of those outerying nationalities about us! But in a talk of popular poetry we may permit ourselves to smile at that singularly solid combination. The song, "Adams and Liberty," by Treat Paine, had a great run and sale; but it was its partisanship on the side of Washington and his high whig school, against Genet and Jefferson, that gave it its celebrity.

Then, as to our later lyrics, we find little that can be called popular, if we except "Home, sweet home," "Woodman spare that tree," and a few others, mostly of that domestic or quiet *Philistine* order, which the gay German *burschen* are in the habit of treating with such scorn. We have no galliard muses—none of the sensual inspirations of older song. Our songs are partly

of the moral and sententious order, embodying just and pathetic thoughts of life, and partly of the intellectually sentimental—an ornate and finished versification. To this belongs the vast mass of our lyric poetry, evermore issuing from the press; full of the marquetry of imitation, and a cool, sparkling arabesque—facile, feeble, and forgot as soon as read, because it has no idiom in it of thought or phrase; none of the raciness which invigorates a sentiment, and makes it generally acknowledged. Our verse, in general, is fine, but flaccid. And it is curious to mark the contrast presented by our rough-and-ready democracy—the head of Loki and the hand of Thor—and the affected little voices of prettiness or trite morality with which it gives utterance to its poetry—a strangely delicate monster, talking fine and small: "Tisne, Tisne!" like Bully Bottom in the play. On the whole, though Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, and one or two more, have written noble and genuine things, our lyric poetry is not of that sort which seizes a people's sympathies, and keeps them.

It must, at the same time, be acknowledged, that we do not give a bard much encouragement to make songs for us. We are a timber-tuned people. And we may observe, in parenthesis, that nearly all the singers of our city churches are foreign-born—Germans, English, and so forth; such is the statement of one who ought to know. We are not given to trilling and quavering. The pioneer in the forest wont sing the song made for him by a young lady; he speculates, with his axe, on the constitution for the territory and the new governor. The wagon-driver in the plains does not chant the fine verses on the "Rolling Prairies," nor even "Wait for the Wagon." He keeps his beard on his shoulder, as the Spaniards say, with a sharp lookout for those devils of Apaches. The digger in ElDorado can't sing, of course, any more than La Fontaine's rich banker, who wonders how the cobbler can quaver away at such a rate. And it is the same all round.

Whittier has written some songs for trades—like Arius, Lorenzo of Florence, Lavater (at the request of the Swiss Cantons), Voss, Franklin, and others; but our mechanics don't take to them. One good reason is, that the happy old guild-spirit does not exist here, where

all avocations and pretensions fluctuate in a sea of equality. The carpenter won't sing a guild-song; he will be an architect presently, or he will read law, or, perhaps, go down to Walker with a chest of pistols, and have a slice of Central America. It is the same generally. The American, in fact, will not rank and fix himself anywhere—but in a military company. *There* he is always proud to be classified. You may call him a soldier at all times, and make songs for him as such. Perhaps it is in consequence of this, that our songs about fighting, by sea or land, are the heartiest we have; and it is with regret we think of the war-lyrics we should have had, if Mr. Halleck had done something for Putnam, Allen, and the home folks, and if Morris had sung more like a republican general—a noble appellation that—bringing Camillus and the Plutarchian fellows, alas! before the mind's eye, as you pronounce the words. The land battles, less picturesque in their nature, are not so much chanted as our ocean engagements and adventures, things for which our people have a strong partiality, proving their true descent in general from the Kempions, Beresarks, and other old salts of the famous Norsey stock. Several of these sea-songs are spirited, such as—

"The Guerriere, a frigate bold
On the foaming ocean rolled,
Commanded by proud Dacree, the grandee O,"
etc.

Another :

"Our country is our ship, d'ye see,
A gallant vessel, too;
And of his fortune proud is he
Who's of the Yankee crew."

And this :

"Yankee sailors have a knack,
Haul away, yo ho, boys!
Of pulling down a British Jack,
'Gainst any odds, you know, boys!"

A few of them, however, are too fine and full of language.

"A sigh for friends now far behind,
A cheer for honor's way,
Three more for majesty of mind,
And freedom's boundless sway!"

Jack never sung or cheered such unseamanlike lingo as this, on sea or shore—he leaves that to the marines. But we meant to philosophize, not to quote what is already familiar. We shall not criticize "Hail Columbia," or the "Star-Spangled Banner;" they have got safe-

ly into their niches. On the whole, it is very apparent our fighters have, in every instance, done better than our writers in the way of popularizing themselves. The former put down the British, the latter imitated them.

But we have a popular poetry, after all—a poetry, really indigenous, and, in a certain degree, racy of the soil; and it is curious enough, that while the Whittiers and white lyrists of the North can do nothing with their songs for the people, those poor serfs they deplore so desperately can give rise to an order of happy melodies, highly attractive to the "many" at home, and making the tour of the world with the applause of the same class abroad. We mean the negro melodies, of course. Many readers will remember the *furor* that attended the progress of *maestro* Rice, some time ago; how his songs took the popular ear everywhere, ran up all manner of streets, and even gave their names to piano-tunes, and little boys' hats; making a *volitare per ora* greater than that of Mr. Forrest and Miss Cushman themselves. Everybody has heard of "Jump, Jim Crow," "Old Dan Tucker," "Sich a gittin' up stairs," "Miss Lucy Long," "Carry me back to ole Virginny," "Jenny, get your hoe-cake done," "Susanna, don't you cry," and so forth. At the present moment, "nigger" melodies are heard more than ever, taking the popular tastes, in the theatres and saloons, beyond the more Japhetic order of minstrelsy there practiced.

All this is remarkable enough, and shows the livelier lyric propensities of the African race, while it also suggests how far more favorable than ours are their conditions of being and thinking, with respect to those melodious results. They are a softer, a more sensuous and vivacious race than we, having the same aptitude for music and verse which belongs to the Italians, and other southern people of the Old World. Then, they live, for the most part, like servants of a family, making themselves at home as much as they can, and never knowing any of the stern cares and speculations that untune the Anglo-Saxon mind. They bound their thoughts to the present, without looking much to the past or the future; and the habits of mind thus formed, under somewhat patriarchal conditions, are favorable to a simple gaiety or pathos, overflowing into song.

The merriment and melody of Sambo were well known at the south, when the northern folks speculated on them and plagiarized them. They plagiarized his dialect, recognizing the comedy and strong effects wrapt up in it—as in the dialects used by Scott, Burns, Carleton, and Haliburton; they actually plagiarized the blackness of his face! The white folks, in fine, plagiarized the negro, body and soul; and the wandering “minstrels” of Christy, and a dozen other companies in our cities, are proofs that they have done a profitable thing.

Mr. Horn, who set some of the songs of General Morris to music, speaks, in his book, of the flexibility, pathos, and harmony of the negro airs, and shows how one of those sung by Rice—“As I was going down shinbone alley”—became the basis of what is considered the best of Morris’s songs—“Near the lake where drooped the willow.” He also shows how the cry of a little New York sweep originated another of the general’s lyrics. Some would consider these rather mean sources of song; disparaging to the pride of intellect. But they rise in the right place—among the people; and it was a merit to recognize them, though the soldier *did* tremble a little at first, we perceive. But we do not praise that sweep song—“northern refrain” we should say. It is Snowball himself who sings; and see what a sigh-away sentimentalist the young villain turns out on our hands!

“Thro’ the streets of New York city,
Blithely every morn,
I caroled o’er my artless ditty,
Cheerily, tho’ forlorn.
Before the rosy light, my lay
Was to the maids begun,
Ere winter’s snow had passed away,
Or smiled the summer’s sun!”

“My artless ditty,” quotha! But we shall not dwell on this matter. We merely put the whole thing to the brigadier’s own conscience, at this present writing.

The north owes its cheerful popular airs and spectacles—its “harmless gayety”—to the south, in a great measure; which is, doubtless, the reason Boston and other places above the line show themselves so loving to those occasional colored visitors who come to them, subterraneously, from that quarter of the republic; and it is from the south we receive the only hope of a native opera

we dare indulge in, amidst our steamships, banks, railways, and telegraphs:

“Fumum et opes stropitumque Romæ.”

Operas and plays may yet come from the south, proving the virtue of a home inspiration, and strongly rebuking the northern fashion of going to seek it in foreign parts. The south may be well satisfied with her national influence. A statistical show may appear against her in Congress—result of some coalition juggling, which the journal at the corner has explained—if you have only been attending; but she has a majority among the people; the balance stands fair in the cheerful feelings of the many, and the Union is safe. After all, there may be something in that Fletcher saying. We must look a little more into it.

The other day, passing by St. Paul’s churchyard, from Broadway, we were, as usual, attracted by the rows of songs and ballads, arranged along a ledge of the wall, in charge of a crowd of pebbles and bits of brick, and guarded by a couple of small foreigners—native lads in general turning their minds to more energetic occupations—and having there and elsewhere made a collection, we carried off about three hundred lyrics of the day—our thoughts on the way home being pretty nearly the present “talk.” On a curious examination of the whole, it was found that about one-third of them were negro melodies, either in their lingo, or on “darkey” subjects, and sung by the “minstrels;” considerably more than another third were in the American style; over thirty were from British song-books; about forty were on Irish themes, and half a dozen had moral or religious words to profane tunes. This will give a rough sort of idea of the lyrical tendencies of the day, taking the people of New York as a fair sample of the rest; it shows that the southern element forms a considerable part of our “harmonicon.”

The negro songs seem mostly to have grown from the slang phrases of the kitchen or cotton field, such as are repeated in the *refrain*, viz.: “Nobody at home but the bull-dog and the baby”—“Pop goes the weasel”—“Clar de kitchen”—“Dar was a frog lived in a spring”—“Jenny get your hoe-cake done.” These and others show the rudiments, as it were, of those melodies

which are, of course, completed in rhyming fashion by "the white folk." As in the south, the negroes imitate their betters, at *soirées*, balls, parties, and so forth; so in their peculiar minstrelsy we find all the feelings and emotions proper to the "white" order of poesy: they have love, and objects of tenderness, hopes, complaints, regrets, romance and deep pathos; and it is a proof of the innate humanity of our population, that they never think of refusing their sympathy to such displays, on the part of the colored folks. The American portion of the bandful was divided between the sentimental and the satiric—the former, however, predominating. It is a law of our nature, that young persons and the uncritical masses are more touched by strong sentiment than comedy. In this respect, there seems a difference between the Londoners and the New Yorkers. The latter have more songs of feeling and pathos than the former—a tinge of "greenness" which tells in favor of our democracy. In this bandful of ours, a taking title, or touching cadence is reproduced three or four times—as in *Wait for the wagon—Bobbin around—Lilly Dale—Few days* (of negro origin)—*Katy Darling—Old dog Tray* (after Campbell's ballad, apparently)—*Vilikens and his Dinah*, etc. Among them are, the *Woodman*, the *Star-spangled Banner*, *Hail Columbia*, the *Fight of Poole and Morrissey*; a couple of them are in ridicule of woman's rights, and over a dozen about "Home" and its pathos—some of these last sung by the dark minstrels. None are composed with reference to government doings, general or local, though the verses of many of the songs contain city allusions. There are about a dozen "engine" songs, to popular airs. In the midst of the whole, it was curious to find "*Jesus Hail!*" a parody on "*Lilly Dale*;" "*Loving Jesus*," a parody on "*Katy Darling*;" "*That cottage home*," to the air of "*Susanna don't you cry*;" and coming down hard on the rum-seller. At all periods this has been an expedient of religious philosophers and moral teachers. In 1849, Nisbett & Co., of London, published a book of songs, "redeeming Burns and Moore from the service of the devil!" One of them began:

"The voice that once, within these walls,
The Gospel trumpet blew," etc.

We grieve to think these poor lyric bards must wait a very long time for their redemption. Two of the parodies of our list, by a clergyman, are of the same unhappy order, inevitably provoking the levity or irreverence of the reader. What would we think of the Eucharist in a penny bun and a lager-beer glass? And yet things may come to this, on that same sage principle of attractiveness.

From our "list," we revert to our main proposition. We find that our minstrelsy of the popular order has not come from our recognized poets, while at the same time the negro-songs and other songs of the day—or rather of the night—are by no means worthy of our song system, as a free, intelligent democracy. They belong too much to the theatre, and too little to the homes, and workshops, and streets. The theatre has, no doubt, been a place of strong popular inspiration; but not to our very industrious and laborious people, who look on it as a thing apart or occasional; unlike other peoples, who go there to think and feel, and enjoy it as something necessary to their course of life. Those songs of the stage cannot have much influence amongst us, popularly, because they come in such crowds that they drive one another out of remembrance. *Lilly Dale* and *Old dog Tray* may be forgotten in a few years.

Still, though our popular minstrelsy comes too much from the "stagers," from foreign librettos, and low home sources of inspiration, there is no reason to despair of it; we shall not wind up with such a dull thought. It begins, at all events, at the right end among the people—which was the muse of Shakespeare, Burns, Beranger—and it may yet be worthy of our nation and its literature. In a time of peace and trade, our higher feelings can find sufficient vent in our rapid and vociferous journals; but, in the sterner business of a world extremely out of joint, and the collisions to which our huge bulk is inevitably tending, under the compulsive course of wind or wave, the mere prose organs would not be sufficient, and the general mind would run into the channels of lyrical expression in a greater degree than ever. Great national emergencies dignify the national mind; and, if the stern philanthropist object, that we contemplate a conflagra-

tion to roast our intellectual chestnuts, it may be replied that the blaze will come, chestnuts or no chestnuts, and that lyric poetry is only considered as an accompanying evidence of a more exalted moral sentiment. Benjamin Constant argued that the increase of enjoyments and amenities, without the increase of a people's virtues and higher moralities, only tends to destroy civilization; while as to war, on the other hand, the Prince de Ligne, who, like Horace Walpole, says a great many shrewd things, asserts that, in spite of its evils, it is "a school of the highest virtues"—a sentiment approved by Dr. Arnold, Sir James Mackintosh, and some of the finest thinkers. Goethe

says, and says truly, that it was from the seven years' war, and the military renown of Frederick II., German poetry first received its genuine popular value and originality.

In thus advocating the lyre we love so much, we should be sorry to be thought inconsistent, as arguing a philosophy too stern for the gentle theme we have been rambling over. But the lyric muse may assert, with even more truth than the great Napoleon himself, that war has never been unfaithful to her glory.

On the whole, we would conclude in the words of old Anaximander and say: we must sing better, for the sake of the b'hoys!

SOME ORIENTAL ACQUAINTANCE.

FROM the ingenious family of Hums my mind naturally wanders to other Syrian households and characters. The Hakeem had a near neighbor at Bhamdun, who was worthy of a portrait in colors, if not of a page in description. I have already mentioned him as Aasa, an old man with handsome features and a fine presence. He was one of the leading and wealthy personages of the village; Vakeel, too, that is, deputy of all the Christians in the district, and the most conspicuous pillar of the holy Greek church within the same limit. Very grandly, in his huge white turban, scarlet jacket, and blue trowsers, did Aasa use to enter the Hakeem's hall, and, with many hypocritical smiles and meaningless compliments, did he seek to caress and domesticate that somewhat incredulous and independent person; for, our experienced Vakeel, besides several good qualities, had plenty of vanity, selfishness, and deceit. These imperfections in his character were visible through his eye—the worst feature of his face, a small, gray optic, restless and cowardly as an evil conscience.

Aasa had an ingenious method of enhancing his credit for general information. He talked lengthily with the Hakeem at all reasonable opportunities, and pumped him vigorously on the news, politics, history, medicine, or whatever other subject engaged his curiosity.

He then retailed his freshly-milked knowledge about the neighborhood, insinuating that he had just been conversing with the Hakeem—who seemed to be quite unaware of the circumstances.

One day he gave us an arithmetical problem, in the form of a story, which he related as an actual occurrence. A quadrangle of us—three Franks and an Arab—we were discussing mathematics when he entered. This was out of Aasa's line, and he kept an unwilling silence for some minutes. At last he managed to drag in his tale, which was probably unknown to the Sultana Schezerade. "There were once three men who joined in partnership for a certain business: the first put in five hundred piasters; the second put in three hundred thirty-three and a third; the last put in two hundred and fifty. By the will of God they gained one thousand piasters which they proceeded to divide. The first said: I put in one-half of the sum, and I therefore take out one-half. The second said: I put in one-third, and I therefore take out one third. The last man then found that there were only one hundred sixty-six and two-thirds of a piaster left for him, and asserted that he had been cheated. So they quarreled a long time over the matter, and none of them could explain it. At last one of them said: in the name of God let us refer this to a mathematician. They did so, and the ac

lected mathematician being very expert, solved the difficulty for them immediately. Now, what was the course of the mathematician ?

I need hardly observe that the catch in this arithmetical puzzle was detected immediately.

He had a pretty daughter—this country squire of Mount Lebanon—a fair child with rosy cheeks, light hazel eyes, and wavy, auburn hair. She was a good-humored, quiet girl, much troubled with a younger brother, who, like all younger brothers in Syria, had an inalienable right to ride about town on his sister's back. She studied in one of the schools of the American Mission, and showed a considerable degree of talent and ductility of manners. Her sage father afterwards married her—poor, pretty child!—to a man much older than herself, whom she never liked, and from whose house she now wanders on home visits at every possible opportunity.

An equally notable character with Aasa was gray-bearded Aboo Nasr, in whose house we lodged at Nazareth. A Greek also, and of some wealth and influence, he was suspected of a leaning towards Protestantism. He told us, and perhaps truly, that he had set up schools there in imitation of those of our missionaries. In reward for these philanthropic efforts, he wanted to be British consul, or American consul, or the consul of somebody who would protect him from Turkish exactions. He begged our signatures to that effect, thinking that when he had obtained a score or two of such venerable names he could send them on to some government or other, with a fair chance of obtaining the desired dignity. I never saw such a persevering office-seeker. I doubt whether a fresh president is more pestered by hungry applicants for government pap than were the chaplain and sagamore by this enterprising philanthropist. He wanted money, too, and asked for it. Not getting it, he requested the sagamore to write a certificate that he had given the good Aboo Nasr five hundred piasters. "For," said he, "if other people believe that you have presented me with such a large sum, they will be liberal also, and then I can establish my schools."

But our upright sagamore was very indignant at this crafty proposition, and gave Aboo Nasr nothing but a piece of his mind.

Yet, through all this opposition to his desires, the old man was invariably mild, courteous, insinuating. One instance of his urbanity was characteristic of this complimentary people. As he was talking with the sagamore, the latter observed an unknown young Arab entering the room; and, supposing him to be some impertinent intruder, he rather sternly ordered him away. "I am sorry," said Aboo Nasr, "that the young man has displeased you, he is my nephew."

The sagamore immediately apologized for such uncivil treatment of his friend's relative, and desired that he might be called back.

"It is of no consequence," calmly replied Aboo Nasr; "he is very much pleased with your reception of him."

We were visited at all hours of the day by our host's daughter, Saada, a pleasant girl of seventeen. A very erudite woman was she for these parts, inasmuch as she had learned a little Italian from the monks of the Latin convent in the village. She wore wristlets and anklets of solid silver, as also a singular head ornament, common among the women of this region. It was a string of about fifty silver coins, Spanish half dollars and Turkish five-piaster pieces, bound in a semicircle above the forehead. These weighty decorations constituted the girl's dowry.

She had thrown off, to a remarkable degree, the usual timidity of Arab females. She spent two or three hours in our room daily with or without her father. Once she went so far as to ask the chaplain to take a walk with her, an unheard-of imprudence in Syria, and which, if known, would have brought down on her all the evil tongues in Nazareth. Another time she begged him very privately to give her a few piasters with which she proposed to buy some sweetmeats. Indeed, she took such a fancy to our bachelor chaplain that he got rather ungallantly annoyed at her attentions. On leaving, the sagamore paternally warned her not to ask young travelers in future to walk with her. She thanked him with a rather frightened air, kissing her fingers repeatedly, and raising them to her forehead, in token of her maidenly gratitude. We left her, one of the prettiest girls of Nazareth, where clean and pleasing faces are more common than in any other village of Syria.

A remarkable character was a wayfarer, who overtook us in the great plain beyond Hamath. He was traveling on horseback, attended by a couple of agile comrades on foot. His herculean form was wrapped in a large striped *abeih*, or Arab cloak. His dark, bronzed features were singularly regular, and shaded by a beard of jetty blackness. The gay, good-humored glitter of his white teeth contrasted with a wild, flashing, bold eye, of somberest light. His voice, like that of all the Bedouin, and many of the peasants of the region, was loud, stern, and startling. His gestures were violent and excited, but pleasing by their savage grace and vigor. A grand model for a desert brigand! a noble cavalier to lead the Saracens of some new religion!

"What are you?" said the Hakeem.

"I am a wanderer," he replied in a voice of thunder, waving his hand towards the boundless plain before us. "Once, I was a soldier, when Ibrahim Pasha seized me."

Then he asked us if we would kill him in our country because he was a Moslem. He watched our motions with keen interest, laughing sometimes with a childlike glee at what was so strange and curious. He pulled up his horse to see the Hakeem adjust his compass, and take bearings of the surrounding villages. "What an amusing companionship we have got into today!" he shouted in his deep, sonorous tones. "O yes!" screamed the others; and the desert rang again with their untamed merriment.

A still more amusing personage, whom we met in the same region, was one of those mounted bailiffs of Syria, the Howaleyeh. We had pitched in a village called Tell Nebby Mene Dthou, when he came to our tent and offered his services as guide and guard for our next day's journey. He was a stout, handsome man, of about thirty, bold, swaggering, and even impertinent in his manners. Undismayed by the presence of the Hakeem's wife, he marched into the tent, and made himself at home instantaneously. He talked volubly for more than an hour, about the country, about us, about himself, about anything that came uppermost in his turbulent brain. He had a fine horse, which he proposed to sell us for about forty dollars. He was dissatisfied with his present condition, and said he should

go to Egypt. "I have a brother in Egypt," he continued. "He has been a long while in the service of the pasha, and has made himself rich. I will go there and throw myself upon him; and, if he refuses to divide with me, I will tease and persecute him until, please God! he will die; and then the property will be mine. Then I will go to Jurgistan (Georgia), and buy me the handsomest girl in the country. Ah! Jurgistan is the place for handsome women."

He then turned to me, a brother bachelor, and continued: "Come, you and I will go together to Jurgistan; we will buy there two beautiful girls with brilliant black eyes; one of them shall be for you, and the other for me. Will you go?"

HAKEEM.—"In our country, O Howaly, wives can be obtained without paying for them."

HOWALY (highly delighted).—"Is it so? God be praised! But suppose I go to the father, and ask him for his daughter?"

HAKEEM.—"He will tell you to ask the girl herself."

HOWALY (alarmed by a new idea).—"But what if she should take it into her head to refuse me? Would that be an end of it?"

HAKEEM.—"Certainly."

HOWALY (stupefied).—"Wonderful! But that would never do for me."

"But come," he added, cheerfully, "I am going to take tea with you. I am not ignorant of tea; and I differ from most of my countrymen in being very fond of it."

By this time, however, we had got enough of his company, and we contrived not to take our tea until he took his departure.

The next morning he made his appearance again, chewing some of the wretched Indian corn-bread of the country. "How do you like that kind of bread?" asked the Hakeem. "O Howadji," he responded, with a grimace, "it pains my throat to swallow it."

He renewed his offer to be our guardian angel for the day, and we renewed our refusal. It was, perhaps, in revenge for this that he made the following rather insulting inquiry: "Is it true, O Howadji, that the Frauks put hog's milk in their cheese?"

"No," said the Hakeem.

"I am glad to hear it; it would be a nasty custom."

He mounted his horse, and accompanied us out of the village; but, as we still objected to his guardianship, he left us in a tempest of wrath.

I was highly gratified in Jerusalem at meeting Paul, the famous factotum of Stevens. I was rather surprised to see a dark, but not bad-looking man, grave in his manners, and clerically dressed in black. Paul, as I understood from the two Bostonians who had him in their employ, was very indignant at Stevens, for speaking so disparagingly of him on the score of courage. A coward, he said, he was not, except so far as regarded Bedouin Arabs. He had abundantly proved his general audacity by firing a pistol at various rats which haunted his bedroom in Jerusalem. But Paul was unreasonable, on the whole, to quarrel with Stevens, who had been the making of him. All the Americans and Englishmen now wanted Paul; and he was getting fifty dollars a month, as traveling cook and interpreter.

The curious question of our friend, the Howaly, concerning the ingredients of Christian cheese, reminds me of other Syrian observations on European matters and manners. At El Ain, some hours north of Balbec, on a route not much frequented by travelers, the Hakeem's lady received a visit, in her tent, from the wife of the sheikh, and several other women of the village. They considered her a rare curiosity, and criticized her style of dress, with the enthusiasm of seamstresses. "Put on a *tarboosh*," said one, "your head will ache."

"Take down your hair," said another, "it will look prettier."

"Put on another dress," counseled a third, "this is not good enough."

Here, as elsewhere, they were wonder-struck to see the Hakeem wet his pencil with his tongue, while he wrote. "Look!" they shouted. "*Wullah!*" He carries his ink in his mouth."

At Barah, far north of this, they also remarked the singular locality of my comrade's ink-bottle. They furthermore discovered that his compass, turn it as they would, always pointed south, towards Mecca—a degree of inanimate orthodoxy which strongly excited their reverential astonishment.

To protect my face from the sun, I sometimes wore a silk handkerchief un-

der my hat, with the corners drooping down, and tied across my mouth. This head-dress, faintly resembling an oriental veil, together with my beardless cheeks, led a ragged old Syrian lady into a very embarrassing mistake, as to my gender. After looking inquiringly for some time at the uncovered face of the Hakeem's wife, she thus addressed her: "O my lady, why do you not wear a veil, like that one?" pointing at me.

HAKEEM'S WIFE.—"Because I am a woman."

ARAB WOMAN (pointing anew at me).—"What! is that a girl?"

HAKEEM'S WIFE.—"No; that is a man."

Here followed a general laugh, at which the old lady slunk away, intensely mortified.

The Syrians are perfectly aware, even the most ignorant of them, that their country was once occupied by the warriors of Europe. Various questions, referring to this fact, were put to us during our wanderings through the more untraveled districts. Not far from Hums, a peasant, who sold us some grapes, called to us as we rode away: "O Howadji, from what part of the land were your ancestors driven?"

As we halted, for the night, at a rude village, built amid ancient and fallen palaces, a half-naked girl shouted: "In the name of God, what sort of people are these?"

"Oh," responded an old man, "these are Franks, come to see the houses of their forefathers."

In the wide waste of desolate Barah, some men came running towards us, over the ruins, crying to our servant: "What are these Franks doing here?"

"They are looking at their houses," said jesting old Yusef.

PEASANTS.—"Have they houses here?"

YUSEF.—"Yes; do you not see them all around you?"

Another scene in the same unfrequented country. Villagers staring, in great astonishment.

HAKEEM.—"Have any Frank travelers been to this place before us?"

VILLAGER.—"No; not a Frank has been here since the day that they went away."

As we rode through a small village near Hamath, we were struck with the

* *Wullah*, a contraction of *Wow*, by, and *ullah*, God.

peculiar architecture of the houses, different from any that we had yet seen. They were of sun-dried bricks, plastered with mud; and each roof exhibited several sharp cones, of four or five feet in height, perhaps meant to shed water. "Why do you build your houses thus?" shouted my comrade to a worthy citizen who stood at gaze. "This is the only way we know. How do you build yours?" he bawled after us. A wide awake man that; desirous of picking up useful information. Perhaps his roof leaked, and he was anxious to learn how to remedy it.

The most unsophisticated dwellings that we saw in the country were beside the Orontes, not far from its fountain-head. They were nothing but caves, or, at the utmost, artificial hollows, scooped in the face of a bank of hard earth. Their inhabitants looked at our tent from a distance, but did not approach it, at least as long as it was daylight. We suspected these ragged Troglodytes of playing a trick on us; for, just after going to bed, I heard a noise of water, and found that it was flowing into my tent. Some unknown persons, with what intention I cannot say, had opened the sluices of an irrigating canal, and overflowed me. The muleteers went up with lights, and tore away the banks, letting the troublesome fluid back into the Orontes. As they reached us, on their return, a gun was fired, but we heard no bullet, and received no further disturbance. The servants affirmed that the submerging was intended to create confusion, and give a chance for robbery.

Lest any one should acquire too contemptuous an idea of Syrian residences, in consequence of my frequent mention of such things as caverns and hovels, I will describe the house of one of my old friends in Damascus.

From a narrow, intricate, and sun-beaten street, the vision of that palace opened upon me in the shape of blind, monotonous walls, pierced by no window, and relieved by no ornament. The material seemed to be pale, unburnt bricks, slimed over with ashy mud, so as to present nothing more beautiful than a rough surface, dull, gray, and cadaverous. A rude, but large door, swung on its hinges, admitting us as it were to another dwelling from that which we had imagined to enter. For

here, unburnt clay had given place to marble; bareness to profuse ornament; drifting dust to bubbling fountains.

A tessellated pavement was under our feet, formed of alternating slabs of black stone and white marble, smoothed and gleaming in the sun-light. In the centre was a stone-basin, where falling water murmured, forever, an endless song of snowy springs and mountain greenery. On different sides, looked down galleries, whose roofs were supported by slender pillars and pointed arches, varied with carving, and gay with painting. On different sides opened doors, through which were visible dim halls, silken divans, and the stony glitter of other fountains. Furthest from the street, on the most retired line of the square, lay the mysterious rooms of the harem.

But on the left, by a lofty door, we entered, and found ourselves in a saloon so vast and rich, that it reminded us of cathedral spaces and glories. Diamond spots of mingling white and black marble made the cool flooring over which rustled the soft tread of our morocco slippers. Of black and white marble, too, was the fountain in the centre of the pavement; and, forever, it sang a murmurous response to its brother in the sunlight. On three sides of this room opened others, separated from it, not by doors, but by broad, lofty archways, so that the four were one. Above us lay the ceiling—forty feet in height—beams of cedar carved into filagree—painted and gilded until it seemed like the roof-work of a dream. And from height to flooring, the walls and archings were all one variegation of colors and gold; figures designed with strange fancifulness, grotesque stars and flowers, such as glitter in a kaleidoscope. The wooden floor of the three alcoves, somewhat elevated above the central paving, invited us to repose with a show of Persian carpets and silken divans. Over all came a light falling through the many-colored glass of windows far above us. Who shall not dream while he is awake, that lies here in this dim beauty—that sees the blue smoke of the *timbec* curling up towards the pointed arches, and hears the bubbling *nargeeleh* respond slumberously to the whispering fountain? I asked the rent of such a dwelling as this, and was told that I could have it for \$135 a year.

PARSON FIELD'S EXPERIENCE.

TEA was just over at Parson Field's. Miss Martha had "cleared off," and only the memory of the rye-bread and butter, the new cheese and fresh ginger-bread, remained for solace—"pleasing, yet mournful to the soul" of a hungry sophomore, like myself, gifted with the proverbial appetite of that maligned class.

Yes: tea was over, and I was sitting on the door-step of the red house, looking off over the wide meadows, to the sturdy outline of Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke, now green and purple in the level rays of a cloudless sunset. Behind me, in his quaint old chair, sat Parson Field, smoking his pipe, his worn and wrinkled face as calm and benignant as the eastern sky before us, and his whole air and expression full of an almost childlike unconsciousness and repose.

I loved Parson Field, circumstances to the contrary notwithstanding. I had been wild enough in college to vex the righteous souls of my tutors and professors beyond mortal endurance; so I was suspended for three months, and my revered father sent me to Plainfield, to stay with his old friend and pastor, Cyrus Philemon Field, requesting him to overlook my studies, regulate my morals, and work the mischief out of me by such amount of manual labor as seemed fit unto him. Therefore, about the middle of April, I was set down in front of the red house, with my goods and chattels, and with a greater stock of vengeance brewing in my thoughts, against the man who should dare undertake to rule and govern me—a free and independent sophomore of Yale!

But, strange to tell, my wrath melted utterly away before the week was done. What folly or malice could endure against the benevolent smile, the kind and tender heart, the unworldly simplicity of Parson Field. I loved him like a son; I listened unweariedly to his quaint and graphic expositions of Virgil and Horace, whose most subtle beauties he brought to light with the delicate apprehension of a poet, and the erudition of a sage. His deep and pathetic voice rolled through the sonorous cadences of the Greek drama, as if it had toned itself from childhood to the music

of the sunny Ægean sea, and yet his mind, flexible even in its armor of learning, bent to the stricter sciences of mathematics, as easily as a boy to his play. And so it came to pass that, as I sat at his feet, on that balmy June evening, I turned away from the fair landscape before me, and studied his benignant and beautiful face. I wondered—sitting there, and looking into his great heart through his pure eyes—why that life, so tender, so unselfish, so genial, had never been solaced by a woman's appreciation and worship; and, while I thought all this, suddenly the words passed my lips, with an impulse too sudden to resist—

"Mr. Field, why did you never get married?"

A pang so keen, that my own heart fairly sunk before its expression, distorted those placid features for a second, and I exclaimed, before he could speak—

"I beg your pardon, sir; I didn't think what I said."

His calmness had returned as I spoke, except that a little flush burned on his usually pale cheek, and a slight tremor shook his voice, as he replied:

"I am afraid, my young friend, you are not so apt to think as you would be, if you were older—though I speak not for myself in this instance, but rather for your own good in other cases. I do not marvel at your question; for I am well aware how often it is asked of me by the thoughts of men, who yet frame it not with their tongues. Nor do I object to replying, if you like to hear a somewhat sorrowful story from the lips of an old man. I have a tender affection for your father, that is not wanting, indeed, toward his son; and, inasmuch as I think nothing lost upon a young man, that tends to elevate the female sex in his eyes, I will the more readily call to mind the story of my life, for you to hear, albeit it is one of pain and a sick heart."

"Please do not tell me, sir!" I interrupted. "I did not think of giving you pain or trouble. I only spoke out what I was thinking, before I could recollect how careless and impertinent the speech was."

"Do not be troubled, my dear boy," said Mr. Field, using a very uncommon

term of endearment for him. "I am not now disturbed at the thought of my past life, when I review it calmly, only its sudden recollection comes upon me untimeously, and is like the flash that sometimes will spring from a heap of ashes suddenly opened to the air—the last gleam of an old fire; but it is one of the blessings which the Lord hath given to age, that its very infirmities quiet and alleviate the painful passions, and give a peace to the soul, of which that classic fable, the halcyon, was surely an emblem, being nursed of fair, wintry days.

"I was not always so placid and cheerful as it hath pleased Providence to make me in these latter times; indeed, as a youth, I was gifted with a high flow of spirits, and, fearing neither God nor man, I was somewhat reckless and daring; but I had, underneath all the bombastic manner of the young, a deep feeling of beauty and truth, that, humanly speaking, saved me from any degrading vice, or a lowering of my moral nature in my own eyes. About the time I was one-and-twenty, there came to Cranberry—my native place—a new master of singing; and I, having a natural turn that way, joined his Sunday-night class, and it fell out, that, by this means, I became well acquainted with a young woman of our town, named Anne Harrison.

"I was shy of female society, in general; but, at the same time, I had a strong spice within me of that masculine nature that will not see the weak and the helpless left alone in this world, and is, therefore, naturally drawn to the helping of such as come in their path; and, as Anne Harrison lived full a mile beyond my father's house, I was wont to see her safely home, and up to the door, so to be sure that she was safe. I should have advised you that I had been to our academy, at the same time with the young woman, when she was a girl; and, being both naturally of quick parts, there arose a certain strife between us, in which, I am free to say, I sometimes got the better of her, although she was a little the elder; but, the Lord having made man for the strife, it is only natural that he should overcome therein, nor could I ever perceive that Anne was troubled at my victory, as she had a most gentle and excellent spirit, quick of apprehension, indeed, but quicker of sympathy.

"Still, I could not call myself well known to her, although she ever met me with a pleasant smile, until I began to bear her company home from Increase Niles's singing school, and, after a few weeks, learned to go in, and sit an hour by the fire, or the window, as it might be, instead of leaving her on the step. Now, when the summer days came on, and the chores upon our farm grew heavier every day, I was wont to be too tired of a night to follow the sports that I had taken pleasure in before; and, after being somewhat smarted up, as my good father would have said, I used, more than once a week, to go over to 'Squire Harrison's, to have a talk with Anne; and I grew to find these seasons exceeding pleasant, even above my sports. The young woman was not specially handsome, though I have seen many fair pictures less pleasing to look upon than her face; but she was not comely, being of irregular features, with large, soft, gray eyes, and a mouth that always looked as if it spoke, whether it was silent or not. Indeed, she had what Increase Niles called a singing face; for she made melody in her heart, and such music is wont to write itself outwardly upon the countenance; moreover, her voice, in speech, was very lovely, having a cadence for every thought, fitting its expression; and, if I did not hear her words, I could tell always from her tones whether she spoke in peace, or scorn, or joy, or a sorrowful mood. And yet, I thought not of these things separately, at that time—nor of the silent and fitting way in which she stepped about the house and fields, much as if her soul were present, even in the extreme parts of its earthly habitation, and swayed the delicate clay with feeling, rather than thought or will. I only looked upon her as a very woman, being, in essence, the opposite of my own nature, and, therefore, something higher and purer than I; but not the less under me, in a sense of strength and hardihood. I had never had a sister near my own age—Martha and Sibby being yet children—which was, it may be, one reason of my wild and wayward behavior in youth; but Anne Harrison became to me a sister, indeed, in all, save the ties of blood. I went to her with whatever troubled me. I told her many thoughts that I could not speak even to my mother. I took delight in bringing for her whatever wild flowers or creatures

her pure heart and simple fancies could cherish. I suffered reproof from her, that no other living being could or would give me. I listened to her counsels with a sweet sense of peace and pleasure, and feared to unveil my evil nature before her, lest she should recoil from the sight, and leave me.

"Truly she was unto me as a real angel of the Lord; although I knew her to be imperfect, yet I loved her none the less for the tender failings of her nature, but rather the more, since they gave me hope for myself, and humanized her goodness to my own nature, till it excited love instead of awe. But all this time, though I lavished upon her such attentions and affectionate ministries as are wont only to be offered by lovers, I yet knew nothing of the passion called love, in the experience of men. Anne Harrison was unto me only a dear and tender friend; truly I regarded her as nothing more. After the manner of those days, I staid in my father's house, and farmed for him, although I had attained my majority; for he was waxing old, and was troubled much with rheumatic ailments, and had no son save me. Also Anne remained at home, not caring for the company of young men who sometimes approached her, though, indeed, these were but few, partly because she cared not for them—being in that a fair copy of Ruth, the sweet gleaner of Moab—partly because, as I afterward came to know, the whole village of Cranberry labored under the idea that I was courting the young woman; and consequently no one cared to interfere, or, if they tried it, her cool demeanor put an end to the attempt, and added weight to the rumor of my intention. And so we lived on for some years, in constant and friendly intercourse, varied in nothing, excepting that I became continually more attached to Anne, and more accustomed to her society, and she more continually endeavored to increase my goodness and my pleasure, like a lesser Providence. But yet there was some change; for I perceived that her health was all the time growing feebler, and though I shut my eyes resolutely to the fact, I could not but fear, at times, that I might one day lose her who had now, as it were, grown into my life.

"Well, it came to pass, one fair spring day, I was through with the plowing of our hill-lot, which was a tedious job, and

having some errands to do, I tackled up the horse, and drove over to the Centre, where Increase Niles now kept store, to get some household goods, and my Boston paper, inasmuch as he likewise kept the village post-office. But when I got there, I found the stage that brought the mail was not in; for the spring freshets had broken up the bridge, over the river at Union, and they had to come a good piece round; so, being chilly, I sat down in the back shop, by the stove, to wait for the paper. Now it was dark where I sat, and I did not care to light the china lamp overhead; for I knew Increase to be a thrifty soul, and I would not waste his oil where I would my own; so I sat still, having my own thoughts, till I heard from the lips of two men, talking somewhat earnestly, near the door of the back store, the name of Anne Harrison.

"Then you judge she is no better, Dr. Byles?" said one voice, which I knew to be that of Hugh Peters, a well-to-do young lawyer, from Cranberry Four Corners.

"No, sir!" returned the doctor. "She's no better, sir, nor I don't know, sir, as she ever is a goin' to be."

"O—h!" said Hugh Peters, as near like a low groan as anything I ever heard, while I sat benumbed in my chair. "Why do you say that, doctor? she can't die! what ails her?"

"Well, sir, it's hard to say; but I tell you, sir, that are girl has got some-thin' onaccountable about her; what it is, the Lord only knows, and he wont tell!"

"Doctor!" said the other, under his breath, as I have heard a dog growl, before he might spring—"is she going to marry that con-demned Cy. Field?"

"No, sir, she isn't! I poked that remark into her hearin' faculties in a very obtuse way, no longer ago'n yesterday, and she flared up at me as red as ever you see flannel, and as mighty as Julius Cæsar—requestin' me in putty good set terms never to be a hintin' no sech at her no more; but I tell you, sir, if he an't been a courtin' of her this three year back, he'd oughter hev."

"I'd like to show him stars!" growled back Peters; and I sprang to my feet, for the old Adam was strong within me, and not thinking of aught but my own pride and wrath, I was about to use force, when suddenly the stage swept

up; Hugh Peters climbed to the driver's seat before I could reach him through the press of men just at the door, and he was off before I felt how cold the night air was blowing upon me and my hot anger. I took my paper and my bundles, but I drove homeward like one in a dream; for I had received a new light: could Anne, indeed, be dying? and could it be that my attendance upon her had become the theme of busy and malicious tongues? I thought, my young friend, that night would never end; indeed, it ended not for me in sleep, but with broad daylight, that called me from my unquiet bed to my tasks.

"That day I was sowing rye; and while I walked to and fro upon the stony hillside, still thinking bitterly upon what I had heard, a new thought, still keener and more painful than the last, overtook me: was it not possible that Anne herself had misunderstood me? that she had loved me better than I had loved her, and was even now suffering therefrom?

"I have heard that there are men in the world who are so filled with the pride of life, as to boast among their comrades that the love of woman is given to them like rain, with no soliciting. I can scarce believe such tales, save in the supposition that some men have worn away all honor and shame from their natures; for surely the sense of ill-desert and humiliation, that visited me at the mere idea of a love like Anne Harrison's having stooped with its sacred presence to my defiled soul, and found no welcome, was a thing to quiet all boastful thoughts forever. However, I did not walk the field all that day alone with my own heart, without coming to a fixed resolution. It was as plain to me at sunset as at sunrise, that I regarded not Anne otherwise than as a friend; dear, indeed, and revered, but approached with a most passionless regard and esteem; nevertheless, it was equally clear to me that she would be the very best and most tender of wives unto the man whom she should see fit to give herself to; and, indeed, I had often thought how blessed a man might be whom she could entirely love; for I was wanting in the conceit which appears in many young men of this generation, and, as I tell you, the idea that her life was, so to speak, depending upon me, had

never entered into my dreams. One thing, however, was plain; I loved her enough to know that I had a duty toward her, and I went home, resolved that I would spend that very evening in writing unto her an offer of marriage.

"My young friend, in those days we had not learned the high-flown morals that prevail now—self-abnegation, sacrifice, a mission, and a destiny, were words in which we were not instructed; nor did any wire-drawn philosophy of mind, called metaphysics (concerning which, I am credibly informed, a certain infidel philosopher hath said, that when he who speaketh knows not what he saith, and he who heareth knows no better, it is called metaphysics; and truly I agree with him!), no metaphysics, I say, usurped the simple dictates of a healthy conscience; and in taking the step I contemplated toward Anne Harrison, I did not conceive myself to be a hero or a martyr; but, rather, a fallible man, who must needs repair the evil effects of his own thoughtless self-seeking and carelessness. Nor did I dread either possible result. I knew if it came to pass that the maiden said yes, I should have an excellent and lovely wife, and I doubted not that I should learn to esteem her in that relation, as I had done in every other, although it was somewhat of a down-come to my dreams, of which, as is the wont of youth, I had dreamed not a few. And if she said no—then was I in my old place again, free from blame before men and myself; for at that time I thought not of God, who seeth the heart. So I sat down in the kitchen, about this hour of the night, and I wrote a plain letter to Anne, setting forth myself as I really was, professing my long affection and admiration for her, and offering marriage, as the sequence of so much preliminary writing; moreover, I requested that she should not hasten to give me an answer, but should take three days, at the least, to consider of what I had said, since I desired to know her mind in the matter calmly; and when she had meditated an answer, I asked that she should send it to me by the hands of her little brother, that it might surely come direct. So, having duly copied the letter, in a fair running-hand, I sent it over to Squire Harrison's the next morning, by our hired man, and went to my work, which was now the planting of corn. But I knew not what

ailed me that day ; I was in a disquieted frame continually ; my thoughts, which were ever active and companionable, now wrestled within me, and left me no peace. Sometimes I pictured to myself a home and a wife ; but she wore not Anne Harrison's features, nor spoke with her voice ; she was a stranger, and an alien, and I was homesick for the calm, sweet presence I had been wont to live in. Then I seemed to read Anne's letter, and it was a fond and impassioned acceptance, that froze me with a sense of my own cold heart ; or, again, it was a brief and bitter refusal, that put barriers of ice between us forever, wounded my pride, and sent quick pulses of pain through the very most feeling part of my nature. Truly, I knew not what I would have, and I went home at night more tired than if I had dropped corn over half Mount Tom, instead of the little meadow. So things went with me for three days ; and yet I dreaded certainly even more than the doubt in which I rocked to and fro so wearily ; and when, on Saturday night, just after supper, little Silas Harrison came into the barn-yard, where I was milking the last cow, and handed me the letter, I could not speak a word, to ask after Anne, but put the paper hastily in my pocket, and went at my work again with such violence, that the gentle creature I was milking felt my roughness, and took her own way of rebuke ; and as I picked up the empty pail she had sent half across the yard, in escaping from my hands, and carried it to the shed, I heard my mother say to little Silas, who had stopped for a spell of play with our Martha :

"How's Anny to day, Silas ?"

"She ain't very smart, ma'am, I b'lieve," said the child ; "her eyes was real red and sleepy to-day, and she looks as if it hurt her to speak loud."

"I did not wait to hear any more. I went up stairs. I took my coat off, with that letter in the pocket, and hung it on the peg ; for, truly, my soul failed me. I could not read it, and so I lay upon the bed, tossing and turning, like one in a fever, until daylight was clear ; and then, being desperate, I jumped up, and, tearing the letter from its place, I opened it with equal vehemence, and there, in the silence and freshness of that spring Sabbath morning, I read what I shall repeat to you ; for I know that letter by heart and soul, even to

the places of the words, and the trembling lines of the upright letters therein, and it began this way :

"DEAR CYRUS:—Your letter, which came to me Thursday, surprised and pained me, yet made me, for a moment, happy. I want to write, to-day, just what I think, and I dare to tell you all I think, because you know me. I wish I could be sure that my letter will please you. I am afraid it will not ; but it does not help the matter to go round it in this way. I do love you dearly, but I cannot marry you ever. I have loved you, all this time, a great deal more than you have me, partly because you were lonely, and not good enough to be happy, and I was sorry for you ; partly because you were so kind to me ; and, most of all, because I could not help it. I say this all plainly, though, perhaps, it seems odd to you, for your sake. I do not know why I should be ashamed to say it ; for my love has not been like most people's. I knew, from the first, I could never be any more than your friend, and I tried to quiet my feelings down to that alone, but it tried me very much, and I grew weak ; yet I could not stop trying ; I had to keep on ; so I am almost tired out now. I tell you this, partly that you may know it is not easy for me to hurt your feelings, as I must ; and partly to show you that there are still some people who believe in God, and try to serve him, even in suffering, though you do not think so. I shall be glad that I have suffered, if it does you any good. The reason I cannot marry you is, that you do not believe in such things. If I did not think the Bible spoke clearly on this point, I should know, by my own consciousness, that I ought not to give my whole life, heart and soul, to any one upon earth, who must leave me when we should die. I love you enough now to make the thought of that parting a terror I dare not face ; what, then, would it be, if I knew I might let you love me, so taking every restraint from my own heart, and letting it flow on, and into yours, for life and death, not for that other life. I am sure I could not live, with a daily dread of that final separation before me, and yet I could not bear to die. I know you will understand me fully, because you know, that if I am in earnest in anything, it is this thing—trying to love God and serve him. There are several other reasons that I could tell you, why it

would be best that I should still say no, were this greatest of all not in the way. I am different from you in ways that would give us both annoyance and pain, and I should love you too much, either for your good or mine; but all these might give way, the other cannot. And this reason also concerns others. I could not give occasion of offense to any tender conscience in the church, for the sake of my own feelings, nor do such wrong to all who would look to us for example, as to set an evil, and not a holy one, before their eyes. 'No man liveth to himself,' it says in the Bible, and we cannot do it if we would. Still this is not the main part of the reason—that I have already given you, and it would still hold good, if we were living on a desert island. I must not marry you.

"I do not think you will suffer much from my refusal, at first, for you know you do not love me as you should love a person you ask to be your wife; and this would be reason enough, with most girls, for refusing you; but I am sure you would learn to love me better than all the world, if I were with you always; and I am so sure of it, that I have spoken the very thoughts of my heart in this letter.

"Moreover, I am afraid you will love me now better than ever you did, and in thinking over what I say, you will at length suffer as I cannot bear to have you; yet it must be. For my own sake, and even more for yours, I ask you to please to go away from Cranberry for a time. I am every day growing weaker with the milder weather, and I shall have no peace, if I think you are close by and I cannot see you; for you must not come here again. Please go away! I do not think I shall die; for I know God never made any of his children to be the helpless prey of one affection. Time and patience will cure me: I shall be better when you are gone. I need not tell you that I shall never marry anybody else; you know I am not made that way. I shall always love you, even when I get well, and never, never, forget to pray for you. I think it would be better if you could forget me; but I know you cannot. I hope and believe that God will bring us both to heaven, and till that time, even if I never see you, I shall be, as I am now,

"Yours truly,

"ANNE HARRISON."

"Oh dear!" said Parson Field, after a brief pause, in which he choked once or twice, through the effort to speak, and, at last, uttered only that pitiful and helpless exclamation. "My young friend, when I had finished that letter, I thought I had become blind, for everything seemed so dark. I sat in my chair, like a person stunned with a great blow, and all my thoughts were in such a maze, that when some blossom leaves from the cherry-tree blew in at my window, I stooped to pick them up, and lay them to my parched lips, for I thought it was snow. I felt only wintry. What Anne had said was true, now, regarding what might have been. I came, for the first time, to the knowledge of myself. I began to know that I had held her image within me, and compared every other by that pure touch-stone, till there was no place found for another beside it. I did not love her with the wild and fitful passion of youth, but with such calmness and depth as we see in the quiet flowing of a strong river, that maketh not, in its out-going, one-tenth part of the turmoil wherewith a mountain brook pours itself headlong. My life was suddenly disappointed, my purposes were, indeed, broken off, and I could not even have the support of pride or anger; for the simplicity of her words was like the presence of a little innocent child, a divine candor, such as an angel might speak with, but utterly silencing to human wrath or rebellion. I was dumb. I opened not my mouth, though I knew not then that it was God who did the thing."

"Why didn't you try again, sir?" exclaimed I, utterly carried away by my sympathy and interest.

"My young friend," said Mr. Field, as gravely and reprovingly as if I had been profane, "you do not know Anne Harrison. I knew that what she had said was as final as a decree of Providence, indeed, it was one to her; and, although she was as gentle and tender in her affections as the most loving child, she was singularly framed in one respect, being as firm, upon a matter of duty, as if her whole nature were stone, and had a table of the law graven thereupon. No. I knew better than to attempt to shake her constancy, nor should I have held her in such respect and honor, had I believed it possible: believe me, there never was a man made who did not love the woman, to whom he

offered marriage, all the better for proving to him her faithful and unswerving love of right. She who is true to God, will be true to man; it is an unfailing verity. Well, I put my worldly possessions together, and having seen my father well settled with a trustworthy hired man and his wife to take care of the farm, and relieve my mother of some labor, I went off to Ohio, leaving a note for Anne in these words:

"Good-by, dear, dear Anne; you were right about all of it.

"Yours always,

"C. P. F."

"I remained in Ohio upwards of two years, striving to drive away, by bodily exercise, the pains within. I heard from home once in many months; for the land was not as it is now, but was newly-settled, not all civilized. However, I heard always that Anne was getting slowly better, and after eighteen months my mother wrote that she seemed almost well, and I was truly glad; for I knew then that time and my absence had given her control of herself again, and I felt assured, even as the king did concerning Daniel, that the God whom she worshiped would not forsake her. Now, about this time I had occasion to go across the Ohio country some sixty miles, on horseback, by unfrequented and new roads, so it was no strange thing that I should lose my way; indeed, I was busily thinking of Anne, for she was never out of my thoughts now when I was alone, and so my horse took his own way, and presently I found myself near the ford of a creek that was strange unto me; and having crossed it, I came presently unto a fair oak-opening, and a little prairie beyond, which was sprinkled with the white tents of a camp-meeting. I got off my horse and tied him to a tree, while I went forward to gather some instructions concerning the right way to my destination; but as I reached the camp I found the assembly all at prayer, and I could not interrupt them. There was a strange fervor and simplicity about the old Methodist preacher who conducted those services. More than once his direct and earnest speech made me to think of Anne; but soon I was too much absorbed in the discourse which followed upon the prayer to note any resemblances. And there, in the wilderness, I was visited of the Lord. I think, my young friend, there is a certain de-

gree of sacrilege in the common talk of many truly Christian persons, concerning their religious experience. I believe it is necessary, at times, to recount it for the benefit of others; but no lesser motives should induce us to unveil the holy of holies within. Suffice it to say, I went on my journey after two days, a changed man, rejoicing, even as Simeon did, to have seen his salvation; and yet never once in that time did the thought of Anne Harrison come to me. I had been so absorbed in the new world of feeling, that I truly forgot her whose saintly prayers were now answered. And even when I returned to mine own hut upon the edge of the river, I dwelt there a month before I permitted myself to think that there was new hope in my life, that now I might obtain the great blessing I had lost. And now, indeed, my love for Anne strengthened daily; for I perceived, as if with another sight, the excellence of her character, and its faith and patience, even unto the martyr's spirit. And as I meditated there in the solitude of the forests, I became like an unfledged bird that pineth for wings. So, as the summer heats drew nigh, I even sold out to the next squatter my cabin and its furniture, and paid him to carry me as far as the nearest stage-town, that I might get on my way home. I rode after that three days and three nights, in my zeal to reach my own country and my father's house; and by an inscrutable Providence, as the last of these stage-rides was near to its end, the vehicle broke down some ten miles from Cranberry, about eleven o'clock in the evening, and after an hour or two of vain attempts to set the coach up, the passengers dispersed for the nearest shelter, but as it was a fair moonlight night, and I something impatient of delay, I shouldered my small knapsack and footed it over the hills toward Cranberry. Truly, never did a night seem so long or a way so endless unto me before. It was just dawn as I ascended the high hill which overlooks Cranberry from the west. I well remember how my heart failed me when I saw the village lying silent as the grave itself at my feet. It was ten weeks since I had heard from home—what might not have happened in that time? I looked eastward over the rolling country that stretched away to the valley of the Connecticut, now clothed in the deepest green of summer, and

drinking of still waters and heavenly dew. There was no cloud in the deep, saffron-colored sky, but just where its prophesying gold melted into the blue ether, hung, lonely and calm, the faithful morning star. I gazed upon this day-spring, remembering who it was that had called Himself by that name, till I was also calm; and turning from my place of rest, I sought the well-known path, and was soon once more at home beside my mother's chair. Well, time hath had its power over me, doubtless, but, old as I am, I cannot now recall that day with firmness, or speak of it with ease. Let it be enough for me to tell you that I had returned in vain. Anne, my Anne, had been with her sister saints in glory for many days! Yet I was spared one pain that would have been keener than all—the thought that she had died as I left her, striving to stifle her own heart, and so dying with it.

"No—she was in the right in all she had said. Time and patience and her simple faith had conquered. She was well and cheerful, doing good unto all as she had opportunity, when an epidemic fever that raged among the poor in a settlement called the Flats, a mile below Cranberry, had smitten her in her very labors of love among those poor, and she died after ten days of pain and delirium.

"Of course she had left no letter for me; but her reason returning for a few hours before death, she sent for my mother, and told her to say she had loved me to the last, and should look for me in heaven; adding: 'Do not be anxious for Cyrus, Mrs. Field, he will make you a happy mother yet—for I know that God has heard me. Tell him that I said so.' And then, having kissed my mother tenderly, she clasped her hands and closed her eyes with a

smile that faded no more, but shone even within the coffin-lid, where my mother next beheld the sweet and peaceful face I should never see again till the resurrection morning. Oh, my dear young friend, those were days not to be recalled. The arrows of the Almighty drank up my spirit, and I fainted at his reproof. Also, my flesh failed, and I lay some weeks in a fever of the brain, from which I recovered by divine help, a sobered and chastened man.

"Now I perceived inwardly that I had a call to the ministry, and though I was somewhat past the usual age, I yet commenced my studies directly, and found a slight relief from present sorrow in preparing myself for the college course, as well as in its diligent pursuit. Forty and five years have I been a minister of the Lord, and many women have passed before mine eyes, fair to look upon, and adorned with the graces of the spirit, but none were like her, though for her sake I held them in honor. She had gifts and graces in equal measure, but her heart was greater than all. And I think of her whenever I think of heaven, as of one who hath found her native country, and will show me the streets thereof if I possess my soul in patience till the good time draweth nigh."

The moonlight fell upon Parson Field's uplifted and fervent face, shining like a halo in his scanty silver hair, as he concluded this story of a life. I could not speak, nor did he break the silence. We sat together, embraced alike by the past and the future, dumb with excess of emotion and thought.

Suddenly Miss Martha's wiry voice rang through the entry—"Brother! it's time for prayers!"—and rising, we went in.

APRIL.

A TIMID, blushing maiden,
With downcast, tearful eyes,
In her hand an opening rosebud,
Perfumed by dewy sighs.

Oft advancing, oft retreating,
She has won our heart the while,
And we cannot choose but love her
For her tear-drop and her smile.

THE REAL QUESTION.

THE recent exciting and protracted contest, as to the organization of Congress, was significant, in more respects than one. It was a topical symptom of a general state, showing a large amount of derangement, and yet a tendency to recuperation.

We saw the representatives of the people brought to a complete deadlock by the antagonism of parties, each pulling a different way, with no one strong enough to prevail, and no two seemingly ready to coalesce. For two months, nearly, the usual course of legislation was suspended on the settlement of a preliminary dispute as to the Speakership. Yet the House of Representatives was never more truly representative than in this temporary paralysis of its functions; for the whole nation is in pretty nearly the same predicament. Its politics are decussated, if we may use the expression, not by well-defined parties, but by numerous opposing factions. Their conflicts, but for the seriousness of the subjects involved, would exhibit as droll a spectacle as Marryatt describes in his triangular duel. The Republicans, taking a pistol in either hand, fire away at the Democrats and the Americans; the Americans, doing the same, fire at the Republicans and the Democrats; while the Democrats, again, discharge their pieces at the Americans and the Republicans. Everybody shoots at everybody else; and everybody, let him aim in whatever direction he will, is sure to aim at an enemy, who is also aiming at him, thus rendering the exposure equal, and the chances of sudden disaster somewhat even. It was evident, however, during the struggle in the House, in spite of the seeming and superficial differences of opinion among the several factions, that there was, radically, but a single issue. Each member felt, as he gave his vote for this or that candidate, though he was not always ready to avow it, that the turning-point of all was, the question of slavery. All the other questions, which may have operated in forming little knots of voters, were incidental, or aside, like the small eddies which whirl about in the very current of the principal vortex. Banks and Aiken were the leaders of the hosts

between which the real battle was fought, while they who shouted for Fuller, Zollikoffer, and what not, were only deserters from the main ranks, or camp-followers and marplots.

Nor were leaders ever chosen with more instinctive wisdom, considering the peculiarity of their relations to this predominant issue. Mr. Banks was a man of the people, who had risen by his own efforts from an humble mechanical occupation to a high political office; while Mr. Aiken was a slaveholder, one of the wealthiest of his class, endowed with all the better qualities of that class, and as sincere as he was strong in his geographical convictions. Mr. Banks represented the state of Massachusetts—itsself the best example of a free condition of society to be found on the face of the earth; while Mr. Aiken represented South Carolina—long distinguished as the ablest exponent of both the opinions and the influences of the slave-civilization. In these, their champions, therefore, the two social systems of the North and South were pitted against each other, and, for the first time so openly and directly, in the history of our national existence.

In the same way, the nation, in the midst of the parties and agitations by which it is distracted, recognizes the fundamental and vital question to be that of slavery. Wink it out of sight as we may, or complicate it as we may, it can not be disguised, that slavery is the single real element of party divisions. Openly or secretly, it controls the action of all parties. They come together, as in the case of the Americans, for other ostensible purposes; but before they separate, are fiercely at loggerheads about this matter. Every ancient party-organization has been sundered by it, and their members, in forming new party ties, are almost exclusively controlled by it. The first condition they enact, before joining any body is, that it should think thus and so of the slavery question.

But what is the slavery question? What is the real issue at the bottom of the excitement which gathers about this word slavery, as a nucleus? Let us answer, in the first place, that it is not a question as to the merits of slavery in

itself, or rather in its adaptation to those communities in which it already exists. With the exception of a certain class of philanthropists, who conceive it their duty to wage war against every form of what they deem injustice everywhere, we know of no class in this country who wish to interfere with those communities. At any rate, there is no distinct or formidable political party professing such an object. A great many individuals at the North, as freemen, not indifferent to the cause of humanity, claim the right to consider and criticize Southern society, just as they do the various societies of Europe and Asia. But the great body of the people have never evinced any aggressive disposition beyond that, and are willing to leave the practical treatment of slavery, in the states, to those who know its evils, and are to be presumed best able to devise a remedy. What concerns them solely and exclusively is, the relation of slavery to their own interests and responsibilities. It might be conceded that the peculiar socialism of the South is the best for it, under the circumstances, that human wisdom can conceive; or, that it has the divine sanction—being equally beneficial to the white and black races, without touching the marrow of our public dispute.

For the real question, let us remark, in the second place, arises out of the struggle of two incompatible orders of civilization for the mastery of a common field. It has fallen to the lot of this country to make the attempt to confederate a series of states, separated by two distinct social systems; and, though the attempt is not impracticable in itself, nor was it impracticable under the original conditions, nor is yet impracticable, could these conditions be adhered to—the actual working of the experiment has developed a broad and serious antagonism. The evidences of a latent difference have appeared, from time to time, from the beginning; but they were adjusted by our wise statesmen of the past, as they appeared, on the principle of peaceful compromise. In a late fatal and perfidious hour, however, that principle was flung to the winds, and the elements of discord left to the chance of a hand-to-hand encounter. As the first result of the abandonment, the western breezes brought to our ears, from the plains of Kansas,

murmurs of warlike preparations; even as we write,

"From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,

The hum of either army stilly sounds;"

and long before our article shall be read, perhaps, the din of civil war will have broken the distant solitudes.

The controversy, between what may be termed our Northern and Southern civilizations, presents two aspects: first, whether the influences of the one or the other shall predominate in the federal government; and, secondly, whether the one or the other of these influences shall prevail in the organization of new territories. Virtually, these questions are one; for whichever side succeeds in regard to the first point, will be sure to succeed in regard to the second, and *vice versa*.

As to the first aspect of it, we are all aware what the facts of the case have been hitherto; we are all aware, that for many years the interests of slavery have carried the day completely, in nearly every department of the national government. The executive has always inclined to that side, and so has the judiciary, and, with occasional exceptions, both branches of the legislature. It came to such a pass, indeed, at last, that no man, whatever his capacities or claims, who was in the least adverse to that interest, was allowed to hold the lowest office of profit or honor under the general government, and much less to achieve any of its higher places. It is true, at this hour, that the most illustrious poet of his country, that its most illustrious historian, that its most illustrious philosopher, that its most illustrious novelist (were she a man) could not be made a gate-keeper of the public grounds at Washington, if he desired to be; and that for the simple reason, that having formed a different theory of social life from the one which obtains at the South, he has been honest enough to express it. Even the most eminent statesmen of former days, our Jeffersons, our Franklins, our Jays, and our Adamsses, could they arise from their graves, and write what they once wrote, would be excluded forever from political employment. Thus, the men of the North, who are born to freedom, who are cradled to rest by the songs of its surges as they roll in from the lakes and oceans, who inhale it with every breath blown from their eternal hills, and who,

should they fail to extol it, would be recreant to the earliest and deepest inspirations of their lives, are begirt by an intolerance more exclusive than that which disgraced the ostracism of the Athenian demos, or the interdicts of the mediæval papacy. The men of New England, and New York, of Ohio, and Wisconsin, are yet called upon to adopt the peculiar sentiments of the men of Georgia, and Texas, or at least to hold their tongues from the temerity of criticism or disapproval, on pain of political banishment. Let them but once whisper abroad any disparagement of slavery, though it were in the friendliest tone, with the sincerest convictions, under an earnest and conscientious sense of its important bearings, and straightway they are marked men. Now, against this they contend and protest; it is a dictation so arrogant, that to submit to it would be to deserve it; and every impulse of self-respect, honor, and liberty prompts them to avoid that humiliation.

The more immediate and pressing aspect of the great controversy, however, is that which relates to the future destiny of the territories. It presents this simple alternative—whether, contrasting the effects of the free condition of society with those of the slave, we ought to abandon our virgin soils to the occupation of the one, or solemnly consecrate them to the use of the other? As a nation, we have had a broad and ample experience of the influences of both systems on the prosperity of states, and we are summoned to a decision between them. In this view, the question is one, we repeat, not of races, nor of abstract theories of rights, nor even of religious convictions (although all these will influence the decision), but of actual facts. Demonstrated before us, lie the results of two social experiments, and we are asked, in the light of those demonstrations, to determine which it is best to apply, in the formation of our young and inchoate communities. A brood of such communities is growing up under our fostering wings; our duty is, to launch them in the world, as a good parent would send forth his sons, furnished with the best appliances for a healthful, sober, manly, and generous career; and the choice lies in this—whether that furniture shall come from the pens and plantations of slavery, or from the factories and free-schools of freedom.

There could be no better illustration of the proper solution of this problem, than the experiences of the two states, which lately appeared, through their representatives, in the congressional arena, as the standard-bearers of either party. Massachusetts and South Carolina are both old, and both sea-board states, which took a conspicuous part in our revolutionary war; which were present at the formation of the Constitution; which have since grown, side by side, under their characteristic systems; which cling, with great tenacity, to the principles of these, and which are remarkable for the vigor with which they represent their effects. At the outset, South Carolina was about four times as large as Massachusetts, territorially, and is still; but this advantage is partly compensated by the fact, that Massachusetts began with about one-third more total population. Massachusetts, however, was democratically organized into a system of separate, and almost independent townships, each a centre of government in itself, while South Carolina, from the necessity of the case, was centrally organized into parishes, having little or no local authority, and, for the most part, dependent on the principal, or state government. The people of Massachusetts have retained that organization, and with it, the most entire freedom of every inhabitant; while the people of South Carolina have also, with slight modifications, retained their system, and with it, the servitude of nearly the whole laboring class. Now, what have been the effects, on the prosperity of each, of these two contrasted constitutions?

The elements of national greatness, in their three-fold material, intellectual and moral forms, are universally summed up, under the heads of population, productive industry, the diffusion of wealth, internal improvement, popular education, and social order. But who, that has ever traveled over the two states we are considering, or taken the pains to compare their statistics, as given in the usual authorities, can have failed to remark their broad and striking differences, in all these respects? Supposing their social systems equally well adapted to their respective localities, and the genius of their people, there is a notable disparity in the practical results.

On the one part, we behold a con-

siderable progress; but on that of the other, a prodigious one. On the one side, we behold a large and fertile soil, under a delicious climate, thinly peopled and poorly cultivated; and, on the other, a barren soil, under inclement skies, teeming with towns and cities, and cultivated to the extreme. On the one side, the industry, though productive, is, in many respects, careless, thriftless, and improvident, confined to a few branches which increase slowly; while on the other, the productiveness of the industry exceeds that of any part of the globe, excepting a few sugar and coffee estates of the torrid zone, and is richly varied, and advancing. On the one side is a slender commerce; and, on the other, a commerce which sweeps the seas. On the one side are bad roads, and few of them; while, on the other, is a chevaux de frise of rail-roads. On the one side is a puny and unprolific intellectual activity; and, on the other, an intellectual activity which leaves no child untaught, and scarcely a man unlettered. On the one side is a society irrevocably divided into castes, where a debased and inferior race grows in numbers and strength, to the increasing embarrassment of the superior race, and amidst the derision of the civilized world; while, on the other, is a homogeneous society, where every

man enjoys the means of the highest culture and the securest happiness, and the future expands and brightens, with new prospects of social achievement.* Every year is plunging South Carolina into deeper troubles and dangers, from which her most sagacious and even hopeful minds see no escape but civil war; while every year is lifting Massachusetts toward a more secure and benignant eminence of Christian civilization.

Our argument does not mean to assert that South Carolina ought to adopt the institutions of Massachusetts, because we have no occasion to go into such an inquiry here; but what it does assert is this, that if a high degree of prosperity be desirable to a nation, if a thriving population, if universal industry, if the rapid increase, and equitable diffusion of wealth, if general improvement, if education and religion, in short, if a harmonious growth and widehening prospects for the future, be the tests of that prosperity, then the institutions of Massachusetts are vastly better in themselves, and in respect to all communities in which they are practicable, than the institutions of South Carolina. We say, that the experience of these states has shown, incontestably, the superiority of the free condition of society, and that we, as honest patriots and Chris-

* The following Table is compiled from the last Census, with the exception of the "Agricultural Products," which is Mr. Tucker's Estimate for 1840:

	MASSACHUSETTS.	SOUTH CAROLINA.
Population, ...	994,514	668,507
Real and personal estate, ...	\$573,342,286	\$288,267,694
Acres improved, ...	2,133,436	4,072,651
Acres unimproved, ...	1,222,576	12,145,049
Cash value of farms, ...	\$169,076,347	\$82,431,684
Agricultural products, ...	\$16,100,000	\$21,550,000
Manufacture and mining, ...	\$151,137,145	\$7,063,513
Imports, ...	\$11,367,956	\$1,808,517
Exports, ...	\$16,895,304	\$15,400,408
Tonnage, ...	32,715,327	2,081,312
Rail-road costs, ...	\$55,602,687	\$11,287,093
Value produced to each person, . .	\$106	\$50
Free-schools, ...	3,679	724
Private schools, ...	403	202
Scholars in all, ...	190,924	26,025
Papers and periodicals, ...	64,820,564	7,145,930 copies.
Illiterate white natives, ...	1,861	16,460
Libraries, ...	684,015	107,472 vols.
Churches, ...	1,477	1,182
Church property, ...	\$10,206,184	\$2,172,246

As to the crime and pauperism of the two states, no materials exist for an accurate comparison; but if we may trust the statement of Governor Hammond, in his address to the South Carolina Institute, there are no less than 50,000 whites (one-sixth of the white population), "whose industry is not adequate to their support. They obtain a precarious subsistence by hunting, fishing, plundering fields and folds, and trading with slaves."

tian men, are bound, by all human wisdom, and all divine law, to prefer those institutions, where either may be adopted, as in our new territories. We are bound to secure to our friends and descendants in those regions, to which, under our guardianship, they have removed, every highest guaranty and facility of future well-being.

But the superiority of free society, so signally exhibited in the contrasts of the two great and powerful states we have named, is confirmed by the experience of all the states. The relative position of the free states, compared with the slave states, is accurately denoted by the relations of Massachusetts and South Carolina. Free society is always on the lead; and one of the established principles of political economy is, that it must be so—that it cannot be otherwise; that God would be forgetful of the laws he has implanted in the human constitution, and in the universe, if he did not render freedom the most benignant of all conditions. Mr. Henry C. Carey, in a most valuable book of his,* has shown, by a rigid induction from the statistics of four nations—India, France, England, and the United States—that in everything which involves the success, the happiness, and the moral elevation of their people, their eminence is in a precise ratio to their political freedom. He proves, specifically, and beyond a doubt, that, in respect to the security of person and property; in respect to quantity and quality of work; in respect to the profits of capital, and the wages of labor; in respect to the equitable distribution of wealth, and exemption from taxes; in respect to the soundness and extension of credit; in respect to facility of intercourse, and habits of industry; in respect to purity of marriage and growth of population; in respect to the absence of crime, and even of disease; and, finally, in respect to literary and religious instruction, the condition of nations is measured by their freedom. It is such an overwhelming demonstration, as no defender of despotism, in any of its shapes, has ever undertaken to refute, or even cared to notice. Yet a similar demonstration is possible, in regard to the free and slave states of this Union. It can be shown, as it has been already, we believe more than once, that a clear line of distinction

separates the two, in all these elements of high civilization. And how could it be otherwise? The condition of slavery, confining its laborious classes, for the most part, to simple agricultural labor, does not stimulate, and scarcely admits of that variety and magnificence of product, which is the mark of high physical development, whilst it is still more deficient in the means of intellectual and moral progress. Its superior class often attains the most elevated point, both of character and culture, but its masses, with here and there an individual exception, cannot rise above the lowest level.

All this, however, needs no protracted discussion. Do not the nine hundred and ninety-nine men, out of every thousand, at the North—yea, more than that—honestly believe, that a free society is, in every sense, preferable to a slave society? Are there not thousands upon thousands at the south, who believe the same thing, who openly confess the superiority of the former, and justify the continuation of the latter solely upon the ground, that it was an unavoidable inheritance, of which it is now difficult, if not impossible, to get relieved? We have ourselves conversed with many such men; we could cite, if we liked, from books, innumerable such opinions; but, indeed, this view is so almost universal, that we need be at no pains to prove its existence.

We ought, perhaps, to except a few southern speculators, who, following the lead of Mr. Calhoun, have, not only asserted that slavery is a positive good, and a finality, but who profess to have discovered the most alarming weaknesses in free society. They see in it a thousand elements of evil—in the relation of labor and capital, a future war between the rich and poor—in its excitability, the seeds of a desolating fanaticism, and in its party violence, a most speedy anarchy. Poor fellows! were there ever theories more excessively shallow!

No observant man is, of course, insensible of the many lingering defects and evils of our free society. If he have studied it minutely, he will not regard it as by any means perfect or final: but, on the comparison of it with other societies, and after every abatement, he will come to a quite positive conclusion,

* Principles of Political Economy, 3 vols.

that it contains facilities for reaching every imaginable future as well as present, social excellence, greater than any other that now exists. Taken as to the general result, he will see, that the civilization of our free states is not only considerably in advance of that of any other part of the globe, but is of such a spirit and structure that it will continue, for many years yet, to keep in advance. What civilization can be named its superior? That of Turkey, Russia, Italy, Austria, Spain—the simple suggestion is ludicrous! Outside of England, France, and the north of Germany, which surpass us in certain special aspects, there are no nations to be named on the same day with New England, the northern middle states, and the settled parts of the West. We do not mean that these have actually achieved all the finer social results of European life; but that, apart from their own peculiar attainments, they are in a condition to appropriate the highest existing social culture. Without sacrificing their characteristic virtues, they are rapidly adopting the best refinements of others. Nowhere else do literature and art spread so widely among the people; and nowhere else is domestic life so readily blending the genialities and graces of intercourse (before impossible to its newness and rawness) with that purity, which it always had and still retains.

The forms of our free society, being alike flexible and fixed, preserve the security of law, while they give ample scope to the movements of progress. That dissolution especially which the aforesaid speculators fondly predict for it, in consequence of its fanaticisms and turbulences, is an event the most remote: for its very freedom is its defense; and the errors which arise in it, like the vapors of the night, are dissipated in the morning by the light of free discussion. When the mind is exempted from compressive restraints, its natural activity is displayed in novel schemes of thought as well as in mechanical contrivance: projects of reform of all kinds are as inseparable from it as business enterprise; and like a rich soil which produces the best fruits, it also abounds in plentiful crops of weeds. All the excitements of it, however, all its *isms* and vagaries, are scarcely felt as evils. Beyond the temporary ferment they occasion, no one is the worse for

them, while these ferments may be themselves regarded as the outlets of irritation that would otherwise be deep and dangerous. It is the forced suppression of social energies, and not the ventilation of them, which leads to pernicious revolts. For this reason, besides, we have no fear of the imputed lawlessness of free society—a danger to which, in its peculiar constitution, slave-society seems to us far more exposed. Dr. Arnold somewhere remarks with profound wisdom, that “the age of chivalry, whose departure Burke so much regretted, was the natural parent of that age of Jacobinism which he so much abhorred.” He explains that both breathe a spirit of hostility to order, encouraging men to look upon themselves as independent of their fellows, and cultivating a proud and selfish idolatry of what belongs to themselves individually, whether it be personal honor or personal glory, as in the one form of the disease, or personal liberty and equity, as in the other. Both lead to what Bacon calls *bonum suiatatis*, to the neglect of the good of the general body. True as this is of a genuine chivalry, it is still more true of that spurious sort which springs out of slavery, and which breeds a haughty, insolent, and irritable self-conceit—intractable to law and disdaining social subordination. It is in southern society, consequently, that personal and mobocratic violence is rife—it is there that schemes of filibusterism are principally engendered—and there that the threat of taking up arms against the Union is a favorite method of discussion.

In the elements of stability as well as of prosperity, then, the social organization of the North enjoys an unquestionable superiority over that of the South; and we do not see how any rational or humane man can hesitate as to which is the most desirable for a new region. If the question concerned a community already settled, in which the habits had been formed and large amounts of property were invested in the faith of a definite condition of things, the determination of it would be more embarrassing: but our western territories are a primitive, untrodden ground—no vested interests exist there to be disturbed—no ancient prejudice to be aroused—and no hoary abuses to be overthrown. All is fresh, and new, and unperverted; nothing stands be-

tween the judgment of what is best for them and the actual truths of experience and reason; the institutions they take now will color their destiny for generations, and, in such circumstances, to doom them, for years to come, to an inferior social system, full of confessed weaknesses, full of hopeless evils, full of disastrous liabilities and perils, is to treat them with a cruelty, which a brute would be ashamed of towards its young.

But, unfortunately, the politicians, ever disinclined to contemplate political movements in their larger and humaner aspects, always contrive to complicate them with divergent or collateral issues. They will not look at them in the light of a sound political and social philosophy, as matters which may control the happiness and stamp the character of unborn millions, and to the decision of which a man should bring, not his selfish cunning but his maturest wisdom, and his most generous sympathies: but they look at them, almost exclusively, as they bear on the distributions of power and their own prospects of advancement. It has fallen to this question of the organization of our territories to be decided quite on these grounds. Among the politicians of the South, it has become a desperate struggle for the retention of their ascendancy, and among those of the North a desperate gamble for success; and, between the two, the people of the United States have been cheated out of their rightful control of their dependencies; and the people of the territories themselves subjected to a series of the most atrocious outrages. In the whole history of our legislation, there is not another so barefaced, flagitious, and reckless a course of proceedings as that which initiated, accompanied, and has followed the repeal of the Missouri compromise. We doubt, indeed, whether any legislation of any civilized country, this side of the French

revolution, has been marked by such an utter want of principle, and at the same time so pregnant with dangerous consequences. Wrestling from the representatives of the people, under false pretenses, and on the ground of a mere abstraction, their long-settled right of legislating for the territories, to confer it upon chance-comers; the authors and abettors of squatter sovereignty no sooner saw it in exercise than they hastened to suppress it by fire and sword. Flinging out the prize of a splendid empire, to be won by a scramble between the two parts of the Union, already inflamed and hostile, they have brought us to the verge of a fratricidal war. Inviting the settlement and organization of the territories by the people of all the states, they have let loose the wild hordes of the border upon a particular class of them, and denounced the penalties of treason against their action as freemen. Beginning in fraud, they have ended in presenting an issue of force.

It is in the power of the Congress, however, to avoid this issue, and pass the crisis, by a ready recognition of the claims of Kansas, as a free state. Her action, like that of Arkansas, Michigan, and California, which furnish appropriate precedents, has been somewhat irregular, but in no respect treasonable. Her people, provoked by every incitement to extremities, have deported themselves with temper and discretion. They are not compelled even to ask, that "something should be pardoned to the spirit of liberty;" but are amply justified in resting their case on its naked merits. Let it be treated with a manly and truthful independence, and let those, whose duty it is to dispose of it, or to act in the matter in any way, remember the profound saying of Emerson: "Never, my friend, never strike sail to a fear. Come into port grandly, or sail with God the seas."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

AMERICAN LITERATURE AND REPRINTS.

NOVELS.—We cannot chronicle any remarkable appearances in the world of romance. GRACE GREENWOOD has collected a volume of tales, the principal and largest of which, *A Forest Tragedy*, gives name to the book. It is written with vigor of style, but not correctness. The authoress has a fondness for pet expressions, generally double adjectives, such as "wild, passionate eyes," "rich crimson lips," "thin, quivering nostrils," "fierce, dark expression," "rich, deep bloom," "rich olive shades," "hard, strong nature," which occur so frequently as to become unpleasant. Nor, as a narrative, does the story seem to us highly successful. There is a vein of tragic earnestness in it, which fastens the attention of the reader, in spite of his ever-present feeling of a want of truth in the conception. One of the first scenes, almost, is an account of a kind of woman's rights meeting among the Oneida squaws, in which these poor, docile creatures assert their own dignity, and flagellate the men in the most approved style of a Boston or a Syracuse convention. Mrs. Abby Kelly Foster, or Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell could not hold forth with more indignant vehemence against the other sex, than do these children of the forest against certain lawless white lovers, who did not always play them fair. They even enter into a most savage league against any of their own sex who may chance to take a fancy to a pale skin, conceived with as much ferocity as any Italian or French plot against a reigning monarch. They swear, in extreme melo-dramatic solemnity, to put to death every Indian woman whose connection with the whites is not entirely upon the square; and the subsequent incidents of the plot turn upon the doings of this primitive moral reform society. But for this want of naturalness in a main event, the story would be one of considerable power. The shorter tales of the volume are more effective and graceful.

—In *Woman's Faith*, and the *Creole Orphans*, we have two novels which profess to be tales of Southern life; but neither of them seems to us original or true. As an evidence of the carelessness of the former, for instance, we note, at the very outset,

some singular oversights. It purports to be a tale of Louisiana, and the time is laid just fifty years ago. Yet within the first twenty pages, we have a description of a gentleman's library, which is exquisitely painted in *fresco*, which was a very improbable thing for such a time and place; and also an account of the trial of an imputed northern abolitionist by jury, when everybody knows that fifty years since, abolition, and the excitement against it, had not come into existence; and the jury-trial was not yet adopted into the old French law, prevailing in the territory. Louisiana was not admitted as a state into the Union, until 1812, and it was some time after that, when Edward Livingston prepared the code, that the jury trial was incorporated into the legal procedure. The tale, however, is told with some skill, and possesses considerable interest. But we cannot say as much for the *Creole Orphans*, which is crude in style, and not profoundly interesting. In the descriptions of natural scenery there is a certain animation; but it is deficient in portraiture and plot.

—A more agreeable novel is the *Lost Hunter*, a tale of early Indian and settler life, narrated with some simplicity, occasional humor, and with a good purpose. Though the reading world is pretty well weary of the conventional Indian character, there is nothing offensive of that kind in the book before us, which presents the savage in a somewhat novel light.

—There is a little book called *Natty, a Spirit*, which we are at a loss to class. It purports to be an authentic account of a spiritual visitation from a child, who got his portrait painted, and did other wonderful things; but there is so much that is novel and romantic in the story, that we speak of it among fictitious works.

—Mrs. LIVERMORE's *Zoe* we must take time to consider.

—SUMNER's *Speeches*.—The position of CHARLES SUMNER in the world of American politics is as proud as it is peculiar.

In the prime of life, Mr. Sumner passed, at one step, from the practice of his profession, into the Senate of the United States. He had never concerned himself

with party intrigues; he had served no apprenticeship to the bad trade of electioneering. Learned, eloquent, and gallant, this young Boston lawyer had made himself known by the force of qualities the most unlike to those which usually achieve political distinction for their possessors, in our age and country. He was neither a tactician, nor a trimmer, but simply a man of courage, ability, and philanthropy. And so, when the first great wave of the revolutionary question which now agitates our country lifted the framework of government in Massachusetts, the people of that state recognized in Mr. Sumner just the character to which the interests of freedom, in a crisis dangerous to freedom, might be safely intrusted.

They summoned him from his retirement, and sent him to Washington, to speak there and to act there in the spirit of that brave old colony which was ever the first in resistance to tyranny. Five years have elapsed since Mr. Sumner was called to this honorable service, and his name has already become historical.

It is a good work which Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have done, in publishing the record of these five years of faithful and brilliant service. The *Recent Speeches and Addresses* of Mr. Sumner make a handsome volume of five hundred pages, which comprises all the more important discourses and documents put forth by him since 1851.

The subjects which have occupied the attention of the senator are very various; but he has handled them in one spirit of liberality and justice. Whether pleading for the seaman or for the slave, for cheap postage or encouragement to emigration, for the promotion of peace or the establishment of liberty, Mr. Sumner, with the single exception of his vote in favour of the Collins steamers, is always to be found on one side; he is the consistent enemy of privilege, and the consistent friend of equity. Perhaps the ablest and most ingenious effort contained in the volume before us, is his lecture on the "Position and Duties of the Merchant," delivered before the Mercantile Library Association of Boston, in which, without violating the proprieties of the place and time, he made a magnificent tribute to the heroic life of Granville Sharpe serve his paramount purpose of arousing and stimulating the temper of his countrymen to a just sense of the

value of free principles, and to noble conceptions of life and its aims.

Mr. Sumner manifests two points of superiority over the average run of our statesmen: firstly, in the earnestness and depth of his moral convictions; and, secondly, in the extent and rarity of his scholarship. Attached to no party, he is able to approach all questions on the side of their abstract merits, and as they are related, not to the temporary successes of certain lines of policy, but to the universal principles of ethics and law. Accordingly, he handles his topics more in the spirit of the judge, than in that of the advocate. He is more anxious to elicit the truth that may be in them, than to commend them to popularity. Yet he is not unmindful of the advantages of favorable opinion, and often rises to a high degree of persuasiveness of appeal. His statements are always clear, and his reasonings generally logical; but these excellences are not so conspicuous as the wealth of learning which he brings to the illustration of his argument. Not only does he never undertake a discussion until he has made himself master of the history of its details, but he scarcely utters a sentiment which he cannot fortify by some weighty sentence from the books of some great authority. This gives an appearance of elaboration to his efforts, which, though not always pleasing, in an artistic view, is quite rare in a nation of so much superficial and flippant oratory. It is, moreover, a compliment to his audience, compensating, in their judgment, the want of more spontaneous feeling. But it must not be inferred from this that he is destitute of impulse and glow; for his unstudied reply, to the combination of senators who once assailed his character, showed a ready command of his resources, and as much quickness as fertility. It was deeply earnest, without being passionate and personal, yet dignified.

TRAVELS.—Mr. Ewbank, whose *Sketches of Brazil* is before us, is not a very fluent nor elegant writer, though he is a wary observer, and a man of sense. His volume is instructive, therefore, but not charming. It narrates the particulars of a visit to Rio, in 1845, with fidelity, giving us many interesting facts as to the manners, trades, and superstitions of the people, and arguing wisely on the causes of their political and social condition; but we do not find in its

style any of the peculiar tone or color which one likes in a book about the tropics. That brilliant nature never seems to have lifted the writer into poetry, nor to have seduced out of him the cold practical habit of the man of science. Mr. JARVES, however, in the second series of his *Parisian Sights and French Principles*, has attempted to catch the spirit of the place he was writing about—its light, vivacious way—but not with uniform success. There are some of his chapters which breathe the air of Paris, which are gay, easy, flippant, and delightful; but the most of them, in spite of their subjects, have a good deal of our English phlegm in them. Yet they are entertaining, particularly as they are aided by numerous wood-cuts, which present the life of the great city to our naked eyes.—The *Kansas* of Mr. GREENE is a lively sketch of the region which is now producing such a hubbub in the political world. The author, having spent a great deal of time in wild adventures among its solitudes, acquired a familiar knowledge of its soil, climate, mineral resources, etc., and presents us what he has learned, in this brief book. He writes enthusiastically of the country, as the very Arcadia of the western continent, and he predicts for it an unexampled development in wealth and people. Mr. Greene's style has all the energy and freshness of pioneer life in it, with an occasional inflation, however, which seems a reminiscence of some older and less pure inspiration.

—Our readers have already had a taste of Mrs. FERRIS's *Mormons at Home*, and we need, therefore, but announce its publication. It is, on the whole, the most authentic work on the domestic life of the strange people of Utah that we have. As a woman, Mrs. Ferris was admitted to secrets which would be carefully concealed from men. The picture she draws is a gloomy one, indeed; and though she is not without her prejudices, we are forced to believe that it is faithful. A society built upon any other foundation than the marriage of one man to one woman, must degenerate into every kind of misery and corruption. Mrs. Ferris has made an absorbing narrative out of her brief experience of such a society, as it exists among the followers of Smith.

PHILOSOPHY.—Commend us to the Germans when any point or question of philo-

sophy is to be treated; for they take to the matter as a duck does to the water. They are native and to that manner born, and discourse of it with an ease, a comprehension, and a learning, which must ever be the despair of other more practical nations. We have a specimen of their excellence in this way, in *Schwegler's History of Philosophy*, just translated by JULIUS H. SEELYE, which, though a mere epitome of the subject, is, as far as it goes, so lucid in its arrangement, so accurate in its distinctions, and so pervaded with thought, that it seems to leave little more to be said, except in the way of detail. Schwegler is of the school of Hegel, whose historical method he borrows to some extent; but he is not a blind follower of his illustrious master. Even in the application of this method itself, he makes wide departures from Hegel, justifying his course by sound reasons. Hegel, who cultivated the absolute so assiduously, was apt to be somewhat absolute in his methods—more so than actual history sustained, and has to be qualified by his most reverent disciple.

Great as are the merits of this history, however, in the positive parts, we think it defective in one fundamental respect; and that is, in the narrowness, or rather rigidity with which it confines the history of philosophical systems to those which proceed entirely upon philosophical grounds. Of course it excludes all the oriental systems, because they are mainly mythological or cosmogonical—beginning philosophy with Thales of Greece; and it excludes, also, the whole scholastic period, because it was chiefly religious, thus leaving out the very roots of the modern speculative development. Now, a history of philosophy, it seems to us, ought to be a connected view of all those modes of interpreting the problem of the universe—its origin, construction, and end—which have obtained among men, and which, whether they come to us through the imagination, or the mythologies, or through the reason, as the grander schemes of thought, are alike to be considered. No doubt the Asiatic systems are mostly mythic, but they are not exclusively so; they contain large elements of pure speculation; and, as they represent the life-theories of millions of human beings, some of them highly cultivated, they cannot be ignored. So far from being exclusively mythical, indeed, are the oriental

doctrines, that it is easy to find in them anticipations of all the Grecian schools. The Ionic, Eleatic, and other sects of the peninsula, not excepting the Platonic, had their precursors in Persia and India, and the resemblances between their respective theories are often so striking, that an ingenious student, by a little expenditure of learning, might make out a clear case of plagiarism against the Greeks. In fact, the recent French eclectics show that all the general results of philosophy, according to their classification, namely, idealism, materialism, skepticism, and mysticism, were reached by the oriental mind. Be this as it may, it is quite evident that Asia was the cradle of human thought, to which a great part of human culture, as well as of human language, is to be traced, and no history of philosophy is complete which omits so considerable and important a field. And the same is true of the scholastic speculation, which, though seldom departing from the domain of positive religion, is yet an essential moment in the great movements of thought, and cannot be overlooked. It had its independent validity, its various schools, its epochs, and its influences upon the church, and upon society; and, when Heumann, for instance, defines it as *philosophiam in servitute theologiæ papæ redactam*, or philosophy prostituted to the service of the pope, he exaggerates the extent of its obsequiousness. It was not wholly servile. Like the arts, the sciences, the governments, in short, the entire public life of the middle ages, it was bound up with the prevailing religious dogmas; and yet, springing, as all philosophy must, from the desire of knowledge, it enjoyed a certain degree of freedom and independence, and, in the end, led to that general protest against ecclesiastical domination which marks our modern era. The seeds of the Reformation, indeed, lay in the doctrines of some of the scholastics, such as Abelard, Hugo of St. Victor, Albertus Magnus, Roger Bacon, and William of Occam; and there is such a vital tie running through the whole of human speculation, that no great era of it can be left out without detriment. Besides, why was oriental philosophy so mythological, and why was scholasticism so religious? These are questions which philosophy itself has to answer; and it cannot, therefore, in its own history, shut out the

materials of one of its own most important problems.

This translation of Schwegler's work is made with great fidelity, and would be idiomatic but for one or two stiff renderings, such as "clearing-up" for *Aufklärung*, of which elucidation, explanation, solution, though less literal, are all better correspondents; and "content," in the sense of subject-matter, the theme, the purport, the topic. We have, in English, the plural noun "contents," which means the thing held or included within certain limits; but we have no singular, "content," except that which expresses a satisfaction or acquiescence of mind. Such phrases, therefore, as "the chief content of the Cartesian system is," etc., "the form identical with the content," "the inner content of its principle," repeated frequently, as they are, become offensive. We presume the German word, in most of these cases, is *Inhalt*, to which our familiar English words subject, substance, or matter, we have found precise enough to be good equivalents. We see no reason, in translating German thought, for transferring its phraseology. In some instances, this may be necessary; but in general our vocabulary furnishes all needful expressions.

—In Mr. TAPPAN'S *Elements of Logic* we have an American contribution to metaphysical science, which displays an intimate acquaintance with the subject, and a desire after a comprehensive as well as an original treatment of it; but we cannot congratulate our author on a complete success. His book is highly respectable, but not remarkable—betraying a great deal of reading and some thought, but no native aptitude for this kind of discussion. It is made up rather of the speculations of others, with some novelties of arrangement, than of original and independent results. It is true that the field of logic, having been industriously cultivated these three thousand years, is not a promising field for new discoveries, and we do not expect these—meaning simply, by our criticism, that Professor Tappan has thrown no new light upon the old and accepted principles of logic, while that which he means as new is of doubtful validity. At the same time, there are so many defects in Mill, Whately, Thompson (*Laws of Thought*), Newman, etc., that any new attempt to place logic on strictly scien-

tific grounds is not only justifiable but praiseworthy.

What perplexes us, and, we presume, many other outside readers of such discussions, is to find out what logic really is. Every new writer seems to take a new view of it, or, at least, to controvert the views of all his predecessors. Is it, as Whately contends, to be restricted to the analysis and determination of the reasoning process only so far as it is a verbal operation? Is it, as Sir William Hamilton maintains, the science of the formal laws of thought only? or does it, as Professor Tappan now declares more largely, comprise the laws which govern and determine all the activities of the reason—reason itself being the sum of our intellectual faculties, or the total knowing substance? In the latter event, how are we to distinguish it from psychology, or the ordinary science of mind? All sciences are, of course, related, and more or less involve each other; yet each science must have its limits, its distinctive object, about which it is principally conversant, and which separates it from every other science. Now, Professor Tappan says, that psychology is the analysis of the reason, which makes us acquainted with its eternal and absolute ideas, while logic is that analysis of the reason which makes us acquainted with its laws; but what is the difference here between its laws and its ideas? An idea, we are told, is that "which determines our cognitions and our activity;" and a law is that "which regulates and determines the manifestations and movements" of the mind: and we cannot see the distinction. Undoubtedly, there is a distinction; but it is not here stated. As a specimen of the confusion that reigns, let us extract a single paragraph, explanatory of the function of logic.

"Reason perceives and knows: seeks and arrives at truth. But what are the laws which regulate its perceptions? What are the methods which it pursues in seeking after truth? What are the ultimate grounds of its knowledges and beliefs? When we have answered these questions, we have logic completed."

We have, however, a great deal more—for the first question relates to psychology, the last to universal philosophy, and the second only to logic. The laws of the reason, it seems to us, like its faculties, functions, operations, processes, are the objects of mental science, and not of logic.

We are not much given to such inquiries, but what little thought we have expended upon them has led to the belief, that logic is best considered as a branch of the larger science of induction—using the term, not as Bacon does, mostly in the sense of simple generalization, but for the whole procedure of method. Its other branches are, analysis and synthesis, so that the generic science of method includes the three specific functions of logical induction, analytic induction, and synthetic induction, which exhaust, progressively and in combination, every process the mind resorts to, in the investigation and establishment of truth.

A great many other observations are suggested by this volume, particularly its use of the term reason; but we have no space for them now.

SCIENCE.—The *Elements of Analytical Mechanics*, and the *Spherical Astronomy*, of Professor W. H. C. BARTLETT, of the United States Military Academy, are valuable contributions to our means of attaining a competent knowledge of those branches of science. In the former, he has deduced the laws of the movements of bodies, on the principle of virtual velocities, instead of the parallelogram of forces, which is made the basis in most English and some French treatises. Combining this with D'Alembert's principle, which is shown to be a generalization of the Newtonian law of the equality of action and reaction, he deduces six equations for the motions of all bodies, and which contain the whole subject of Mechanics. It is a method susceptible of the most simple, precise, and prolific developments. It places the most vast and fruitful principles of science within the grasp of the tyro, and enables him to commune face to face with the great masters of Mechanics, with La Grange and Laplace, with Newton and Euler, with Huygens and Bernoulli.

In the *Spherical Astronomy*, which treats of the magnitudes, arrangements, and motions of the heavenly bodies, we find the same simplicity and comprehensiveness of treatment, with descriptions of the structure and use of instruments no less admirable. The plates of instruments, and of the planets, are well executed, being copied mostly from the fine *Astronomie Elementaire* of De Launay, and in every part of the work, indeed, are traces of a clear, precise, and philosophic mind.

—The *Annual of Scientific Discovery*, by Mr. WELLS, is one of those works which a man of general culture, eager to keep on a level with his age, and yet unable to follow the progress of research into its minuter results, cannot well do without. It is a *résumé* of what scientific men have done during the year, given in brief terms, and yet with sufficient details to be intelligible. One of the unhappy effects of our modern scientific activity is, that a man who does not spend all his time in reading, is soon left high and dry on the shoals of ignorance, the century in which he lives running away from him so rapidly that it gets almost out of sight. A science which he plumed himself on once knowing something about, grows, during a short tour abroad, or a sojourn in the country, quite out of his acquaintance. He sees it, like an express train, from the station-house, at which he has arrived a few minutes too late, receding from him with prodigious speed, and, ere he he is aware, leaving him alone with the porters and draymen. Such works as Mr. Wells's enable him, if not to catch up with the train, at least to keep in sight of it, or, at the worst, to guess whither it is going. Or, to change the figure, they are tide-marks of the great ocean of scientific thought, showing the height to which it has swelled, by the deposits left along the shore.

—A similar service is rendered, though in a different and even more agreeable way, by the charming work of GOSSE, on *The Ocean*, which discourses of the science of the sea, in a manner to interest both the child and the mature student. One reads in it of cuttle-fish and weeds, with as entire an absorption as he reads in a novel of the fortunes of Miss Ella and Master Tommy, the wonderful orphans, and with a good deal more instruction.

MISCELLANEOUS. — Mr. Mackie, whose charming *Cosas de España* delighted the readers of this magazine, has been trying his hand on a more serious work. It is a *Life of Shamyl*, the famous Circassian chief, who for so many years has been a thorn in the side of Russia, and has cost her, in the long run, we venture to say, more blood and treasure than all the allied forces of the Crimea. It is compiled from the most recent and authentic German and French sources, with great industry and research, and gives us a picture,

as the writer truly says, of a career of heroism, nowise inferior to that of the most famous champions of classical antiquity; of a war of independence, such as may not improperly be compared with the most glorious struggles recorded in the annals of liberty; and of a state of society, perhaps the most romantic, and the most nearly resembling that described in the songs of Homer, which the progress of civilization has left. We need hardly say, to those who know the facility with which Mr. Mackie describes scenes and characters, that his treatment of this fine subject is worthy of it, and that, not satisfied with the simple biography of his hero, he has woven with it the most graceful sketches of the manners and customs of the Caucasus. That grand and beautiful region, which has been made dear to our imaginations by the inventions of Grecian genius, as well as by some of the most venerable sacred traditions, is now invested with the more powerful charms of an actual living history, and the lands which we have heretofore associated only with the names of Noah and Prometheus, of Jason and Cadmus, will derive a deeper interest from what we are told of the marvelous bravery and wisdom of Shamyl.

—A fourth volume has been added to the collected works of EDGAR A. POE, containing one of those De Foe like narratives of adventure, in which he most excelled, called the "Narrative of A. Gordon Pym," and several magazine articles, chiefly *jeux d'esprit*, not so characteristic or successful. In fact Poe was no wit, and his attempts in that kind are very dreary; but he was a most ingenious and skillful contriver of fiction, to which he managed to give a wonderful verisimilitude, even in the midst of the profoundest improbabilities. The present volume, however, will scarcely add to his fame.

—The *Shakespearean Papers* form the third volume of the pleasant collection which Dr. MACKENZIE has made of the writings of the late William Maginn. It is the most valuable volume of the three, though to many readers it may prove the least entertaining. It exhibits Maginn, not in his jovial and rollicking moods, when he spouted wit, learning, and nonsense in equal measure, but in his more serious aspects, as "a gentleman and scholar." Even here he cannot forget his

old tricks of ribaldry and abuse; but for the most part, he conducts himself with discretion. His criticisms of the leading characters of Shakespeare, have something of novelty in them, but more of paradox, and do not convince our judgment against the traditional or accepted version of those personages. Yet there is a remarkable acuteness in much that he says, particularly in his analysis of Falstaff and Polonius, both of whom he defends against the degradation brought upon them by the vulgar conceptions of comic actors. Falstaff, he tries to show, was not the low buffoon and glutton which he is generally represented to be, nor Polonius such a silly old fool. Falstaff was a soldier and a knight, overflowing with genial wit, and absolute master of his position, while Polonius was a shrewd courtier, knowing what's what. As to Lady Macbeth, we would fain believe in the qualifications by which Maginn (following Mrs. Siddons and Mrs. Jamieson) tempers her fierce nature, for the sake of gentle womankind; but we fear that such was not the conception of Shakespeare. We do not suppose that she was utterly destitute of womanly tenderness; but we do think that Shakespeare meant to paint her as leading the way, through ungovernable ambition, to the cruel murders by which her husband won the crown.

—*RAPHALL'S Jews*.—It is a remarkable fact, that from the time of Josephus, who wrote in the early Christian era, up to within the last fifty years, no Jew has written the history of his own people, except for Jews themselves. This singular neglect does not appear to have arisen from any want of men of learning among the Jews, nor from the absence of a feeling of attachment to their race, but probably from the deep-rooted prejudices existing against them, in the countries in which they have lived, and discouraging every attempt to set themselves in a more favorable light in public opinion. But about thirty years ago, Jost, in Germany, undertook to correct the hereditary errors of history—errors transmitted from one Christian writer to another—and, since then, Gratz and Salvador have contributed to the same end. In still later days, Milman, Dohm, and Gregoire, though not Jews, have done ample justice to this singular people.

A singular people, indeed—for, as Dr.

RAPHALL observes in his preface, that as the sole survivors of the really olden time, when mankind was in its infancy, unmixed in lineage, unchanged in religious belief and observance, whose history is connected with the primeval and sacred records of civilized mankind, they possess an interest unsurpassed by any other people. Exercising, by means of their great book, an influence on the world which has outlived the philosophy of Greece, and the statesmanship of Rome, and yet themselves expatriated and dispersed, and deprived of all political existence, except in the United States—victims of ignorance, fanaticism, and calumny—their condition furnishes a marvelously fruitful theme for the pen of the historian.

Dr. Raphall proposes to present us, for the first time, we believe, in the English language, a complete narrative of the post-biblical experience of this remarkable nation. The period commences at the close of the Old Testament, and continues to the present day, embracing a span of twenty-two hundred years, and extending to almost every quarter of the globe. It is, of course, a most comprehensive scheme, requiring vast scholarship and reading, to a proper completion of it; but, we may say of the two volumes, in which the labor is begun, that they augur well for the result. Dr. Raphall writes with fluency, and sometimes eloquence; his narrative is perspicuous, and easy; and he seems a thorough master of his subject, in all its relations. He confines himself too much, perhaps, to the merely external events of history, to satisfy the curiosity which is generally felt as to the internal life and economy of the Jews, under their various vicissitudes. In future volumes, however, as the historian approaches more modern periods, and the existence of his people, less connected with the general history of the world, becomes more private, we hope to see complete details of their domestic manners and experiences. We can imagine that a life so chequered and tragical as that of the "outcasts of all nations," should be full of touching, heroic, and beautiful incidents.

—*The American Statesman*.—Mr. J. ANDREW W. YOUNG has gathered into a single volume, under this name, a complete political history of the country. Beginning with the colonial era, he has described the causes of the original separation from the

mother country; the steps taken to maintain independence; the formation of the old confederacy; its inherent weakness; the adoption of the new constitution, and the great debates which have taken place under it, up to the passage of the Nebraska bill. His plan has been to give, in brief compass, an outline of the views of all parties on disputed points, particularly those which have exerted any influence on the political destinies of the nation; and he has succeeded in it quite well. It is easy to see what his own convictions are; and yet he has been just to those of an adverse sentiment. For everybody who wishes to know something of our politics, without entering at large into political history, this work will prove a most invaluable assistant. Original documents are given, where they have been deemed necessary; and where they are not, clear and abundant references are made, so that the student may, at a moment, find everything that pertains to the action

of the different branches of the government. Mr. Benton's *Thirty Years' View* is more ample, as to the time to which it relates; but cannot supply the place of this condensed, yet quite complete, record of public affairs.

The Journal of Education.—This able periodical, under the management of Mr. BARNARD, has attained a considerable success, but not a success beyond its merits. Devoted to a most important speciality, it pursues its objects with patience, enthusiasm, and ability, and it deserves the patronage of all who take pleasure in the progress of education. Its papers are contributed by some of the most eminent professors and teachers in the country, and discuss the whole theory and practice of teaching with a thorough understanding. Under the head of educational movements and statistics, it gives ample details of all that is doing in England, France, Germany, etc., towards the improvement of schools, and the extension of knowledge.

EUROPEAN LITERATURE.

ENGLAND.—Our readers have not forgotten, we hope, that we spoke with commendation, some time since, of the first volume of Mr. BURTON's *Pilgrimage to El Medinah*. The whole work has now been published, and deserves a high rank in the literature of travel.

In the first place, Mr. Burton deals with a theme "unattempted yet in prose or rhyme." Seventy years ago, Gibbon said, that "our notions of Mecca must be derived from the Arabians; for no unbeliever is permitted to enter the Holy City." What was true then, is equally true now.

While the African deserts, and the American wildernesses have been traversed in all directions by the votaries of science, or the victims of ennui, El Hejaz of the Arabs, the Holy Land of Islam, has been almost untrodden by the western boot, quite unsketched by the western pencil.

A certain M. Bertolucci, Swedish Consul at Cairo, and Dr. Wallin, Arabic professor at Helsingfors, contrived, indeed, to get themselves smuggled into the city, at different times, during the present century; the one by his Bedouins, and the other by some Persians. But Bertolucci lived in constant fear, and Wallin in constant filth,

and while the former was so scared that he saw nothing, the latter was so beset and bemired, that he could not note down anything which he saw. Moreover, Wallin was specially unlucky in his companions; for the Persians, being sectarian Sufites, are regarded by the orthodox Sunnites with a most righteous horror and hatred.

Heresy is bad enough, but infidelity is a warrant for an instant *auto-da-fé* throughout Arabia. The Persians are tolerated, being allowed to purchase the privilege of visiting the Prophet's tomb at a fixed price, taking their change in kicks and blows. But a Giaour! An interloper caught in a lodge of freemasons might be let off with a whipping; a man surprised in the sanctuary of the Bona Dea would have been only torn to pieces by pretty women; but an infidel in El Hejaz! for him many deaths and dreadful are prepared—he shall be pelted by boys, and trodden into rags by camels.

In such very exciting circumstances, it is not a little surprising that Mr. Burton should have contrived to see, and hear, and record so much. Nor would he have been able to do so, had not nature armed him with a consummate talent for humbug.

In the first place, Mr. Burton, though a true-born Briton, looks very like a Turk; in the second place, he is a master of the Persian, Bengalee, and Arabic languages; and in the third place, he wears his religion as lightly as his coat.

Having made up his mind to explore the forbidden ground of the Moslem sanctuaries, Mr. Burton applied to the Geographical Society. That noble association instantly accepted his services, and commissioned him to undertake the enterprise in their name, and at their expense. He sailed from England in the disguise of a Persian prince, adopting thus, from the outset, the oriental character it was necessary for him to assume. On arriving at Alexandria, he went into lodgings and took lessons—the lodgings being a small dog-kennel in the backyard of a disreputable dervish, and the lessons being a course of initiation into the art and mystery of the Mussulman friars, the dervishes, who possess the earth in virtue of their sanctity, their laziness, and their contempt of all cleanliness, moral and physical.

He soon became an adept in the business, and could howl and lie in the most orthodox manner. But a cunning Turk of his acquaintance advised him to drop the dervish and the Persian together, and to try his chance as a Hindoo Hadji, a respectable person making the great pilgrimage from some Mohammedan city in Bengal.

This advice, which events proved to have been remarkably sensible, Mr. Burton, after some reflection, adopted. It gives us no unfavorable idea of his qualifications for the enterprise he had undertaken, that he should thus show himself willing to abandon the results of three months of hard work, in order to enter upon a more judicious course. This course he pursued successfully to the end.

He joined a regular pilgrim caravan, taking ship at Suez; and, so completely oriental was he in his manners, as well as in his speech, that he passed for a paragon of pilgrims.

It is not easy to exaggerate the difficulties of such an impersonation as Mr. Burton kept up for months, in the midst of a large company of fellow-worshippers, who gave themselves as much concern about the faith and the manners of their neighbors as if they were members of a Methodist class.

The ceremonial law of the Jews is hardly more minute than that of the Mussulmans. Every action that man can perform must be sanctified by its special allusion to the Koran, or its special form of prayer; and the self-styled Hadji, who should omit one of the *four* motions and exclamations which accompany so slight an act as the drinking a glass of water, would be a marked man. Mr. Burton bore the tests splendidly. No Hadji was more scrupulous than he; nobody more devout; nobody more apt at quoting from the Koran; more fervent in exhortation; more exact in the assumption of every posture.

Nor was his stomach less elastic than his conscience. He could give thanks, with a loud voice, over a meal of boiled mareskin, sauced with clarified butter; eat, fill himself, and go his way, undisturbed, alike, by remorse and by dyspepsia.

So exemplary was his conduct, that he established a reputation above suspicion. When a shrewd Egyptian youth of eighteen, seeing a *sextant* among Mr. Burton's goods, conceived doubts thereupon, and communicated them to the rest of the pilgrims, he was received with intemperate oburgations, and was pronounced "a dog, a pig, a fool, an unbeliever, a wahabee and a cut-off one," for daring to slander the humble and holy Hadji from Hindostan.

Five months Mr. Burton passed in Medina, where he lived like a Mussulman; and he has given us an account of oriental life and manners, more minute and interesting than has ever been published before, except in the writings of Mr. Lane. Of the worthy people of Medina, he affords no flattering picture; and we cannot sufficiently admire the patience and energy which carried him through the trials, and the long histrionic effort of his residence among them. Mr. Bayard Taylor himself must look with envy and respect upon an explorer so undaunted—an orientalist so accomplished.

Mr. Burton is vivacious in describing what he was so industrious in learning. We should be glad to transfer to our pages some of his entertaining sketches, such as that of the desperate fight for places on the deck of the pilgrim ship, waged between the more respectable passengers and a rabble rout of Maghrabis, the "short boys" of the east, or the graphic picture of the riot and vociferation which attended the arrival

in the holy city of the Damascus caravan. But our want of space forbids, and we must send our readers to the book itself, confident that, if they can endure a dash of flippancy in speaking of things religious, and an occasional sin against good taste, for the sake of novelty, sprightliness, and the true traveler's temper, they will gladly go with so instructive a companion to Medina, and will be anxious to follow him again, in the fall, to Mecca, whither he goes in his third volume.

—MR. ARTHUR HELPS, whose essays, called "Friends in Council," made him somewhat known in this country, undertook, some time since, a semi-fictitious history of the Spaniards in America, under the title of the "Conquerors of the New World and their Bondsmen." This work originated in a philanthropic mood; as the author said he wished to find out for himself, and to show to others, "how the black people came to the new world; how the brown people faded away from certain countries in it; and what part the white people had in these doings." The book was neither an essay nor a novel, nor a history; and though it was full of interesting reflections, and of good things well said, it shared the fate of all amorphous productions. The studies which Mr. Helps had pursued, in writing the book, however, fitted him, and inspired him to attempt a more serious and satisfactory treatment of the subject, and he has, accordingly, been engaged upon an elaborate *History of the Spanish Conquest of America*, the first two volumes of which have been issued.

Mr. Helps has chosen for his journey a much-traveled road, and treads in the footsteps of very illustrious predecessors.

But he describes the career of Spain in the new world rather in its results than in its progress; he does not follow tamely in the track already occupied by Mr. Prescott, but aims to illustrate the influence of the conquest upon the races subjected to the Spanish dominion. In fact, his book may be regarded as a contribution to the history of human misery, rather than to the records of human glory.

He writes always with feeling, and has an eye for the picturesque, which sometimes misleads him. In describing the Mexico of Montezuma, as a city, then "the fairest in the world," and which has never since been equaled, he certainly goes beyond

the limits of reasonable poetic license; and it is not seldom that the judicious reader will find himself obliged to regret that Mr. Helps is so imperfectly convinced of the difference between an essay and a history.

For the light which this book throws on the story of mankind in the western world, Mr. Helps deserves our thanks; and, although he has not told the story of the Mexican conquest in such a way as to give his book the attraction of novelty, he has developed some facts slightly treated by others, and, in particular, has done not a little to clear up the character of the Spanish government, in connection with the proceedings of Cortez, Pizarro, and their compeers.

Mr. Helps has verified the conjecture of Robertson, that the government at home has been unjustly charged with many of the atrocities committed, against its orders and without its knowledge, by the adventurers in the new world. If we will reflect, how unwilling we should be, that the American government should be held responsible for the lawlessness and oppression which have marked the relations of the Americans in California with the Mexican natives, we shall be more disposed to admit, that the council of the Indies may have been maligned for many an act, of which it never had any cognizance.

—The Nestor of English poets, who, in his latter days, aped too much the evil-tongued Thersites, having been quietly gathered to his fathers, it remained for his friends to do him the last injustice of publishing his memoirs. This they have done, and all whom the tongue of Rogers ever stung, may hold themselves avenged.

The editor of the *Recollections of the Table-Talk of Mr. Rogers* ought to have entitled his book, "Mr. Roger's Recollections of Table-Talk;" for there is hardly a good thing in the book which was not said to Mr. Rogers, by somebody else; while the treasured sayings of Mr. Rogers himself are almost invariably flat and pointless. The critical observations of the old poet and connoisseur are particularly odd, but not otherwise striking. He preferred the Colosseum in Regent's Park to the Coliseum at Rome; and it made him sick to hear people say balcony instead of balcony!

But Mr. Rogers had lived too long, and seen too much of the world, and been too curious in his experience, not to have col-

lected a great many entertaining and instructive anecdotes, and all manner of distinguished people pass before us in these volumes, some in full dress, some in undress—all in characteristic style and guise, from Byron waking his wife from her sleep on their marriage-night, by exclaiming that he was "certainly in hell!" to Porson

drinking off, as good gin, a whole can of Mr. Hoppner's lamp-fluid.

Porson, by the way, is lugged in as an appendix, apparently to fill out the volume; but all that we have here of the great scholar, is, to say the least of it, quite as interesting as what is told us of the respectable poet.

THE WORLD OF NEW YORK.

The proverbial truth, that "everybody's business" is usually done by nobody, never had a sadder illustration than it has received during the past winter, in the condition of our beloved metropolis. We, last month, mourned in common with all the world, over the outrageous obstructions in our highways, which barred us from our business, and made the pursuit of pleasure a peril.

And yet at this present writing, Broadway still looks like the Boulevards, after a barricade, and the hospital doors still swing daily open to contused citizens, the victims of municipal misconduct.

After all, things are not so unevenly balanced in this world! Paris has no ballot-boxes, but she has safe pavements; we have primary meetings, but from thirty to forty sovereigns have been daily picked up, bruised and wounded, from our dangerous flag-stones.

The number is startling, yet such we are assured, and by good authority, was the fact.

"Was the fact," we say, for though we speak in the middle of March—your eyes, oh reader, will not rest upon our words till April begins to scatter flowers and catarrhs over the reawakening earth. Like our grandmothers, who wore the original hoops, and went to balls on the king's birthday, this our Lady Maga has to submit to her toilette long before she makes her *début*. Those dear souls, so long departed, used to sit in patience with heads high-frizzed, through many an hour, incapable of motion and almost afraid to speak, ere the happy moment came for displaying what it had cost such time and such endurance to achieve. Indeed, there is a legend in one of the eastern towns of New England, that once upon a time, when successful privateering had begotten a pecuniary plethora in the place, and fes-

tivities abounded, some lovely dames had to be "hair-dressed" and hooped three mortal days in advance of every ball which they attended. Upon us, too, the necessity of this anticipatory toilette entails some slight discomforts. Thus it was, for instance, that we were compelled last month to omit the cordial word of praise, which is due, from every one who cares for the progress of the public pleasure, to Mr. Burton, in acknowledgment of his zealous efforts to revive the Shakespearian drama upon our stage. He chased the winter of our discontent with the great poet's "Winter's Tale;" and, vexed and frozen as we were, compelled us all to shake our sides, and thaw into mirth over the facetious villainies, and most humorous roguery of the inimitable Antolycus. Mr. Burton is not only the first of living comedians; he is a sound Shakespearian scholar, and takes an artist's pride in the proper production of the master's works.

That he could not create players equal to himself, is hardly to be laid as a charge at his door. He gave us appropriate and respectable scenery—elaborate costumes, good music—parts correctly spoken, if not finely performed, and effective tableaux.

That Hermione was only herself, when she stood a silent statue upon her pedestal to await the sun ray of love from her husband's eyes, ere she awoke to musical life; that the sweet Perdita would have seemed more truly a fair human flower, had she, like the flowers, spoken only to the eye; that all the tragedians of the play had lately left the theatre of Mr. Vincent Crummies—that these things were, let not Mr. Burton be reprehended. They came by our fault as much as by his, for we who insist upon good playing, make light of players and leave the boards to be upheld by the groundlings. But that Mr. Burton,

supported by a capital clown, and a most egregious shepherd, made of himself the most rollicking, sly, sinful, and sensual Autolycus ever seen, an Autolycus, whom to look upon might have tickled the heart of Shakespeare himself,—this is Mr. Burton's especial merit, and for this we beg him to receive our heartiest thanks. May the Winter's Tale find listeners till the Midsummer Night shall come with Dreams!

Meanwhile, as the town is too large for us to be content with one good thing, we look anxiously to Miss Laura Keene and Mr. Wallack, for variety of entertainment. Mr. Wallack *can* give us as many novelties as he shall please—for though he has lately produced no very effective new play, everything which he does produce is put upon the stage in a style of such uniform excellence, that we have no hesitation in demanding much from one so capable of responding to our demand. Since we last gossiped with our readers, many of them no doubt have laughed over the brilliant absurdities of Mr. Walcot, in the play of the "Knights of the Round Table," which is the best novelty Mr. Wallack has recently given us. The play itself is most preposterously improbable in plot, and not very felicitous in dialogue, but the situations were so effective, and the acting was so clever, that everybody forgave everything for the sake of Tom Tidler, and Captain Smith.

Yet the drama can hardly be said to be prospering, while this indulgence is so constantly demanded of the public, and the talent of an actor is interposed as a shield between the twaddle of the text and the temper of the audience.

We must repeat and re-repeat our cry for good plays. We certainly shall not be appeased by the revival of Colman's *Heir-at-Law*, which is not sufficiently striking and original, in conception or dialogue, to atone for the want of reality which lapse of time and distance in space have given to its characters. Nor can we hail as a great success Mr. Charles Reade's drama of "Two Loves and a Life," produced, or traduced, at Miss Keene's "Varieties." The plot of this play is excessively melo-dramatic—the main incidents being neither new nor probable, and the text is overfine and flighty. Still, if poor plays get more than justice from Mr. Wallack's troupe, they get even less than justice from Miss Keene's. Are

there no good disposable actresses in the country, and no actors who will consent to attend a course of lectures, by *Hamlet Prince of Denmark*, before strutting their brief hour upon the stage?

To touch and teach our modern audiences, the managers must give honorable encouragement to the production of plays on subjects taken from modern life, or, at least, infused with the modern spirit; and our actors must shake off the ridiculous traditions of the stage voice, and vision, and stride. Nobody now, on entering one of our theatres, expects to see the mirror held up to nature, or society.

All men do not growl and frown their emotions in private life; but upon the stage, they all must do so. All women do not gasp and shriek their joy or sorrow by the domestic hearth; but upon the stage they all must do so. It is high time that "*Sidons on Gesture*" should be sent to Coventry. In "plays of society," particularly, the absurdity of the stage demeanor is flagrant. A hundred years ago, when feudal distinctions still flourished in all the gorgeousness of their fall season, a gentleman or a lady was never allowed to be unconscious in manner. Now, the essential principle of good manners, for a lady or a gentleman, is unconsciousness, real or assumed.

A gentleman or a lady who, in society, shows any visible consciousness of the effect which he or she is producing upon the company, loses, at once, the distinguishing quality of modern good-breeding, and begins at once to be *theatrical*. The phrase, in its familiar use, condenses a volume of criticism. The stage gentleman and the stage lady are not the gentleman and the lady of the world; and if we take Mr. Walcot and, shall we say, Miss Keene, from our boards, we shall find not a single actor or actress in New York who seems capable of conceiving and representing the rôle of a man or woman of the world, without becoming perfectly ridiculous.

Perhaps the audiences are partly to blame for their tolerance of the false and the forced upon our stage; and a little wholesome ferocity from pit and gallery might help to accelerate the progress which we are anxious to see made by our actors, in the direction of sound art.

The craving for amusement that shall at once delight and expand the mind, unques-

tionably grows stronger in the breasts of our people, with every year. It cannot be said that anything really good, in the way of art, which has yet been offered to us, has absolutely failed of appreciation.

Mr. Paine, to be sure, has hardly made a fortune at the Academy, this winter; but then "Her Majesty's Theatre" has never proved exactly a gold mine, to any of its managers, and the Grand Opera House of Paris might have been turned, like Drury Lane, into a Hippodrome, long ago, but for the steadying hand of the government.

Boston and Philadelphia have handsomely treated our "strayed revellers," and now that they have come back again, New York really means, does she not? to give them a hearty welcome.

As we were walking up Broadway, the other night, we came upon a crowd which caused us to rub our eyes, with a vague, astonished notion that the Opera had already returned, and to the old familiar place where we passed so many gay and pleasant hours six years ago.

Astor Place was blockaded with carriages. Omnibusses continually hauled up, driving remorseless poles into each other's doors. Ladies, in hoops, darted, with surprising agility, in and out among the wheels and trampling horses, scaled the dingy mountains of the highway, and swarmed together again, in little groups, about the anxious cavaliers who awaited them on the pavements. It was a crowd and clamor of women.

We gave ourselves up to the tide, and were borne into the ancient temple of the Muses.

There we found an altar, indeed, and a priest, but not the service of former days.

Yet we soon ceased to be astonished that the enthusiasm of former days should have revived about the doors of Clinton Hall.

For the priest was young, and a "most proper man," and his words were words of sweetness and persuasion. Like Saadi of old, he had wandered East and West (though not for thirty years), and all that he had gathered he was laying a fragrant offering—flowers and pomegranates—at the shrine of genius.

Need we be plain and precise, and speak the speech of, newspapers, and say that "Mr. Curtis's Lectures upon Contemporary English Fiction, which were so cordially received in Boston, have been repeated

with equal success in New York"? Very successful they were, and well they deserved to be so. It would have reflected small credit upon the culture and the taste of our people, had they refused to listen when an accomplished, and genial, and thoughtful man invited them to hear what he had to say of the great writers who have most deftly charmed the ear and heart of this generation. Next after the pleasure of being pleased comes the pleasure of finding out why we are pleased; and cordial criticisms are hardly less delightful than genial creations. Cordial criticisms Mr. Curtis gave us; he talked of men and books with warmth and feeling; recognized the inevitable limits of time and space, and attempted less to analyze the genius of the authors he discussed, than to exhibit the tendencies of their influence upon ourselves.

Of course, we did not all agree with him in every opinion which he emitted, and this vexed some of us sadly; for Narcissus cannot help liking a good mirror more than the best of pictures. We all have our loves and our hates; and some of us were angry with the scoffer (so "atrociously young," too) who flouted Bulwer; and others of us raged at the infatuated idolater who worshiped Thackeray.

But what did we go to hear at Clinton Hall? Did we go for a revelation, or only for a course of lectures?

We, individually, went for a course of lectures, and we found what we went to find, and liked it exceedingly.

Mr. Curtis thinks that the books of Bulwer are honey on the tongue, but gall and poison in the stomach; he thinks, too, that Hood and Dickens are the fascinating prophets of humanity and generous trust, who have breathed a breath of large, and noble, and aspiring life into the literature of modern England. We think that he has done Bulwer sad injustice; we also think that he has done Hood and Dickens something more than justice. But the temper which so prefers Hood and Dickens to Bulwer is honorable alike to his head and his heart. And can we not afford to dissent from the critic while we sympathize with the admirer?

Mr. Curtis rather unwisely jeers at Byron and boarding-schools, while he hails Charles Kingsley as the most poetic of preachers and the most parænetic of poets,

and as the fame of Byron is in no immediate danger of extinction, should we not, on the whole, be glad to see the boarding-schools desert Don Juan for Alton Locke?

We are sure that many a good book will be more thoughtfully read by hundreds who listened to Mr. Curtis's words; that his elevated and earnest treatment of writers who wrote with a purpose, will lead many to find the soul of wisdom in the substance of amusement. And so we are sincerely glad that Astor Place was crowded on six successive nights with the best and brightest of New-York; that anonymous admiration laid its nightly boquet upon the lecturer's desk; and even the grim reporter smiled upon the unwonted pleasure of his task.

Of more illustrious orators, preaching "Washington and Common Sense," we have nothing just now to say.

But we cannot lay down our pen without a word for the first great festival of art which our country has witnessed. Boston, so long the pioneer in the path of musical cultivation, has sealed her claims to artistic distinction among the cities of America, by the tribute which she has paid to the genius of music's mightiest master.

On the 1st of March, Crawford's noble statue of Beethoven was "inaugurated" (that is to say, set upon its pedestal) in the Music Hall of Boston.

It had been intended that the services upon this occasion should be truly memorable in the annals of American art. But the programme, as programmes will, suffered mutilations; choral symphonies were performed without a chorus, and personal preferences and private piques, as they are apt to do, thrust themselves up—ugly brambles among the roses.

Yet, on the whole, the performances were fine, and the occasion truly noteworthy. That an American citizen should have presented to an American city a splendid statue of the first of composers, designed by American genius—that the gift should have been received with enthusiastic welcome by an immense audience, and celebrated in fitting strains by an American poet—all this is certainly a not unimportant sign of better times to come.

The poet of the occasion may be regarded as an apt type, in his own person, of the significance of the event he sang. Mr.

Story, as the son of our most distinguished jurist, and himself a lawyer of learning and ability, fairly belongs to the "practical" world of American talent; while in his triple quality of musician, sculptor, and poet, he prefigures the larger culture which shall yet develop the finer qualities of the national intellect.

Those who have seen Mr. Story's own admirable statue of Beethoven, will best appreciate the generous tribute which he paid to Crawford's work; and all our readers, we trust, will echo the lofty words into which he translates the suggestions of the place and the celebration.

"Topmost crown of ancient Athens towered
the Phidian Parthenon;
Upon Freedom's noble forehead, art, the starry
jewel, shone.
Here as yet in our republic, in the furrows of
our soil,
Slowly glows art's timid blossom 'neath the
heavy foot of toil.
Spurn it not—but spare it, nurse it, till it glad-
den all the land;
Hail to-day this seed of promise, planted by a
generous hand—
Our first statue to an artist—nobly given,
nobly planned.

"Never is a nation finished while it wants the
grace of art—
Use must borrow robes from beauty, life must
rise above the mart.
Faith and love are all ideal, speaking with a
music tone—
And, without their touch of magic, labor is the
devil's own.
Therefore are we glad to greet thee, master
artist, to thy place,
For we need in all our living beauty and ideal
grace.
Mostly here, to lift our nation, move its heart,
and calm its nerves,
And to round life's angled duties to imagina-
tive curves.
Mid the jarring din of traffic, let the Orphic
tone of art
Lull the barking Cerberus in us, soothe the
cares that gnaw the heart.
With thy universal language, that our feeble
speech transcends,
Wing our thoughts that creep and grovel,
come to us when speaking ends,—
Bear us into realms ideal, where the cant of
common sense,
Dins no more its heartless maxims to the jing-
ling of its pence.
Thence down dropped into the actual, we shall
on our garments bear,
Perfume of an unknown region, beauty of ce-
lestial air;
Life shall wear a nobler aspect, joy shall greet
us in the street;
Earthy dust of low ambition shall be shaken
from our feet.
Evil spirits that torment us, into air shall
vanish all,
And the magic harp of David soothe the haunt-
ed heart of Saul."

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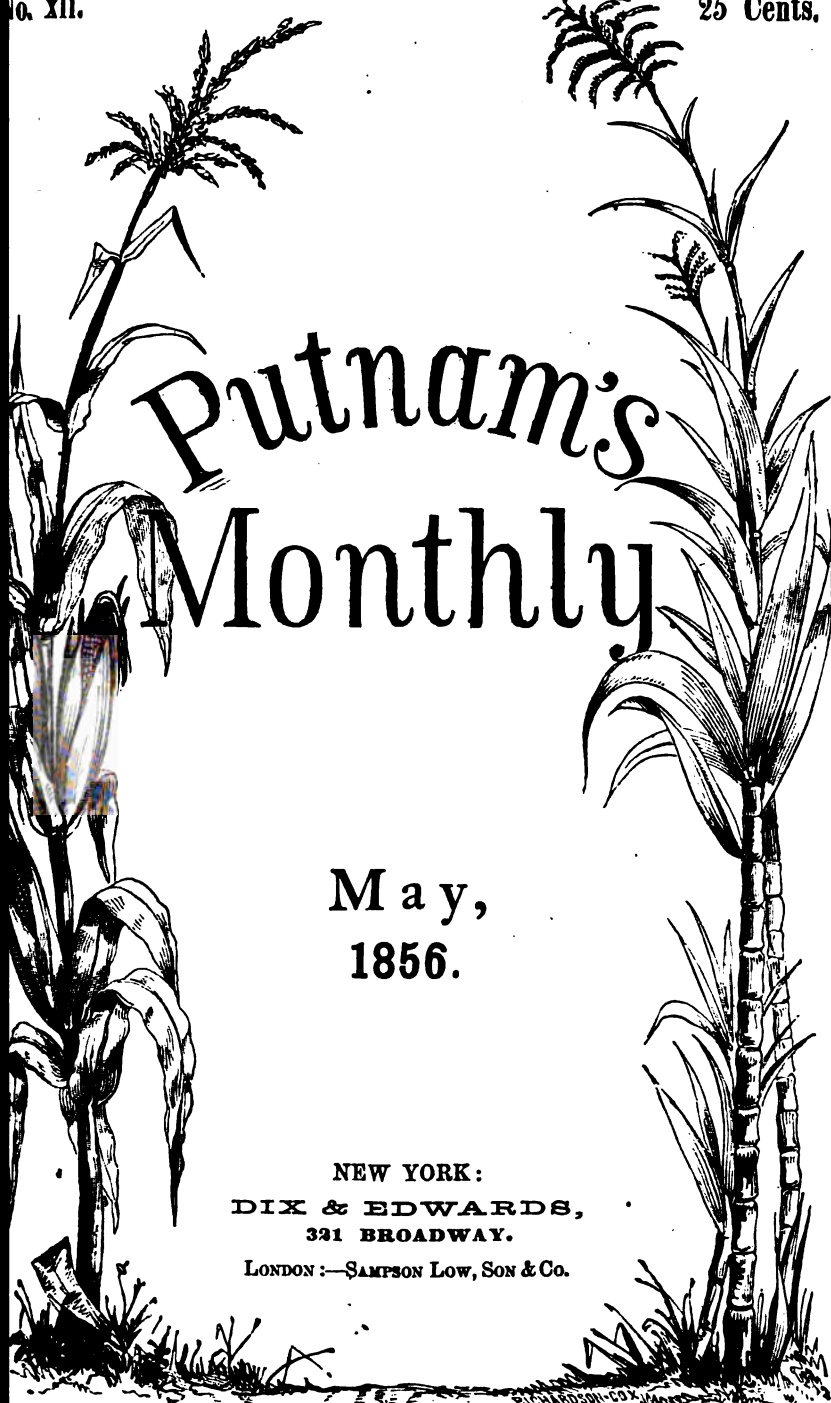
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PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.

VOL. VII.—MAY, 1856.—NO. XLI.

THE KANE RELIEF EXPEDITION.

THE two vessels of our expedition, the good barque *Release* of Boston, and propeller *Arctic* of Philadelphia, having on board together forty officers and men, sailed from the Brooklyn Navy Yard on the 31st of May, 1855—by a coincidence, which cost some effort to bring it about, precisely two years after the sailing of the party for which they were to seek. We were detained for a few days off the Quarantine, by bad weather; so that it was not until the 3rd of June that we passed the Narrows, and got fairly out to sea.

I am told that the weather, after this, was fine; but I only know that, when my sea-sickness first allowed me to walk the deck, all traces of fine weather had disappeared. The wind was fair, it is true; but we had a succession of cold fogs, broken by drizzling rains, till we got inside the Arctic circle. I remember, as we were crossing the banks of Newfoundland, in one of these dreary days, the barque nearly ran down a small fishing smack. The propeller, too, towing blindly after, for we were saving our coal, came down on the skipper just as he found breath to congratulate himself on escaping from our consort. We sheered off in time to save him; but the unlucky wight was so frightened, that, not knowing what might be coming next, he seized a long tin horn, and began blowing a recheat, to which his terror lent a singular shrillness. We heard him at it for half an hour afterwards,

still sounding one shriek after another. I have an indistinct impression, too, that, just at this time, the prospects of an impending dissolution seemed to me a very small matter to make so much noise about, and that I regarded his notes of alarm as most dastardly. I was not only sea-sick, but wet and chilly: indeed, we suffered more from cold, I am sure, in this damp weather, than afterwards in the dry, sparkling climate of the Frigid zone.

By the time I began to get about, we were well advanced to the north. The birds had begun to assume an Arctic character; the mother Carey's chickens gave place to their relations the mole-mokes, birds at least half a dozen times their size; strange white gulls flew screaming around us, which the men said were kittiwakes; and we passed numbers of large black and pearl-colored divers, which our progress did not seem to disturb from their repast on the floating sea-weed. The thermometer began to show quite a respectable degree of cold; but, as yet, we had seen no ice, which, by the way, gave no very encouraging prospect of an open season ahead.

The first ice we saw, was on a Sunday in June. It was a mere aggregation of loose floating fragments, and it amuses me to remember, how carefully we steered out of the way of every piece of it that was larger than a washing-tub. We learnt better afterwards.

I have seen our little steamer run back, and then butt away with a full head of steam at a projecting ice neck, eight feet thick and twenty yards wide, till the masts quivered, and not a man could keep his legs unassisted: but this was not yet. We saw another ice scene that very evening. It was an array of broken and water-washed masses, floating about as high out of the water as our poop deck; fantastic shapes, resembling a fleet of Cleopatra's barges, with canopies and couches, and all but their "adornings." We jostled through these and came to open sea again; but that night we had a real ice adventure.

The barque was towing us along with a short hawser, when she encountered a large body of ice, that stopped her way abruptly. We were in upon her before we were able to loose the hawser, or even put up the helm. We "staved in one of her quarter boats"—I adopt the graphic language of my companions—"stove in her port monkey rail just abaft the beam, and getting foul, carried away her flying jib-boom." The hawser, which held the two vessels together, was cut; we were carried in one direction; our consort borne past us to the other. We saw her, as she disappeared in the fog, drifting rapidly to the southward, in the midst of a great white raft, from which it was impossible for her to extricate herself. This *was* the ice! No mistake about it this time. Great fragments of it had fallen on our decks, as it reared itself above our bulwarks. Except upon the outer surface, it was as hard as the best specimens of a New England ice cart; perhaps a little emerald-colored, but perfectly clear and free from taint of salt.

The noise attendant on this performance was terrific, and, I may confess, that it disturbed our nerves while it lasted; but we battered and thumped at it with commendable spirit, till we succeeded in escaping into open water. Here the next day we were joined by our consort, looking, like ourselves, a little the worse for her night's "spreagh," but not materially injured.

Schoolmaster experience advised us not to employ the tow-line after this lesson. Our vessels parted company, therefore, and orders were given us to make the best of our way to Lively, in the Danish island of Disco. As we had fair winds, and plenty of them, at first, all hands were elated with the prospect

of spending the 4th of July in port. In fact, we were so full of plaus, at one time, for celebrating it in due form, that the crew could hardly be induced to turn into their bunks. The whole of the short twilight, which now separated our days, these great children were upon the forecastle, discussing schemes of frolic, and exchanging their small stores of learning about the character and habits of the Greenlanders.

But calm succeeded calm, one after another, and the 4th and the 5th of July found us still in Davis's strait, out of spirits and out of temper. We had wished not to use our coal before attaining our field of search; but on the 5th of July, to the great satisfaction of all on board, our engineer reported that the engine would be all the better for a little exercise. So, by noon, we had passed the Whale Fish Islands, and by nine o'clock in the evening were steaming gallantly up Lively harbor—our consort, the Release, having arrived just five hours before us.

Glad as we were to drop anchor, I must own that Lively, in a snow storm, with its gray rocks, and pitch-covered houses, all dripping with their own dirty sweat, is not a cheerful sight. Still, it is the capital of the Danish possessions in north Greenland, and contains 150 Esquimaux, and about double that number of dogs. These last came down to the beach in a body the night of our arrival, and howled a welcome at us through the snow all night.

It is here that, without a single associate beyond his immediate household, resides the Herr Inspector Olrik, a truly gallant and accomplished gentleman.—I am young, I live in the United States, who can tell what future may be in store for me? The inspector generalship of north Greenland, like the presidency of the United States, is an office neither to be sought for nor declined. But my mind is made up, fellow-citizens, that I shall never accept the office—I mean, of course, the inspectorship—so long as my party services can claim for me the dignity of light house-keeper on our Nantucket south shoal.

We left Lively on the 9th of July, having staid there three days, and, with a Danish pilot on board, directed our course north through the Waigat. We intended adding to our stock of fuel from the coal mines which Captain Inglefield found there, and which he de-

scribes as furnishing coal of excellent quality, and very easily worked. We, however, were unable to test this statement; for the fog was so thick that we could not find the place. We even lost sight of our consort with the pilot on board, and were obliged to shift for ourselves. I may remark in this place, without egotism, that I never was one of those fortunate mortals who master everything in six easy lessons; and, however great the temptation to impose upon one so completely at my mercy as the reader, I must admit that I know nothing whatever of the science of navigation, and, what is more, have no earthly desire to. This is my reason for not dilating fully now upon the terrors of a lee shore. Of course it is unpleasant for a person, desirous of taking a sail, to have his excursion interrupted by being blown violently against the land; the embarrassments of his position are also materially heightened, if a fine surf is at hand to break over his vessel as soon as she ceases to float. Now, if we add, that the sea and surf together are enough to tear his vessel to pieces, and that an Arctic fog makes "an ugly night to swim in," a well regulated mind may safely pronounce the situation unsatisfactory. Now, in the navigation of the Waigat, we had a narrow channel, a mere pot-pourri of ice and water, a head wind to beat up against, bergs all around us, and a fog so dense, that the man at the wheel could not see the man on the lookout.

The experienced reader would of course suggest signal guns. There was not, probably, along the whole desolate coast, or the icebergs that formed its frontier, a single living soul to hear them.

I think the Arctic was three days beating about among the bergs, running from one side to the other, before we got out of the scrape. On coming once more into Baffin's Bay, we were joined by the Release, and sailed in her company to Upernavik. The barque, although unable, like ourselves, to stop at Inglefield's coaling ground, had stopped at Havoc Island, and obtained some coal there; but, a gale coming up, and there being no anchorage, she had been obliged to leave without getting as much as she wished. What she did get was surface coal, and of inferior quality, no doubt, to that found lower down. It seemed to be imperfectly formed, was of a brown color, and filled with small

particles of what I took to be amber. The grain of the wood could be plainly distinguished through it, and, in some pieces, there were interesting marks of branches and of leaves.

On Sunday, the 15th of July, as our consort and ourselves were sailing along towards Upernavik, we saw two vessels on our port bow, apparently on the opposite tack from ourselves. No sooner did they see us, however, than they turned about and headed directly towards us. We said, at once, that they had news of Dr. Kane's party, and even dared to hope that they might have some of the missing ones themselves on board. Our expectations were heightened when, at about three miles distance from us, each vessel sent off a boat, for the purpose of reaching us sooner than the light and baffling winds would bear the larger crafts.

We were doomed to disappointment. The two ships turned out to be two whalers, the Lord Gambier and the Messenger, commanded by two brothers Simpson, of Aberdeen, I think, who, having nothing else to do, had run down to beg news of the civilized world, from which they had been absent two years. It was pleasant to see new faces and hear English spoken by other than our own over-familiar voices; and we were really glad to see them, in spite of our disappointment. We gave them plenty of newspapers, and the last intelligence from Sebastopol, then, as now, not quite taken; and, on their part, they told us that Melville Bay was so packed with ice, that all the whalers had turned back in despair; and that for us to attempt to do better, would be to confront danger to no purpose. As we were conversing thus, the wind freshened; and as neither they nor ourselves could afford to lose time, we shook hands and went each his way.

The next day we reached Upernavik. It was a cold, raw day, a heavy sea running, a cutting wind, and harsh, drifting snow. We did not come to anchor, and the vessels were kept beating about while the captains visited the village. I have said that I was not favorably impressed with Lievely; but it was the palace of art compared with this place, its howling dogs, and heaps of filth. Upernavik has no good anchorage. A whaler had been driven ashore there only two days before our arrival.

At first I thought there were only three houses in the village, besides the church, governor's mansion, and oil house; but I afterwards found that the various little burrows in the side of the hill, which we had taken for dog hutches, were the dwellings of professing Christians. Captain Hartstein and myself climbed up to the top of a high hill which overlooks the town, and from it could see Melville Bay, and the great pack stretching away like a vast prairie, covered with snow as far as the eye, aided by the best Chevalier glass, could reach. We thought we saw an opening, and the captain determined to try it. That afternoon we were fast in the pack. So much has been said of the ice up here, that it is hardly worth my while to describe it; suffice it to say, that if the winter traveler upon the Camden and Amboy, or Philadelphia and Baltimore rail-roads, will imagine the winter ice he crosses on the Delaware or Susquehannah rivers to be a few hundred miles in extent, and from six to eight feet in thickness under foot, with the ridges that the cakes make in piling one upon another, to be two or three times the height of a man's head, he will have quite a good idea of the summer ice in Melville Bay. The great pack is of almost limitless extent, and in general appearance, may, perhaps, best be likened to a rugged and snow-covered country, with icebergs for mountains, and with black looking rivers running through it. These last are technically called leads: they are constantly opening and closing again under the action of the winds and tides. Any unfortunate craft which may be sailing in a closing lead, is said to be "nipt."

I remember very well the first nip we experienced. It was a clear, calm morning, and I was sitting upon deck writing my journal, when I heard a sort of humming, like the swarming of bees. While we were conversing about it, it grew louder and louder. Soon it rose to a howl, and this, in its turn, gave place to a crashing and roaring sound, quite supernatural. At the same time, the vessel began to creak, and groan, and utter all manner of unseemly sympathetic noises, while the ice, which pressed against her sides, began to break off, falling over, one piece upon another, till the upper layer rose nearly as high as her bulwarks. The vessel now straining more and more, I looked for nothing but our

destruction, when suddenly, the pressure becoming still greater, she gave a spring and rose completely out of the water. After a while the ice separated, and we were let down again; but while the pressure lasted, there was not a door on the ship that would shut, the vessel was so keeled over that walking the deck was like going up and down a hill, while the pitch was squeezed from out the seams like mud-pudding between a child's fingers. I remember thinking, at the time, I should never forget this fearful adventure.

Yet the old hands predicted that this was but a trifle to what we should encounter; and so I found it. We scarcely ever passed two days, while we were in Melville Bay, without such a "nip" as this; while, sometimes, the ice would heap high above our bulwarks, and in such weight that there was danger of our being pressed under it instead of being wedged upwards. All hands were not more than enough to clear it away as it accumulated. Indeed, on one memorable night, we were all of us confident we must go down if the nip continued much longer. Several of our timbers gave way; but the noise they made in breaking was so completely drowned by the crashing of the ice, that none knew of the accident till next morning.

I have already said that Captain Hartstein was not convinced by the unfavorable reports of the discomfited whalers, but determined to push on, in spite of Melville Bay and its bugbears. We went up aloft and espied, from the mast-head, a small lead, which we were able to pursue for some distance into the heart of the pack. One afternoon, while anchored at the foot of this lead, our excellent engineer and myself took a boat and rowed over to a small island, which was near us, in hopes of finding some eggs. We hunted sedulously, regardless of fatigue—found no eggs—but started a large flock of eider—fired at them, and missed. We had a long pull back, amidst rain and sleet, to be welcomed by congratulations on our fisherman's luck. Even at this lapse of time, I find pleasure in remembering how soon our companions shared the luck they laughed at. Seal abound in these open leads, and, for a long while after this date, it was difficult to sleep at night, owing to the constant excited rushings to the cabin of volunteer sports

men for arms to slay them with. "Steward! steward! my rifle! Quick! right under the bows he is! Now—keep quiet—" Pop. "Missed, S.?" "Hit him, but he's sunk!" "Don't hit him again when he comes up—you'll hurt him!" We had plenty of this rude badinage, for, in all a month, we got but one single seal, and that a young one. We found his meat pretty good eating, though oily. Seal steaks, in fact, we became quite fond of, though the flavor was about as near to cod-liver oil as to venison. Decidedly the best game of Melville Bay, however, was the little auk, a bird about the size of our rail, and looking very much like a teal, with a sharp bill. We dispatched hundreds of these nightly; and so secure was the solitude of the region, that we were not accustomed to stop to pick up our wounded birds, or those which fell at any distance, but would collect them on our way home along the same lead, some hours afterwards. These poor little auks are hard to kill; and, at the close of an evening's sport, it was common to find large flocks of the wounded ones, unable to fly, herding together under the lee of the ice. Such was our compassionate fondness, that we would bear down and shoot them over again from mere pity. They are delicious eating. We eat them stuffed and roasted, in pot-pies, with pork, split and broiled, for breakfast, and in *salmi*. The *salmi* of auks' breasts is a dish worthy of Ude himself.

At the risk of being thought a *gourmet*, I must also mention the dovekie, a little bird, about the size of a teal, jet black, with two white epaulettes on its shoulders, and the most brilliant scarlet—not crimson—legs. He is generally to be found along the edges of leads, or at the foot of icebergs, where the shrimps assemble, on which he feeds. He is a diver (as, indeed, are all the water-fowl up here), and very hard to hit. Whatever your luck may be, the dovekie always dives; but if you have hit him, you see at once his little feet, in their red silk stockings, shining on the surface of the water. The bird tastes and looks very much like the teal. An Arctic, viz., a hungry man, can readily eat two for dinner.

The eider duck, the brant goose, and the greater auk, also deserve an honorable mention; but they all sink into insignificance before the incomparable ptarmigan. This bird, about

the size of a grouse, with moat having the delicate flavor of the partridge, combined with the utmost juiciness, is far superior to any other Arctic bird. It feeds on the delicate blossoms of the little willow. As it lives on the high ground, and never comes to the sea-shore, we shot none ourselves, but obtained them through the Esquimaux, who would gladly sell the result of a day's hunting for two or three ship's biscuit.

I was struck by the fact, that we never got them with the trail in; and remarking upon the fact to Mr. Olrik, the Danish Inspector at Lieveley, he told me that an Esquimaux, on shooting one, always tore it open and devoured the entrails while still warm. "These are the delicacy to him; the rest of the bird he regards as offal, in comparison, and can afford to sell it to you cheap." "*De gustibus non est disputandum.*"

I hope that my brother sportsmen of these more temperate hunting-grounds are not too much overcome with envy at the well-filled game-bags of our party. From the days of Nimrod—so the Irish chronicles tell us, and who would ask better evidence of what sounds so true!—from the days of Nimrod, even until now, it has been our privilege, and we have exercised it as liberally as the quack doctors who share it with us, to publish only our successes. To be very honest, however, there are two sides to the story: it would take a volume to record our failures: laboriously stalked seals, bobbing down holes in the ice just as we came within rifle range, after crawling three quarters of a mile on knees and abdomen through the slush; bears, fired at and missed, no one could guess why, heavy-haunched fellows that distanced us ignominiously when we attempted to give chase to them:—and moving accidents by flood and field, in the shape of unnumbered cold duckings and well-laughed-at tumbles.

The navigation of Melville Bay is after its own kind and no other. Sometimes the nips would squeeze us like a shell-bark between a pair of nut-crackers: sometimes all hands were out on the ice, towing like the horses of a canal boat: sometimes we would make a hard mile a day by planting anchors in the ice ahead, and dragging ourselves up to them by the capstan; all hands at work, from the captain to the ship's cook. At other times we would get up steam, and,

except that we might have to butt our way through one or two projecting tongues of ice, we would have an uninterrupted run for twenty or thirty miles on a stretch.

All this time Captain Hartstein kept the deck with untiring energy, conning the ships, and selecting the most favorable leads himself. I don't think he slept during this period of our cruise more than three hours out of the twenty-four. His arm was in a sling, as he had received a severe injury in getting out coal in the Waigat, where, as usual with him, he was bent upon proving he could do more hard work than any two other men. At last he fell down the companion ladder and sprained his ankle, and some of his junior officers thought that now, at least, they would have a chance to show their skill in conning. But they reckoned without their host. To the surprise of everybody he limped on deck, ordered a rope to be tied round his body, and by the aid of a couple of sailors was hoisted to the mast-head, from which point he gave his orders as if nothing had happened. Perched up in a sort of tub, called the crow's nest, with a bowl of soup sent up to him to keep body and soul together, there he staid for thirty-six hours on a stretch, with the thermometer below the freezing point, rather than risk the torture of a second hoisting. I mention this fact, as it may serve to explain how it happened that, in a season of more than common severity, we not only made higher nothing than any of the English expeditions on this coast, but afterwards had time to examine the whole west coast besides, trying in vain to push up to Beechy Island through the heavy ice of Lancaster Sound.

As we approached the end of the pack, the leads became wider and more continuous; after a time we began to see the open water beyond us; and in one day more we had succeeded in butting through the one or two obstructing ice-tongues, and were steaming it fairly out of the Great Pack, with our consort in tow after us. Up to this time we had only considered ourselves as on the way to our scene of labor as a searching expedition. Now at last we found ourselves on the ground; and leaving the barque to come on as best she might, we began our work at once. We ran so close along the shore that no cairn could possibly escape detection, at the

same time sending boat parties to examine every prominent headland and island. Cape Hatherton we found completely shut out from the southward by Lyttleton Island, which we searched carefully. As Dr. Kane, in his last letter from Upernavik, had named both Alexander and Hatherton as the probable sites of cairns, we were disappointed at not finding any. Boats' crews were afterwards sent ashore, who examined both of these capes carefully; but they could not find as much as the remains of a fire. It was discouraging, but we pushed on, still examining carefully as we went. We were now, it must be remembered, beyond the region of hydrographic surveys. The charts of Captain Inglefield, which, heretofore, in spite of some inaccuracies incident upon a running survey, had been of the greatest benefit to us, no longer served to guide, but only added to the bewilderment which our fluctuating compasses occasioned. These old servants were borne with for some time, but when Captain Hartstein, to test them, laid five on the deck, and found that no single pair pointed at all in the same direction, he packed them all off in disgust. We had little success in obtaining observations, in spite of the watchfulness of our master, Mr. Wm. I. Lovell, and our navigation up here was rather blind work. We were now past the point marked as Captain Inglefield's highest, and seeing no signs of the island which he named after Louis Napoleon, came to the conclusion that it must have been only a dirty iceberg which received that title.

Here it was—somewhere in the neighborhood of 79° N. Lat.—that Captain Hartstein, who was walking the deck, saw the first thing that bore any resemblance to a cairn. Three or four stones appeared rudely piled on the top of a rocky eminence, which we suppose to have been Pelham Point. I was one of the party sent to examine it. On landing, we found numerous small piles of stones arranged in squares and circles, but without any apparent object. We tore them down, but found nothing under them. In one place, however, something like paint oil had been spilled, from which we judged our stone-pilers to have been Europeans. This was enough to set us on the alert, when we reached the cairn first seen on the Point. It proved to be much smaller than it appeared from the vessel, and

was very rude in character; but under it were discovered four lucifer matches, two laid crosswise, the others pointing due north; also a Sharp's rifle bullet, and a small specimen bottle, carefully wrapped up in Canton flannel. The cork had a K cut on it, and inside the bottle, lying on another piece of Canton flannel, was a musquito covered by a roll of cartridge paper; this last, probably, torn from the bullet we had found. On opening the paper, we deciphered the words "Dr. Kane—53," evidently written with the point of the rifle bullet—no other direction or information than this: so we went back to the vessel. Captain Hartstein went ashore that evening in spite of his sprained ankle, and examined the spot himself. By his orders, parties scoured the land, or rather rocks, for miles round, but they found no further traces.

An impenetrable barrier of ice hindered us from proceeding further to the north; so our commander determined to turn back and examine the land to the southward, again.

We had a fair wind for running to the south, and Captain H. gave orders to bank the fires, and save our coal by setting sail.

Hardly had this order been obeyed, however, when the wind failed, and we found ourselves, midway between Capes Alexander and Hatherton, becalmed in open sea. Our impatience was but little soothed by the beauty of the afternoon (for it was always either morning or afternoon with us), and all hands were united in fault-finding, at its expense.

Just then, the watch on the forecabin heard a strange sound on shore, resembling, as he thought, a human voice. He reported the fact to the officer of the deck, who was, at first, inclined to *poh-poh* him on principle; but, afterwards, noting it himself, came into the cabin, and called us all on deck to listen. For some time, all was silent; but, at last, the sound came again across the water—a long drawn D flat, with a fall dying upon A. Was it not a bear? Could it be a man? Another long silence; and then, upon a slight puff of wind, it came with a swell, and, this time, there was no questioning it. It was a regular English halloo! A boat was lowered, and, before it touched the water, was manned with volunteers. The captain took the tiller, and, in another moment, we were pulling for the shore.

As the distance from the vessel increased, and we had no fresh hail—still descreying nothing in the quarter from which the sound had proceeded—we began again to discredit our senses; and the captain gave orders to the men to lie on their oars. But we no sooner did so, than the shout was repeated; and again we dashed onwards. Once again we rested; and again we were hailed, more loudly than before. It was clear now that we were watched; we answered the hail with a cheer, the men threw their caps into the air, and shouting, "We've found them!—we've found them!" plied their oars with such renewed vigor, that, in a few minutes more, the hailing party was in sight. They—two men standing out on a projecting ice point, where they had evidently stationed themselves against the white background, in order to be seen from a distance—were dancing around, hugging each other, and throwing somersets, in the extravagance of their joy. I felt for our commander afterwards: all this time he sat perfectly still in the stern of the boat, and we could only see how much he was moved, by the twitching of the corners of his mouth, as he made the effort to assume an unconcerned smile. The moment the figures came in sight, he raised his glass to his eyes; but, before he had time to look, turned to a brother of Dr. Kane's, who was in the boat, and saying, "Doctor, you are more interested here than I," handed him the glass. Dr. Kane looked, and at once recognized "the jump." They were only Esquimaux! It was a grievous disappointment; but Captain Hartstein thought it worth our while to speak with them: "If they had never seen a ship before, they would not be so bold."

They were bold, indeed. When, after two miles more rowing, we drew up to the shore under the point, they bounded into the boat without a sign of fear, slapping us on the back, crying out loud their brutish words, and taking seats right along side of us. They looked strong and fierce; but were, without exception, the filthiest human beings I ever saw. They intimated, by signs, that there was a village of theirs inland, and they invited us by gestures—swaying their bodies backwards and forwards, to represent rowing, and pointing inland—to submit ourselves to their guidance. Captain Hartstein as-

sented, and, to the creatures' great delight, made signs to them to pilot us. While we were rowing in the direction they suggested, they inspected all our worldly goods and wearing apparel—most of which they appeared to appreciate best through the organ of taste. They evinced a marked preference for the savor of pocket handkerchief over that of tobacco, but, in the end, rejected both. They gave unmistakable evidence of having had intercourse with whites; for they knew the use of the spy-glass, and, on my raising my gun to shoot some auks, which were swimming in the bay, both of them stopped their ears with their fingers, and ran to the far end of the boat. As long as I live, I shall never forget the scenery through which they led us. Passing round an impending mountain crag, we discovered ourselves at once inside an enchanted bay, about three miles long, and a mile and a half wide, locked in on all sides by high rocks, and smooth as a mirror, which the wind had never breathed upon. In almost all Arctic scenery, one feels the absence of trees; but here their place was supplied by the varied cliffs which overhung the water on all sides, and were densely covered with green mosses. The water was perfectly clear and colorless; its surface reflected the moss and blue sky; but, far below, we could see weird-looking plantations of tall seaweed, waving backwards and forwards over the great white pebbles on the bottom.

The sun was sinking behind the hills, and the little auks, which were flying in myriads around their tops, looked like midges on one of our summer evenings. One of the men compared their distant cries to the sound of our night locusts at home.

We might readily have forgotten our disappointments, and dreamed ourselves away into fairy land, had it not been for the interruptions of our skin-covered friends, and the wonderfully numerous seals, with which it seemed a point of conscience to bob up their heads, stare at us, and plunge down again with a splash, indicative, I fear, of perturbation of mind.

On reaching the end of the bay, we touched a pebbly beach, about three quarters of a mile long, through the centre of which flowed a fresh water rivulet. This led us on to a fair meadow, upon the shore of a beautiful lake.

We paced three miles along its borders, over an endless carpet of gay poppies and other wild flowers, forming patterns upon the soft and pale green grass, and reached its source—a pinnaced glacier, from one of whose silver edges a cataract fell in an unbroken sheet, from a height of two hundred feet. I had never seen—I shall never see again—such a lovely ideal of fountain and water.

We now became conscious of the proximity of mankind. At the foot of the glacier, in disgusting contrast to all surrounding, stood seven small summer tents, black with crusted grease and dirt. Within, through the open doors, we could see babies and pups lying together, on piles of bird-skins. The tents, the people, the dogs, the vat for tanning skins, and the piles of dead birds and putrid seal meat, made a combination of stench, which we had smelt for a quarter of a mile before we came in sight of the village.

This was Etah. All the inhabitants, about thirty filthy and hideous men, women, and children, were assembled on a green mound in front of the village, to greet us, all of them crying, with one accord, "Hullo! Hullo!" and then, with a measured accent, "Dokto Kayen." Our surprise was not lessened by our next finding that their tents were of canvas, and not of skins, and that numerous articles, of unmistakably American manufacture, were in their possession. They had Goodyear's india-rubber coats, Guernsey shirts, tin cups, knives, and plenty of wood. When they saw us express astonishment at finding any new article, the natives would cry out, "Dokto Kayen geef;" and if we, on touching an American article, said "Dr. Kane," they would nod assent, and say, "Eiss," which we knew, by our experience of the more southern natives, was an Esquimaux attempt at yes. If, on the contrary, we touched anything of domestic manufacture, and then said Dr. Kane, they shook their heads, and said nahmee (no).

They did not hesitate to show us everything they possessed, though apparently much afraid lest we should take away their knives, watching us anxiously, as long as we were looking at them, and hiding them as soon as they were handed back. I wanted to copy the trade stamp of a knife; but, happening to lay it down for an instant, it was nowhere, afterwards, to be found. Their

knives and dogs were evidently more valued than any other of their possessions. They did not like us to touch the pups, and secreted them whenever opportunity offered.

None of the articles we found had any name upon them, except one large white linen shirt, which had the letters H. B. prettily worked on the border. The marking was recognized as Minorca work, and we thus identified the garment as the property of boatswain Henry Brooks, Dr. Kane's faithful henchman in both his Arctic voyages, who was known to have married his wife from Port Mahon.

We could not make much out of the natives, as they all jabbered their outlandish jargon into our ears at the same time. Yet our stay was protracted, and we only reached the vessel as Mr. Lovell, alarmed at our long absence, was about heading an armed party, to look for us.

The next day, Mr. Lovell was sent ashore with another boat's crew, and one of the former party, to act as guide. No guide was needed, however; for the Esquimaux were waiting for us on the shore, with their invariable salutation of *Hullo! Dokto Kayen, naligak* (chief). Mr. Lovell (the sailing master of the Arctic) suggested that our proper plan would be, to take one of the natives apart from the rest, and see if we could, by our Esquimaux vocabulary, or signs and drawings, squeeze any information out of him. Mayouk, a forward boy, of about seventeen, with a countenance expressive of much frankness, was selected, as our most promising subject. The sailors were ordered to amuse the others, and we set to work upon him.

I see that it would be unbearably tedious for me to enter into all the methods which we employed to procure the intelligence we were in quest of. Mayouk was very quick in understanding us, and equally ready in inventing modes of conveying intelligence. Lead pencil and paper were called into requisition. I took out my note book, drew a rough sketch of a brig, and showed it to him. He, at once, said "*Dokto Kayen*," and pointed to the north. I then drew a reversed sketch, and pointed south. But Mayouk, shaking his head, began to sway his body backward and forward, to imitate rowing, then said *Dokto Kayen* again, and pointed south. On this, I drew a whole fleet of

boats, and invited him to point out how many of these he referred to. He took the pencil from my hand, and altered the sterns of two, into sharp-pointed ones, and then held up two fingers, to indicate that there were two of such. I now drew carefully two whale boats: he made signs of approval, as much as to say, that was *the* thing; and incontinently squatting down, imitated the voice and gestures of a dog-driver, cracking an imaginary whip, and crying hup-hup-hup, at the top of his voice. After which performance, he laughed immoderately, and, again pointing south, said *Dokto Kayen*. I was not certain as to his meaning; but, on my drawing a picture of a dog-team, he went through the whole performance afresh, and showed the most extravagant signs of delight at being understood. We found out how many dog-sledges, and how many men there were of the Doctor's party, in the same manner. We examined several other natives separately, and they all told the same story; nor could we confuse them as to the number of men and boats; they were all clear on that head. Nineteen, they made it—neither more nor less. We tried our best to make them say that the boats had gone north, and the vessel south; but without success. Mayouk, on one occasion, being hard pressed, stopped his ears, so as, at least, to secure himself from being supposed to assent to what he had not learning or language enough to controvert. At length, a bright thought struck him. He ran down to the beach, and got two white stones; laid them on the ground, and, pointing to the floating masses of ice in the bay, signified to us that these represented the ice. Next, he took a common clay pipe of Mr. Lovell's, and, pointing to the north, said, *vomiak sooak*, or big ship, "*vomiak sooak, Dokto Kayen*." He next pushed the pipe up between the pebbles, and then pressed them together, till the pipe was crushed. Lastly, he pointed to the south, and began imitating the rowing of a boat, the cracking of whips, and the hup-hupping of a dog-driver, vociferating at intervals, "*Dokto Kayen, he! he! he!*" We tried our best to find out how long it had been since the *Dokto Kayens* had left them—for it was evident that this was their name for the whole party; but we could not make them understand. They would

only tell us that their guests had been with them for some time. This they did by pointing to the south; and then following the track of the sun, till it reached the north; then, after stretching themselves out on the ground, and closing their eyes, as if in sleep, would again point to the south, rise up and go down to the lake, pretend to wash their faces. The gesture lay in pretence only, however, for they seemed to regard the washing of the Dokto Kayens as a remarkable religious observance. It certainly was not one which had been practically ingrafted into their own formulary of good works. These unsophisticated children of the frost land never wash off dirt—for the simple reason that, of dirt, as such, they have no conception or idea. If their faces get so foul as to clog their nostrils, they open the air passages, just as they clear away the offal from the door of their tent, when it impedes their ingress and egress. On our explaining to a woman that we wished her to wash her face, she, at first, refused; but, being bribed with a paper of needles, she caught a bird, skinned it, and, spitting on its fresh bleeding skin, polished her face with it. My friend Mayouk had dirt on his face one quarter of an inch thick, when I first saw him. The next time I met him, I did not recognize him, and actually requested Mayouk himself to send Mayouk to me. Two of our sailors had caught him, and, in spite of his struggles, insisted on washing his face. He did not seem to appreciate the improvement it had made in his appearance: on the contrary, he was quite mortified, for he had become the laughing-stock of his fellows.

I would like to speak plainly of the personal habits of these people, if it were only for the benefit of a class of philosophers among us, who delight in chanting the vices of civilization, and dreaming of what man might be if he could only get back to a state of nature. But there are pictures, and life-like ones, that we cover with a curtain.

* * * * *

Improvvidence is another trait of these "fresh children of impulse." We were at their village as late as the 19th of August. Yet although the auks were flying round them in such quantities that one man could have been able to catch a thousand an hour, they had not enough

prepared for winter to last two days. They were all disgustingly fat, and always eating—perhaps an average ration of 18 lbs. per diem—yet they had lost seven by starvation during the last winter, though relieved, as far as we could make it out, by the Dokto Kayens.

They suffer dreadfully from cold, too, yet there is an abundance of excellent peat which they might dig during the summer. They know its value as fuel, and are simply too lazy to stack it. The little auk, which forms their principal food, may be said also to be their only fuel. Indeed it quite fills the place which the seal holds among the more southern Esquimaux. Their clothes are lined with its skins, they burn the fat, and, setting aside the livers and hearts, to be dried, and consumed as *bombons* during the winter, they eat the meat and intestines cooked and raw, both cold and at blood heat. I remember one night a child woke up crying with cold feet. His mother reached out to one side of the tent, took up a pair of birds, killed them, skinned them, turned the skins inside out, and drew them, while still warm, on to his feet, to serve as stockings, pulling his little boots on over them.

They are very hospitable; the minute we arrived all hands began to catch birds, and prepare them for us. Tear-off the skins with their teeth, they stripped the breasts to be cooked, and presented us with the juicy entrails and remaining portions to eat raw, and stay our appetites. The viands did not look inviting to us who had witnessed their preparation; but they appeared so hurt at our refusing to eat, that we had to explain, that it was not cooked, but raw birds we wanted. This was satisfactory. They set out at once to catch some for us; and in a few moments, three of them were on their way down to our boat, loaded with birds.

Their way of catching them is peculiar. They have small scoop nets, attached to long poles, not unlike those used for catching entomological specimens. A man will take one of these, and having stripped off his jumper, and tied its sleeves so that he may use it as a sack, will lay himself down on the hill side and net the birds, three or four at a time, as they fly over, cramming them into his jumper as fast as caught. When he has got enough, he proceeds deliberately to kill them, taking them out one

by one, and biting their heads; or, if he does not wish to take their lives at once, merely locking their wings. We saw piles of augs lying about the village in this condition.

They have no regular hours for meals or sleep, but each sleeps, wakes, and eats, as best pleases him. I don't know anything which impressed one more forcibly with the disgusting nearness of man to the brutes, than to see a human being thus wake from sleep, stretch out his hand, seize a bird, and, after devouring it raw like a wolf, turn over and go to sleep again. And yet they are not wanting in courtesy of quite an elevated character. Mrs. Mitek, the wife of a chief, apologized to me for her seeming want of hospitality on one occasion; and explained to me by most expressive signs, and no inconsiderable exposure of her person, that she hoped she was about to present the house of Mitek with an heir. She was as fortunate as she hoped; for I saw her, not quite an hour after, walking about with a "fine boy," both parties looking as unconcerned as if nothing unusual had happened to either. The small animal was the image of his father, and was dressed in a costume similar in cut and color to that of the great chief—boots, breeches, and jumper, all complete—the only difference being, that the skin of the white fox was substituted for that of the bear.

They always take off their clothes on going in to sleep; and men, women, and children all lie cuddled up together to keep themselves warm. If you come on them, suddenly, in this plight, they are not the least abashed, but will politely offer to make room for you to join the group. It is well, however, to accept these hospitalities with some reserve; Burns had not slept in an Etah hut, or he would never have sung of that *solitary* "beastie" on the lady's bonnet.

I was unable to decide whether the conversation of these Esquimaux corresponded with their habits. But I may as well caution civilized navigators to have a care of their language in strange lands, seeing how liable they are to be registered as authorities. I was shocked exceedingly by certain words of friend Mayouk, which he referred, like everything else, to "Dokto Kayen." It comforted me, afterwards, to find that this name had been adopted as the designation of the entire Grinnell party,

with a view to the chance of a rescue expedition.

This excellent precaution, however, caused us some painful misapprehensions in other respects; one of the natives, for instance, placed his hands on his stomach and laid down, groaning as if in pain: he then imitated the driving of dogs, and pointing to the south, said "Dokto Kayen." We interpreted this pantomime to signify the mortal illness of the doctor, and, indeed, we found afterwards that the story was true, except as to person. It was poor Ohlsen, who had been wounded on the painful sledge journey of Kane's party, and died shortly after they left this place.

I was three times ashore at Etah; the last time was with Capt. H., who wished to hear for himself. I brought Mayouk to him, and put him through a cross-examination, which he stood in a manner that was perfectly satisfactory; he even showed the captain a hill which overlooked the bay, and explained by signs, that, when Doctor Kane's party left, he went up to the top and watched them going to the south, till they disappeared behind a point, when he came down again crying.

Though all the natives had told us that Dr. Kane's party had gone southwards after leaving their settlement, still we were far from certain that they had continued their progress in that direction, and Captain Hartstein was for some time in doubt as to the course which we ought to pursue—whether we should return at once to Upernavik by our old track, or run across the bay and examine its western coast. He finally determined on the latter, believing that, if Dr. Kane and his party had gone down the eastern coast, they would by this time either have been lost in Melville Bay, or safely arrived at Upernavik; while, on the contrary, if they had tried to reach the English fleet in Lancaster Sound, being ignorant of its desertion, they might be there now in a starving condition.

We reached Cape Alexander without any incident worthy of note, and, after searching its barren rocks to no purpose, built a cairn and in it deposited the record of our want of success. We next ran down to Sutherland Island, took up our now useless flagstaff, and tore down the cairn we had placed there on our way up. There was a poor little white fox watching us from the rocks above,

while we were at work, evidently wondering what it all meant. He came so close that we could have knocked him down with a boat hook, but we let him alone; we were not short of provisions, and had no time to convert him into a specimen.

We pushed on through rain and fog to Hackluyt Island, where we found our comrades of the Release and spent a few hurried hours in their company.

The *red snow*, that Dr. Kane has described in his narrative, was abundant here, and wherever between the ledges of the rock there was a chance for soil, a tiny little horse radish sprang up ambitiously through the frost, with leaves no bigger than your thumb-nail. The miniature plant, flower, root and all might have filled a very moderate teacup.

It is hardly worth while to tell of our efforts to find Captain Inglefield's Esquimaux settlement in Whale Sound. It was the old story of fog and drizzle, ice and sleet. We gave it up, and, taking the Release in tow, bent our course for Lancaster Sound.

We had on board the monumental tablet which Lady Franklin had sent to be erected at Beechy Island, the last known anchorage of poor Sir John's missing party. Our captain seemed resolved on executing her commission, and it was well understood on board, that, if we could only get within a hundred miles of the spot, a sledge party would be dispatched over the ice to reach it. But the ice, the everlasting ice! We were more than two hundred miles off when it caught us. It was heavier than any we had seen even in Melville Bay. For some days it held us like flies in amber, in spite of sails with now and then a puff to fill them, and all the steam that Newell could raise in his boiler. It was, indeed, a mercy that a gale caught us at last, or we might have been there still. We drove before it, the ice keeping us company as if loth to lose us, and finding that we could not reach Cape Isabella, made a detour to Possession Bay. As we neared Possession Bay, I had an opportunity of accompanying a boat's crew to examine a small inlet which was in sight, a little to the north. We ran in as close as seemed prudent with the steamer, and rowed the rest of the way. It looked as if it might be half a mile off; it turned out to be at least six

miles and a bittock. It was not the first time that the height of the coast and clearness of the atmosphere had deceived us. I remember once a party set out, dragging a boat with them, to reach some islands apparently about four miles off. They tramped over the snow for fifteen miles, and, after crossing several wide leads, found themselves as far off as ever. They got back to the vessel about midnight thoroughly exhausted. Our little pull was a trifle in comparison; for we found at the end of our six miles or so, that the bay was no bay at all. Still, we clambered round the glaciers and ploughed our way through an odd Arctic formation of veritable quicksand all over the neighboring shore. We found bear tracks in plenty, but no signs of men. When we got back to our boat, we found by the tracks in the fresh fallen snow that a she bear and her cub had been paying us a visit. They had left, however, and, as they had disturbed nothing, we did not feel bound to follow them, especially as in our hurry we had left all our rifles on shipboard, behind us. From a weary and fruitless examination of Possession Bay, our course of search was to its neighbor, Pond's Bay. We were steaming along, towing the barque after us, and looking at the splendid effect of the moonlight on the snow-capped mountains of black rock which form the shore between the two bays, when we were startled by a hail from the shore. We stopped the engine, and in a few moments a couple of swarthy looking Esquimaux started from behind an inlet, in the rocks, and sprang from their kayacks upon our deck. Captain H., thinking that there might be a village in the neighborhood, took a whaleboat, and making signs to the kosky to guide us, pushed for the shore, our Esquimaux friends keeping ahead of us without any apparent difficulty. But either there was no village and our visitors were merely out on a hunt, or else they did not wish to entertain company; for they would not land, but ran up and down the coast at a rate which kept our five oarsmen on the stretch. It was clear we could make nothing out of them and we determined to return.

We had heard for some time a loud chattering noise, something between the cawing of crows and the clacking of ducks. It seemed but a little further down the coast, and the captain turned

the boat's head towards it. A few minutes' rowing brought us to the spot, and we were well rewarded for our trouble. It was a great settlement of the larger auks. We had seen these birds before singly or in small flocks; but here they were literally in millions. The little auks of Etah compared with them like a flock of sheep with a herd of buffalos. Such a scrambling and screaming as when they rose, I never heard. The noise was deafening. For about a mile and a half, the cliffs, as they stood up almost perpendicularly from the water's edge, were coated with them. It was as if snow had been falling on the ledges. The black rock was fairly hidden by their white breasts. Thousands of them, unable to find footing, were flying round and round, sometimes settling on top of those that had alighted, and toppling them off to fight and flutter among the rest. You may form some idea of their number, when I tell you that a boat from the barque, the next morning, brought back, in a few hours, over seven hundred, though one-half their shots were lost by the birds falling on the ledges of the rocks.

A little further down the coast, we found the mouth of a large cavern, into which we pushed our boat. Its rugged walls of trap rose almost perpendicularly for about three hundred feet, and then sloping inwards formed a noble Gothic roof. We could not determine how far back it extended; for a small iceberg had floated in before us and barred the passage. Captain H. climbed over it, but it was so dark inside that he could see nothing. The light of a full moon, reflected upon the roof, just allowed us to see that we had trespassed upon the homestead of a myriad of gulls, who were careering in affright above us. Their shrill cries, as they whirled around, the noise of the sea breaking against the cliffs, and the sound of our own voices, were all echoed over and over again, as if striving in vain to escape into distance. A piece of rock or ice, falling from some hundred feet above into the water with a loud splash, warned us that our situation, though romantic, was not safe; so we put back to the vessel. It was daybreak when we got on board.

Pond's Bay, as it is called, seemed to all of us nothing else but an extension of Admiralty Inlet. We kept along its north coast for thirty-five miles, and

could see, perhaps, forty miles further, but without finding its westernmost shore. A visit to an Esquimaux village, some twenty miles up the bay, was the only incident. The men, with a single exception, were out on their hunting parties, but the women were there, as communicative in their unknown dialect as any we had met of the grosser sex. They were certainly no beauties, and their costume was a little extravagant even for the Esquimaux fashions, as we had seen them. They had their faces tattooed with lampblack, in a set of dotted lines, radiating from the corners of the mouth, and their very long wide boots were hitched, awkwardly enough, by a loop to the waistband of their seal skin trowsers.

They appeared to be of a superior race to the Greenland natives. They were larger and stronger, their kayacks were better built, and they had much more roomy tents. They were well disposed to trade boots and breeches, and even dogs, for our currency of knives and needles; and we managed, before we left them, to make some valuable additions to our stock of dogs. We found some meat cans about the settlement; but they were evidently of English manufacture.

The north side of Pond's Bay was so steep and precipitous that we resolved to try the south. But this was even worse, and where by any chance the rocks did not fall perpendicularly to the sea, glaciers supplied their places. Yet there are some spots even here where Esquimaux manage to live. We saw three kayacks which rapidly gained on us, though we were under steam, and finally came on board. I speak literally; for their owners, after running round us two or three times to see if we were favorably disposed, climbed upon our decks dragging their boats after them.

They were good-natured looking fellows, ugly as all their neighbors, but strongly built. They appeared to go upon the principle of small favors thankfully received, large ones more so; for they would take anything, from jackknives down to pipes and tobacco. This last luxury was a puzzle to them. One man tried hard to smoke a pipe, and succeeded, with some desperate grimaces, in taking two or three whiffs before he absolutely sickened. Still, he put the pipe and some tobacco in

his bag for future experiment. They were very much frightened at first by the steam whistle, but finding that it did not hurt them, and what surprised them still more, that they, too, could make it sound, they were delighted with it, and, like a parcel of children, divided their attentions between it and the signal bell of the engine. The engine itself, with its huge fires, was a more grave subject of wonder. But the wonder of all was a looking-glass. Fascinated, though scared, they made mouths at it and in it, screaming and jumping with wild delight, or starting back in alarm, and then bravely coming near enough to touch it. We had long colloquies with them, and succeeded, no doubt, in making them understand our pantomime, as well as we understood theirs, but we had few thoughts in common, and parted, perhaps, without any very high estimate of each other's intelligence.

The whole of Pond's Bay showed one dreary, inhospitable coast line. We were all of us glad when our commander gave the order to make for the eastern coast of Baffin's Bay.

We had an eight-knot breeze, and were not more than 200 miles from Upernavik. There was every chance of the wind continuing, so that we confidently expected to reach that port in the course of the week. We thought we were to the southward of the pack; and the heavy sea, which made us all sea-sick after our long exemption from rough water, strengthened this conviction. But we were mistaken. The very next day it was before us, an impenetrable barrier. There was no help for it; we had to run further to the south—how much further it was hardly worth while to guess. It was no very difficult matter, you would think, to run along the edge of the ice till we came to the end of it, and then run across. But this ice had all the irregularities of a coast; large inlets and bays running into it, and capes projecting just where you do not expect to meet them; and over and over again, after running for a whole day, just as we were sure we had reached its southern boundary, we would find ourselves in a cul-de-sac, with the ice on both sides of us. Sometimes, too, in these cases, when we had consented to retrace our steps, the ice would close round us, as if to prove that it, also, had a will of its own; and it would only be

by great exertion, and with much loss of time, that we could succeed in regaining the open water. It was a weary sameness day after day, disappointment after disappointment, this transit of the pack; yet it was full of hard work, and had danger enough to be quite satisfactory for the time. Sometimes we were hemmed in, and sometimes we were unable to move; and then again we would congratulate each other that, in spite of all forebodings, we were again in motion. Then would come a squeezing or a thump, and again we were getting ahead; and then another vast progeny of floe and broken field would gather round us, and insist on our stopping to take their greeting. At last we came to a dead halt. We were fairly in the pack—it was before us, behind us, and on both sides of us.

Day after day passed, and we found we were drifting to the south, fairly glued in. There are only two incidents that I speak of in or about this pleasant little travel. One was just as it began. It was a meeting with an ancient whaler—the Eclipse of Peterhead—with a jolly old Captain Gray, who insisted on all hands making a trial of a regular Scotchman's hospitality, and tossed half a dozen hams after us into the boat, when we refused to take the half of his cabin stores. The other was the gale that ended it. It was less pleasant at the time; but, like some other things that I have met with in this world, its effects were better than its promise. What a night it was! the barque ran into an iceberg, and came very near being lost. She fired thirteen guns for assistance, but the crashing and grinding was so tremendous that, though we were not three-quarters of a mile off, and the wind was blowing directly towards us, we did not hear one of them. I never shall forget the melancholy figure she presented on joining us next morning. We felt quite a glow of sympathy for the poor Release, till Capt. Hartstein's hailing our steamer with the information that our cutter looked like a prize-fighter's nose. We then remembered that we, too, had a night of it.

After this gale we had little or no more trouble with the ice; one or two trifling detentions of a few days brought us to the open water. We had drifted so far to the south that Lievely was nearer than Upernavik, and Capt. H. determined to put in there. We had a

heavy gale the night after we left the ice, but so glad were we all to get clear of it, that I heard no complaints about rough weather. It cleared away beautifully towards morning, and we were all on the deck admiring the clear water, and the fantastic shapes of the water-washed icebergs. All hands were in high spirits; the gale had blown in the right direction, and in a few hours we should be in Lievely. The rocks of its land-locked harbor were already in sight. We were discussing our news by anticipation, when the man in the crow's nest cried out: "A brig in the harbor!" and the next minute, before we had time to congratulate each other on the chance of sending letters home, that she had hoisted American colors—a delicate compliment, we thought, on the part of our friends, the Danes. I believe our captain was about to return it, when, to our surprise, she hoisted another flag, the veritable one which had gone out with the *Advance*, bearing the name of Mr. Henry Grinnell. At the same moment two boats were seen rounding the point, and pulling towards us. Did they contain our lost friends? Yes; the sailors had settled that. "Those are Yankees, sir; no Danes ever feathered their oars that way," said an old whaler to me. For those who had friends among the missing party, the few minutes that followed were of bitter anxiety; for the men in the boats were long-bearded and weather-beaten; they had strange, wild costumes; there was no possibility of recognition. Dr. Kane, standing upright in the stern of the first boat, with his spy-glass slung round his neck, was the first identified; then the big form of Mr. Brooks; in another moment all hands of them were on board of us. It was curious to watch the effects of the excitement in different people, the intense quietude of some, the boisterous delight of others; how one man would become intensely loquacious, another would do nothing but laugh, and a third would creep away to some out-of-the-way corner, as if he were afraid of showing how he felt. How hungry they all were for news, and how eagerly they tore open the home letters—most of them, poor fellows, had pleasant tidings, and all were prepared to make the best of bad ones. We were in the harbor, with a fleet of kayacks dancing in welcome around and behind us, before the greet-

ings were half ended, for they repeated themselves over and over again. Our old friend, Mr. Olrik, was with the new comers, and as happy as the rest. His hospitality, when we reached the shore, was absolutely boundless; and his house and table were always at our service. Altogether, I never passed three more delightful days than those last days at Lievely. Balls every night; feasts and junketings every day; and, pleasantest of all, those dear home-like tea-tables, with shining tea urn and clear, white sugar, round which we sat, waiting for the water to boil, and talking of Russia and the Czar, and the world outside the Circle; while Mrs. Olrik would look up from her worsted work, and the children pressed round me to see the horses and dogs I was drawing for them. It was enough to make one forget his red flannel shirt and rough Arctic rig: Melville Bay and the pack seemed fables. The Danish doctor, too, arrived from Fiskerness, a very intelligent gentleman, and we talked away bravely to him in bad Latin. He brought us a present of reindeer meat—a new dish for some of us, tasting like a cross between Virginia mountain mutton and our Pennsylvania red deer.

But our stay in Lievely ended. The propeller got up steam, and, taking our barque and the Danish brig *Marianne* in tow, steamed out of the harbor. All the inhabitants of the town were on the shore to see the last of us. Our visit had been as memorable an incident to them as to ourselves. Where ten dollars is a large marriage dower, Jack's liberality of expenditure seemed absolutely royal. There were moistened eyes among them, for they are essentially kind-hearted; and even the roar of our cannon, in answer to the Danish salute, though it resounded splendidly among the hills, was scarcely heeded, as they stood with folded arms watching us disappear in the distance. We carried Mr. Olrik quite out to sea before we bade him good-by; and it was not until the next morning that the *Marianne* cast loose.

We reached home without any incident worthy of note, except that the Esquimaux dogs we had on board did nothing but howl during the whole voyage—an amiable peculiarity, which still characterizes the single specimen of which I am at present the happy possessor. There he goes—I hear him now.

ON A PICTURE OF BEATRICE IN PARADISE.

IS that his Beatrice? Ah, no,
 Nor mine—'tis but the painter's own;
 I only see a face of snow,
 Where spiritual pride alone
 Predominates. A scornful tone
 Seems ready to salute mine ear:
 Good artist, thou hast never known
 My poet's dream—it is not here.

He, in his Vision, called Divine,
 Of earthly things in heavenly light,
 Saw the first radiant angel shine,
 Whose wings made Eden look more bright,
 He to the fountain-head and height
 Of passion went, a willing thrall;
 He knew love's weakness and its might—
 He knew that love was lord of all.

This man had grown in camps and courts,
 And much had learnt in learned schools—
 Some knowledge gained amid his sports,
 Some wisdom he had found in fools:
 Say, muse! before my fancy cools,
 How much he knew—apart from books?
 O, more than Buonarotti's tools
 Could carve in stone, he read in looks!

And he felt beauty as the air
 Feels the vibration of a blast
 Blown from a trumpet—every hair
 Stirred in the man—like one aghast
 He stood, whenever beauty past;
 He felt the presence from above;
 Love made him tremble to the last,
 And beauty always woke his love.

No love in these forbidding eyes,
 That distant shine with haughty fire,
 No beauty in that scornful guise
 That kills the impulse of desire:
 Alas! a flame without a fire!
 Cold, almost cruel in their gaze
 Those large orbs look—no love is there—
 They see their God without amaze,
 And on heaven's splendor calmly stare!

There was an artisan whose name
 Was of Perugia; him I mean
 Whose duteous pupil after came
 To sit on glory's height serene:
 He painted once a Magdalene—
 A mournful thing, of little grace:*
 But to my thinking, she is queen
 To this, for all her handsome face!

* A picture of the Magdalen, by Perugino, in the Pitti Palace, not so full of beauty as of meekness, grief, and pity.

THE APPLE-TREE TABLE;

OR, ORIGINAL SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

WHEN I first saw the table, dingy and dusty, in the furthest corner of the old hopper-shaped garret, and set out with broken, be-cruated old purple vials and flasks, and a ghostly, dismantled old quarto, it seemed just such a necromantic little old table as might have belonged to Friar Bacon. Two plain features it had, significant of conjurations and charms—the circle and tripod; the slab being round, supported by a twisted little pillar, which, about a foot from the bottom, sprawled out into three crooked legs, terminating in three cloven feet. A very satanic-looking little old table, indeed.

In order to convey a better idea of it, some account may as well be given of the place it came from. A very old garret of a very old house in an old-fashioned quarter of one of the oldest towns in America. This garret had been closed for years. It was thought to be haunted; a rumor, I confess, which, however absurd (in my opinion), I did not, at the time of purchasing, very vehemently contradict; since, not improbably, it tended to place the property the more conveniently within my means.

It was, therefore, from no dread of the reputed goblins aloft, that, for five years after first taking up my residence in the house, I never entered the garret. There was no special inducement. The roof was well slated, and thoroughly tight. The company that insured the house, waived all visitation of the garret; why, then, should the owner be over-anxious about it?—particularly, as he had no use for it, the house having ample room below. Then the key of the stair-door leading to it was lost. The lock was a huge, old-fashioned one. To open it, a smith would have to be called; an unnecessary trouble, I thought. Besides, though I had taken some care to keep my two daughters in ignorance of the rumor above-mentioned, still, they had, by some means, got an inkling of it, and were well enough pleased to see the entrance to the haunted ground closed. It might have remained so for a still longer time, had it not been for my accidentally discovering, in a corner of our glen-like, old, terraced garden, a

large and curious key, very old and rusty, which I, at once, concluded must belong to the garret-door—a supposition which, upon trial, proved correct. Now, the possession of a key to anything, at once provokes a desire to unlock and explore; and this, too, from a mere instinct of gratification, irrespective of any particular benefit to accrue.

Behold me, then, turning the rusty old key, and going up, alone, into the haunted garret.

It embraced the entire area of the mansion. Its ceiling was formed by the roof, showing the rafters and boards on which the slates were laid. The roof shedding the water four ways from a high point in the centre, the space beneath was much like that of a general's marquee—only midway broken by a labyrinth of timbers, for braces, from which waved innumerable cobwebs, that, of a summer's noon, shone like Bagdad tissues and gauzes. On every hand, some strange insect was seen, flying, or running, or creeping, on rafter and floor.

Under the apex of the roof was a rude, narrow, decrepit step-ladder, something like a Gothic pulpit-stairway, leading to a pulpit-like platform, from which a still narrower ladder—a sort of Jacob's ladder—led some ways higher to the lofty scuttle. The slide of this scuttle was about two feet square, all in one piece, furnishing a massive frame for a single small pane of glass, inserted into it like a bull's-eye. The light of the garret came from this sole source, filtered through a dense curtain of cobwebs. Indeed, the whole stairs, and platform, and ladder, were festooned, and carpeted, and canopied with cobwebs; which, in funereal accumulations, hung, too, from the groined, murky ceiling, like the Carolina moss in the cypress forest. In these cobwebs, swung, as in aerial catacombs, myriads of all tribes of mummied insects.

Climbing the stairs to the platform, and pausing there, to recover my breath, a curious scene was presented. The sun was about half-way up. Piercing the little sky-light, it slopingly bored a rainbow'd tunnel clear across the darkness of the garret. Here, mil-

lions of butterfly moles were swarming. Against the sky-light itself, with a cymbal-like buzzing, thousands of insects clustered in a golden mob.

Wishing to shed a clearer light through the place, I sought to withdraw the scuttle-slide. But no sign of latch or hasp was visible. Only after long peering, did I discover a little padlock, imbedded, like an oyster at the bottom of the sea, amid matted masses of weedy webs, chrysalides, and insectivorous eggs. Brushing these away, I found it locked. With a crooked nail, I tried to pick the lock, when scores of small ants and flies, half-torpid, crawled forth from the key-hole, and, feeling the warmth of the sun in the pane, began frisking around me. Others appeared. Presently, I was overrun by them. As if incensed at this invasion of their retreat, countless bands darted up from below, beating about my head, like hornets. At last, with a sudden jerk, I burst open the scuttle. And ah! what a change. As from the gloom of the grave and the companionship of worms, man shall at last rapturously rise into the living greenness and glory immortal, so, from my cobwebbed old garret, I thrust forth my head into the balmy air, and found myself hailed by the verdant tops of great trees, growing in the little garden below—trees, whose leaves soared high above my topmost alate.

Refreshed by this outlook, I turned inward to behold the garret, now unwontedly lit up. Such humped masses of obsolete furniture. An old escritoir, from whose pigeon-holes sprang mice, and from whose secret drawers came subterranean squeakings, as from chipmunks' holes in the woods; and broken-down old chairs, with strange carvings, which seemed fit to seat a conclave of conjurers. And a rusty, iron-bound chest, lidless, and packed full of mildewed old documents; one of which, with a faded red ink-blot at the end, looked as if it might have been the original bond that Doctor Faust gave to Mephistopheles. And, finally, in the least lighted corner of all, where was a profuse litter of indescribable old rubbish—among which was a broken telescope, and a celestial globe stayed in—stood the little old table, one hoofed foot, like that of the Evil One, dimly revealed through the cobwebs. What a thick dust, half paste, had settled upon the

old vials and flasks; how their once liquid contents had caked, and how strangely looked the mouldy old book in the middle—Cotton Mather's "Magnolia."

Table and book I removed below, and had the dislocations of the one and the tatters of the other repaired. I resolved to surround this sad little hermit of a table, so long banished from genial neighborhood, with all the kindly influences of warm urns, warm fires, and warm hearts; little dreaming what all this warm nursing would hatch.

I was pleased by the discovery, that the table was not of the ordinary mahogany, but of apple-tree wood, which age had darkened nearly to walnut. It struck me as being quite an appropriate piece of furniture for our cedar-parlor—so called, from its being, after the old fashion, wainscoted with that wood. The table's round slab, or *orb*, was so contrived as to be readily changed from a horizontal to a perpendicular position; so that, when not in use, it could be snugly placed in a corner. For myself, wife, and two daughters, I thought it would make a nice little breakfast and tea-table. It was just the thing for a whist table, too. And I also pleased myself with the idea, that it would make a famous reading-table.

In these fancies, my wife, for one, took little interest. She disrelished the idea of so unfashionable and indigent-looking a stranger as the table intruding into the polished society of more prosperous furniture. But when, after seeking its fortune at the cabinet-maker's, the table came home, varnished over, bright as a guinea, no one exceeded my wife in a gracious reception of it. It was advanced to an honorable position in the cedar-parlor.

But, as for my daughter Julia, she never got over her strange emotions upon first accidentally encountering the table. Unfortunately, it was just as I was in the act of bringing it down from the garret. Holding it by the slab, I was carrying it before me, one cobwebbed hoof thrust out, which weird object, at a turn of the stairs, suddenly touched my girl, as she was ascending; whereupon, turning, and seeing no living creature—for I was quite hidden behind my shield—seeing nothing, indeed, but the apparition of the Evil One's foot, as it seemed, she cried out, and there is no

knowing what might have followed, had I not immediately spoken.

From the impression thus produced, my poor girl, of a very nervous temperament, was long recovering. Superstitiously grieved at my violating the forbidden solitude above, she associated in her mind the cloven-footed table with the reputed goblins there. She besought me to give up the idea of domesticating the table. Nor did her sister fail to add her entreaties. Between my girls there was a constitutional sympathy. But my matter-of-fact wife had now declared in the table's favor. She was not wanting in firmness and energy. To her, the prejudices of Julia and Anna were simply ridiculous. It was her maternal duty, she thought, to drive such weakness away. By degrees, the girls, at breakfast and tea, were induced to sit down with us at the table. Continual proximity was not without effect. By and by, they would sit pretty tranquilly, though Julia, as much as possible, avoided glancing at the hooved feet, and, when at this I smiled, she would look at me seriously—as much as to say, Ah, papa, you, too, may yet do the same. She prophesied that, in connection with the table, something strange would yet happen. But I would only smile the more, while my wife indignantly chided.

Meantime, I took particular satisfaction in my table, as a night reading-table. At a ladies' fair, I bought me a beautifully worked reading-cushion, and, with elbow leaning thereon, and hand shading my eyes from the light, spent many a long hour—nobody by, but the queer old book I had brought down from the garret.

All went well, till the incident now about to be given—an incident, be it remembered, which, like every other in this narration, happened long before the time of the "Fox girls."

It was late on a Saturday night in December. In the little old cedar-parlor, before the little old apple-tree table, I was sitting up, as usual, alone. I had made more than one effort to get up and go to bed; but I could not. I was, in fact, under a sort of fascination. Somehow, too, certain reasonable opinions of mine seemed not so reasonable as before. I felt nervous. The truth was, that though, in my previous night-readings, Cotton Mather had but amused me, upon this particular night he terrified me. A thousand times I had laughed

at such stories. Old wives' fables, I thought, however entertaining. But now, how different. They began to put on the aspect of reality. Now, for the first, time it struck me that this was no romantic Mrs. Radcliffe, who had written the "Magnolia;" but a practical, hard-working, earnest, upright man, a learned doctor, too, as well as a good Christian and orthodox clergyman. What possible motive could such a man have to deceive? His style had all the plainness and unpoetic boldness of truth. In the most straightforward way, he laid before me detailed accounts of New England witchcraft, each important item corroborated by respectable townsfolk, and, of not a few of the most surprising, he himself had been eye-witness. Cotton Mather testified whereof he had seen. But, is it possible? I asked myself. Then I remembered that Dr. Johnson, the matter-of-fact compiler of a dictionary, had been a believer in ghosts, besides many other sound, worthy men. Yielding to the fascination, I read deeper and deeper into the night. At last, I found myself starting at the least chance sound, and yet wishing that it were not so very still.

A tumbler of warm punch stood by my side, with which beverage, in a moderate way, I was accustomed to treat myself every Saturday night; a habit, however, against which my good wife had long remonstrated; predicting that, unless I gave it up, I would yet die a miserable sot. Indeed, I may here mention that, on the Sunday mornings following my Saturday nights, I had to be exceedingly cautious how I gave way to the slightest impatience at any accidental annoyance; because such impatience was sure to be quoted against me as evidence of the melancholy consequences of over-night indulgence. As for my wife, she, never sipping punch, could yield to any little passing peevishness as much as she pleased.

But, upon the night in question, I found myself wishing that, instead of my usual mild mixture, I had concocted some potent draught. I felt the need of stimulus. I wanted something to hearten me against Cotton Mather—doleful, ghostly, ghastly Cotton Mather. I grew more and more nervous. Nothing but fascination kept me from fleeing the room. The candles burnt low, with long snuffs, and huge winding-sheets.

But I durst not raise the snuffers to them. It would make too much noise. And yet, previously, I had been wishing for noise. I read on and on. My hair began to have a sensation. My eyes felt strained; they pained me. I was conscious of it. I knew I was injuring them. I knew I should rue this abuse of them next day; but I read on and on. I could not help it. The skinny hand was on me.

All at once—Hark!

My hair felt like growing grass.

A faint sort of inward rapping or rasping—a strange, inexplicable sound, mixed with a slight kind of wood-pecking or ticking.

Tick! Tick!

Yes, it was a faint sort of ticking.

I looked up at my great Strasbourg clock in one corner. It was not that. The clock had stopped.

Tick! Tick!

Was it my watch?

According to her usual practice at night, my wife had, upon retiring, carried my watch off to our chamber to hang it up on its nail.

I listened with all my ears.

Tick! Tick!

Was it a death-tick in the wainscot?

With a tremulous step I went all round the room, holding my ear to the wainscot.

No; it came not from the wainscot.

Tick! Tick!

I shook myself. I was ashamed of my fright.

Tick! Tick!

It grew in precision and audibleness. I retreated from the wainscot. It seemed advancing to meet me.

I looked round and round, but saw nothing, only one cloven foot of the little apple-tree table.

Bless me, said I to myself, with a sudden revulsion, it must be very late; isn't that my wife calling me? Yes, yes; I must to bed. I suppose all is locked up. No need to go the rounds.

The fascination had departed, though the fear had increased. With trembling hands, putting Cotton Mather out of sight, I soon found myself, candle-stick in hand, in my chamber, with a peculiar rearward feeling, such as some truant dog may feel. In my eagerness to get well into the chamber, I stumbled against a chair.

"Do try and make less noise, my dear," said my wife from the bed.

"You have been taking too much of that punch, I fear. That sad habit grows on you. Ah, that I should ever see you thus staggering at night into your chamber."

"Wife, wife," hoarsely whispered I, "there is—is something tick—ticking in the cedar-parlor."

"Poor old man—quite out of his mind—I knew it would be so. Come to bed; come and sleep it off."

"Wife, wife!"

"Do, do come to bed. I forgive you. I won't remind you of it to-morrow. But you must give up the punch-drinking, my dear. It quite gets the better of you."

"Don't exasperate me," I cried now, truly beside myself; "I will quit the house!"

"No, no! not in that state. Come to bed, my dear. I won't say another word."

The next morning, upon waking, my wife said nothing about the past night's affair, and, feeling no little embarrassment myself, especially at having been thrown into such a panic, I also was silent. Consequently, my wife must still have ascribed my singular conduct to a mind disordered, not by ghosts, but by punch. For my own part, as I lay in bed watching the sun in the panes, I began to think that much midnight reading of Cotton Mather was not good for man; that it had a morbid influence upon the nerves, and gave rise to hallucinations. I resolved to put Cotton Mather permanently aside. That done, I had no fear of any return of the ticking. Indeed, I began to think that what seemed the ticking in the room, was nothing but a sort of buzzing in my ear.

As is her wont, my wife having preceded me in rising, I made a deliberate and agreeable toilet. Aware that most disorders of the mind have their origin in the state of the body, I made vigorous use of the flesh-brush, and bathed my head with New England rum, a specific once recommended to me as good for buzzing in the ear. Wrapped in my dressing gown, with cravat nicely adjusted, and finger-nails neatly trimmed, I complacently descended to the little cedar-parlor to breakfast.

What was my amazement to find my wife on her knees, rummaging about the carpet nigh the little apple-tree table, on which the morning meal was laid,

while my daughters, Julia and Anna, were running about the apartment distracted.

"Oh, papa, papa!" cried Julia, hurrying up to me, "I knew it would be so. The table, the table!"

"Spirits! spirits!" cried Anna, standing far away from it, with pointed finger.

"Silence!" cried my wife. "How can I hear it, if you make such a noise? Be still. Come here, husband; was this the ticking you spoke of? Why don't you move? Was this it? Here, kneel down and listen to it. Tick, tick, tick!—don't you hear it now?"

"I do, I do," cried I, while my daughters besought us both to come away from the spot.

Tick, tick, tick!

Right from under the snowy cloth, and the cheerful urn, and the smoking milk-toast, the unaccountable ticking was heard.

"Ain't there a fire in the next room, Julia," said I, "let us breakfast there, my dear," turning to my wife—"let us go—leave the table—tell Biddy to remove the things.

And so saying I was moving towards the door in high self-possession, when my wife interrupted me.

"Before I quit this room, I will see into this ticking," she said with energy; "It is something that can be found out, depend upon it. I don't believe in spirits, especially at breakfast-time. Biddy! Biddy! Here, carry these things back to the kitchen," handing the urn. Then, sweeping off the cloth, the little table lay bare to the eye.

"It's the table, the table!" cried Julia.

"Nonsense," said my wife. "Who ever heard of a ticking table? It's on the floor. Biddy! Julia! Anna! move everything out of the room—table and all. Where are the tack-hammers?"

"Heavens, mamma—you are not going to take up the carpet!" screamed Julia.

"Here's the hammers, marm," said Biddy, advancing tremblingly.

"Hand them to me, then," cried my wife; for poor Biddy was, at long gun-distance, holding them out as if her mistress had the plague.

"Now, husband, do you take up that side of the carpet, and I will this." Down on her knees she then dropped, while I followed suit.

The carpet being removed, and the ear applied to the naked floor, not the slightest ticking could be heard.

"The table—after all, it is the table," cried my wife. "Biddy, bring it back."

"Oh no, marm, not I, please, marm," sobbed Biddy.

"Foolish creature!—Husband, do you bring it."

"My dear," said I, "we have plenty of other tables; why be so particular?"

"Where is that table?" cried my wife, contemptuously, regardless of my gentle remonstrance.

"In the wood-house, marm. I put it away as far as ever I could, marm," sobbed Biddy.

"Shall I go to the wood-house for it, or will you?" said my wife, addressing me in a frightful, business-like manner.

Immediately I darted out of the door, and found the little apple-tree table, upside down, in one of my chip-bins. I hurriedly returned with it, and once more my wife examined it attentively. Tick, tick, tick! Yes, it was the table.

"Please, marm," said Biddy, now entering the room, with hat and shawl—"please, marm, will you pay me my wages?"

"Take your hat and shawl off directly," said my wife; "set this table again."

"Set it," roared I, in a passion, "set it, or I'll go for the police."

"Heavens! heavens!" cried my daughters, in one breath. "What will become of us!—Spirits! Spirits!"

"Will you set the table?" cried I, advancing upon Biddy.

"I will, I will—yes, marm—yes, master—I will, I will. Spirits!—Holy Vargin!"

"Now, husband," said my wife, "I am convinced that, whatever it is that causes this ticking, neither the ticking nor the table can hurt us; for we are all good Christians, I hope. I am determined to find out the cause of it, too, which time and patience will bring to light. I shall breakfast on no other table but this, so long as we live in this house. So, sit down, now that all things are ready again, and let us quietly breakfast. My dears," turning to Julia and Anna, "go to your room, and return composed. Let me have no more of this childishness."

Upon occasion my wife was mistress in her house.

During the meal, in vain was conversation started again and again; in vain my wife said something brisk to infuse into others an animation akin to her own. Julia and Anna, with heads bowed over their tea-cups, were still listening for the tick. I confess, too, that their example was catching. But, for the time, nothing was heard. Either the ticking had died quite away, or else, slight as it was, the increasing uproar of the street, with the general hum of day, so contrasted with the repose of night and early morning, smothered the sound. At the lurking iniquitude of her companions, my wife was indignant; the more so, as she seemed to glory in her own exemption from panic. When breakfast was cleared away she took my watch, and, placing it on the table, addressed the supposed spirits in it, with a jocosely defiant air: "There, tick away, let us see who can tick loudest!"

All that day, while abroad, I thought of the mysterious table. Could Cotton Mather speak true? Were there spirits? And would spirits haunt a tea-table? Would the Evil One dare show his cloven foot in the bosom of an innocent family? I shuddered when I thought that I myself, against the solemn warnings of my daughters, had willfully introduced the cloven foot there. Yea, three cloven feet. But, towards noon, this sort of feeling began to wear off. The continual rubbing against so many practical people in the street, brushed such chimeras away from me. I remembered that I had not acquitted myself very intrepidly either on the previous night or in the morning. I resolved to regain the good opinion of my wife.

To evince my hardihood the more signally, when tea was dismissed, and the three rubbers of whist had been played, and no ticking had been heard—which the more encouraged me—I took my pipe, and, saying that bed-time had arrived for the rest, drew my chair towards the fire, and, removing my slippers, placed my feet on the fender, looking as calm and composed as old Democritus in the tombs of Abdera, when one midnight the mischievous little boys of the town tried to frighten that sturdy philosopher with spurious ghosts.

And I thought to myself, that the worthy old gentleman had set a good

example to all times in his conduct on that occasion. For, when at the dead hour, intent on his studies, he heard the strange sounds, he did not so much as move his eyes from his page, only simply said: "Boys, little boys, go home. This is no place for you. You will catch cold here." The philosophy of which words lies here: that they imply the foregone conclusion, that any possible investigation of any possible spiritual phenomena was absurd; that upon the first face of such things, the mind of a sane man instinctively affirmed them a humbug, unworthy the least attention; more especially if such phenomena appear in tombs, since tombs are peculiarly the place of silence, lifelessness, and solitude; for which cause, by the way, the old man, as upon the occasion in question, made the tombs of Abdera his place of study.

Presently I was alone, and all was hushed. I laid down my pipe, not feeling exactly tranquil enough now thoroughly to enjoy it. Taking up one of the newspapers, I began, in a nervous, hurried sort of way, to read by the light of a candle placed on a small stand drawn close to the fire. As for the apple-tree table, having lately concluded that it was rather too low for a reading-table, I thought best not to use it as such that night. But it stood not very distant in the middle of the room.

Try as I would, I could not succeed much at reading. Somehow I seemed all ear and no eye; a condition of intense auricular suspense. But ere long it was broken.

Tick! tick! tick!

Though it was not the first time I had heard that sound; nay, though I had made it my particular business on this occasion to wait for that sound, nevertheless, when it came, it seemed unexpected, as if a cannon had boomed through the window.

Tick! tick! tick!

I sat stock still for a time, thoroughly to master, if possible, my first discomposure. Then rising, I looked pretty steadily at the table; went up to it pretty steadily; took hold of it pretty steadily; but let it go pretty quickly; then paced up and down, stopping every moment or two, with ear pricked to listen. Meantime, within me, the contest between panic and philosophy remained not wholly decided.

Tick! tick! tick!

With appalling distinctness the ticking now rose on the night.

My pulse fluttered—my heart beat. I hardly know what might not have followed, had not Democritus just then come to the rescue. For shame, said I to myself, what is the use of so fine an example of philosophy, if it cannot be followed? Straightway I resolved to imitate it, even to the old sage's occupation and attitude.

Resuming my chair and paper, with back presented to the table, I remained thus for a time, as if buried in study; when, the ticking still continuing, I drewled out, in as indifferent and dryly jocose a way as I could; "Come, come, Tick, my boy, fun enough for to-night."

Tick! tick! tick!

There seemed a sort of jeering defiance in the ticking now. It seemed to exult over the poor affected part I was playing. But much as the taunt stung me, it only stung me into persistence. I resolved not to abate one whit in my mode of address.

"Come, come, you make more and more noise, Tick, my boy; too much of a joke—time to have done."

No sooner said than the ticking ceased. Never was responsive obedience more exact. For the life of me, I could not help turning round upon the table, as one would upon some reasonable being, when—could I believe my senses? I saw something moving, or wriggling, or squirming upon the slab of the table. It shone like a glow-worm. Unconsciously, I grasped the poker that stood at hand. But bethinking me how absurd to attack a glow-worm with a poker, I put it down. How long I sat spell-bound and staring there, with my body presented one way and my face another, I cannot say; but at length I rose, and, buttoning my coat up and down, made a sudden in-trepid forced march full upon the table. And there, near the centre of the slab, as I live, I saw an irregular little hole, or, rather, short nibbled sort of crack, from which (like a butterfly escaping its chrysalis) the sparkling object, whatever it might be, was struggling. Its motion was the motion of life. I stood becharmed. Are there, indeed, spirits, thought I; and is this one? No; I must be dreaming. I turned my glance off to the red fire on the hearth, then back to the pale lustre on the table. What I saw was no optical illusion, but

a real marvel. The tremor was increasing, when, once again, Democritus befriended me. Supernatural coruscation as it appeared, I strove to look at the strange object in a purely scientific way. Thus viewed, it appeared some new sort of small shining beetle or bug, and, I thought, not without something of a hum to it, too.

I still watched it, and with still increasing self-possession. Sparkling and wriggling, it still continued its throes. In another moment it was just on the point of escaping its prison. A thought struck me. Running for a tumbler, I clapped it over the insect just in time to secure it.

After watching it a while longer under the tumbler, I left all as it was, and, tolerably composed, retired.

Now, for the soul of me, I could not, at that time, comprehend the phenomenon. A live bug come out of a dead table? A fire-fly bug come out of a piece of ancient lumber, for one knows not how many years stored away in an old garret? Was ever such a thing heard of, or even dreamed of? How got the bug there? Never mind. I bethought me of Democritus, and resolved to keep cool. At all events, the mystery of the ticking was explained. It was simply the sound of the gnawing and filing, and tapping of the bug, in eating its way out. It was satisfactory to think, that there was an end forever to the ticking. I resolved not to let the occasion pass without reaping some credit from it.

"Wife," said I, next morning, "you will not be troubled with any more ticking in our table. I have put a stop to all that."

"Indeed, husband," said she, with some incredulity.

"Yes, wife," returned I, perhaps a little vain-gloriously. "I have put a quietus upon that ticking. Depend upon it, the ticking will trouble you no more."

In vain she besought me to explain myself. I would not gratify her; being willing to balance any previous trepidation I might have betrayed, by leaving room now for the imputation of some heroic feat whereby I had silenced the ticking. It was a sort of innocent deceit by implication, quite harmless, and, I thought, of utility.

But when I went to breakfast, I saw my wife kneeling at the table again, and

my girls looking ten times more frightened than ever.

"Why did you tell me that boastful tale," said my wife, indignantly. "You might have known how easily it would be found out. See this crack, too; and here is the ticking again, plainer than ever."

"Impossible," I exclaimed; but upon applying my ear, sure enough, tick! tick! tick! The ticking was there.

Recovering myself the best way I might, I demanded the bug.

"Bug?" screamed Julia. "Good heavens, papa!"

"I hope, sir, you have been bringing no bugs into this house," said my wife, severely.

"The bug, the bug!" I cried; "the bug under the tumbler."

"Bugs in tumblers!" cried the girls; "not *our* tumblers, papa? You have not been putting bugs into our tumblers? Oh, what does—what *does* it all mean?"

"Do you see this hole, this crack here?" said I, putting my finger on the spot.

"That I do," said my wife, with high displeasure. "And how did it come there? What have you been doing to the table?"

"Do you see this crack?" repeated I, intensely.

"Yes, yes," said Julia; "that was what frightened me so; it looks so like witch-work."

"Spirits! spirits!" cried Anna.

"Silence!" said my wife. "Go on, sir, and tell us what you know of the crack."

"Wife and daughters," said I, solemnly, "out of that crack, or hole, while I was sitting all alone here last night, a wonderful——"

Here, involuntarily, I paused, fascinated by the expectant attitudes and bursting eyes of Julia and Anna.

"What, what?" cried Julia.

"A bug, Julia."

"A bug?" cried my wife. "A bug come out of this table? And what did you do with it?"

"Clapped it under a tumbler."

"Biddy! Biddy!" cried my wife, going to the door. "Did you see a tumbler here on this table when you swept the room?"

"Sure I did, marm, and a 'bomnable bug under it."

"And what did you do with it?" demanded I.

"Put the bug in the fire, sir, and rinsed out the tumbler ever so many times, marm."

"Where is that tumbler?" cried Anna. "I hope you scratched it—marked it some way. I'll never drink out of that tumbler; never put it before me, Biddy. A bug—a bug! Oh, Julia! oh, mamma! I feel it crawling all over me, even now. Haunted table!"

"Spirits! spirits!" cried Julia.

"My daughters," said their mother, with authority in her eyes, "go to your chamber till you can behave more like reasonable creatures. Is it a bug—a bug that can frighten you out of what little wits you ever had. Leave the room. I am astonished. I am pained by such childish conduct."

"Now tell me," said she, addressing me, as soon as they had withdrawn, "now tell me truly, did a bug really come out of this crack in the table?"

"Wife, it is even so."

"Did you see it come out?"

"I did."

She looked earnestly at the crack, leaning over it.

"Are you sure?" said she, looking up, but still bent over.

"Sure, sure."

She was silent. I began to think that the mystery of the thing began to tell even upon her. Yes, thought I, I shall presently see my wife shaking and shuddering, and, who knows, calling in some old dominie to exorcise the table, and drive out the spirits.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said she suddenly, and not without excitement.

"What, wife?" said I, all eagerness, expecting some mystical proposition; "what, wife?"

"We will rub this table all over with that celebrated 'roach powder' I've heard of."

"Good gracious! Then you don't think it's spirits?"

"Spirits?"

The emphasis of scornful incredulity was worthy of Democritus himself.

"But this ticking—this ticking?" said I.

"I'll whip that out of it."

"Come, come wife," said I, "you are going too far the other way, now. Neither roach powder nor whipping will cure this table. It's a queer table, wife; there's no blinking it."

"I'll have it rubbed, though," she replied, "well rubbed;" and calling

Biddy, she bade her get wax and brush, and give the table a vigorous manipulation. That done, the cloth was again laid, and we sat down to our morning meal; but my daughters did not make their appearance. Julia and Anna took no breakfast that day.

When the cloth was removed, in a business-like way, my wife went to work with a dark colored cement, and hermetically closed the little hole in the table.

My daughters looking pale, I insisted upon taking them out for a walk that morning, when the following conversation ensued:

"My worst presentiments about that table are being verified, papa," said Julia; "not for nothing was that intimation of the cloven foot on my shoulder."

"Nonsense," said I. "Let us go into Mrs. Brown's, and have an ice-cream."

The spirit of Democritus was stronger on me now. By a curious coincidence, it strengthened with the strength of the sunlight.

"But is it not miraculous," said Anna, "how a bug should come out of a table?"

"Not at all, my daughter. It is a very common thing for bugs to come out of wood. You yourself must have seen them coming out of the ends of the billets on the hearth."

"Ah, but that wood is almost fresh from the woodland. But the table is at least a hundred years old."

"What of that?" said I, gayly. "Have not live toads been found in the hearts of dead rocks, as old as creation?"

"Say what you will, papa, I feel it is spirits," said Julia. "Do, do now, my dear papa, have that haunted table removed from the house."

"Nonsense," said I.

By another curious coincidence, the more they felt frightened, the more I felt brave.

Evening came.

"This ticking," said my wife; "do you think that another bug will come of this continued ticking?"

Curiously enough, that had not occurred to me before. I had not thought of there being twins of bugs. But now, who knew; there might be even triplets.

I resolved to take precautions, and, if there was to be a second bug, infalli-

bly secure it. During the evening, the ticking was again heard. About ten o'clock I clapped a tumbler over the spot, as near as I could judge of it by my ear. Then we all retired, and locking the door of the cedar-parlor, I put the key in my pocket.

In the morning, nothing was to be seen, but the ticking was heard. The trepidation of my daughters returned. They wanted to call in the neighbors. But to this my wife was vigorously opposed. We should be the laughing-stock of the whole town. So it was agreed that nothing should be disclosed. Biddy received strict charges; and, to make sure, was not allowed that week to go to confession, lest she should tell the priest.

I stayed home all that day, every hour or two bending over the table, both eye and ear. Towards night, I thought the ticking grew more distinct, and seemed divided from my ear by a thinner and thinner partition of the wood. I thought, too, that I perceived a faint heaving up, or bulging of the wood, in the place where I had placed the tumbler. To put an end to the suspense, my wife proposed taking a knife and cutting into the wood there; but I had a less impatient plan; namely, that she and I should sit up with the table that night, as, from present symptoms, the bug would probably make its appearance before morning. For myself, I was curious to see the first advent of the thing—the first dazzle of the chick as it chipped the shell.

The idea struck my wife not unfavorably. She insisted that both Julia and Anna should be of the party, in order that the evidence of their senses should disabuse their minds of all nursery nonsense. For that spirits should tick, and that spirits should take unto themselves the form of bugs, was, to my wife, the most foolish of all foolish imaginations. True, she could not account for the thing; but she had all confidence that it could be, and would yet be, somehow explained, and that to her entire satisfaction. Without knowing it herself, my wife was a female Democritus. For my own part, my present feelings were of a mixed sort. In a strange and not unpleasing way, I gently oscillated between Democritus and Cotton Mather. But to my wife and daughters I assumed to be pure Democritus—a jeerer at all tea-table spirits whatever.

So, laying in a good supply of candles and crackers, all four of us sat up with the table, and at the same time sat round it. For a while my wife and I carried on an animated conversation. But my daughters were silent. Then my wife and I would have had a rubber of whist, but my daughters could not be prevailed upon to join. So we played whist with two dummies; literally, my wife won the rubber, and, fatigued with victory, put away the cards.

Half past eleven o'clock. No sign of the bug. The candles began to burn dim. My wife was just in the act of snuffing them, when a sudden, violent, hollow, resounding, rumbling, thumping was heard.

Julia and Anna sprang to their feet.

"All well!" cried a voice from the street. It was the watchman, first ringing down his club on the pavement, and then following it up with this highly satisfactory verbal announcement.

"All well! Do you hear that, my girls?" said I, gayly.

Indeed it was astonishing how brave as Bruce I felt in company with three women, and two of them half frightened out of their wits.

I rose for my pipe, and took a philosophic smoke.

Democritus forever, thought I.

In profound silence, I sat smoking, when lo!—pop! pop! pop!—right under the table, a terrible popping.

This time we all four sprang up, and my pipe was broken.

"Good heavens! what's that?"

"Spirits! spirits!" cried Julia.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Anna.

"Shame," said my wife, "it's that new bottled cider, in the cellar, going off. I told Biddy to wire the bottles to-day."

I shall here transcribe from memoranda, kept during part of the night.

"One o'clock. No sign of the bug.

Ticking continues. Wife getting sleepy.

"Two o'clock. No sign of the bug.

Ticking intermittent. Wife fast asleep.

"Three o'clock. No sign of the bug.

Ticking pretty steady. Julia and Anna getting sleepy.

"Four o'clock. No sign of the bug.

Ticking regular, but not spirited.

Wife, Julia, and Anna, all fast asleep in their chairs.

"Five o'clock. No sign of the bug.

Ticking faint. Myself feeling drowsy.

The rest still asleep."

So far the journal.

—Rap! rap! rap!

A terrific, portentous rapping against a door.

Startled from our dreams, we started to our feet.

Rap! rap! rap!

Julia and Anna shrieked.

I cowered in the corner.

"You fools!" cried my wife, "it's the baker with the bread."

Six o'clock.

She went to throw back the shutters, but ere it was done, a cry came from Julia. There, half in and half out its crack, there wriggled the bug, flashing in the room's general dimness, like a fiery opal.

Had this bug had a tiny sword by its side—a Damascus sword—and a tiny necklace round its neck—a diamond necklace—and a tiny gun in its claw—a brass gun—and a tiny manuscript in his mouth—a Chaldee manuscript—Julia and Anna could not have stood more charmed.

In truth, it was a beautiful bug—a Jew jeweler's bug—a bug like a sparkle of a glorious sunset.

Julia and Anna had never dreamed of such a bug. To them, bug had been a word synonymous with hideousness. But this was a seraphical bug; or, rather, all it had of the bug was the B, for it was beautiful as a butterfly.

Julia and Anna gazed and gazed. They were no more alarmed. They were delighted.

"But how got this strange, pretty creature into the table?" cried Julia.

"Spirits can get anywhere," replied Anna.

"Pshaw!" said my wife.

"Do you hear any more ticking?" said I.

They all applied their ears, but heard nothing.

"Well, then, wife and daughters, now that it is all over, this very morning I will go and make inquiries about it."

"Oh, do, papa," cried Julia, "do go and consult Madame Pazzi, the conjur-ess."

"Better go and consult Professor Johnson, the naturalist," said my wife.

"Bravo, Mrs. Democritus!" said I, "Professor Johnson is the man."

By good fortune I found the professor in. Informing him briefly of the incident, he manifested a cool, collected sort of interest, and gravely accom-

panied me home. The table was produced, the two openings pointed out, the bug displayed, and the details of the affair set forth; my wife and daughters being present.

"And now, Professor," said I, "what do you think of it?"

Putting on his spectacles, the learned professor looked hard at the table, and gently scraped with his pen-knife into the holes, but said nothing.

"Is it not an unusual thing, this?" anxiously asked Anna.

"Very unusual, Miss."

At which Julia and Anna exchanged significant glances.

"But is it not wonderful, very wonderful?" demanded Julia.

"Very wonderful, Miss."

My daughters exchanged still more significant glances, and Julia, emboldened, again spoke.

"And must you not admit, sir, that it is the work of—of—of sp——?"

"Spirits? No," was the crusty rejoinder.

"My daughters," said I, mildly, "you should remember that this is not Madame Pazzi, the conjureess, you put your questions to, but the eminent naturalist, Professor Johnson. And now, professor," I added, "be pleased to explain. Enlighten our ignorance."

Without repeating all that the learned gentleman said—for, indeed, though lucid, he was a little prosy—let the following summary of his explication suffice.

The incident was not wholly without example. The wood of the table was apple-tree, a sort of tree much fancied by various insects. The bugs had come from eggs laid inside the bark of the living tree in the orchard. By careful examination of the position of the hole from which the last bug had emerged, in relation to the cortical layers of the slab, and then allowing for the inch and a half along the grain, ere the bug had eaten its way entirely out, and then computing the whole number of cortical layers in the slab, with a reasonable conjecture for the number cut off from the outside, it appeared that the egg must

have been laid in the tree some ninety years, more or less, before the tree could have been felled. But between the felling of the tree and the present time, how long might that be? It was a very old-fashioned table. Allow eighty years for the age of the table, which would make one hundred and fifty years that the bug had laid in the egg. Such, at least, was Professor Johnson's computation.

"Now, Julia," said I, "after that scientific statement of the case (though, I confess, I don't exactly understand it), where are your spirits? It is very wonderful as it is, but where are your spirits?"

"Where, indeed?" said my wife.

"Why, now, she did not *really* associate this purely natural phenomenon with any crude, spiritual hypothesis, did she?" observed the learned professor, with a slight sneer.

"Say what you will," said Julia, holding up, in the covered tumbler, the glorious, lustrous, flashing, live opal, "say what you will, if this beauteous creature be not a spirit, it yet teaches a spiritual lesson. For if, after one hundred and fifty years' entombment, a mere insect comes forth at last into light, itself an effulgence, shall there be no glorified resurrection for the spirit of man? Spirits! spirits!" she exclaimed, with rapture, "I still believe in spirits, only now I believe in them with delight, when before I but thought of them with terror."

The mysterious insect did not long enjoy its radiant life; it expired the next day. But my girls have preserved it. Embalmed in a silver vinaigrette, it lies on the little apple-tree table in the pier of the cedar-parlor.

And whatever lady doubts this story, my daughters will be happy to show her both the bug and the table, and point out to her, in the repaired slab of the latter, the two sealing-wax drops designating the exact place of the two holes made by the two bugs, something in the same way in which are marked the spots where the cannon balls struck Brattle street church.

NATHAN HALE.*

A CENTURY since (June 6, 1755), in the quaint old town of Coventry, Connecticut, there was rejoicing in a sober, Puritan household, for the blessed gift of a new-born child. In the stern, disciplinary faith of Richard and Elizabeth Hale, the sweet attractions of infancy were theoretically overshadowed by the imputations of Genevan theology; but, in the mother's heart of Elizabeth, there was an instinct of undying love for the helpless innocent, which was truer to the great claims of humanity than any frozen creed. In that frail child, there were unfolded germs of promise to which maternal devotion was never blind. As he grew and developed into the bright, active boy, though one of twelve children, he was loved and recognized, trained and furnished for the battle of life with affectionate forethought, and, perhaps, with the tenderness of presentiment. None can tell how deeply the quiet scenery, the firmly rounded hills, the beautiful miniature lake, and the cold, solemn winters of Coventry, sank into the slowly-forming character of this frolicsome and spirited lad. All these influences of nature must, however, have had their effect in nurturing that firm undergrowth of sentiment and soul, whence generous deeds were to bud forth spontaneously, as organic unfoldings of the maturer man. He was not yet twelve years old when his mother died. But in his excellent grandmother, as in another Lois, there was a faith unfeigned which shed its blessed influence over the critical formation-period of his youth. A second marriage of his father gave him a second mother, to whom he became very much attached. In his father's calm and orderly life, he had daily before his eyes an habitual example of devotion to duty.

When a thoroughly effective man is to be formed, the hills and vales, the homes and schools, the discipline and daily life of rural New England may well be invoked. The blendings of labor and training, of endurance and indulgence, of action and reflective repose, have a special faculty for gene-

rating firm will, high purpose, obedient strength, and personal force. Nathan Hale's education was of the genuine New England type. A manly spirit had been lodged, by birth, in his breast; education gave to this an outward and fitting expression. His vivacity of character guarded him from the worst result of New England training, by making it impossible that he should ever become a phlegmatic, calculating lump of inert proprieties. He was too merry a rogue to don a premature long face. He had too much native sense to be always sensible. Quick to learn and ambitious of scholarly honors, young Hale drank in classic lore from his pastor, Dr. Joseph Huntington, who chanced to be a truly able man. At the age of sixteen he was duly admitted to the privileges of venerable old Yale. He there won special praises from good President Dwight, whose saintly muse touched the elegiac strain in commemoration of the sad death of our hero, "in duty firm, in danger calm," "to friends unchanging and sincere to heaven." Various collegiate *vestigia* show Hale to have been a marked young man. He was distinguished for scholarship and conduct. Not mere dummy conformity, but wide-awake, active good conduct. A prodigious leap, whose traces were long preserved at Yale, showed that he, like Washington, was possessed of rare bodily power. He was active in founding the Yale Linonian Society, and was not behindhand in debates. In 1773, he left college with many friends, a good reputation, and an ambition chastened, but exalted. Furnished with a diploma, he set about teaching in his turn, according to New England usage. In East Haddam, a town so secluded that he, jestingly, declared it "inaccessible, either by friends, acquaintance, or letters," he passed the winter of 1773-4, wielding that sceptre to which our young republicans are, with one accord, compelled to bow. How pleasant the memories he there left, is thus testified: "Everybody loved him; he was so sprightly, intel-

* *Life of Captain Nathan Hale, the Martyr Spy of the Revolution.* By I. W. STUART. Hartford: F. A. Brown, 1856. 8vo. pp. 232.

ligent, and kind, and withal, *so* handsome." In the spring he left the shadow of Mount Tom, to take charge of the Union Grammar School, at New London. There, for £70 per annum, he indoctrinated thirty-two select boys with Latin and English wisdom, besides teaching twenty young ladies in a morning school. Teaching is a severe ordeal. It tries a man's metal. To succeed entirely is a rare result, and it betokens either a special faculty for this vocation, or a goodly share of genuine manliness. Hale succeeded to admiration. "The scholars, young and old, were attached to him. They loved him for his tact and amiability. He was wholly without severity, and had a wonderful control over the boys." These were the sons of "the first gentlemen of New London;" just the best judges of reality, and the severest critics of shams. Boys respect a man who can "jump from the bottom of one empty hogshead over and down into a second," and from this to the bottom of a third, and thence "over and out like a cat." The athletic, genial, humorous, affectionate man will win the love of boys in spite of a head full of learning, and a heart full of earnest principles of duty. Hale's New London experience proved this. Let us hope the art survives him.

His heart, also, held a more tender devotion. When in college, he became engaged to one whom his father's second marriage had brought beneath his native roof. Alice Adams was a sister by adoption, but by his heart's adoption she was more than sister. The events of a long life, the transformations of four score and eight years passed over her head. In life's extremity, when shadows came and went, and earth was receding dimly, the first loved name was the last word on her lips. Peaceful be her eternal life, and not wanting meet compensations for every silent suffering which one great sorrow wove into her earthly pilgrimage!

The time was now at hand when learning and love could no more bear sway. Words which were deeds had inaugurated deeds which were to become enduring watchwords. The colonial heart was on fire with its swelling *Marseillaise*, boldly resounding to one firm purpose. The clock of the ages had, at Lexington, struck an epoch, and the era of political liberty was

inaugurated. There was then need of men of action, bold doers and patient endurers; for much was to be done and more was to be suffered. The contest was to be long, strenuous, and doubtful; but it was one to which true, far-seeing patriotism gave its most solemn consecration. Defeat could not fail to bring the shame and misery of downright degradation and deliberate vassalage. Success would, at the least, preserve, unimpaired, the spirit of manhood, and the freedom of individual endeavor. What more it might bring was then unknown, even to the sagacious architects of our present political fabric. The sacrifice of personal ease and fortune to the patriotic call, was quickly resolved by the well-esteemed and accomplished young teacher of New London. He had but to continue his quiet calling, and his outward prosperity was assured. He chose the nobler part with a calm zeal which gave assurance of the man. A stripling in years, he had a man's strong heart and purposes. As a man, he was esteemed, and as one worthy of special confidence, he was commissioned. In addressing a meeting, which the news of Lexington had assembled, Hale said: "Let us march immediately, and never lay down our arms until we obtain our independence!" To his father, he wrote that "a sense of duty urged him to sacrifice everything for his country." Having been appointed a lieutenant in the seventh Connecticut regiment, under Colonel Webb, he resigned his charge of the select school with strong mutual regrets, and embraced, as he hoped, "for good reasons," this "opportunity for more extended public service." He soon became captain, and after some sea-coast guard duty, at New London, marched his company, in September, 1775, to join the main army around Boston. The siege of that city was in progress, and though Hale's position was, at times, "more perilous than any other in the camp," the policy of masterly inactivity prevailed, and, except some slight skirmishes of outposts, no direct conflict fell to his lot. But the opportunity of distinction was not wholly denied. As a disciplinarian, he was so successful that his company became a model for others. He acted out the views thus recorded in his diary: "It is of the utmost importance that an officer should be anxious to

know his duty; but of greater, that he should carefully perform what he does know. The present irregular state of the army is owing to a capital neglect in both of these" particulars.

It was a time of trial to patriotic hearts when the enlistments of our improvised army began to expire. The unwillingness of the men to reënlist was a sign of ill-omen. They had, unfortunately, real grievances of which to complain. A scanty supply of ill-served provisions, a remissness in the pay department, and an undisciplined camp administration, are evils which soon extinguish patriotic enthusiasm. In November, 1775, our army bade fair to vanish by expiring enlistments. It was a disease of organization so profound as only to be checked with extreme difficulty. Among those who helped to cheer and rouse both officers and men, and to urge the claims of patriotism against this threatening abandonment, Hale was conspicuous. His note book contains this entry: "Promised the men, if they would tarry another month, they should have my wages for that time." He did more; for he actually borrowed the amount so promised, as an advance on the credit of his pay. Congress having re-organized the army, Hale was retained as a captain in the Continental line. The desire freely manifested to enlist in his company, was a flattering proof of his peculiar fitness for command.

Boston being purged of invaders, New York became the centre of hostilities. Hale's company participated in the general transfer of the continental troops. Having spent about three weeks on Long Island, his company was stationed about a mile above the city, and then again changed to Long Island. In June, the full complement of ninety men would seem to have been enlisted in Hale's company. He wrote truly: "It is a critical period." Numbers of "unnatural monsters," in the colony of New York, and "in the western part of Connecticut, would have been glad to imbrue their hands in their country's blood." A force of about twenty-five thousand open foes was to be withstood. No waters were secure about the threatened island. A dashing exploit, which Hale conceived and executed, must have been a pleasant "crumb of comfort" within the American lines. He succeeded in surprising

and capturing a British sloop, laden with supplies, and anchored in the East river, under the protection of H. B. M. ship-of-war, *Asia*, of sixty-four guns. With a little selected boat party, he proceeded, under cover of the night, to row a barge alongside the sloop. Silently and unobserved, they reached her. She was instantly boarded, and "away she came, with Captain Hale at the helm, and the British tars in the hold." On reaching the wharf, "Hale distributed the prize goods to feed the hungry and clothe the naked of our own army."

The battle of Long Island was approaching, and near the close of August, its premonitions maintained constant vigilance and solicitude. It came, big with disaster, and left gloom and despair in the American camp. The masterly retreat from Long Island had given a momentary security. Though not directly engaged, Hale was on Long Island, and had every means of knowing and feeling the extent of threatening dangers. Our army was scattered along the entire length of New York Island. From the Battery to Kingsbridge, our troops, not exceeding fourteen thousand effectives, were posted. They were dispirited, ill supplied, poorly and unpunctually paid, sickly, badly housed, and threatened by impending winter. Desertions, individually and in masses, became alarmingly frequent; while insubordination, importunity, and laxity of discipline, unblushingly prevailed. The British were decidedly superior in numbers, training, equipment and commissariat. They had the entire command of the water. The American position was extremely insecure. To protect the city, was a great object, but this endangered the entire army. Had the main British force been thrown across the East river, at or above Throg's point, and then closed down on the city from the north, it is hard to conceive what could have saved our army or our cause. Commanding both rivers and driving in, post after post, of the American line thus turned, the combined army and navy of the assailants would have so completely surrounded the Americans as to have made a surrender almost inevitable. This was a threatening danger, and one only to be guarded against by having such a knowledge of the enemy's intentions as to thwart such a purpose, by timely

retreat. To evacuate New York before it was strictly necessary, would have been to yield an important advantage. To cover it until the army could no longer be extricated, would have been the extreme of bad generalship. Safely to navigate between such a Scylla and such a Charybdis, was too much to expect even of Washington, without clear indications of his antagonist's designs.

How was this intelligence to be procured? In some way it must be obtained, or New York must at once be so far abandoned as to secure a retreat for the army. It was a momentous stake, and unusual measures of precaution were demanded. What would Gen. Howe next attempt? The solution of this question would give the key to Washington's policy and operations. He had no power to take the initiative, except by a complete abandonment of New York Island, and even then, he could only initiate measures of a defensive character or of petty attack. To Howe, all avenues were open. He could sail up the East river or North river at will with forces sufficient to hem in our army. He could attack New York directly, or could cross over from Long Island at whatever point might be thought advantageous. What would he do? Washington wrote: "We cannot learn, nor have we been able to procure the least information of late." In this dilemma, was he to stake all on holding his present lines? Ought he to evacuate the city or the whole island, or ought he to urge on such works of defense as could be hastily constructed? All turned on procuring precisely that information which he had hitherto failed to obtain, and which Howe was most carefully keeping to himself. It was a case in which no mere mercenary could be of service. No deserters' stories could be trusted. It demanded nothing less than that the trained intelligence of a truly military eye should closely scrutinize all the arrangements of the hostile camp, and thence deduce the purposes underlying these dispositions. It was impossible to make a forced reconnaissance, or indeed any open reconnaissance worthy of trust. In a council of his officers, Washington announced it as his conclusion, that in some way the enemy's camp must be penetrated, and in this view the council fully coincided. The selection of some person competent to discharge this deli-

cate and dangerous mission, was confided to Col. Knowlton. It was clear that no common soldier or rash adventurer would do. Skill, judgment, coolness, and professional training, were required. No officer could be ordered or detailed to undertake the function of a spy. Were it an open reconnaissance of any sort, so that the dress and character of an officer could be preserved, a simple order would have served the purpose. But the function of a spy, declared infamous by the military code, could not be imposed by authority. If assumed at all, it must be as a volunteer service.

Knowlton, therefore, appealed to the assembled officers of his own regiment, and some others, and, in the name of Washington, invited a volunteer for this service. A long, sad silence was the response. The vision of ignominious death; a shrinking from what usage has branded with disgrace; the dangerous, doubtful nature of the proposed service, whence no glory could be won; these were too powerful pleaders to be vanquished by any patriotic impulse. At a late moment, Hale had entered, pale with recent sickness, and he it was who broke the sad thralldom of this trying hour, by the deep response: "I will undertake it." A general voice of remonstrance from his friends protested against his assuming a duty so dangerous to life, so ignominious in quality. They said that he was wanted for other and less ambiguous service. They stoutly forbade this abnegation of all his promised distinction, this assumption of a character forbidden by the military code.

For simplicity and directness, for profound allegiance to patriotic promptings, and for transparent excellence of ruling motive, the answer of Hale may claim companionship with the noblest utterances of historic heroism. "With warmth and decision," yet with a mature appreciation, little betokening the wonted rashness of a youth, numbering only twenty-one years of life discipline, Hale thus vindicated his course:

"I think I owe to my country the accomplishment of an object so important and so much desired by the commander of her armies—and I know no other mode of obtaining the information, than by assuming a disguise, and passing into the enemy's camp. I am fully sensible of the consequences

of discovery and capture in such a situation. But for a year I have been attached to the army, and have not rendered any material service, while receiving a compensation for which I make no return. Yet I am not influenced by the expectation of promotion or pecuniary reward. I wish to be useful, and every kind of service, necessary for the public good, becomes honorable by being necessary. If the exigencies of my country demand a peculiar service, its claims to the performance of that service are imperious."

He reported to Washington, and received from him full and particular instructions. He was to penetrate the enemy's camp, learn all the details of his positions and defenses, and observe all the indications which could unveil the mystery of his contemplated movements. He proceeded by land up the Sound as far as Norwalk, where he engaged an armed sloop to carry him across to Huntington Bay, and to be on the look-out for his return. He assumed the dress and character of a schoolmaster, in which he could deport himself with due fidelity. He left behind him all tokens of his real station, and only took his college diploma, as an auxiliary to his assumed character. He landed before daybreak at "the Cedars," on Great Neck. From this time till his capture, but little is known of his movements. He penetrated the enemy's lines, made drawings of his works, with descriptive Latin notes, and, indeed, fully succeeded in the main object of his mission. After his departure, Howe had landed at Kip's Bay, and Clinton had thrown a cordon across New York Island, "between the seventh and eighth milestone." Hale succeeded in crossing to New York, examining the newly-assumed stations, and again crossing to Long Island. He made his way back to "the Cedars," where his expected boat was to receive him. This not being there, it would appear that he ventured into a tory rendezvous called "Mother Clitch's tavern," where one story says he was recognized by a person who conveyed the intelligence to the British guard-ship, Halifax, lying near by. A barge approached which he unfortunately mistook for the one he was expecting. He walked down deliberately to meet it, when his mistake was made apparent by the crew suddenly standing up, levelling their mus-

kets at him, and ordering him to "surrender or die." They were so near at hand that any escape seemed hopeless, and he could only resign himself to his fate. His real character seems not to have been known; but the military plans and descriptive notes, found in his pumps, pretty clearly indicated the truth. All the circumstances seemed suspicious. Capt. Quarrie of the Halifax, when the boat brought Hale on board, became convinced he was a spy, and dispatched him with the evidences of his assumed character, in a boat of the Halifax, to New York. He afterwards, with a touch of generosity, then too rare in the British service, expressed his regrets, "that so fine a fellow should have fallen into his hands."

The twenty-first of September, 1776, was a day to be remembered in New York. From Whitehall to Barclay street, a conflagration raged along both sides of Broadway, in which 493 houses, or about one-third of the city, was laid in ashes. The College green and a change of wind only arrested the swift destruction. On the same day, the dignified, harsh, cold, and courtly Howe had his head-quarters in the Beekman house (now standing at the corner of Fifty-first street and First Avenue), on the East river, about three and a quarter miles from the Park. The conflagration, checked but not subdued, still clouded the air, when a generous youth, of high intelligence, kindly manners, and noble character, was brought into the presence of this stern dignitary. That youth was charged with being a spy, and the allegation was substantiated by some military sketches and notes, found on his person. In this court of last resort, Hale dropped all disguises, and at once proclaimed himself an American officer, and a spy. He attempted no plea of extenuation, he promised no transfer of allegiance, he besought no pardoning clemency. He waited calmly, and with no unmanly fears, the too evident sentence which was to snap his brittle thread of life. Howe kept him not long in waiting, but at once wrote a brief precept, giving to William Cunningham, Provost Marshal of the Royal Army, the care and custody of the body of Nathan Hale, Captain in the rebel army, this day convicted as a spy, and directing him to see that he be hung by the neck until dead, "to-morrow morning at daybreak."

Submitting ourselves to the guidance of the most authentic evidences, we must suppose that Hale was removed at once, for his one remaining night, to the old Provost, which is the present Hall of Records, in the Park. It is difficult to conceive a night of greater distress, or more thronged with memories, endurances, and anticipations. Never was prison presided over by a more insatiate monster than this Cunningham. All the surroundings were of the most forbidding aspect. The coming morning was to conduct the prisoner, through unspeakable contumely, to the portals of eternity. He calmly asked, that his hands might be loosed, and that a light and writing materials might be supplied, to enable him, for the last time, to write to his parents and friends. Cunningham denied the request! Hale asked for the use of a Bible, and even this was savagely refused. Thank God, there was one there with enough the heart and feelings of a man, to be roused to energetic remonstrance by such malignant inhumanity. The lieutenant of Hale's guard earnestly and successfully besought that these requests should be granted. In the silent hours, so swiftly bearing him on to the verge of his dear and happy life, the strong soul of the martyr was permitted to write for loved eyes its parting message. On came the swift and fatal morning, and with it came the diabolical Cunningham, greedy to luxuriate in another's woe. Hale handed him the letters he had written; Cunningham at once read them, and, growing furious at their high spirit, tore them to pieces before the writer's eyes. He afterwards gave as his reason, "that the rebels should never know they had a man who could die with so much firmness."

Of course, reader, you are accustomed to do shopping now and then at Stewart's marble palace, and to ache with comedy at inimitable Burton's. You are familiar with the ceaseless ebb and flow of the human tide which overwhelms that crowded precinct. Had you stood where Burton now rules the kingdom of mirth, on the early morn of September 22d, 1776, you would have seen a tragedy such as no tears could have washed from your memory. You would have seen a human brother who, having endured his Gethsemane, there suffered on his Calvary. You would have seen his youthful face transfigured

with the calm peace of a triumphant martyr. A life, suffused with religious sensibilities, and blooming with holy love, then and there culminated. You would have seen, too, a being utterly depraved and reprobate. Had Satan come to earth to act as hangman, he would have had too much taste and gentility to have appeared as Cunningham. This monster had mixed arsenic in the flour for his prisoners, to save or steal their rations. He delighted, from sheer malice, to threaten the excellent Dr. Mathew with a speedy hanging. He murdered his prisoners near the prison yard, "five or six of them of a night," till "certain women in the neighborhood, pained by the cries for mercy which they heard, went to the Commander-in-Chief and made the case known." To call his prisoners "dogs," "rebel spawn," and to drive them to their "kennels," was the recreation of the Provost Marshal of the Royal Army. Confronted by this representative of His Majesty, cheered by no voice of friendship or even of sympathy, beset by the emblems and ministers of ignominious death, Hale stood on the fatal spot. The ritual of disgrace had been performed, and a single refinement of malice was all that even Cunningham's ingenuity had in reserve—he demanded "a dying speech and confession." Humanity had begun to assert itself in the crowd of curious gazers, for pity was swelling up in many hearts, and finding expression in stifled sobs. Firm and calm, glowing with purification and self-sacrifice, Hale seemed to gather up his soul from out his body, as, with solemn emphasis, he gave answer to this last demand of malignity:—"I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

One more responsive surge of diabolic fury, and a heroic spirit confronts the unveiled mysteries of eternity. Perhaps when you again shop at Stewart's, or laugh at Burton's, you may ask, "Where rest the bones of this brave man?" Alas! we cannot tell! Perhaps they are under that comic stage; for near there they were probably buried.

Honest Tunis Bogart, a witness of Hale's execution, said: "I have never been able to efface the scene of horror from my mind—it rises up to my imagination always." Ashur Wright, who was Hale's personal attendant, was so

completely overwhelmed by his fate, that his understanding reeled from its throne, never to be fully reinstated. There was such lamentation among relatives, friends, and brother officers, as betokened how dear this young hero had grown. The memory of the man has been reverently cherished in quiet places. The admiration of a later generation has hewn a granite monument to his memory, which stands in his native town, silent and sad, among ancestral graves. A faithful and loving biographer has now reared a monument, which will carry to many young hearts the unction of patriotic devotion. Thanks and our special acknowledgment to this well-timed chronicler. The name of Hale is not destined to be forgotten while patriotism is esteemed a virtue.

Perhaps there are some who think Hale was really dishonored because he was hung as a spy. To any such we would say, that the measure of infamy shifts incessantly from age to age. No unit of conventional dishonor is fixed or lasting. The very insignia of infamy in one age, become the honored regalia of another. The cross, reserved for ignominious malefactors in old Judea, is now the chosen emblem of all that is exalted and soul-inspiring throughout Christendom. Not a few of the noblest escutcheons ought to bear as decorations the gallows, the guillotine, the garrote, or some of the innumerable instruments of tortured and dishonored death. The externals of attaining manifestation will have ever less and less value, except as they may aid to interpret the endurance of suffering souls. It may, perhaps, be a true rule, that no imputed ignominy will survive as such which is not still ignominy when tested by the most exalted Christian standards.

So far as human conventionalities could achieve an unsanctified purpose, Nathan Hale died an ignominious death, and was consigned to infamy. But his name is not a word of infamy, and all the power of British arms cannot make it so. His high, actuating motives rise in solemn majesty before us, and make

the gallows—the rogue's march, the mean persecution of insults, and all the machinery of disgrace—significant only of surrounding baseness, and of his own internal strength. His death *proved* what his life had only indicated. It showed in him a true heroic greatness, which could, in calm dignity, endure to die wronged and unasserted. The common pathway to glory is trodden with comparative ease; but to go down to the grave, high-spirited but insulted, technically infamous, unfriended in the last great agony, with an all-absorbing patriotism, baffled and anxious, and burning for assurance of his country's ultimate triumph—thus to have done and borne in unfaltering dignity, was the ultimate criterion and evidence of a genuine nobility of nature. Had this sharp ordeal been spared, the man's strong, true spirit might have remained ever unrecognized.

A certain share of infamy attaches to Howe, on account of the barbarities of Hale's execution. He could and should have known that Cunningham was a devil, unfit for any earthly trust. He should, too, have observed the due formality of a court-martial, and he certainly should have taken care to have the sentence executed in decency. War, however mitigated by humane observances, has enough of atrocity without superadding any brutalities of slovenly trials and cannibal concomitants to its stern sentences. Howe is deeply blame-worthy for his lack of humanity, and for his unrestrained indulgence of such monsters as this Provost Marshal. No military distinction can atone for the stigma of wickedness which our common humanity affixes to one who even omits to cultivate the humanities of war. Howe stands convicted of a tolerance of demoniac cruelty, not only in this case, but in the prison ships, and in his general administration. There is something even more damning in being an ungenerous enemy than in being an ungenerous friend. This condemnation rests firmly on the name of Howe.

SCAMPAVIAS.

PART III.—A NIGHT AT NAPLES.

THE frigate picked up her anchors out of the waters of the Gulf of Spezia, and, with dallying summer breezes, we stood along the coast towards southern Italy.

Leaving Elba and Monte Christo on our right—the spot so graphically painted as the scene of the hobgoblin exploits of the count of that name, by his veracious biographer, M. Dumas—and, with a distant view of the Tiber and Campagna of Rome, we slowly sailed over the flat, warm sea, until one night the sluggish ship stood still, within the gigantic breakwater of Ischia, at the mouth of the Bay of Naples.

The moon came timidly up over the steep cliffs of Capri, and shed her soft, white light upon the magnificent panorama of land and water around us. The frigate lay becalmed, scarcely moving an inch from beneath the terraced shade of the high peaks of Ischia. The solid hull was too deep below the surface, her taper masts and canvas were too high in the heavens, and both were too rapt in beholding the scene around and the wonders below the bay, to give heed to the furtive fluttering airs, laden with the perfume of orange blossoms, which came stealthily off from the land.

From the castle-crowned rock of Procida to Baia, the curving sweep of the bay begins; and the city, with its dense masses of white buildings, rises in amphitheatre-like ranges, until capped by the gloomy fortress of St. Elmo; then beyond is the great dome of Vesuvius—a thin puff of white smoke, toying and eddying around the orator, occasionally lurid with flame from the seething, red, molten lava within the volcano's broad and burning flanks; while on the eye insensibly wanders towards the east, where the sharp-cut peaks stand guard above Castellamare and Sorrento, until the panorama is nearly closed by the bluff cape and the gap of blue sea which separates it from the precipitous island of Capri.

And now out here, in the lovely Italian night, in this paradise of the poets and painters, let us hold a *conseil de mer* upon our campaigns for the future.

"My good sir," I would begin by observing, or, "Bless your heart, miss, I

pray you not to come all the way here to be worried and oppressed out of your natural good sense by striving to see all the world at one peep; or to take a flying vault over one wonder, or the top of another, solely because legions of other trifling, wonder-loving people have accomplished the feat before you. Don't allow your precious wits to be confused, because the great rhymers and sculptors, from the times of the old Athenians, the Homers, and Phidiases, down to our day, have written sublime verse, or carved in marble, or portrayed on canvas, miracles and master-pieces of song and art; or because Corinne has charmed this one, or Consuelo turned the head of that one, with their meretricious, insidious immorality; or because Rogers has warbled sweet descriptions, and Starke—may Heaven be merciful to that old lady, now that she is at rest in the Campo Santo—and Murray, the insatiable—for whom there is no future rest—have exhausted the entire heathen mythology, mixed up with the price of washing and beefsteaks, merely to convince, nay, bully you, as to how, when, and where you must go, look, or eat, so as properly to appreciate what, in their opinions, constitute the beauties of Italy. Oh! no, my hearers. I beseech you to jog gently about, like self-dependent mortals, relying upon the faculties Providence has vouchsafed you; tarry or journey by the highways or goat-paths; repose or fatigue yourself; eat rarioli; suck oranges; smell flowers; drink sour wine or sweet, as best agrees with your constitution; pitch all guides and cicerones to the Diavolo—which will only forestall their fate a little—and then, having cleared your skirts of the vermin, and the film from your eyes, you may live like a prince—indeed, far better than most of the race—enjoy the delights which nature spreads, broadcast, before you—have health, pleasure, and good cheer, all by following the bent of your own inclinations."

And now, my friends, if you like, we will go on shore, and take an inside look at Naples.

In the morning, the sea-breeze wafted us to the anchorage abreast the arsenal.

It is not, by the way, a position where King Bomba prefers to gaze upon ships of war, since their guns stare full in at his palace windows.

In less than an hour, a peripatetic artist in a boat had painted the frigate in colored chalks, with a back-ground, comprising the most awful eruption of Vesuvius ever beheld since the days of Pliny. Punch and Judy were screeching and wrangling in the most agonizing tones on either side of us. A boat-load of charlatans and ballet-tumblers, of both sexes, were jabbering under the stern. A small imp, without any visible legs, beneath the cabin windows, was making music by hammering away with his knuckles on his lower jaw, keeping up a snap-accompaniment to a whistling-chorus. Crowds of itinerant venders of precious relics, coral ornaments, lavas, and piles of daubs of pictures, were thick as bees around the ship, all striving to get up a little code of friendly signals with the officers on deck, or sentries at the gangways, so as to be admitted on board.

I went on shore in the cool of the afternoon; wound my way towards the Villa Reale, and entered the Vittoria Hotel. This albergo was, in former times, and is now, the grandest in Naples. I myself, once upon a time, picked up within the precincts of this establishment a handkerchief, belonging to that good old Dowager Queen Adelaide; which, in itself, was enough to stamp the respectability of the house. Upon the strength of this knowledge, I had advised some of my un-Italianized messmates to bivouac there, and thus give the frigate a good name.

The polite porter showed me up several *pianos* of stairs, until I had gained an altitude about as high as our main-top-gallant-yard, when I was ushered into a pretty saloon, and welcomed by my friends. They were at table, enjoying themselves greatly, after the long Mediterranean sea voyage we had endured, of four days.

The dinner was excellent; the very chickens seemed happy even in death. Small vegetables were coming and going, until, at last, all made way for the fruit.

Apricots, with their downy cheeks half hidden in the green leaves of their purple neighbors, the figs; cherries were heaped up in rich, luscious, red masses; a pyramid of oranges rose

above all; while in every vacant space there stood ruby or pale wine in flasks—Falernian, Ischia, and the *petit Bordeaux* of Capri. Cigar-smoke curled gracefully over this little feast, and it was a picture of downright enjoyment. I was shown through the suit of apartments, too; admired the finely-gilded and painted walls and ceilings; the richly marble-tiled floors; the damasked-curtained beds; the magnificent furniture and the pictures; and then I hung over the lofty balconies, and let my eyes drink in the animated loveliness of the bay.

In a little while, carriages were announced, and, attended by a horde of boy beggars, we formed the queue, with the beau monde of the city, and whirled dustily along the Chiaja for the evening drive. We went through the long, stifling tunnel of Posillipo; rolled on by the road to Baïæ; took a couple of turns again on the Chiaja, and then descended for a walk in the Royal Garden, designed by Murat. We were all blinded and powdered by dust, and that of the nastiest and most disagreeable kind; and we were wearied by the throngs of podgy priests, who darkened the side-walks, like daws in a rookery. After a saunter beneath the dense and pretty avenues, around the marble fountains and statues, we took an ice at an *al fresco* café, and I then bade adieu to my companions. I deem it, however, candid to mention, that, on the following day, a mutual acquaintance called upon them at the Grand Hotel, and discovered that they had levanted in a body, soon after breakfast, and later in the day were found to be taking a frugal repast, at an obscure caravanseraï near the mole, having been, it was premised, thoroughly cleaned out during their brief sojourn at the Vittoria.

During our stay at Naples, I had the honor of making the acquaintance of Count Bambozzi. I may here remark, that the general ruck of Neapolitan nobility is not a society much to be sought after. As a class, they are numerous, and, not uncommonly, needy. I call to mind, many years ago, a gentleman of this description, who, after informing me that he was a cousin to the Prince of Syracuse, the half brother of the king, received some considerable attention on board the ship I was in. On visiting and inspecting the galley, he inquired where the stalwart old negro cook

stationed at the coppers, came from, and being told from New York, he was anxious to know if the entire population of that commercial emporium were of the same color. Being assured that they were, he declared he had not the heart to leave the vessel without taking away some slight token in remembrance of our country. I communicated this condescension, on the part of the prince, to the captain, who very innocently requested me to present him with a dollar. But not having the exact change about me, I substituted a cheap edition of the prayer-book, which his highness, on leaving, did not seem to be immoderately pleased with.

My friend the count, however, was a person of altogether a different stamp. He was an intimate of the royal family. The king played billiards with him frequently, and he had imported a case of American biscuit for the royal children. In fact, the queen could not get on without him. He was a large, handsome man, drove superb English horses, and was, besides, a general of cavalry, and a distinguished soldier, to boot. At least he assured me he was; and from the extremely rigid cut of his hair, I had no reason to doubt the assertion, since his locks defied anything less than a pair of forceps to get hold with. He was, also, a very gentlemanly person, though, perhaps, a trifle too cordial in manner.

The count invited Dr. Bristles and myself to his house, and accordingly we went. Disembarking at the old mole, by treaty, we hired a one-horse vettura. The cocchiere said he knew where the count lived, and, therefore, declined to read the address. We had doubts in our own mind, that the early rudiments of the driver's education had been omitted; but still we mounted the open four-wheeled vehicle, the whip cracked, and, after a few frightful struggles, the wheels began to revolve. The poor white beast had hardly two legs to trust his body with, and one was a stump, without the merest hope of a flexible joint in it.

To our dismay, too, we found that the jehu was driving quite in the wrong direction; and as he refused to listen to our entreaties to change his course, we pulled him with a jerk over backwards, so that we might get an upside down view of his face, and thus hold speech with him. This effort unfortu-

nately arrested the progress of the vehicle, and before the cocchiere had recovered his equilibrium, his nag, while toiling painfully up a smooth narrow street, and trying to scratch his way over the pavement, at last gave a few bewildering staggers, dropped heavily down, and gave up the ghost. It was a clear case, as Bristles observed, of "Death of the pale horse;" so we jumped out of the chaise, threw the driver a carlino, and, gaining the Strada Toledo, after due deliberation, we selected a tolerable brute and vehicle, and set off again. A drive of two or three miles, by the road of La Toria and Capo de Monti, brought us to our destination. We found the establishment of the count new, spacious, and elegant. His well-bred horses stood quietly hitched to bronze rings in the court-yard.

The saloons were blazing in splendor, and the owner received us with politeness. We found him to be a great amateur of new inventions and improvement in fire-arms; and one of the apartments was fitted up as a *musée d'artillerie*. There was not a metallic contrivance in the way of daggers, guns, or pistols, from the days of the Phœnicians, that our friend had not a specimen of. Among them was a stand of Colt's revolvers, and other recent inventions, all made under the count's own eye in the royal arsenal. Bristles had already effected an advanced lodgment in the citadel of the count's affections, by presenting him a villainous-looking pistol, with an enormous bowie-knife attachment, the size and shape of a meat-cleaver. Not to be outdone, I talked of importing a patent rifle, that would fire upon everybody for an entire campaign, without the trouble of loading. We passed an hour very agreeably, examining weapons and shooting at a mark, and then made our adieu to our hospitable entertainer.

On a succeeding visit to Naples, I am sorry to say, that the noble count out us dead. Whether it was owing to our remissness in procuring the patent rifle, that he might copy the invention, as he had the revolvers; or that we did not send for a new eight-inch shell gun or boat howitzer; or whether his friend the king, and the royal family had frowned upon his intimacy with the transatlantic Saxons, we did not learn. All we know is, that his cruel treatment caused us infinite sorrow.

We chose a different route on our return, and drove along by the shores of the bay. Had we not had ocular proof that every other street and lane in Naples had been as densely crowded with vehicles, we should have sworn that every one of them had been launched upon the Strada Marina. So, too, had we not known that the desperate racing going on there, was a matter of daily occurrence, we should have supposed the thing had been expressly got up for our amusement.

Fortunately our nag was driven by a human being, and one who, without indulging in the sport, delighted in contemplating it from a distance. He accordingly rolled us to a safe position by the roadside. Here we remained in comparative security, within ear-shot of a very screechy and cruelly buffeted Punch and Judy; but we had ample scope to regard the furious devotees of the race who went spinning by us.

There are never congregated anywhere else such outlandish, nimble-tumble coaches, low-wheeled vans, battered chaises, and vetturas, carts, donkey-wagons, and, in fact, every imaginable contrivance for land locomotion. All of them were literally crammed, too, and where room was not found inside, children, babies, and baskets were either slung under the axles, or the drivers themselves would be balanced on one leg from behind some-where, snapping their thongs and urging their beasts, by jerk or wrench, to hurry on over the hard smooth pavement and distance their competitors. On they flew with furious, headlong speed, utterly regardless of personal property, cracking their whips over the smoking steeds, who seemed quite as wild in their career as their masters, dashing from side to side of the broad Strada, straining, plunging, running, slipping, smashing, shouting, singing, and laughing. In all my equine experience, I never saw such a pell-mell imbroglio of bipeds, quadrupeds, vehicles, and beasts—such a really excitable, insane throng anywhere.

Bristles and I were only too glad to quietly thread the mazes of these racers without mishap, and reach the open space near the mole, where, tailing on to a more quiet crew, we trotted slowly on to Santa Lucia.

Here we got down, and dismissed our vetturino. We quarreled with him,

as a matter of course; but this was to be expected, and we were not in the least disturbed by his moans, being persuaded that he would respect us the more for resisting extortion.

Twilight had faded entirely, and as the lamps were beginning to twinkle along the quay of Santa Lucia, we strolled in that direction. Whoever visits Naples, should not omit a survey of all the shelly wonders which surround the famous fishermen of Santa Lucia.

Along the seaside of the broad causeway, against the heavy stone copings, are arranged the upright stands of these bronzed old fishers. There is not one of them who could not stand, without a blush, for a study for Masaniello, or yet for San Antonio himself. Look at them! Did you ever see such a corps of bony-flipped, salt-water, corrugated old faces—every furrow and wrinkle in their weather-beaten cheeks cut as deep and clear as the waves off Cape Horn. Those skinny throats and amphibious legs, too, with their impervious raiment, looking, for all the world, like quilted brown seaweed! They are, indeed, the beau ideals of fishermen. Their names are legibly painted over the sectional boxes—names, too, of historical renown.—Antonio Doria, Giacompo Machiavel, Giovanni di Bologna, Guiseppe Rinaldo, and half a score more of the like nobility, all waiting, with a sharp little knife in their palms, for customers.

But, by Saint Barnabas! what a variety of shell-fish! Oysters of goodly size, as clean and salty-looking as possible; delicately-fluted clams; snails—red ones and green ones; muscles—similar to pretty pearl-handled penknives; then other nameless monsters, with long stickers, like miniature black porcupines—and all these tempting treasures tastily arranged in square, shallow baskets. Whenever the vendors wished to call attention to their activity or freshness, they would give the cases a smart rap, when all the shells from their cosy sea-weed beds, with a simultaneous and spasmodic start, would open their mouths, run out their feelers, and make a knowing and impatient wriggle, before resuming their previous silent and observant manner.

We lounged about for some time, wrapt in admiration of these case-hardened luxuries—vacillating between a desire to swallow a few, and fears of consequences.

Our doubts, however, were put an end to, by the approach of a pretty woman, from a carriage hard by, who, without a moment's hesitation, seized a pair of the pearl-handled razor-fish, and cracking the transparent cases with her pearly-enameled teeth, the muscle put out his tongue, as if entranced at the fate of slipping so sweetly into the lady's mouth, and was seen no more. We waited no longer—our fears were dispelled—and stepping up to a merry old scamp, we shouted, "*Cos' avete?*" "*Ah, Signori! tutti frutti di mare!*"—all the fruits of the sea—he replied, and forthwith he caught up a nice-looking oyster, inserted his sharp little blade at the hinge, the bivalves parted; a small, embryo fisherman stood ready with a minute pot of pepper and half a lemon, with both of which condiments he gave a dash and a squeeze, and we thus began in earnest. First an oyster, then a clam, now a snail, and again a muscle, until we had well nigh sucked down the entire stock of bivalvous crustacea. Carefully counting the empty shells, after a long and oft-repeated negotiation, we succeeded, with infinite pleasure, in canceling our pecuniary obligation. This, however, was effected in great good-humor on both sides; when shaking the bony hand of our entertainer, we moved away to the opposite side of the strada. We looked into the wine shops, took a sip of eau-de-vie, so disguised as to be unintelligible to King Alcohol himself, and then returned to our lounge among the Pescatori.

By this time, the whole street, from the angle of the Arsenal to Castelnuovo, was profusely illuminated, and crowds of people were strolling about, inhaling the fresh sea air from the bay, while the round, yellow moon flooded a broad rippling road over the water, from Sorrento.

Presently we came to a broad flight of marble steps, and seeing the populace descend, we followed, not expecting, however, to be repaid for our explorations by aught else save the naked quay, with the clusters of boats and bathing-sheds lying in the vicinity. On descending, our surprise was great to find a broad, well-paved space, pitched with painted tents and awnings, small, neatly-spread tables standing about, while arched casemates ran under the street above, brilliantly lighted, and making as

charming an al-fresco restaurant as one would care to behold.

On the brink of the quay were more of our friends the fishermen, with their *ostriconi* as appetizingly displayed as ever, while scale-fish, too, were shining and gleaming in their dying struggles, just out of the nets. Opposite, by the tables, were the cooks, with kettles of steaming macaroni, pyramids of grated cheese, platters of oil, and all prepared to reel off any amount of miles of "pipe-stems made easy" the company might desire. There were tidy old women, too, rushing about, to attract the notice of wayfarers to their viands and salads; while charcoal fires burned ruddily within the casemates, where the broiling and frying was carried on unceasingly, for the guests without.

In a trice, we resolved to sup; and selecting a jolly, good-natured old lady, we arranged the preliminaries at her tent. In the first place, we summoned Antonio Tasso (who, by the way, talked as if the whole world were deaf as stones), and after carefully examining his fish, we chose a beautiful mullet, whose tail was just quivering with its latest flap.

After driving a bargain with Antonio, we carried off our prize, and consigned it to the coals of our own Signora. Then we had clear and precise stipulations with this last-named personage, with respect to the exact cost of every article we might consume. The bread was to be so much; the salad to be dressed with good oil and salt; there were a brace of tomatoes, at so many *grani*; and, lastly, there was to be a bottle of famous *capri bianco*—no sweet wine, according to the proverb, "*Guardate d'aceto di vin dolce*," but good sound juice, squeezed ever so many years ago, and pressed for the lips of Bacchus!

The treaty being thus concluded, down we sat at table, adjoining a party of Swiss officers of the guard, with their wives and sweethearts beside them. We were not annoyed by beggars; for our hostess had placed a small boy and a sharp, to keep watch over us; and the lazaroni merely licked their chops at a respectable distance; while, at the same time, a quartette of juvenile damsels were permitted to make music on harps and lutes in the background.

Presently our mullet came, smoking hot, and was laid crispy brown on the

board; then the bread; then the cool, brittle salad, with the tomatoes; and, finally, the rare old bottle of capri. The Signora and Antonio Tasso shrieked in ecstasy, as we uttered sentiments of satisfaction at the sight of our supper. the venerable white-capped cook came out from the casemate, with a pair of devil's tormentors in one hand and a casserole in the other, merely to admire us. The small, bright youth, attached as skirmisher to the establishment, warded off the beggars with decision and energy. Meanwhile a trio of imps telegraphed in the distance for the bones of our mullet, making rapid pantomime by tossing their fingers down their wide-open mouths, in anticipation of those fragments, while at the same time they capered and danced to the chorus of "macaroni! macaroni!"

Even the man with the white apron, who was ladling out of a huge earthen pot pickled star-fish, paused a moment to gaze upon us, and exclaim: "*I Signori Inglesi!*" And the pretty, fat woman, with the smart Swiss officers, scattered bright smiles upon us, while she coquetishly pulled her lover's mustache, and sucked a razor-fish.

Ah! all was delightfully *al-fresco* and Italian; and could we have convinced our stout friend Antonio Tasso that we stood no more in need of his *ostriconi*, we should have been in a state of perfect beatification.

But the amiable Antonio was a logician, and extremely incredulous upon that point; and tripping up to our table every few seconds, and running through the entire gamut of his stock in trade, would implore us to name a fish, and "whillup," it would swim down our throats like oil; and he threw back his head, and went through the motion, by way of accompaniment.

Nevertheless, we got on bravely with the repast set before us, and, on finishing, it was by the severest effort of self-denial that we were prevented from rushing straight away to bargain for another mullet. For a miracle, too, our rotund hostess never grumbled at the price originally drawn up in the protocol, and since the amount was not unreasonable, we gave a *buona mano* to the vigilant custode of the lazaroni, with a copper trifle to the aged cook.

Then the young vultures, who had been dancing like demons, for an hour, pounced upon the crumbs of bread,

morsels of salad and fish, while the indefatigable Antonio drained the last drops of the capri, and caroled forth a note of thanksgiving, interspersed with an earnest exhortation for the bystanders to taste his *ostriconi*.

The hostess patted us on the back, as we affectionately embraced her at parting, and hoped, by all the saints, *I Signori* would come and test her good cheer again.

Buckling on our swords, we resumed our tour. After the hearty supper and generous wine, we felt charitably inclined, and accordingly we selected a poor blind cripple, with a brace of famished blind children at his side. To feed this party, we found a difficult matter; for on leading them to the cauldrons of macaroni, before the dispenser thereof could fill and hand a platter, the myriads of starving creatures around would snatch and devour it like magic. As a last resort, we barricaded the blind group in an angle by a casemate, where they were enabled to swallow their portions in peace.

After this affair was settled, we concluded to part with Santa Lucia, having decided, on mature reflection, that we had acquired a taste for low life. Ascending the broad stairs, attended by the impish trio of urchins, we bent our footsteps towards the mole.

The hour was late, but yet the streets and piazzas were thronged, and no languor was visible under the influence of the soft, refreshing Italian night. It is in the summer's night, long after the orange-heated glow of sunset has passed, that all Italy wakes fairly into life.

We sauntered lazily on, stopping at intervals to rest on the balustrade over the Arsenal, or on the rim of a fountain, or to listen to the delightful music in the front of the palace; to sip a drop of cool lemonade in that execrable Café Europa; and to pause for a long gaze at the noble equestrian statues, which stand at the northern gateway of the palace. All the while, our ballet-boys, little *gamins* as they were, marched, danced, skipped, or sang snatches from operas, invariably ending their vocal performances with the *tarantella*.

In due course, we reached the port, and were hailed by the usual salutations of scores of boatmen: "Takee bote, sare; go bode." "Here de man-y'-warr-bote, official," and so forth.

We chose an individual from the gang, but when on the point of giving some slight recompense to our "corps de ballet," our intentions seemed to be divined; for, like a shower, there fell upon us a troop of young vagabonds, who sprang so suddenly from the shade of the piers and walls, and resembled so closely our own especial imps, that we were utterly unable to distinguish them from their companions.

We were in a quandary; and not caring to distribute largesse to the whole community, while the din and shrill clamor waxed alarming, we were

on the point of retreating to the boat, when a happy thought occurred to us. Commanding silence for an instant, we trilled forth a quick note of the *taran-tella*, which being immediately taken up by our own little chorus, leaping and chanting to the music, we seized them by the arms, and were thus enabled to indulge them with a few coppers.

Then paddling through the fleets of merchant vessels which filled the port, we gained a cool offing in the bay, mounted to the deck of the frigate, and so betook ourselves deep down to our oaken parlors in the cock-pit.

THE ICONOCLAST.

A THOUSAND years shall come and go,
A thousand years of night and day,
And man, through all their changing show,
His tragic drama still shall play.

Ruled by some fond ideal's power,
Cheated by passion or despair,
Still shall he waste life's trembling hour,
In worship vain, and useless prayer.

Ah! where are they who rose in might,
Who fired the temple and the shrine,
And hurled, through earth's chaotic night,
The helpless gods it deemed divine?

Cease, longing soul, thy vain desire!
What idol, in its stainless prime,
But falls, untouched of axe or fire,
Before the steady eyes of Time.

He looks, and lo! our altars fall,
The shrine reveals its gilded clay,
With decent hands we spread the pall,
And, cold with wisdom, glide away.

Oh! where were courage, faith, and truth,
If man went wandering all his day,
In golden clouds of love and youth,
Nor knew that both his steps betray?

Come, Time, while here we sit and wait,
Be faithful, spoiler, to thy trust!
No death can further desolate
The soul that knows its god was dust.

RUSKIN'S WRITINGS.*

THE publication of this third volume, containing Part Fourth of *Modern Painters*, furnishes us an occasion for some remarks upon the works of Mr. Ruskin. He stands confessedly at the head of all English writers, on certain branches of art; and despite his idiosyncrasies, which are often glaring, his offensive conceit, and a want of philosophic genius, remarkable in a person otherwise so well endowed, he deserves his position. No Englishman, that we can call to mind, has written so much and so worthily of art as he has; no one, indeed, that we know, is comparable to him, either for the extent of his knowledge in this peculiar range, or for the vividness and value of his influence. Lord Lindsay, who has made the history of art a speciality, is not more minutely acquainted with it than Ruskin is; nor is Mrs. Jamison, though a woman more susceptible to all its finer poetic feelings; nor is Eastlake, though President of the Royal Academy, a nicer judge of its technical excellence. In fact, if the whole truth were told, we might toll a great many critical "single gentlemen into one," without forming a compound equal to Ruskin; for insight, vigor, sincerity, and eloquence, he stands head and shoulders above his contemporaries.

The appearance, indeed, of the first volume of *Modern Painters*, by an "Oxford graduate," protesting so vehemently against the shallow pedantries of the magazine writers, and throwing down the gauntlet of critical combat to the entire circle of onlookers, with such lusty disdain, was an era in the history of British criticism. It will be well remembered with what goggle-eyes of surprise the accredited authorities watched the advent of the young champion, as he bounced into the ring, and laying his devoirs at the feet of one J. M. W. Turner (who may be called his queen of beauty for the nonce, as Maria Theresa was called King of Hungary by law), prepared for a general charge, first unhorsing, in a most ungallant manner, the visored knight of Blackwood, and then brandishing his

lance, pell-mell, along the lists. He seemed to fight wildly enough at first; but it was evident, from the number that lay dishonored upon the fields—some with only their casques broken, but others with heads and limbs disastrously shattered—that he fought surely as well as wildly, and that those sturdy blows, apparently struck at random, brought down a foe at every aim. Everybody admired, we believe, the dashing intrepidity, the confident skill of the unknown combatant, though few trusted his judgment. What commended him, perhaps, more than anything else—more than his acknowledged ability, his brilliant mastery of natural scenery, and his evident erudition—to popular regard, was, the honest, unblenching, almost truculent zeal, with which he took up the cudgels for a great and unappreciated modern, in whose behalf he tore away the false glory that had hidden the defects of the most venerated painters of the past, tearing some of their flesh with it, and thrashed about among his own cotemporaries, even like a soldier of the Commonwealth among the bedizened images of some old Jacobitic chapel. There is scarcely in history another such instance of the fervent espousal and defense of one man by another, on the ground of pure intellectual sympathy, as that of Turner by Ruskin; and it is amusing to read, now that Turner's fame is assured, the intense vehemence with which it was supposed necessary to assail Claude and Poussin, in order to enthrone the favorite. Nor does it appear, from the preface to this latest volume, that he has yet forgiven the slowness of his countrymen to recognize the great spirit among them; for, abusing Claude with all the old venom and keenness of hate, he speaks with ill-concealed bitterness of irony of the threefold honor heaped upon Turner, now that he lies quiet at Chelsea, by those who "bury his body in St. Paul's, his pictures at Charing Cross, and his purposes in chancery!" This is clearly the ring of the original Ruskin.

Mr. Ruskin's subsequent writings

Modern Painters, vol. iii. Of Many Things. By JOHN RUSKIN. London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1856.

have shown that his learning was equal to his confidence, and though he has never been able to rescue his judgment from the suspicions which his early impetuosity and continued want of temperance have created, he has still succeeded in increasing his reputation as a critic, and in acquiring a new and solid hold of public respect. Not a few men, now-a-days, artists as well as amateurs, allow his thinking to color all their own: there are some, indeed, who invest him with a species of infallibility; who would fain believe, that when he has pronounced on any point of artistic morals or doctrine, the thing is forever determined; and it is worthy of note, that Mr. Ruskin himself rather encourages this view of the matter. In the preface to the volume before us, he generously admits that, owing to the immense field of study which is to be gone over, in order to qualify one to become a competent critic of art—such as “optics, geometry, geology, botany, and anatomy,” with “the works of all great artists, and the temper and history of the times in which they lived,” not forgetting “metaphysics,” and “the phenomenon of natural scenery”—why not add, and “the use of the globes?”—there is some “chance of occasionally making mistakes.” But, apart from these transient slips, he is quite impeccable. The laws of painting, he says, are as unerring and obvious as those of music or of chemistry, and anybody, who will take the trouble to master them, may pronounce opinions upon art, as unhesitatingly as Faraday discourses of the affinity of the gases, or, we suppose, as Stephenson would of the capacity of locomotives.

There is much, then, in Mr. Ruskin's position and opinions to invite our attention to him; but, before venturing upon a general estimate of his merits, we must first give an account of this last book.

The “Modern Painters” has been scattered, in a somewhat desultory way, over a period of ten years, and though not begun, and never intended, we imagine, as a regular or formal treatise, has sufficient unity of purpose in it to justify a common name for the several volumes. It is to be expected that there should be a great deal of rambling discussion in a work issued so by piecemeal—issued as the external exigencies of opinion, rather than its own internal

law, seemed to require—not a little inconsistency, perhaps—the end often forgetting the beginning, and the beginning often setting out vigorously, but reaching nowhere—and the lesser critics have an ample field for the display of their art therein—yet it has a method, and a method which, with no great research, one is able to dig out and set upon its feet. As the author, indeed, states his plan for himself, his general object has been to discuss the sources of those pleasures opened to us by art (meaning chiefly pictorial and structural art)—pleasures which he distributes into three groups, consisting, first, of the pleasures derived from ideas of truth, or from the perception of resemblances to nature; second, of the pleasures derived from ideas of beauty; and, lastly, of the pleasures furnished by the meaning of these things, or ideas of relation. His first volume, therefore, treated of the success with which different artists had represented the facts of nature; his second inquired more abstractly into the origin of our ideas of beauty and relation, being an attempt towards a philosophy of the theoretic or imaginative faculties; while for the third volume, it remained to characterize the different degrees in which distinguished artists, or schools of artists, have succeeded in attaining true greatness in art. Another volume is to come, but what precisely it will be about, we cannot anticipate; for while it may be conceded to Mr. Ruskin that he is somewhat methodical, it is no less clear that he despises system. He promises, however, that it will contain a formal analysis of all the great labors of Turner.

Mr. Ruskin's first and leading question in this volume is, of course, as to what constitutes real greatness in art. Artists, as well as critics, have always recognized a certain distinction between high and low art, or between the grand ideal style, and the low realistic style, but have never succeeded, according to our author, in describing accurately what that distinction is. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in some papers contributed to Dr. Johnson's *Idler*, in 1759, made such an attempt, but without decided success. He compares high art to poetry, in which the great, general, and invariable ideas of human nature are expressed, without regard, and even in contempt of nice details; and low art to

history, which makes a formal statement of every particular of facts or events, illustrating the former by the Italian schools, excepting that of Venice, and the latter by the Dutch schools, including that of Venice, as a sort of Dutchified Italian. But Mr. Ruskin shows, as well he might, that these views of Sir Joshua are exceedingly superficial: in the first place, that poetry does concern itself with minute details, that the faithful imitation of nature is not an easy nor an undignified thing; and then, passing to his own better views, asserts that the difference between great and mean art lies, not in definable methods of handling, or styles of representation, but wholly in the nobleness of the end to which the effort is directed.

"We cannot say," he remarks, "that a painter is great because he paints boldly, or paints delicately; because he generalizes or particularizes; because he loves detail, or because he disdains it. He is great, if, by any of these means, he has laid open noble truths, or aroused noble emotions. It does not matter whether he paints the petal of a rose, or the chasms of a precipice, so that love and admiration attend him as he labors, and wait upon his work. It does not matter whether he toil for months upon a few inches of his canvas, or cover a palace-front with color in a day, so only that it be with a solemn purpose he has filled his heart with patience, or urged his hand to haste. And it does not matter whether he seek for his subjects among peasants or nobles, among the heroic or the simple, in courts or in fields, so only that he behold all things with a thirst for beauty, and a hatred of meanness and vice."

All this, however, defines nothing, merely repeating what is as old as art itself, that its highest walks lie in the region of the beautiful and the good; and we must have, in order to understand the matter, a more specific description of the characters which make up greatness of style. Accordingly, Mr. Ruskin states them to be, in the order of their increasing importance, 1st, the habitual and sincere choice of noble subjects; 2d, the introduction of as much beauty as is consistent with truth; 3d, the largest possible quantity of truth in the greatest possible harmony; and, 4th, imaginative power. By "choice of noble subjects," he means an inward preference for subjects of thought which involve wide interests and profound passion, as opposed to narrow interests and slight passions. Leonardo, for instance, in the selection of the Last Supper for painting, evinced himself a greater artist than Raphael in

selecting the School of Athens, or Tennyson a body of simple clowns. Supposing the choice sincere, as it ought always to be, it marks a larger and nobler range of sympathies in the heart, and a disposition to dwell in the highest thoughts of humanity. Again: by the "introduction of as much beauty as is consistent with truth," he means that the fairest forms must always be sought out and dwelt upon, that the intensest beauty is to be worshiped, but not exclusively, not to the denial of the fact that ugliness and decrepitude also exist. For beauty, deprived of the proper foil and adjuncts, furnished to it by its opposites, ceases to be enjoyed as beauty, just as light deprived of shadow ceases to be enjoyed as light; while the ugliest objects contain some element of beauty peculiar to themselves, which cannot be separated from their ugliness. In other words, the perception of beauty, like other human perceptions, is relative, and is best enjoyed in the relations in which nature has discovered it to us. Thus, the intense spiritual beauty of Angelico is freshened and strengthened by his frank portraiture of ordinary brother-monks: Shakespeare places Caliban beside Miranda, while a vulgar mind withdraws his beauty to the safety of the saloon, and his innocence to the seclusion of the cloister. High art, therefore, neither alters nor improves nature, but seeks for what is lovely in it, just as it is, and displays this loveliness to the utmost of its power. What further Mr. Ruskin means by "putting as much harmonic truth as possible" in a work, and by "imaginative power," we need not stop to explain, as he has already dwelt upon these points in his previous works. Stated without disguise, or, rather, without that wonderful richness of illustration and occasional eloquence of phrase in which Mr. Ruskin sometimes imbeds his thoughts, his idea of the comparative greatness of styles in art is, simply, of the degree in which they combine goodness of purpose with love of beauty and truth, and imaginative power.

No one, we think, can object to this result, which is not particularly novel in itself, though so admirably worked up; but it seems to us that it might have been more simply, and, at the same time, philosophically arrived at. It is true of every work of art, as it is of every product of nature, that it is what

the strange old Swedenborg, in his way of phrasing it, calls "a thing of trine dimensions." He wants us to understand by this, that things are things only as they are, at once, an end, a means, and an effect, or as they possess a soul, a mind, and a body. Stript of either, a thing is a most imperfect thing, or, rather, no thing at all, as any one may see who will conceive of himself, or any creature, if he can, destitute of either of them, though it should be but for a moment. Every work of art, being a most precious outgrowth of the human spirit, must also have its soul, mind, and body—the first, in that great purpose which gives birth to it, the second, in that organic distribution of parts which makes it a form—and the last, in that sensible embodiment of it which is called the execution. Its substance, or soul, is the end which the artist has in view; its form, his mode of conceiving it intellectually; and its body, the actual sensible appearance.

We say the soul of it is its great end or purpose, in which expression more is contained than in the simple term, choice of subject, commonly referring to the mere external act. The most inveterate numbskull, or the most abandoned rake, may choose the most sacred theme for his artistic treatment; but he is only so much the more the numbskull and the rake for exposing in this way his foolishness or his hypocrisy. His real choice, his inward preference, is the internal delight which animates his action, and not the ostensible subject which gives name to it. But this delight or love may range from the lowest avidity of gain or fame, up, through the various varieties of display, to the most disinterested sympathy, in every humane and noble deed, even to the inmost life of God. A Caravaggio will paint you an Entombment of Christ—a subject which in itself is certainly full of tragic pathos and spiritual significance, and which he handles, in many ways, in a masterly manner, with carnations as fine as Giorgione's, and a touch as vigorous, almost, as Michael Angelo—but there will be only so much soul in it as may be implied in Caravaggio's desire to please the reigning taste, joined to the display of his own wild energy. His work, in spite of its subject, will be essentially a specimen of low art, quite as much so as the burial of one of our wandering Indians by his tribe would

be. On the other hand, there are Dutch painters, who paint you a festival of village-boors, or an encounter of half-tipsy dragoons, which in themselves are generally pronounced vulgar subjects, so that nearly the whole of Dutch art is called low art: yet, when we perceive, as we often do, that the delight of these painters lay, not in their boors and dragoons, but in the national life which these represented—in that sturdy burgher spirit which had laboriously won a country from the sea, which had heroically resisted the aggressions of Spanish despotism, and which rejoiced in the free, honest, independent citizenship, achieved by its own valor of spade and sword—we recognize in it a motive vastly superior to those superstitious reverences and base fears of authority which often prompted the Madonnas and Martyrdoms of Italy. It is the soul of a picture, therefore—its inmost purpose—the spiritual sympathy it displays, which not only inspires it, but determines its character, and assigns it its rank in the different walks of art. Let the end of the artist be mean, selfish, groveling, and though its subject were the Nativity or the Crucifixion—the highest facts of human history—and though the effects were wrought out with miraculous cunning of brain and hand, the work cannot be elevated: but let the end be great, originating in any large and disinterested affection, in any sincere passion of love, hope, veneration, joy, philanthropy, and the spiritual grandeur alone will redeem it, in spite of much poverty of invention, and much feebleness of management. On this account it is, that the genial yet serious student of art, wandering among the splendors of Italy, will often be arrested, in the midst of their tropical gleams, by some infant bud, some early flower, peering, it may be, from the broken wall of a now abandoned and voiceless cloister, in whose faded touches he will, with joy and thankfulness, still discern the first warm kisses of God's heavenly sun. Thus, the paintings of the monk, Angelico, do not ravish us with a glory of color, as Titian's sometimes do—they do not overwhelm us with exuberance of incident, as Tintoretto does—nor charm us into speechless admiration, by graceful form, as Raphael often will: but the devotion of them, the intense spiritual power, calm from the very fervor of its

ecstasy, transfixes us with awe and rapture.

But a work may belong to a great department of art without being in itself a successful example of it—as an animal may belong to an exalted species without being an exalted individual manifestation of that species—or, as Overbeck's paintings, for a more appropriate instance, may aim nobly at the highest range of Christian art, but not reach it perfectly. For to this there is required a combination of excellences, or that union of spiritual, intellectual, and executive endowment, which enables the artist, who is inspired by noble sympathies, to work them out with the broadest wisdom, of both the rational and imaginative functions of the intellect, and with consummate manipulation, or mastery of material elements. Consulting any acknowledged master-piece of the world—whether a poem, or a musical composition, as well as a painting—we shall see that feeling, thought, and skill, are blended in it, so that while it touches the unsounded depths of the heart, and stimulates the loftiest energies of the intellect, it also ravishes the eye or ear with delight. The sum of the qualities, necessary to the greatest art, therefore, as Mr. Ruskin well says, is simply the sum of all the best powers of man:—"For, as the choice of the high subject involves all the conditions of right moral choice, as the love of beauty involves all the conditions of right admiration, as the grasp of truth involves all strength of sense and evenness of judgment, and as the poetical power involves all swiftness of invention, and accuracy of historical memory, the sum of all these powers is the sum of the human soul."

Enough! perhaps the reader will exclaim with *Rasselas*—"you have convinced me that no man can be a poet!" Not the greatest, but still great; for the good Providence, which has scattered along the line of six thousand years only as many of the primal stars as you may count on your fingers, reserving to them the peerless dignity of perfection, to show that the highest powers are not absolutely incommunicable as a single possession—he has yet, dividing his gifts, distributed them with a free and benignant hand. To some he has given, in grander measures, love, and to some, wisdom; to some, power—to some, the heavenly vision,

which looks with eyes undimmed upon the transfigured glories—and to others, the swift sweeping wings, which fan away the dust of the centuries, or come and go from world to world, like flashing sunbeams—and to others, again, the forging hand, which wrests the secrets of nature, and dissolves its rugged rocks into gems; but to all of us he has also given, if we but use his gifts with humble heart and diligent will, the power to appreciate these, to repeat, if we please, in gentler echoes, the thunders of their voices—to build our chalets and flower-gardens on the sides of their Alps; or, what is better, to catch with our own ears, as we may from our inland homes, some sound of distant seas, "rolling evermore;" and to behold with our eyes some downward sparkle of the ineffable lustre.

A right apprehension of true greatness in art, involves an inquiry into the much-debated question, as to the true ideal of art. Accordingly, our author expends a great deal of characteristic energy on the determination of this all-important point. In order to arrive at the true ideal of art, however, he first propounds his true idea of life: namely, "that the proper business of men in this world is, first, to know themselves and the existing state of the things they have to do with; second, to be happy in themselves and the existing state of things; and, third, to mend themselves and the existing state of things, as far as either is marred and mendable." If anybody is not disposed to this main business, it is because he fears disagreeable facts, and shrinks from self-examination, acquiring, gradually, an instinctive terror of truth and a love of glossy and decorative lies; or, because of a general readiness to take delight in things past, future, far off, or somewhere else, rather than in things now, near, and here, thus begetting a satisfaction in mere imagination, or in things as they are not. Now, nearly all artistic striving after the ideal is only a branch of this base habit—the abuse of the imagination in allowing it to find its whole delight in the impossible and the untrue; while the faithful pursuit of the ideal, is an honest use of the imagination, giving full power and presence to the possible and true.

The uses of the imagination are, first and noblest, to enable us to bring

sensibly to our sight the things recorded of the invisible world; then, secondarily, to traverse the scenes of actual history, making them real once more; then, to invest the main incidents of life with happy associations, in order to lighten present ills, and summon back past goods; as, also, to give mental truth some visible type in allegory, simile, or personification; and, finally, when the mind is utterly outwearied, to refresh it with such innocent play as shall be in harmony with the suggestive voices of natural things, permitting it to possess living companionship instead of silent beauty, and create for itself fairies in the green and naiads in the wave.* On the other hand, the abuses of the imagination consist either in creating for mere pleasure, false images, when we ought to create true ones, or in turning what was intended for the mere refreshment of the heart into its daily food, and changing the innocent pastime of an hour into the guilty occupation of a life. As examples of the first abuse, Mr. Ruskin, in a most masterly review of it, cites that religious art, (administering a rebuke to one of Raphael's customs in the course of it), which asserted the most fulsome and outrageous lies of the simple facts of Scripture, thereby deadening their import to the souls of men; while of the second abuse, he cites the profane art chiefly after the sixteenth century, which, seeking beauty first, and truth secondarily, soon lost sight of all real beauty, as well as all real truth, and sunk into a mesh of disgraceful sensualism.

Again: as to the true idealism, it has taken three principal forms—the purist, the naturalist, and the grotesque—all permissible, and all admirable within their limits, but the best of them, the naturalist. The things about us, he says, contain good and evil promiscuously, and some men choosing the good alone, they are called purists; and some taking both together, are called naturalists; while others have a tendency to the evil alone, and hence become grotesque. The purest ideal, exhibited by Angelico and many painters of the thirteenth century, results from

the unwillingness of men of holy and tender dispositions to grapple with the definite evils of life, and is apt to degenerate into a weak and childish form of art. The grotesque ideal arises from a healthful but irrational play of imagination in times of rest, or from the irregular contemplation of terrible things, or from the confusion of the imagination by the presence of truths which it cannot wholly grasp, but it must be held with a firm hand to prevent its running into demonology and wickedness;† while the central ideal, the ideal of ideals, as we may say, is that which, accepting both good and evil, accepting all weaknesses, faults, and wrongnesses, harmonizes them into a noble whole, in which the imperfections of the parts become not only harmless, but essential, while, whatever is good in each part is completely displayed. This has been the ideal of all the really greatest masters of the world. On this principle, Homer, Dante, Tintoret, Shakespeare, and Turner worked. And under the influence of this ideal alone, will modern art, if it is ever destined to achieve the most glorious triumph, fulfill its mission.

We should like to extract largely from this part of the book, of which we have given only the baldest abstract, to evince our admiration of much of it, and we should like to criticize largely, to tell in what respects we disagree; but as more interesting topics are at hand, we have only space to utter a word on one or two points. In the midst of that medley of fine things which Mr. Ruskin says, we do not perceive that he strikes the key-note to a proper exhibition of the ideal. His distinctions between the purist, naturalist, and grotesque ideal, carry a certain force with them, and are beautifully elaborated; but they are not philosophic distinctions, because they are not founded on any real relations of contrast. They are simply arbitrary divisions. Purism, as he interprets it, seeking to escape the definite evils of the world, is a weakness, false to the essential conditions of human life, and consequently, as he seems to admit, no true ideal. His grotesquism, again, is made to em-

* Page 47.

† One of the most discriminating of criticisms Ruskin has ever written, occurs in this chapter on the grotesque, where he compares a griffin of the classical sort, with a mediæval griffin. It is in such passages that he displays his finest critical power.

brace quite too much. Our blessed little friends, the fairies and elves, Titania and Oberon, and even the spiteful Kobolds, spring from no affinity for evil, and are romantic, rather than grotesque creations; while the art which arises from truths which confuse and baffle the imagination, is simply symbolic or allegorical, or, if more than that, sublime. Mr. Ruskin, however, is unquestionably right in regarding the naturalistic ideal as the true ideal; "naturalistic, because studied from nature, and ideal, because mentally arranged in a certain manner;" but, unfortunately, the very point we want to know most about, namely, what this "mentally arranged in a certain manner," means, he covers with a cloud of talk on "inspiration," "instinct," "imaginative vision," and what not, as misty as any German philosophy* that we have lately read. This taking refuge in "inspiration," and the like, after the exceedingly positive statement of Mr. Ruskin, that the laws of art were as plain as the affinities of chemistry, strikes us with as much disappointment as surprise. After being led on through a hundred pages by an expectation that, at last, a great light was to be shed upon the mysterious realm of artistic creation, to find it only a will-o'-the-wisp, rather piques one into some resentment against the guide. "The great man knows nothing about rules," says Mr. Ruskin; "the rules of art cannot be taught." "They are instinctively seen;" "they are God-given;" all which may be true, and is; but then, how is it that the laws of art may be "learned by labor," and demonstrated, as Faraday demonstrates gases? We cannot but believe, if Mr. Ruskin had studied that philosophy of which

he cherishes so violent a *rabies*, that he would have been enabled to write more clearly and consecutively of this "mental arrangement," which is the essential point of his whole inquiry. We cannot but believe, also, that Hegel, for instance, in his profound analysis of the development of art, through its several forms of symbolic, classic, and romantic art, in spite of the overlying metaphysics, easily separable, in what is offensive in them, from the genuine substance of the thought, has cast a great deal of light upon the proper sense of the ideal. At any rate, we know that nearly all that is valuable in Mr. Ruskin's own speculations was anticipated for us in that writer, with much that Mr. Ruskin does not reach, presented with a comprehensiveness of view, and a freedom from petty partialities, which it would materially assist Mr. Ruskin to cultivate. We do not mean to say, by this, that we accept entirely Hegel's aesthetic theories, which have the defects incident to his general scheme of philosophy; but what we wish to commend is, their admirable method, the profound significance of certain parts, and that elevation and breadth of view which generalizes, not from any single form, or age, or manifestation of art, but from a calm survey of the whole field of artistic effort. But we cannot dwell on this point.

The most labored, novel, and altogether characteristic part of this work is, a review of ancient, mediæval, and modern landscape—full of eloquent writing and keen criticism—illustrated by effective drawings, but painfully diffuse, and vitiated by superficial learning as well as superficial philosophy. It must be confessed, in the outset, how-

* Besides numerous flings in the text, Mr. Ruskin devotes an appendix to a lusty tilt against "German Philosophy," and as this includes every variety of human speculation, it is virtually a tilt against all philosophy. It is amusingly absurd for its insular bigotry, but particularly so in a man, whose book (two-thirds of it) is occupied in enforcing a philosophy of his own. In behalf of this decried "German Philosophy," let us add, much as we detest some of its merely metaphysical wranglers, that, as a whole, the cultivated mind of Germany approaches all questions of human thought from a vastly higher stand-point than either the practical English or the scientific French. Mr. Ruskin confesses his profound obligations to Carlyle, yet Carlyle is steeped in Germanism to the core. Besides, what an enormous presumption it is, to arraign the philosophy of a whole nation, and that nation the most cultivated extant, while acknowledging a willful ignorance of it! What seems to have moved his special ire against "German Philosophy," is a phrase of Chevalier Bunsen in Hippolytus, about a "finite realization of the infinite," which he ridicules as equivalent to a "black realization of white." We do not know in what connection Bunsen applies the phrase, but we, old-fashioned Christians, who believe, literally, in "God manifest in the flesh," can conceive a meaning of it not so wholly ludicrous as Mr. Ruskin supposes. Again: he is irate over the phrase, "God, man, and humanity," which, he says, is a parallel to "Man, dog, and canineness," but no more so than the phrase "God, humanity, and Mr. Ruskin," which is, probably, Bunsen's meaning.

ever, that in the execution of the matter Mr. Ruskin had before him a somewhat embarrassing problem—embarrassing, not so much in itself, as in his position towards it. He had already, in numerous works, exhausted the vocabulary of his contempt for modern art, and the modern mind generally. It was base, faithless, mechanical, and altogether given over to the service of the flesh and the devil. At the same time, he had undertaken the championship of Mr. Turner, as the greatest landscape painter of all the world. How to reconcile the two, then, without confessing the inferiority of landscape, as a form of art, or the insignificance of his pet—"the mighty spirit," as he is called—in glorifying whom he had spent so much labor, was the perplexity. If he admitted the greatness of landscape art, he admitted the greatness of the moderns, inasmuch as they are uncontestedly superior to all their predecessors in this respect; while, if he denied the greatness of landscape, he must dismiss his favorite to a subaltern place, and the world would naturally inquire, Why all this fuss about nothing and nobody? Nor does Mr. Ruskin extricate himself from his difficulties, but plunges, as if he were not aware of them, into more hopeless confusion. After some doubts, he confesses that landscape is "noble and useful," and assigns reasons for the opinion, which seem to us quite inadequate.* He admits, too, the wonderful devotion of the moderns to the study and representation of his favorite "nature," which, in itself, he regards as an advance upon the ancient or mediæval status; and yet he tries to explain it away, as far as he can—partly on the ground that our seeming love of nature is "pathetic fallacy," arising from a weak and morbid imputation of our own feelings to nature; and, partly, on the ground that we have so emptied nature of all divinity, as to approach her with reckless irreverence and freedom—tearing her very bowels out with our prying mechanical sciences, and slaving and daubing the very face of her august countenance with our sentimental poetry and paint.

Let us state the whole case. The historians, especially of literature, have remarked a difference in the modes with which nature is contemplated by the

ancient, the mediæval, and the modern mind. Schiller, in one of his works, expresses a surprise that the Greeks—living in a genial climate, amid the most picturesque scenery, with all their susceptibility to beauty—should nowhere express, in their poetic writings, a sympathy with external nature. They often give faithful descriptions of it; but their hearts have no more share in their words, than if they were treating of a garment, or a suit of armor. Nature has no charm for them, to which they cling with plaintive passion. Gervinus, in his *History of German Literature*, indulges in a similar strain of thought in regard to the Minnesingers and popular poets of the middle ages. They evince some feeling for nature, but have left no independent delineation of it—no loving, tender, self-surrendering delight in it—nothing more than might be involved in it as an accessory to their love-songs, or their chivalric narratives. How different our modern poetic compositions, which fairly welter in sunsets, and flower-beds, and dews, and streams, and mossy dells! Our habitual thought is crystalized into the forms and suffused with the colors of the physical world.

Mr. Ruskin has adopted these hints, and undertaken an elaborate analysis of the differences indicated. Making Homer, Dante, and Sir Walter Scott, respectively, the types of the ancient, the mediæval, and modern ages, he deduces the characteristic feeling of each for landscape. His results, stated in a few words, are these: (1) With the Greeks there was no sympathy with nature, as such; only a straight-forward recognition of it as a more or less agreeable fact; no sense of what we call the picturesque; an interest, mainly, in its available and useful properties; in the ploughed field, which gave him corn—in the trellised vine, which gave him wine—in the nourishing rains, and in the meadows, good for feeding oxen and sheep. Mountains he rather detested, as he did all weeds and wildernesses. But he cherished a keen delight in human beauty, and a kind, familiar reverence for the deities who resided within the various natural elements. (2) With the mediævals, there was a more sentimental contemplation of nature—more undisturbed companionship with wild nature—a love of the sense of divine

* See chapter on "The Use of Pictures," which is ingenious, but unsatisfactory.

presence in it—consequently a fallacious animation of it—with apprehension of demoniacal agency—but a continued delight in human beauty, even its dresses and decorations, and particularly in the beauty of woman. Their landscape has a high sentiment of nature; but is often feeble and inaccurate, and exhibits curious traces of terror, superstition, piety, and rigid formalism. (3) With the moderns, we find an intense sentimental love of nature—particularly of clouds and mists—indicative of their fickleness and obscurity; delight in mountains, with no sense of their solemnity; and wild scenery, characteristic of an unbridled fondness for liberty; interest in science, but no sense of human beauty, no relish for costume, an utter want of faith in any divine presence in nature, insensibility to the sacredness of color, extreme despondency of mind, and an eagerness to run away from the dreariness of the present, taking shelter in fictitious romances of the past. “A red Indian, or Otaheitan savage,” says Mr. Ruskin, “has more sense of a Divine Existence round him, or government over him, than the plurality of refined Londoners or Parisians.” * * * “All, nearly, of the powerful men of this age, are unbelievers; the best of them in doubt and misery—the worst in reckless defiance; the plurality, in plodding hesitation, doing, as well as they can, what practical work lies ready to their hands. Most of our scientific men are in the last class; our popular authors set themselves definitely against all religious form, pleading for simple truth and benevolence (Dickens and Thackeray), or give themselves up to bitter and fruitless statement of facts (De Balzac), or surface-painting (Scott), or careless blasphemy, sad or smiling (Byron, Beranger). Our earnest poets and deepest thinkers, are doubtful or indignant (Tennyson, Carlyle); one or two anchored, indeed, but anxious or weeping (Wordsworth, Mrs. Browning); and, of these two, the first is not so sure of his anchor, but that, now and then, it drags with him, even to make him cry out—

“———Great God! I had rather be
A pagan, suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lee,
Have glimpses that would make me less
forlorn.”

The only exceptions, according to Mr.

Ruskin, are Turner and the pro-Raphaelites!

This is no pleasant picture for us, but is, luckily, surcharged. No one can doubt, that notable differences exist between different nations in respect to their feeling for nature. Humboldt, in the second volume of the *Cosmos*, has discussed the whole subject, with his usual discrimination, and conceives that those differences can only be accounted for as the complex result of the influences of race—of the configuration of the soil—of climate—of government, and of religious faith. He concedes the comparative insensibility of the Greeks and Romans, but claims a high degree of true feeling for nature for the Indian races, the Persians, the Arabs, some of the early Christian Fathers, and for nearly all the moderns since the time of Columbus, including that noble mariner. His studies are more varied, and, we think, more reliable, than those of Mr. Ruskin, who has been led into some imperfect views by the guides to whom he intrusted the inquiry. Neither Homer nor Sir Walter Scott are proper types of the periods they are chosen to represent, though Dante may be. They were only epic, or narrative poets, who deal with nature only as the accessory, or back-ground of their pictures. They do not address her at first hand. Homer was, it is true, a “Greek of the Greeks,” but he chanced to live some five hundred years before the Greek mind attained any real artistic development. Had he consulted the minor poets, Simonides, Bion, and Moschus, Meleager, Pindar, and Theocritus, he would have found innumerable evidences that the Greeks cared much more for nature than the corn and wine she brought them—of a sincere admiration of her beauty—and instances even of the “pathetic fallacy.” Casting our eyes over the dramatists, even while reading Mr. Ruskin’s book, they fell instantly upon several bits of landscape-painting, as fine as one would care to bless his eyes with. Yet, it must be confessed, that the main interest of the Greeks was in their own humanity.

Nor is Dante precisely the poet that, on first thoughts, we should have selected for the illustration of the mediæval feeling of landscape. He was the master of his age, and his poem was a mirror of the Italy of that age, imaging its principal personages and events,

with vivid reality. But he was also a poet of peculiar, if not exceptionable, temperament; intensely absorbed in political struggles; distressed, depressed, wrapped in solitary gloom, as he wandered an exile, eating the bitter bread of others, so that in "his burning, troubled soul, arose great thoughts and awful, like Farinati from his burning sepulchre." These gave tone, we suspect, to his daily, as well as his immortal visions. But Dante shoots up, so Etna-like, in those southern skies, that one feels he must have carried all the flowers of the fields on his sides, in spite of the hot fires at his heart. Mr. Ruskin's able analysis persuades you so. Almost coëval with Dante, was an English poet, not so great or universal, yet a very great poet, whose landscape breathes of quite another air. We refer to Chaucer—the kindly, honest, old, laughing Chaucer, whose sportive fancy, grand imagination, subtle humor, and homely wit and wisdom, found no equal till Shakespeare, and whose pages come to us, through five hundred years, still smelling of the fresh, wholesome soil—still dewy as the morning, lovely and sweet with flowers, and vocal with the song of birds and the melody of streams. If Dante, then, express the deeper religious and political life of his times—if his be a spirit framed in more heroic mould—we must claim high rank for our Chaucer, in all that relates to the actual life of the people, and the popular sense of nature; for it is remarkable of Chaucer, that, chivalric as he is, full of epic pageantry, and pomp, living, as he did, in the midst of a brilliantly romantic and elegant court—a court thronged with gallant knights, who, at Cressy and Poitiers, had made Edward invincible, and with stately dames, only less beautiful than Philippa, whom the statuary made their model for the Virgin, still, his pages glitter with none of their magnificence, his song exults in none of their victories; but he steals away to the people at their firesides or their sports, or wanders in "the blissful sunshine," among the dews "more sweete than any baume," listening to the "birde's song"—

"——a ravishing sweetness,
That God, that Maker is of all, and Lorde.
He heard never better, as I guesse."

A more cheery, gentle, enthusiastic lover of nature than he, more utterly

devoid of superstitious glooms and fears, we find alone in modern times.

Against the inauguration of Scott, as the type of this age, we decidedly protest. He was scarcely of this age at all, but an after-birth of former centuries, sent to retrieve the neglect into which they had fallen, who performed an acceptable service for poetry, in sending forth a gallant band of rugged knights and outlaws to put the stiff old Greeks and Romans to death, and then withdrew. A tory of tories, who valued the smile of his prince almost as much as he did the fame of Waverley; who spent his magnificent energies in rearing a baronial pile, which toppled down upon his own head; there was scarcely a movement in modern art, science, or religion, with which he sympathized. Already his poems and most of his romances have only an antiquarian value. They are tapestries of times fast receding. But all the while Mr. Ruskin is engaged in this preposterous labor of setting Scott upon a pedestal where he cannot stand, there hovers around him another spirit—the spirit of one of his hated Germans, a poet, a man of science, a most consummate literary artist, loaded with the learning of all the schools, yet buoyant as a child amid his new-found blisses of nature—who wrote a drama equal to Shakespeare—whose songs are in the mouths of the people—and whose books reflect all the grandeurs and glooms, all the strengths and weaknesses, all the hopes and despairs, of the last half century! Need we name Goethe, whom Mr. Ruskin unceremoniously dismisses for his "jealousy (*credat!*) which is never the characteristic of a really great man." Now, we do not believe that any single man can fully represent this multitudinous, manifold age of ours; but if any man could, it would be Goethe. It is to him, more than any one else, that Mr. Ruskin should have gone for the modern idea of nature; and had he done so, he never would have given us that libelous caricature of the tendencies of the modern mind.

The reading of the "signs of times," we are sure, is not Mr. Ruskin's forte. His skill in pictures may be great, but his skill in men and the movements of society is not great. This question of the change, which has taken place in men's modes of regarding nature, has a significance he has not reached. It is nothing more nor less than the question,

as to the difference between Christianity and the pagan religions. Has Christianity introduced any fundamental change in the human mind? If it has, the mind must stand in a totally different relation to nature from what it did. Now, it is a common belief, that it has introduced such a change—a change not merely of degree, but of kind; and it is further believed, that our modern activity is the outgrowth, though feeble as yet, of that change. It were too large a question for us here, to enter into an exposition of the whole value of that change; but we may suggest two things: first, that Christianity not only empties nature of its fetiches, of its gods and goddesses, however beautiful, but proclaims it to be in itself dead, worthless, corrupt, even sinful—or the opposite of the divine; and, second, it proclaims that nature has been redeemed, by the divine assumption of it, whereby man, from being the slave, may become the master of it, and not only his own nature, but “the whole creation” be glorified. This is the mystical annunciation, which every Christian devoutly believes; but what does it mean practically? Why, that nature is not an end in itself, but is unworthy and corrupt, except as it is made subservient to humanity, in which case it is filled with a divine beauty and significance. Our modern Christian instincts have recognized these truths, and hence our physical sciences, with their immense activities, striving to reduce nature, which has no longer any sanctity, to human uses. Hence, too, the universality and fearlessness of our researches into nature, which impresses us no more as a vast uncontrollable power outside of us, but becomes a benignant mechanism, of whose movements we hold the key. Thus, too, the universe, turned into a world of effects, whose causes lie in the inner spiritual sphere, shines a vast hieroglyph of the Eternal and the Unseen. It is a glorious analogue of the divine; and we love it, because, in its every process, we discern emblems of our own human life; because, along the endless multiplicity of its forms, the angels of God ascend and descend, as in the wonderful ladder of Jacob’s dream.

We have dwelt so long upon this last volume, that we have left ourselves little space for the general estimate of

Mr. Ruskin’s merits, which we promised ourselves at the outset. But they may be summed up in few words. He is the critic rather than the philosopher of art. Endowed with the keenest sensibility to the influences of nature, he has observed them with the greatest accuracy, and, at the same time, with strong poetic feeling. Few men are more alive to the beauties of art, and none have studied its actual manifestations with more diligence. Applying his knowledge of nature to works of art, he is able to enter upon a judgment of their comparative merits, with decision, taste, and sympathy. He is, therefore, positive and severe, but also enthusiastic. His praise and his blame alike come from the heart. He sees clearly and feels earnestly, and what he both sees and feels, he describes with impetuous eloquence. There are passages of rhetoric in his writings, which possess all the magnificence of Milton or Taylor. But he is not always equal in his style, nor always just in his opinions. As the structure of his sentences is now and then strangely affected, so the spirit of his sentiments now and then betrays a strange conceit. He has a fondness for extravagance, as well of thought as of expression, and is perpetually misled into inconsistency. He is apt to utter decrees instead of criticisms, and, uttering them often on the impulse of the moment, they are not infallible decrees. His principles of art, when they are correct, proceed more from instinct than reason; or, in other words, he has not digested them into a complete and systematic whole. They are drawn from the study of a few arts, and not from the study of the whole field of art. They are, consequently, wanting in the broadest generalization, and do not penetrate to the profoundest grounds. As an active and fearless thinker, however, as a patient scholar, as an energetic, warm-hearted liker and hater, and as an eloquent expositor of his own views, he stands unrivaled among the English critics of art. Like Carlyle in literature, or like his own Turner among the landscapists, he has aroused a new spirit in the public mind, and, long after his particular or objectionable opinions shall have been forgotten, he will be gratefully recognized as a reformer and a benefactor in the walk he has chosen to pursue.

SCENES IN THE WESTERN DISTRICT.

"IN the Western District? In the name of Karl Ritter and his Erdkunde," says our traveled friend, "where is that?" Gently, good reader! I write, for your benefit and my own, in the western part of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, that state which is commonly known, in these hurrying times, among her thirty, overgrown sisters, by the briefer name of Rhode Island. "In the western part of Rhode Island? Pray tell me if Rhode Island is large enough to have a western part. It was only yesterday that I was reading of the sea captain, who was sailing from Mobile to Providence, with a cargo of cotton, and could not find your bay and state marked on his chart. In alarm he called the mate. This rough-handed fellow, in fingering the spot where Rhode Island ought to be, knocked away a fly-speck, and there stood the map of your sovereignty, in all its grand proportions." *Doucement*, as your foreign friends used to say, when you indulged in such dangerous sallies of wit. You have, perhaps, heard of the funeral discourse of an ingenious village Antony, over a friend, who was noted alike, for stupidity, dishonesty, and corpulence: "There, are three kinds of greatness—smental, moral, and physical. In the first two kinds, our deceased friend made no claims to distinction; but in the last kind we all know that he was preëminent." O fractional part of some Missouri or Virginia, beware lest a like eulogy awaits you and your state, while you scorn our narrow domain! Laugh, if you will, at our legislators, who all walk home from the State House to dinner. Laugh as you think of the gigantic Kentuckian, whose toes were infringing on Connecticut, while his heels were stretching into Massachusetts. Roar as you imagine our old Roger Williams walking around his farm (at present our state), before breakfast, and rowing the whole length of our bay to quarrel with a bellicose Quaker. Crack your republican sides, as you see our sovereign state refusing to accept the Constitution of the United States, and become an integral part of the Union; and Massachusetts and Connecticut bravely debating the propriety of partitioning the recusant between them. Let me not be proscribed

as a disunionist, fanatic, or sectionalist, when I say, that I have often wished that she had not sunk her individuality in the great agglomerated confederacy.

How many advantages would she have enjoyed, to which she is now a stranger! How glorious to have our gallant soldiers guarding our whole frontier; to have every Connecticut pine ham, and every Taunton herring, and every injured package of New York Schiedam Schnapps, examined by our officers. How imposing to have our navy ever standing in a menacing triangle, whose vertex should be Block Island, and whose base should reach from Seaconnet to Stonington! How fine to have our diplomatic corps! to hear announced, in the saloons of St. Cloud, "Monsieur l'ambassadeur de Rhode Island et Providence Plantations;" to read, in the *Moniteur*, of the departure of "M. Petit, ambassadeur auprès de S. E. le gouverneur de R. I. et P. P.;" to read, in Her Majesty's address in the Parliament House, of her great joy at the prospect of continued peaceful relations between Rhode Island and herself; and then, again, what careers of usefulness and honor, for myself, and the thousands who are, like me, unknown to fortune and to fame! At present there are offices for only about one-half of the male population; of course, in such a case, wealth conquers talent. A large manufacturer distributes cloth enough to carpet the district, and goes to Congress. Humble and modest genius has no field. But I have made a fair calculation, and found, that without changing our foreign ministers, secretaries and attachés, half as often as the general government now does, just nineteen-twentieths might attain to office, and inscribe their names on the roll of fame. What fools our ancestors were! Why did not they read the history of Venice and Genoa, and the Hanse towns; and then make doges and burgomasters, who should bid your President tremble? Alas! that physical greatness has always had such power, even back to the days when Goliath swung his weaver's beam in the face of the Israelites.

Well, then, I am in the western part of Rhode Island. It is not a molecule of

a state, absolutely indivisible. It really is large enough to be divided into two parts by a line running north and south. The portion on the east of this line is the place in which some gentleman distributes money once in two years, before he goes to Washington, and is called the Eastern District. On the other side of the line lies the Western District, in which, at the present moment, sits your humble and corpulent servant, *lotus, teres, atque rotundus*.

For further geographical features, see Smith, Mitchell, and Ritter; for history, see Banoroff and Peterson.

Much as the state, in its entirety, has been slandered, this particular portion of it has suffered disproportionately; Bryant has enshrined, in poetry, a scandalous name, "Rogue's Island,"* which Connecticut malice, long ago, applied to us, because their neighbors, on the east, were so peculiar. It is well known that Massachusetts and Connecticut have both tried to swallow us at once. His Majesty's loyal colony of Plymouth claimed, that the present western boundary of our state was their western line; and His Majesty's equally loyal colony of Connecticut pretended that its domain extended to the eastern shore of Narragansett Bay. It is maliciously declared, that a frightful war was avoided, by requiring commissioners from the two colonies to meet upon the disputed territory. It is affirmed that these worthy gentlemen only waited to exchange compliments, and then ran to their respective homes—each party desiring to leave the other in possession of such a land. And thus, they say, our little state actually owes its existence to its ugliness. Indeed, our pious brethren in Connecticut, flatter themselves that they support a missionary in this heathen ground. I have never seen any except those who are mounted on the tinpeddlers' carts, and whose words are as "tinkling brass and sounding cymbals."

I am not aiming to advance my own interests, by pretending to show the attractions of this goodly land, like that modest worshiper of genius, who has placed a bust of Milton in Westminster Abbey, and devoted two lines of a long epitaph to the poet, and the rest to himself. Therefore, I do not pause to tell you how I came here.

I am at present among the two-legged men. Not that men, generally, in these regions, have not those two useful appendages, with which they continually prevent bodily contact with the ground in the act of falling forward—*vulgo*, walking.† The epithet, two-legged, here means that the person to whom it is applied wears both legs of his pantaloons over his boots, and is used to distinguish such bipeds from the citizens of two neighboring towns, in one of which, one pantaloons' leg is thrust into the boot, and in the other of which, nothing but boots is visible below the knees. Our Manhattan readers will remember that their ancestors chose to distinguish themselves from the world by the number of their breeches. Our erudite ethnologists may, perhaps, find in these facts material for meditation.

Between these bipeds, unipeds, and no-peds, no love is lost. Last night I wended my way to the village store, to hear the village-talk. A tall, indolent fellow, called Labe, who did little but tell stories for a livelihood, was amusing his comrades with his tales, when in stepped one of the rarest specimens of the unipeds. He was tall and gaunt as famine herself; his matted hair seemed never to have been combed, except by the shrubs through which his townsmen are said to run bare-headed, once in six weeks, to perform the work of hair-dressing. His upper jaw protruded far beyond the lower, and wide spaces were visible between his long, greenish teeth. The teeth seemed to be loose, and they moved in the jaw every time that the mouth was opened and shut. His chin receded so rapidly that he seemed scarcely to have one. His mouth seemed to be in his neck. A line drawn from the crown of his head to the end of his upper teeth, and another one from the teeth to his breast-bone, would have quite well represented his profile.

"How d'ye dew, Sim?" says Labe to the new comer; "how d'ye dew? rather cold, aint ye? I see you've got your leg ready to draw up like a rooster in a frosty morning. Ye've seen 'em stand, aint ye?"

"I'll tell you what," says Sim, in a husky, mumbling voice, "you'll find, if you don't shet your oyster-shell, that

* Bryant's Poems, vol. i., p. 218.

† See Agassiz and Gould—Definition of Walking.

that leg can straighten some. I aint afeard on you, wi' all your pack around you."

Words ran high, and hostilities seemed about to commence, when Labe's face suddenly gleamed with a new idea. "Look 'ere," said he; "this 'ere fighting is bad business; it on'y makes sewing for our old women, and a sale for plaster. You all know that Sim is a reg'lar beauty—famous, even up in his parts. I don't say nothin' about my looks, but I'll bet that I will make up a face so as to look more like Sim than he does himself. If I dew it, I beat, and Sim shall treat, and we'll be friends; if I don't, I'll stand treat."

Every one said that this was fair, and Sim was obliged to yield to this trial. Umpires were chosen, and the combatants were seated, each upon a candle-box, and a tallow candle was held close before their faces. Labe looked for a moment at Sim, smiled, and then said, in a desponding tone: "It is a hard one; forgive me, mother, for ever trying to twist my face into that shape, but here goes." And then he pulled down his hair, stuck out his jaw, and drew back his chin, till really his resemblance to Sim was striking. Then he snivelled up his nose, and said, in Sim's husky voice, "Aint we a pretty pair!" The effect was irresistible. Even the grave umpires burst into laughter. The candle-holder dropped the melting tallow into Sim's fair hair, and the whole company shouted out, "Labe has beat—Labe has beat." Sim was obliged to pay the forfeit, and the two Dromios parted with a hearty shake of the hand.

To-day, law, with even balance, has weighed out justice to our village. The honorable court has been in session. It consisted of a sleepy man, who is a turner—not that he belongs to any of your foreign clans, or *Turn-vercins*, but he makes bobbins in his lathe, when he is not too somnolent. A notorious scoundrel was arraigned for pilfering "beans, cabbage, potatoes, and other agricultural products," from a man less dishonest than himself by one degree. No one, except the parties themselves, and the learned counsel, seemed to care who should triumph. The hon. justice of the peace was seated in a chair; while the spectators, who did not choose to sit on sticks of wood placed on end, were obliged to stand. Two youngsters

brought the milking-stools from the barn-yard, and stationing themselves on each side of the judge, sat like priests upon their tripods. The mouth of his honor seemed to be parched and dry, as his attempts at spitting evinced. This did not escape the eagle eye of the astute counsel for the defendant. He knew the idiosyncrasies of the court, and promptly offered his honor a plug of tobacco. Shrewd casuists, who trace connections between all sorts of causes and effects, may hang a loop upon this innocent roll of pressed leaves, and spin a thread of sequences down to the final decision. Of that, I say nothing. The witnesses were called. It seemed difficult to prove anything against the defendant, except that he had shot a couple of the plaintiff's Muscovy drakes. Indeed, he confessed that.

The counsel for the plaintiff labored earnestly to show, that while there was strong ground for believing that the defendant had crept into the plaintiff's garden, and stolen his "airly sass," he was willing magnanimously to waive that "pint," and ask for justice only in the name of the slaughtered ducks. "Yer honor," he concluded, "has seen 'em, these 'ere ducks, a-sailin' along so pooty and peaceful, scarcely waggin' their tails once in three minutes, as tho' they knowed that justice and purtection, in the form of yer honor, lived next door, and so seemin' as innocent and calm as yer honor's own pure heart and conscience. And now they're laid low; that 'ere cannibal has eat 'em up. Shall sich things be allowed under our constitution? No, sir! I know yer honor will slap the fines and costs on to him, as the law direct; and so I leave the case to your honor's consideration."

The counsel for the defense briefly reviewed the charges, and said that his opponent might well try to seem magnanimous about the "sass," for there was no shadow of proof that his client was a man of so little taste as ever to wish to get into the garden of such a man as the plaintiff. He was not without thoughts of suing for damages, on account of the plaintiff's defamation of the fair character for which his client had so long been distinguished. But as to these ducks, he proposed to show, to the satisfaction of the court, and the intelligent audience (and he was glad to be able to vindicate his client before

such an assembly), that the accused was not to blame for shooting the ducks, and if he was, that the indictment did not cover the offense.

"In the first place, any one has a right to shoot wild ducks, wherever he finds them, and everybody does so, except the cross-eyed plaintiff, who shoots on both sides of them. Now, if the plaintiff has ducks which look so near like wild ones that a man of sound mind (*mens AND womens sana in corpore sano*, as the law hath it, wisely cautious, in making it extend to women also), that a man of common sense, I say, cannot, at shooting distance, tell the difference between them and wild ones, who will blame the man for shooting them? Suppose your honor went on any other principle; suppose you had to wait, and creep up to every duck, and put fresh salt on his tail, before you fired, where would be the noble and ancient amusement of shooting? How many of the twenty ducks which your honor bagged so finely last week, would have graced your tasteful and bountiful table? Thank justice, your honor dispenses no such folly as that for law. Now does not every one know how sensitive my client is to his reputation as a shooter? Don't you know that he would rather be shot than fire at a bird at a less distance than a hundred yards? Don't he always scare up the game, and take it on the fly? Would not he blush to aim at a duck sitting on the water? Now who can tell a wild duck from a tame one at one hundred yards? Impossible; my client's escutcheon is not tarnished in the least, by the blood of these ducks.

"The second, and the remaining points of my argument, I address chiefly to your honor, as they require considerable learning to be understood. The defendant is charged with taking agricultural products. Now, what is agriculture? Your honor knows very well that the word *agriculture* comes from the old words, *agri. the ground*, and *culture, to farm it*. Now, how, in

the name of Noah Webster and his spelling-book, can ducks be *agricultural*? Suppose you *farm* it—work in the *ground* till you are as old as Methusaleh, how can you ever raise a duck out of the ground?

"In the second place, we are charged with stealing *Pro ducks*. Now your Honor knows very well, that the ducks which the defendant shot were not *Pro ducks*; for the plaintiff confesses that they were '*Scovy ducks*'.

"In the third place, they are not *ducks* at all, but *drakes*. Nothing is more important to the welfare of the race than this distinction of gender. The law always recognizes it—society could not exist without it.

"On these points I rest the case. Your honor has the genius and the acumen to appreciate arguments of this kind, and I need not expand them. The counsel for the plaintiff has endeavored to work on your sympathies as though you were a common jurymen. I do not so insult you. I rejoice that we have a court in whose hands the cause of a client of mine, with the *facts* in his favor, is entirely safe."

The hon. court had been sitting with his chair tipped back against the wall, with one leg crossed over the other, and in a state apparently resembling drowsiness very closely. He now slowly uncrossed his legs, and quietly re-crossed them again; then he slowly spake:

"I had, in the first place, kinder s'posed that the defendant was guilty, until he said he shot the ducks. Then I thought he didn't shoot 'em, 'cause he so seldom speaks the truth. But the law says that a man aint obleeged to criminate himself—that is, you can't obleege him to do it. So, then, we must not twist anything the man says, so as to make himself appear guilty. Therefore, notwithstanding he says he shot 'em, I think the evidence is not strong enough. So I bring him in 'guilty—but acquitted, for want of evidence.'"

"*Fiat Justitia*," said I, as I walked home."

THE SPIRITS IN 1692,

AND WHAT THEY DID AT SALEM.

NO belief seems to have been more universal than that in witches, ghosts, spirits, and devils; which, while it rests upon the most intangible and unsatisfactory evidence, springs from a profound consciousness, in the human soul, of a spiritual state and a hereafter.

From the beginning of history, man has persisted in prying into the mystery of the unknown, and has longed for the secrets of the future; and from the beginning he has been the prey of the crafty or the credulous. There have been periods when an idea, good or bad, true or false, has become epidemic, and has swept like a whirlwind over the land. It has invariably produced mischief; for, when reason ceases to guide, excesses are certain to ensue. Through the years 1644, '5 and '6, Matthew Hopkins, with two assistants, traveled through England as "the Witchfinder," going from town to town, and, for a small fee, searching out all witches. The prisons were soon filled with old women accused by him. They were those unhappy diseased people, whose faults of temper had made them disagreeable to their neighbors, and had led to the suspicion that they practiced witchcraft. The government was obliged to send a special bench of judges to dispose of them, with whom went the Rev. Mr. Callamy, a friend of Baxter's. Fifteen of them were hanged at Chelmsford; sixteen at Yarmouth; sixty in Suffolk, and many more at various places.

Finally, the people became sick of the destruction, and then they mobbed Hopkins, and hunted him into obscurity.

In 1664, Sir Matthew Hale sat to judge two old feeble, soured women for the crime of witchcraft. He was one of the wisest and most learned men in England, and believed in the teachings of Jesus. He refused to charge the jury as to the guilt of the parties, but said that, beyond doubt, witches did exist, as the scriptures distinctly asserted it, and they had only to decide whether these two were or were not witches. One of the first scholars in England, Sir Thomas Browne, agreed in this opinion.

In the town of Mohra, in Sweden, there was a panic about witches, in the year 1670. Seventy persons were brought before commissioners, charged by scores of children with having bewitched them. They all protested they were innocent; but the judges were earnest in urging them to confess, and twenty-three, with cries and tears, did confess that they were witches. Nearly all of the seventy were executed. Fifteen children also confessed they were witches, and were executed, and nigh fifty other children were condemned to be whipped—a part of them on every Sunday in the year.

No one now doubts that the whole of these were the victims of a delusion, and were sacrificed to the frightful terrors of an ignorant and superstitious populace.

These were succeeded by the Salem witchcraft (1692), which has so often been urged as a dark stain upon the New England people and theology; and it is well, therefore, to note the facts, as showing with what fatal tenacity the notion of witchcraft held the minds of men. It should, also, be remembered that, in Scotland (1697), five years after the Salem doings, seven persons were hanged for this crime, upon the testimony of one child, only eleven years old.

We come now to the year 1691-2.

The prevailing religious opinion of New England was strongly committed to the importance of the devil and his agents; and his power, by many, was believed to be equal, if not superior to that of God. This belief has, in all times, given a singular importance to a priesthood, who were supposed to have influence with him, or to be able to withstand him; and it, of course, made the clergy of New England of consequence in the eyes of the people, as well as in their own. The few who urged the almighty power of God, and the certainty of evil being overcome with good, and did not yield to this belief, whether among the clergy or laity, were easily silenced by the cry of Sadduceeism, and infidelity, which was sure to be sprung upon them. Any kind of story, coming from any kind

of poor creature, who professed to have seen the devil, or to have had any strange and supernatural experience, was eagerly listened to, and eagerly passed from mouth to mouth.

New England, at that time, was unfortunate in having, among her ministers, a pedantic, painstaking, self-complacent, ill-balanced man, called Cotton Mather. His great industry and verbal learning gave him undue influence, and his writings were much read. He was indefatigable in magnifying himself, and his office, and he eagerly seized on all witch stories, hunting for them, as for hidden treasure, and elaborately presented them to the world. In an age when light reading consisted of polemical pamphlets, it is easy to see that his stories of "Margaret Rule's Dire Afflictions," and "Wonders of the Invisible World," would find favor, and prepare the mind for a stretch of credulity almost equal to his own. The pertinacity with which he pursued George Burroughs, and others, who were accused in this panic, or who were suspected of heresy, and the flattery with which he followed persons in power, will forbid us to defend him from the charge of slavishness and malignity, as well as of credulity.

Before his day, Mary Oliver had confessed that she was a witch (1650); Margaret Jones had been executed as such at Charlestown; another at Dorchester, and another at Cambridge. In 1655, the widow Hibbins, wife of a former magistrate, had been hanged at Boston, and one or two others had been put to death for witchcraft, in other parts of New England. All their stories and others, were widely circulated in New England, and had their influence. The English books upon the subject, such as Royal James First's (a royal fool's) *Demonology*; Perkins's book, containing rules to find witches; and Barnard's and Glanville's witch stories; the account of the witch trials in England, in 1684; Baxter's *Certainty of the World of Spirits*, and other such writings, were not uncommon, and were much read. The pulpit, also, dwelt freely upon the devil and his doings; and the fear of him was a powerful incentive to revive the decaying influence of the churches.

During the King Philip's war, nothing was heard of witches, the public mind being fully occupied; but in the

year 1688, the children of "John Goodwin, a grave man and a good liver, in the north part of Boston, were believed to be bewitched." Mather at once took them in hand, and the eldest of them to his own house, where he found she was struck dead with the "Assembly's Catechism," "Cotton's Milk for Babes," and such like; but could read very well in Oxford jest-books, and even in the Prayer-book; all of which went for proof with Mather. The children charged an old, half-witted Irish woman with having bewitched them, something of the kind being expected of them, and she was at once hanged. This was only the morning star of a coming day. Mather elaborated the account, which was published in England, in 1691, and was much commended by Baxter and others.

Salem seems to have been the seat which the Massachusetts devil had chosen for his doings. In the month of February, 1691-2, two young girls (aged 10 and 11), of minister Parris, and two other children, began to show signs of being bewitched. The Reverend Parris at once took the thing in hand, and, almost as a matter of course, it went on; the children getting "into holes, creeping under chairs," and "uttering foolish speeches, which neither they nor any one could make anything of." The news soon spread in the quiet town of Salem; and when physicians were called in, and could make nothing of it, women were aghast, and went from house to house, and all decided "that they were bewitched." The town was in excitement, and great pity was expressed for the "poor children," who were afflicted with invisible "spindles," poisons, hot irons, teeth, pincers, and so on—all as invisible as the best doings of our modern spirits. Mather says, that in a few days' time, "they arrived at such a refining alteration (?) about their eyes, that they could see a little devil, of a tawny color, who tendered them a book to sign or touch. If they refused, the spectres, under the command of the 'black man,' tortured them with prodigious manifestations."

What was to be done now, for these children had been religiously educated, and were "*thought to be without guile?*" Fasting and prayer were tried first, by minister Parris, in his sitting-room, and then by other clergymen called in from

the neighborhood, which seemed to do no kind of good; for the children barked like dogs, purred like cats, were struck with "invisible sticks," roasted on invisible spits, chained with "invisible chains," and what not—and had now come to be held in so great consequence, that one or two timidly ventured to suggest "so much pity might confirm them in their designs," which none could foresee. Such a suggestion as this could have no effect, except to cover the makers of it with disgrace; and, on the 11th of March, a number of ministers were called together to try whether or not the "gates of hell" should prevail. Their best efforts again seemed powerless. Satan kept his hold, and the gates prevailed. Mather was busy in season and out of season; for he had made a discovery, which may best be read in his own words and type.

"A malefactor, executed more than forty years ago, in this place, did then give notice of a horrible PLOT against the country, by WITCHCRAFT, and a foundation of WITCHCRAFT then laid, which, if it were not seasonably discovered, would probably blow up and pull down all the churches in the country." "And now the *ty-dogs* of the pit are abroad among us, and the *firebrands of hell* itself are used for the scorching of us;" "and that *New England* should this way be harassed, and not by *swarthy Indians*, but they are sooty devils." Then he says, "That the *unpardonable sin* is most usually committed by professors of the Christian religion falling into witchcraft." If this be so, and if Mather discovered what the unpardonable sin really is, he deserves our thanks. He did, however, buckle on his armor, determined to withstand this HELLISH PLOT, "in every branch of it," and to maintain the churches.

But the thing was now talked about throughout the colony, and something must be done; something was expected—the whole populace was excited. The ministers generally preached that the devil now was let loose, and was going about like a raging lion, seeking whom he might devour. The next step, clearly, was to learn who had bewitched these children, and of course they were urged to tell; for they must know. There was, in Parris's family, an Indian woman from one of the Spanish islands, who, in her superstitious way, thought

she would try to right this matter, prayers having failed; so she made a cake with some sort of conjuration, and gave it to the dog, who appeared to like it very well. When the children heard of this, they cried out upon her:—"Tituba the Witch! Tituba the Witch!" Then they cried out upon Sarah Osborn, "a melancholy, distract old woman," then upon Sarah Good, "an old woman who was bedrid," and then upon church members Cory and Nurse, and were terribly convulsed whenever they came near. The matter grew serious; for who else may not be charged with bewitching them? But now a new feature of this thing showed itself. The wife of Thomas Putnam joined the children, and "makes most terrible shrieks" against Goody Nurse, that she was bewitching her, too. On the 3d of April, minister Parris preached long and strong from the text, "Have I not chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?" in which he bore down so hard upon the witches accused, that Sarah Cloyse, the sister of Nurse, would not sit still, but "went out of meeting;" a wicked thing to do as they thought, but now a heinous one. At once the children cried out against her, and she was clapt into prison with the rest. Through the months of April and May, Justices Hawthorn and Curwin (or Corwin), with marshal George Herrick, were busy getting the witches into jail, and the good people were startled, astounded, and terror struck at the numbers who were seized. The leafy month of June had come, the jails were full, and something must be done; for the people were clamorous for punishment for these diabolical doings.

Bridget Bishop only was then brought to trial; for the new Charter and new Governor (Phips) were expected daily. She was old, and had been accused of witchcraft twenty years before, and various losses of chickens and cattle, upsetting of carts, spectral black cats, and so on, had been laid to her: so, as there was no doubt about her, she was quickly condemned, and hanged on the 10th day of this pleasant June, in the presence of a crowd of sad and frightened people. It is true, that her accuser, when on his death bed, confessed that he lied; but that could not be known then, and it was a foregone conclusion, that somebody must be hanged.

To be sure of going right, and to have sanction for what was about to be done, the clergy were appealed to, who made a report on the 15th of June, quite at large, commending Perkins's and Barnard's directions for the detection of witches, and closing as follows:—

"8. Nevertheless, we cannot but humbly recommend unto the government, the speedy and vigorous prosecutions of such as have rendered themselves obnoxious, according to the directions given in the law of God, and the wholesome statutes of the English nation, for the detection of witchcrafts."

Whoever signed this paper, all the ministers did not; among whom was Samuel Willard, to whom be praise, as well as to other calm men, who could not foresee what was to happen. The new Governor Phips, one of Mather's church, fell in with the prevailing fear, and the new bench of Judges, composed of Lieutenant Governor Stoughton, Major Saltonstall, Major Richards, Major Gidney, Mr. Wait Winthrop, Captain Sewall, and Mr. Sargent, were sworn and went to work. On the 30th of June, Sarah Good, Rebeka Nurse, Susannah Martin, Elizabeth How, and Sarah Wilder, were brought to trial; all were found guilty and sentenced to death, except Nurse, who was a church member, and acquitted by the jury. At this the "afflicted" children fell into fits, and others were aggravated; and the popular dissatisfaction was so great, that the court sent them back to the jury-room, and they returned shortly, with a verdict of guilty against Nurse, too. The Reverend Mr. Noyes, of Salem, excommunicated Nurse—delivered her to Satan, and then they all were led out to die. The minister Noyes told Susannah Martin that she was a witch, and knew it, and she had better own it; but she refused, and told him that "he lied," and that he knew it, and "that if he took away her life, God would give him blood to drink;" which curse is now traditionally believed, and that he was choked with blood. They were hanged protesting their innocence and there was none to pity them.

On the 5th of August, a new batch were "haled" before the court—the Rev. George Burroughs, John Proctor and his wife, John Willard, George Jacobs, and Martha Carrier. Burroughs was disliked by some of the clergy, for he was tinctured with Roger Williams's ideas

of religious freedom, and he was particularly obnoxious to Mather; besides, he had spoken slightly of witchcraft, and had even said there was no such thing as a witch. Willard had been a constable employed in seizing witches, and, becoming sick of the business, had refused to do it any more; the children at once cried out that he, too, was a witch. He fled for his life, but was caught at Nashua, and brought back. Old Jacobs was accused by his own granddaughter, and Carrier was convicted upon the testimony of her own children. They were all convicted and sentenced.

After the sentence, the girl, Margaret Jacobs, who had been particularly useful in the conviction of Burroughs and her grandfather, came to Burroughs, and confessed with many tears that she was a wicked liar and coward. She also wrote to the court, endeavoring to undo what was done, saying: "The Lord above knows I knew nothing in the least measure how or who afflicted them [the bewitched]: they told me, without doubt, I did, or else they would not fall down at me; they told me if I would not confess, I should be put down into the dungeon, and would be hanged, but if I would confess, I should have my life; the which did so affright me, with my own vile wicked heart, to save my life, that it made me make the like confession I did, which confession, may it please the honored court, is altogether false and untrue. * * * What I said, was altogether false against my grandfather and Mr. Burroughs, which I did to save my life, and to have my liberty."

It did not avail; and all but Mrs. Proctor saw the last of earth on the 19th of August—they were hanged on Gallows Hill.

Minister Burroughs made so moving a prayer, closing with the Lord's prayer, which it was thought no witch could say, that there was some fear lest the crowd should hinder the hanging. As soon as he was turned off, Mr. Mather, from his horse, addressed the people, to prove to them that he was really no minister, and to show how he must be guilty notwithstanding his prayer; for the devil could change himself into an angel of light. When he was cut down, he was dragged by the rope to a hole among the rocks, and thrust in with Willard and Carrier, and half buried in a hurried way.

"By these things," said Mather, "we see what the devils could have power to do, should the great God give them that power."

On September 9th, six more received sentence of death. On September 17th, nine more. The juries cleared *none* who were tried. "I meet with but one person, in near a hundred, whose examinations are upon file," says Hutchinson, "that was dismissed after having been once charged."

Giles Cory had refused to plead to the charge against him; what could then be done with him? It was found that for this, by some sort of a law, he might be pressed to death. So on the 16th of September, just as the autumn tints were beginning to glorify the earth, he was laid on the ground, bound hand and foot, and stones were piled upon him, till the tongue was pressed out of his mouth; "the sheriff with his cane forced it in again, when he was dying." Such cruel things did fear—fear of the devil—lead these people to do. He was the first and last who died in New England, in this way.

On the 22d of September, eight of the sentenced were carted up Gallows Hill and done to death, amidst a great concourse of men, women, and children from the neighboring villages, and from Boston. The victims went crying and singing, dragged through lines of terror-stricken or pitying people; some would have rescued them, but they had no leaders, and knew not how to act—so that tragedy was consummated. And the Reverend Mr. Noyes, pointing at them, said, "What a sad thing it is to see eight fire-brands of hell hanging there!" Sad, indeed!

Nineteen had now been hung; one was pressed to death; eight were under condemnation; a hundred and fifty were in prison, and two hundred more were accused by the "afflicted." Some fifty had acknowledged themselves witches, of whom not *one* was executed.

"By these things you may see how the matter was carried on; chiefly by the complaints and accusations of the afflicted, and then by confessions, etc. Yet, experience shows, that the more there were apprehended, the more were still afflicted by Satan."

It was now October, and this mischief seemed to be spreading, like fire among the dry grass of the prairies; and a better quality of persons were beginning

to be accused by the bewitched. The contagion was spreading in Andover, and various persons were accused. "A worthy gentleman of Boston," Mrs. Carey of Charlestown, Philip English and his wife, Mrs. Justice Bradstreet, the wife of the Rev. Mr. Hale of Beverly, and even the lady of Governor Phips, who had shown a tender-heartedness to some prisoner, were accused by the bewitched. English and his wife, and some others, fled to New York; for they did not feel themselves safe within the jurisdiction, and their estates were seized by the sheriff. "The worthy gentleman of Boston" sent down and began suits against the witches for defamation, and put his damages high, which surprised them much. But these accusations made people consider, and many began to think that they had been going on too fast. "The juries changed sooner than the judges," and they sooner than the clergy. "At last," says one of them, "it was evidently seen, that there must be a stop put, or the generation of the church of God would fall under that condemnation." In other words, the better class of church members were in danger!

At the January session, only three were convicted, and they were reprieved; whereat the Chief Justice arose and said, in anger—"The Lord be merciful to this country!" In the spring, Governor Phips, being about to leave the country, pardoned all who were condemned, and the jails were delivered. The excitement subsided as rapidly as it had arisen, but the evil work was done.

There are some people yet, who think the devil must have been busy at Salem. For their sake, and for the sake of truth, let us see a little upon what testimony these persons were convicted of witchcraft and put to death, and what could have induced others to confess themselves witches. We have read what Margaret Jacobs said. Tituba, the Indian woman, who was first accused by Parris's children, said that her master (the Rev. Mr. Parris) "did beat and abuse her to make her confess." At the time of John Willard's trial, when the Reverend Mr. Willard, of Boston, came into the court, one began to cry out against him, "Willard! Willard!" but, being told that it was a mistake, she desisted, and was sent out of court. Two of Martha Carrier's sons would not confess that they were witches—made

so by their mother—"till they were tied, neck and heels, till the blood was ready to come out of their noses." The minister Burroughs had been a minister in Salem, where he had had some difficulties, but was, on the whole, "a man of unimpeachable character." In looking over the testimony against him, even as elaborated by Mather (*Wonders of Invisible World*, pp. 33 to 39), one can but be struck with its trivial and unreliable character. It would be insufficient, now, to convict a chicken-stealer of theft; and some of it was drawn out of the children by repeated leading questions—as to his presence at their witch meetings—which they at first denied, but afterward said "yes" to, when they found it was expected of them. The Reverend Mr. Parris, at whose house the trouble began, was very active in putting questions and taking down depositions; and he seems to have made it a personal matter, to sustain the delusion which his children and he had set on foot.

It certainly seems passing strange, that so many persons should have been willing to confess that they were witches; but the wonder vanishes when we discover that many were led to do it by threats of being accused if they did not, and promises of safety if they would acknowledge that they were. And, it should be remembered, that not one of those who confessed they were witches, was proceeded against. Nobody was safe, and the most certain security was either to be bewitched or to confess to being a witch.

Six women of Andover were brought to confess that they were witches, whose good characters were afterward certified to by fifty-five of the leading citizens there. They made a statement as to what influences were used with them—they having been accused of afflicting Mrs. Ballard. Their relatives, they said, begged of them to confess, in order to save their lives; and the suggestion was strengthened by "some gentlemen, they telling us that we were witches, and they knew it, and we knew it, which made us think it was so; and, our reason, our faculties almost gone, we were not capable of judging of our condition." "And, we hearing that Samuel Wardwell had renounced his confession, and was quickly after condemned and executed, some of us were told we were going after Wardwell."

The infatuation, cruelty, and disregard of even the forms of justice, and the rules of evidence, were so great, that Judge Saltonstall left the bench, and refused to have any more to do with the matter. There were some who resisted the superstitious fear after it was begun, of whom were the Rev. Samuel Willard, the Rev. Mr. Moodey, Thos. Danforth, Simon Bradstreet, Increase Mather, and the merchant, Calef. But it was a dangerous thing to do; for the Bible was clearly against them, and the witch of Endor and Moses's law forbidding a witch to live (*Exodus xxii. 18*, and other texts), were triumphantly cited against them, and they were suspected, if not accused directly, of Sadduceeism and infidelity. The power and malignity of the devil had been so sedulously preached, that the whole people, for the time, were frantic with fear, and were capable of any cruelty and injustice. Whatever blame may be laid to the actors in this sad affair, it attaches most to the magistrates and ministers, who, by a little firmness, could have withstood it at the outset. Some joined actively in pushing it on, and the rest yielded to them; and it at last became too strong to resist, and goodness, truth, and manhood were, for a time, in peril.

But all, at last, became sick of it—the excess cured itself—and the reaction was great. They had been panic-struck with terror of the devil—had endeavored to drown it in blood—and then loathed themselves for what they had done. It is safe now to repeat what the wisest then said—that the whole thing was begun by the tricks of some children—it was fostered by the parents—and the children, being excited with their own importance, and with fear at what they had done, went on with it to do more; they were joined by grown-up people, who feared for their lives, or wished to gratify their spite. The results were death and suffering to many poor women. Hardness of heart and cruelty increased—religion was disgraced, and ministers were brought into contempt, and justice was sneered at. During the time that the children were "afflicted," they slept well at night, had good appetites, and were perfectly well. Nothing was done against them, for the people were exhausted. Many were ruined by it, and fell into vicious courses.

With tears, some persons regretted the part they had taken in this dreadful tra-

gedy, and made such reparation as they could; among whom were the Rev. Mr. Noyes, the Rev. Mr. Hale, Judge Sewall, and twelve of the jurymen. Judge Sewall stood up in church, at Boston, on a fast day, and asked forgiveness of God and the people. The Rev. Mr. Parris found his people would have no more of his preaching; he begged hard to be allowed to stay, but they would have him no longer. Cotton Mather was hooted at by boys, and pelted with stones; and his reputation, in Massachusetts, never recovered from the just judgment of the people.

This misery it may be well to remember, for it grew out of an unwise and superstitious curiosity about devils and spirits, and became cruel and bloody through an epidemic fear—both of which may again recur; indeed, the former belief has been pressed upon us in our own day. One thing is often said, namely, "That it makes no difference what people believe." The belief out of which the Salem cruelties grew, is a proof that a false belief is sometimes deadly; and we are bound to protest against any theory of spirits presented upon shallow proof.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE AS A FAMILY MAN.*

THE volumes, of which the title is given below, contain a very valuable contribution to the biography of the Bonaparte family, especially of Napoleon—the founder of its greatness. Many of the letters are extremely dry—of little interest, except to the military tactician; but the correspondence, taken as a whole, sheds a clear and distinct light upon the character of Napoleon, the author of most of the letters. In the unreserve of confidential business communications, in which he deemed it for his interest to speak the simple truth, the great tyrant shows himself neither disguised in the fine sentiments with which he used often in his public exhibitions to wrap up his sovereign selfishness, nor tricked out in that stage tinsel and those counterfeit jewels, in which so many of his imaginative admirers delight to present him to us clothed with the character of a self-sacrificing patriot and philanthropist, and adorned with all the virtues.

Joseph, Napoleon's elder brother, died in 1844, leaving behind him a large collection of papers, which he gave, by his will, to Joseph Napoleon, eldest son of his second daughter, and the princess Zenaïde, who had married the eldest son of Lucien, the third brother of the Bonaparte family. These papers con-

sisted of a short memoir of Joseph, written by himself, coming down, however, only to 1808, and of the letters contained in the present collection, and many others which Joseph had, with difficulty, preserved. For some years they had remained buried in the earth in a wood in Switzerland, to which country Joseph had retired on the first downfall of Napoleon, and some few words in some of them became illegible from the dampness of this place of concealment, in which Joseph had left them when he proceeded to join Napoleon in Paris, and to aid him in the short career of his second reign. Afterwards, they were brought to this country, to which Joseph retired after the battle of Waterloo; and after Joseph's death, through the agency of Mr. C. J. Ingersoll, (as he boasts in his *Historical Sketch of the recent war between America and Great Britain*), they were deposited for four years in the mint at Philadelphia, till the legatee came of age to claim them, which he did in October, 1849.

The publication of the *Memoires et Correspondance Politique et Militaire du Roi Joseph*, which extend to eleven volumes, and of which the most interesting part is derived from those papers, was commenced in 1853, at Paris, and

* *The Confidential Correspondence of Napoleon Bonaparte with his brother Joseph, some time King of Spain.* Selected and translated, with explanatory notes, from the "*Memoires du Roi Joseph.*" 2 vols.

was completed in 1855, under the superintendence of M. A. du Casse, aid-de-camp to Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, son of Jerome, the youngest and only surviving brother of Napoleon. This work begins with Joseph's autobiographical fragment—a short but interesting document—to which are subjoined the letters to and from Joseph, written during the period embraced in it. The editor then gives, in successive chapters, a narrative of the public events with which Joseph was mixed up, subjoining to each chapter the letters of corresponding dates. The only deviation from this plan is, that the history of the negotiations of Luneville and Amiens, at which Joseph was the representative of France, is reserved for the eleventh volume, where they are related much in detail.

The volumes in English, now under consideration, contain only Napoleon's letters, with occasionally a few others, inserted for the sake of illustration—the chapters in which, as in the French work they are arranged, being headed by a very brief statement of the events of the successive periods to which they relate. Such is the history of these letters, which it is singular that the English translator has not given, by way of preface or introduction.

The correspondence of the two brothers, prior to 1787, was lost. Some letters, written between 1787 and 1795, were among the manuscripts left by Joseph; but these the French editor has suppressed, on the ground of their want of interest. One would like, however, to see them, as they might throw some light on Napoleon's earliest political opinions. The series of published letters dates from May 23d, 1795, Napoleon being then at Paris.

The three elder brothers of the Bonaparte family, Joseph, Napoleon, and Lucien, from the circumstance of having been educated, as well as their eldest sister, in France, had become entirely French. When they returned to Corsica, they had even forgotten their mother tongue. It was natural, therefore, that, when Paoli, in consequence of the excesses of the French Revolution, put himself at the head of a counter movement, that looked to a separation of Corsica from France, the Bonapartes should adhere to the French side, especially as Napoleon held a commission in the army, and Joseph in the civil

administration; and as the narrowness of their family fortune compelled them to look to government service as a resource.

Whatever might have been the precise political opinions of the two elder brothers, or their motives in adhering to France, Lucien, as we know from his own account of himself, in his published memoirs, was a decided enthusiast for the Revolution; and though, in 1792, only eighteen years of age, an active, ardent, and loquacious member of the popular society of Ajaccio. Indeed, it is well known, that he so far adhered to his youthful opinions, as to have remained a republican even under the empire. Of the history of the Bonaparte family at this period, by far the fullest and most authentic account is contained in Lucien's memoirs, though Joseph adds, also, some interesting facts.

It has been said, that Napoleon was, at one time, a violent Jacobin. This, however, is not so clear. The revolutionary ardor was never so violent in Corsica as in Paris, and it was in Corsica that Napoleon appears to have spent much of the first years of the Revolution. He was absent from Paris during the most violent times. He was in Corsica in 1788; after that, he was at Valence with his regiment. He was again in Corsica in 1790—at the return of Paoli, in 1791—at the death of Mirabeau, and probably the larger part of the following year. He was in Paris, however, at the fall of the monarchy, and an eye-witness of the famous 10th of August; but he returned soon after to Corsica, and, on the organization of the national guard of the island, he was made *chef de bataillon*, or lieutenant colonel in it, and in that capacity was engaged in Admiral Truget's unsuccessful expedition against Sardinia. Having returned, after the failure of that expedition, to Corsica, he remained there till the family was compelled to fly, in April or May, 1793, in consequence of refusing to join in Paoli's counter revolutionary movement. They found refuge in Marseilles, and almost their sole resource, at this time, was Napoleon's pay as captain of artillery, to which rank he had risen.

Joseph proceeded to Paris, to obtain, from the Convention, forces for the recovery of Corsica; but, on the surrender of Toulon to the English, the corps

of six thousand men destined for this service, and to which Napoleon was attached, was sent to aid in besieging that city. The commander of the artillery before Toulon being too old for service, the battering operations soon passed under the management of Napoleon, and his talent and knowledge thus exhibited, laid the foundation of his military fame. His services in the capture of the city were rewarded with the rank of chef de brigade, and he received a command in the army of the Alps, principally through the favor of the younger Robespierre, then acting in the south of France as commissioner from the Convention. Napoleon's headquarters were at Nice, and the family, to be near him, took a house near by,—Joseph, however, and Lucien, being employed, the one at Marseilles, the other at St. Maximin, in the commissary department. Lucien states, in his memoirs, that Napoleon, while at Nice, was strongly urged, at a time when he, Lucien, was on a visit to his brother, to go to Paris to take the command of the troops of the Convention in place of Henriot; that is, to play for Robespierre the same part of putting down opposition by force, that some fifteen months later he played for Barras and the Directory. He declined this invitation, and very soon after the revolution of Thermidor sent Robespierre to the guillotine. As a protégé of the younger Robespierre, Bonaparte fell under the suspicion of the new Thermidorian commissioners, and probably it was from this circumstance, and perhaps, in some measure, from confounding him with Lucien, that he is sometimes represented as having been a red republican. For a while he was even under arrest—at least, his papers were seized; but he soon obtained his liberty, and served out the campaign, at the conclusion of which, he and the family returned to Marseilles. Napoleon himself, before long, proceeded to Paris; but exactly when, or under what circumstances, does not clearly appear. Most, or all, of his biographers give an account of his position at Paris at this period, which is by no means borne out by his own letters, printed in this collection, and beginning May 23d, 1795. Lucien Bonaparte, Bourrienne, and the Duchess of Abrantes, all represent Napoleon as, at this period, almost or quite in distress—unable to get employ-

ment—refusing to serve in the Vendée, and on that account struck from the list of general officers, and driven, by his necessities, to a wild scheme of going to Turkey, for which he vainly solicited an appointment; and as having been suddenly raised from obscurity and poverty by being selected by Barras to command on the day of the Sections. This latter statement is abundantly refuted by these letters; and if Napoleon was reduced to the straits in which, partly, doubtless, for the sake of the contrast, his biographers delight to place him, it must have been in that short part of his residence at Paris which precedes the commencement of this correspondence. With that "good fortune" for a long time so favorable to the Bonaparte family, and which Napoleon remarks, in a letter to be presently quoted, "had never yet deserted him," just as his own position became somewhat precarious, Joseph had placed himself in a condition of independence, by marrying Mademoiselle Clary, the daughter of a rich merchant at Marseilles. In the very first letter of this collection, Napoleon shows himself on the look out to purchase for his brother, with a part of his wife's fortune, an estate near Paris; rather, it would appear, a scheme of his own than of Joseph's—thus, at his first appearance, taking the lead, and dragging Joseph along, as he does throughout this entire collection of letters.

In this first letter, May 23, 1795, he writes:

"France is not to be found abroad. Living about in sea-ports, is rather after the manner of an adventurer, or of a man who has his fortune to make. If you are wise, you have only to enjoy yours."

Unluckily for Joseph, he was not wise enough to consider his fortune as made, nor was Napoleon always the giver of such judicious advice. A month later, June 23d, 1795, Napoleon writes:

"I am engaged as general of brigade in the army of the West, but not in the artillery. I am ill—which forces me to take a furlough of two or three months. When my health is re-established, I shall see what I can do."

"July 19th, 1795. No news from you yet, though it is more than a month since you left me. [It appears from this, that Joseph had paid him a visit in Paris.] Junot's servant, Richard, who went in charge of my horses, has been taken prisoner by the Chouans, twelve miles from Nantes. Horses here are above all price. The one that I gave to you [this does not look

like extreme poverty] is worth five times what it cost me; take care of it. Junot is here, leading the life of a jolly companion, and spending as much as he can of his father's money."

So much for Junot—who is represented by his wife, in her memoirs, as helping Napoleon to live, by sharing with him such remittances as he obtained from home, through his mother; and so much for the story of Napoleon's being deprived of his rank because he refused to serve in Vendée. Now for the other story of his vainly soliciting, in lack of some other employment, a mission to Turkey:

"August 20th. I am attached, for the present, to the topographical board of the Committee of Public Safety for the direction of the armies. I replace Carnot. If I ask it, I can be sent to Turkey, as general of artillery, commissioned by the government to organize the Grand Seigneur's artillery, with a good salary, and a very flattering diplomatic title. I would have you appointed consul, and Villeneuve [unmarried to a sister of Joseph's wife] accompany me as engineer; you say M. Danthome [married to another of the demoiselles Clary] is there already; therefore, before a month is over, I should arrive in Genoa, we should go together to Leghorn, where we should embark; considering all this, will you purchase an estate? I shall take with me five or six officers. I will write you more in detail to-morrow. The resolutions of the Committee of Public Safety, appointing me director of the armies and of the plans of the campaign, have been so flattering to me, that I fear that they will not let me go to Turkey; we shall see. Continue to write to me as if I were going to Turkey."

"August 25th, 1796. I am overwhelmed with business from one o'clock in the afternoon. At five o'clock I go to the committee, and work from eleven in the evening till three o'clock the next morning."

"Sept. 5th. The committee have decided that it is impossible for me to leave France during the war. I am to be reappointed to the artillery, and I shall probably continue to attend the committee."

"Sept. 26th. My mission is talked of more than ever; it would have been settled by this time, if there were not so much excitement here; but there is now some disturbance, and embers which may burst into flames. It will be over in a few days."

How these disturbances ended, and the result on Napoleon's fortunes, we shall presently see. Meanwhile we may note the flat contradictions as to Napoleon's position for weeks previous to the Day of the Sections, as exhibited in his letters written at the moment, and as set forth by the recollections, years afterwards, of persons who might be supposed to have known the truth, and who, no doubt, intended to tell it—contradictions which form one, among ten thousand other proofs, how slippery

mere recollection is. What was written at the very time, forms the best, and, indeed, only very reliable basis of history.

There are quite a number of references in these letters to Napoleon's fancy for Mademoiselle Eugénie Desirée Clary, sister of Joseph's wife, and his disposition to marry her. There is every indication that at this time he was decidedly a lover, and not being very successful, rather a moping and melancholy one. Thus he writes:

"May 23d, 1795. Remember me to your wife, to Desirée, and to all your family."

"June 25th, 1795. I will execute your wife's commission immediately. Desirée asks me for my portrait. [Your in the translation, but that is wrong; it is *mon* in the French.] I am going to have it painted. You will give it to her if she still wishes for it; if not, keep it for yourself. In whatever circumstances you may be placed by fortune, you know well, my friend, that you cannot have a better or a dearer friend than myself, or one who wishes more sincerely for your happiness. Life is a flimsy dream, soon to be over. If you are going away, and you think it may be for some time, send me your portrait; we have lived together for so many years, so closely united, that our hearts have become one; you best know how certainly mine belongs to you. While I write these lines, I feel an emotion which I have seldom experienced. I fear it will be long before we shall see each other again, and I can write no more."

The above letter was written to Joseph; but it has much the sound of being meant in part, at least, for Mademoiselle Clary. Napoleon's great anxiety to buy an estate for his brother near Paris, was, perhaps, partly prompted by his desire to get that lady near him. Possibly the sickness that prevented him from joining the army of the West, was partly love-sickness, and unwillingness to leave Paris till this matter was settled. He writes:

"July 7th, 1795. I have had no news of you since you went. [Joseph, to be nearer Corsica, had recently gone to Genoa, where he had been joined by his wife and her sister.] To reach Genoa the river Lethe must be crossed—for since she has been there Desirée writes me no longer."

"July 18th, 1795. Luxury, pleasure, and the arts are reviving here in a wonderful manner. Yesterday they acted Phédre at the opera-house, for the benefit of a former actress; the crowd was immense from two o'clock in the afternoon, although the prices were trebled. Equipages and dandies are re-appearing, or rather they remember their period of eclipse only as a long dream. Libraries are formed, and we have lectures on history, chemistry, botany, astronomy, etc. We have heaped together here all that can make life amusing. Reflection is banished.

How is it possible to see the dark side of things, when the mind is constantly whirled about in this giddy vortex? Women go everywhere—to the theatres, to the public walks, to the public libraries; you find beauties in the philosopher's study: here, more than in any other country, do women claim to hold the helm. Indeed, all the men are mad about them: they think only of them, and live only for and through them. A woman does not know her value, or the extent of her empire, till she has spent six months in Paris."

"July 19th. No letter from you yet. I have not heard, either, from Desirée, since she has been in Genoa. You will make use, I suppose, of your visit to Genoa, to send home our plate and valuables. I long to hear from you, and for tidings of all your circle. Love to your wife, whom I desire earnestly to meet in Paris, where life is much happier than at Genoa. This is the place where an honest and prudent man, who cares only for his friends, may live just as he likes—in perfect freedom."

"July 25th. I am appointed general in the army of the West, but my illness keeps me here. I expect more detailed accounts from you. I suppose that you purposely avoid telling me anything of Desirée. I do not know whether she is still alive. Your letters are very dry; you are so prudent and laconic that you tell me nothing. When will you return? Good-by, my dear friend; health, gaiety, happiness, and pleasure to you. I have sent you letters from Mariette, Freron, and Barras, introducing you to the *chargé des affaires* of the republic."

"July 30th, 1795. You will receive with this letter the passport you asked for. To-morrow you will have a letter from the Committee of Foreign Affairs to our minister in Genoa; he is asked to give you all the help that you may want. I suppose that when you wish to return, you will let me know. You will probably be made a consul in Italy. If I go to Nice [he had intimated in a previous letter that he might be re-appointed to a command in the army of the Alps] we shall meet, and Desirée likewise. This great nation gives itself up to pleasure—balls, theatres, women (and ours are the finest in the world), are the great business of life. Ease, luxury, fashion have all reappeared; the Reign of Terror is remembered only as a dream."

"Aug. 1st. You never tell me anything of Mademoiselle Eugénie, nor of the children that you ought to be expecting; you are strangely forgetful of your duty in that respect. Pray let us have a little nephew. You must make a beginning. Julie would make an excellent mother; you deprive her of the greatest happiness of life—nursing, and bringing up one's children. What are you doing at Genoa? What is said there? How are you amusing yourself? I should think that it must be a very different place from this, which is the centre of science, pleasure, art, and civil liberty. A new play was acted to-day, entitled *Fabius*; I will send it to you when it is printed. Adieu, my dear friend; I wish you happiness, freedom from care, courage, and friendship. My compliments to Julie, and say something to the silent lady."

"Aug. 9th. I have received a letter from Desirée, which seems to be very old; you never told of it. We got on very well here, and are very happy. It appears as if every one wanted to make up for past sufferings, and the uncertainty of the future prompts people

to enjoy unsparingly the present. Good-by, my dear friend; be cautious as to the future, and satisfied with the present; be gay; learn to amuse yourself. As for me, I am happy. I only want to find myself on the battle-field; a soldier must win laurels, or perish gloriously."

"Aug. 12th. Let me often hear from you. You contrive never to tell me anything; you keep me so ill-informed, that I know not whether to decide upon going to the south or the north. Is it a want of tact, or of interest on your part? Yet it is impossible for me to doubt either your intelligence or affection. This town is always the same—always in pursuit of pleasure, devoted to women, to the theatres, balls, the public walks, and the artists' studios."

"Fosch [their mother's half-brother, not many years older than Joseph and Napoleon—afterwards cardinal] seems to wish to return to Corsica, after the peace; he is always the same, living in the future, sending me letters of six pages about some subtilty no broader than a needle's point; the present is no more to him than the past; the future is everything. As for me, little attached to life, contemplating it without much solicitude, constantly in the state of mind in which one is on the eve of the day before a battle—feeling that while death is always amongst us, to put an end to all, anxiety is folly; everything joins to make me defy fortune and fate. In time, I shall not get out of the way when a carriage crosses. I sometimes wonder at my own state of mind. It is the result of what I have seen, and what I have risked. Good-by, dear Joseph."

"Sept. 3d. The estate nine leagues from Paris, which I thought of buying for you, was sold yesterday. I had made up my mind to give 1,500,000 francs for it, [in assignats, that is, worth about thirty for one] but, strange to say, it went for 3,000,000."

"Sept. 5th. National property, and confiscated estates are not dear, but those belonging to individuals go for extravagant prices. If I stay here [in an extract from this letter, already given, he had announced the decision of the committee, that he could not be spared to go to Turkey, but must remain in France during the war] it is possible that I may be fool enough to marry. I wish for a few words from you on the subject. Perhaps it would be well to speak to Eugénie's brother. Let me know the result, and all shall be settled."

"Sept. 6th. There is no fear for the constitution; [the directorial constitution of the year 3] it will be accepted unanimously; the only cause of alarm is the decree retaining two-thirds of the convention. I shall remain in Paris, chiefly on your business. Whatever happens, you need fear nothing for me; all honest people are my friends, to whatever party they may belong. [This refers to the royalist reaction, already referred to in some of the previous letters, and the agitation in Paris, that led, shortly after, to the day of the Sections. It is to be noticed, by the way, that throughout this entire correspondence, Napoleon always assumes that all "honest men" are his friends, and that all his enemies are rascals.] Continue to write to me fully; tell me your plans; manage my business so that my absence may not interfere with my wishes. I am writing to your wife."

"You know well that I only live to give pleasure to my friends. If my wishes are rewarded by the good fortune which has yet

never failed me. I shall be able to make you happy, and to fulfill all your wishes.

"I shall have three horses to-morrow, which will enable me to drive about a little, and get through all my businesses.

"Adieu, dear Joseph: amuse yourself; all goes on well; be gay: think of my affairs, for I am fool enough to wish to keep house. As you are not here, and are determined to remain abroad, the affair with Eugenie must either be concluded, or broken off. I wait impatiently."

"Sept. 8. I wrote yesterday to your wife, dear Joseph; she must have received my letter. Some of the sections in Paris are disturbed by the spirit of insurrection: it is the work of some aristocrats, who wish to profit by the exhaustion of the patriots, drive them away, and raise the banner of counter-revolution. But the real patriots—the whole Convention, and the armies, are here to defend our country and our liberty. Nothing will come of it. All is well and quiet here. The partial excitement is not much attended to. I see nothing in the future but what is agreeable. Were it otherwise, one must live in the present. A brave man despises the future."

"Sept. 18th. The government [the Directory] will be appointed immediately. The destinies of France appear to be secure; one of the primary assemblies amused us by asking for a king."

"Oct. 6, 1795.—Vendémiaire, Paris, night of the 13th-14th, 2 in the morning. At last, all is over; my first impulse is to think of you, and to tell you my news. The royalists, organized in their sections, became every day more insolent. The Convention ordered the section Lepelletier to be disarmed. It repulsed the troops. Menou, who was in command, is said to have betrayed us. He was instantly superseded. The Convention appointed Barras to command the military force; the committee appointed me second in command. We made our dispositions, the enemy marched to attack us, in the Tuileries. We killed many of them; they killed thirty of our men, and wounded sixty. We have disarmed the sections, and all is quiet. As usual, I am not wounded.

"P. S. Fortune favors me. My respects to Eugenie and to Julie."

"Oct. 9th. The newspapers will have told you all that concerns me. I have been appointed, by decree, second in command of the army of the interior."

"Oct. 18th. I am general of division in the artillery, and second in command of the army of the interior. Barras is commander-in-chief. One Billon, who, I am told, is an acquaintance of yours, has proposed for Paulette [Pauline, their second sister]. He has nothing. I have written to tell mamma that it is not to be thought of. I will learn more about him to-day."

"Nov. 1st. It is already more than a week since I was appointed commander-in-chief of the army of the interior."

"Nov. 9th. My intervals of leisure are so short, that I can write to you only a line; but Fesch, whom I have desired to write to you, is to give you all the information that may interest you."

"Lucien is appointed commissary of the army of the Rhine. Louis is with me; he is writing to you, I believe. Good-by, dear Joseph. Give my love to your wife, and Desirée."

Of Lucien he had written :

"June 23d. I will do what I can to find a place for him." "July 30th. Lucien has contrived to get himself arrested; a courier, who starts to-morrow, carries an order from the committee of public safety to set him at liberty. [Lucien, who had meanwhile been residing, as a commissary of military supplies, at St. Maximin, near Marseilles, where he had married, gives (in his memoirs) an account of this arrest of his through the growing influence, as he says, of the counter-revolutionary party.] I shall write to Madame Iscard, to desire her to give Lucien some money. I will find a place for him in Paris, before I go." "Sept. 26th. Lucien is on his way hither; if I am still here, I will try to be of use to him." "Oct. 9th. Lucien is to accompany Freron, who starts this evening for Marseilles." "Oct. 18th. Freron, who is at Marseilles, will help Lucien."

The following quotations show the interest which he took in Louis, the fourth brother :

"June 24th. I have not been able to obtain a place for Louis in a regiment of artillery. As he, however, is only sixteen, I shall send him to Châlons, where he will pass his examination, and become an officer in a year's time."

"July 19th. Louis has been five or six days at Châlons sur Marne; he will make himself a man there. He is well inclined; he is learning mathematics, fortification and fencing."

"Aug. 1st. Louis is at Châlons, where he is hard at work. I am well pleased with him."

"Sept. 6. I am pleased with Louis; he answers my expectations; he is good, and of my own making; ardent, talent, health, ability, punctuality, and kindness—he has everything. Write to him, and tell him that you are waiting for him to send you his first drawing, that you may judge of his progress, and that you have no doubt that he will keep his promise to write, as well as Janot does, before the end of the month."

We return now to the regular course of the correspondence :

"Nov. 17th. I hear from you very rarely; you must not, however, be severe with me; you know that my duties, and the constant excitement in which I live, prevent my writing to you regularly; but Fesch ought to do so every day."

"Our family is in want of nothing. I have sent them money, assignats, etc. I shall, perhaps, be able to send for our family. Give me more detailed accounts of yourself, of your wife, and of Eugenie. Adieu, dear Joseph. The only want I feel, is of your society. If your wife were not expecting her confinement, I would try to persuade you to pay Paris a visit shortly."

"Dec. 31st. You need not be uneasy about our family; they are well provided with everything; Jerome [the youngest brother] arrived yesterday with General Angereau. I am going to send him to a school where he will do well."

"You will soon be a consul. Don't be uneasy. If you are tired of Genoa, I see no ob-

jection to your coming to Paris. I can give you an apartment, a table, and a carriage. Onou goes the day after to-morrow. He takes Genoa on his way, and carries some presents from me to your wife. If you do not want a consulship, come hither. You shall choose your place."

"Jan. 11th, 1796. The multiplicity and the importance of my business prevent my writing to you frequently. I am happy and contented. I have sent to our family from 50,000 to 60,000 francs, in money, assignats, and things. I continue satisfied with Louis. He is my aide-de-camp capitaine. Marmont and Junot are my two aides-de-camp chefs de bataillon. Jerome is at school, learning Latin, mathematics, drawing, music, etc.

"I see no objection to Pauletto's marriage, if *le* [General Le Clerc, perhaps, whom Pauline married shortly after] is rich.

"Adieu. Nothing can diminish the interest which I take in all that may please you. Kind remembrances to Julie."

No remembrances are sent in this letter to Eugenie. The last mention of her is in the letter, given above, of Nov. 17th. If, after keeping him dangling so long, either in a spirit of coquetry, or because she could not make up her mind to marry a man she did not like, she enjoyed the glory and satisfaction of giving the commander of the army of Italy a flat refusal, he certainly did not long droop under it; for on the 9th of March following he was married to Josephine. The Duchess of Abrantes (Madame Junot, whom Napoleon mentions in a letter of August 12th as "the young lady of the little flaxen wig," and as talking much of Joseph) insists, in her memoirs, that Napoleon, shortly before his engagement with Josephine, offered himself to her mother, Madame Permont—who had just become a widow—an old friend and school companion of Napoleon's mother, and herself the mother of a large family, including a son of full Bonaparte's age. The duchess says she had frequently heard this story from her mother, who represented herself as having had great difficulty in getting rid of this importunate young suitor. There are three or four brief references in these letters to the Permont family, and in one of Oct. 18th, Napoleon speaks of Madame Permont as having just lost her husband. How much credit is to be given to that lady's boasts, we shall not undertake to decide, remarking only that this is a subject as to which some ladies are apt to amplify a little. At all events, it is plain, from Napoleon's speedy marriage to Josephine, that neither coy maiden nor cruel

widow was able long to keep him a bachelor.

The last letter of this collection, prior to Napoleon's taking command of the army of Italy, displays the same zeal shown in others already quoted, and actively exhibited through the whole correspondence, to feather the nests of "our family," by quartering them on the public. In addition to what is mentioned in this letter, he had already got Villeneuve, Joseph's brother-in-law, struck from the list of emigrants, and had promised, when the storm was over, to have him appointed chef de bataillon of engineers.

"Paris, Feb. 17th. You will certainly have the first consulship that suits you. In the meantime, keep house for yourself in Genoa. Salicetti, who is the commissioner of the government with the army, and Chauvet, who is commissary general, will employ you at Genoa, so as to render your residence there neither expensive nor useless.

"Lucien starts to-morrow for the army of the north: he is made a commissariat officer. Pamolino is here in the commissariat. Ornano is lieutenant in the Legion of Police. [These two persons were maternal relations of the Bonapartes.] Our family is provided for. I have sent to them everything that they can want. Fesch will be well placed here. Salicetti will be zealous in your service. He has been much pleased with me. I wish you to remain at Genoa, unless he employs you at Leghorn. All this is only provisional. You will soon be a consul. Nothing can exceed my anxiety to make you happy in all respects."

The following letters, written while Bonaparte commanded the army of Italy—during which period he wrote some very ardent love letters to Josephine, published many years ago by her daughter Hortense—throw further light on the subject of his family relations:

"Milan, May 14th, 1796. All goes well. Pray arrange Paulette's affairs. I do not intend Freron to marry her. Tell her so, and let him know it, too. We are masters of all Lombardy. Adieu, my dear Joseph; give me news of my wife. I hear that she is ill, which wrings my heart."

"Verona, Aug. 26th, 1796. I am anxious for regular news from Corsica, and to know the state of Ajaccio. [Joseph appears to have been at this time on a visit to Corsica.] My health is fair. Nothing new in the army."

"Milan, Dec. 10th, 1796. We have made peace with Parma. I expect every day to hear that you are the minister there. Come back as soon as you can. Mix yourself up little or not at all with Corsican politics. Arrange our domestic affairs. Let our house be in a habitable state, such as it was, adding to it the apartment of Ignatio, and do the little things that are necessary to improve the street.

"I expect Fesch and Paulette at Milan in a fortnight. As you return by Milan, settle the San Miniato business." [San Miniato was the

name of an estate near Florence, to which the Bonaparte family had some claims.]

"Milan, Nov. 12th. General Duphot will give you this letter. I recommend him to you as an excellent man. He will talk to you about the marriage which he wishes to make with your sister-in-law (Desirée). It will, I think, be a good match for her. He is a distinguished officer."

Napoleon was more successful as an agent than as principal. Desirée was contracted to General Duphot, but before the marriage took place, he was killed in a tumult at Rome, where Joseph was then ambassador. The next year Desirée married General Bernadotte, and became ultimately queen of Sweden, a more permanent, if not so splendid, throne than any to which marriage to a Bonaparte would have raised her. The letters which follow were written during the expedition to Egypt:

"Headquarters on board l'Orient, Toulon Roads, May 19th, 1798. We are just setting sail. I shall not touch at Ajaccio. If Lucien is not elected deputy, he may come hither. [Lucien was elected, and soon became distinguished in the council of 500.] He will always find opportunities here. A frigate sails in a fortnight. I hope you have bought Rise; I should like you to add to it one of the two estates near Roche, in Berry, which you proposed to me, and which I saw on my road, of the probable value of 300,000 or 400,000 francs. I should prefer that of M. de Montigny, which I looked at four years ago for you. Inquire if the title is safe, and write to Junot's father about one or the other. One of these, with Rise, will do."

"Headquarters on board l'Orient, May 25th, 1798. We have joined the convoy from Genoa. We have had good and bad weather, and calms. We are going on steadily for Elba. This evening we pass Bastia; I was not sick on the open sea; pray tell me about my affairs; I sent to you instructions from Toulon."

"P. S. My wife will wait in Toulon, till she hears we have passed Sicily; then she goes to a watering place."

"Headquarters on board l'Orient, May 25th, 1798. The convoy from Civita Vecchia is joining us. That from Ajaccio joined us yesterday. We are in full sail for our destination. I am well. All goes on well here. I am anxious to hear that you have settled my little affairs about Rise, and in Burgundy."

"Headquarters, Malta, May 29th, 1798. General Baragnay d'Hilliers is going to Paris; he was unwell. I use him to carry parcels and flags. I hear nothing from you about Rise and Burgundy. *I write to my wife to come out to me.* Be kind to her if she is near you. My health is good. Malta cost me a cannonade of two days: it is the strongest place in Europe. I leave Vaubois there. I did not touch at Corsica. I have had no French news now for a month."

"CAIRO, July 25th, 1795. You will see in the newspapers the result of our battles, and the conquest of Egypt, where we found resistance enough to add a leaf to the laurels of this

army. Egypt is the richest country in the world for wheat, rice, and pulse. Nothing can be more barbarous. There is no money even to pay the troops. I may be in France in two months. I recommend my interests to you. *I have much domestic distress. Your friendship is very dear to me. To become a misanthrope I have only to lose 'it, and find that you betray me. That very different feelings towards the same person should be united in one heart is very painful.*

"Let me have, on my arrival, a villa near Paris, or in Burgundy. I intend to shut myself up there for the winter. *I am tired of human nature. I want solitude and isolation. Greatness fatigues me. Feeling is dried up. At twenty-nine glory has become flat. I have exhausted everything. I have no refuge but pure selfishness. I shall return to my house, and let no one else occupy it. I have not more than enough to live upon.*

[Napoleon stated, at St. Helena, that he brought from Italy only three hundred thousand francs. According to Bourrienne—and these letters go to confirm his statement—it was not less than three millions; a fortune which was not increased during the expedition to Egypt. That country he left a poorer man than when he entered it.]

"*Adieu, my only friend. I have never been unjust to you, as you must admit, though I may have wished to be so. You understand me. Love to your wife and to Jerome.*"

This letter, or rather a duplicate of it, was intercepted by the English and published in the newspapers; with the omission, however, of those passages of a private and personal nature, placed above in italics. Bourrienne gives it as printed by the English, in his *Memoirs*, with a testimony to its authenticity, and a statement that he saw Napoleon write it, and that it was read to him at the time. As now printed in full, it amply confirms what is stated by Bourrienne, as to Bonaparte's sufferings, in Egypt, from jealousy of his wife, of the effect of which, on Bonaparte, he gives the following account:

"Whilst near the walls of Mesoodiah, on our way to El Airish, I one day saw Bonaparte walking alone with Junot, as he was often in the habit of doing. I stood at a little distance, and my eyes, I know not why, were fixed on him during the conversation. The general's countenance—which was always pale—had, without my being able to divine the cause, become paler than usual. There was something convulsive in his features, a wildness in his look, and he, several times, struck his head with his hand. After conversing with Junot for about a quarter of an hour, he quitted him and came towards me. I never saw him exhibit such an air of dissatisfaction, or appear so much under the influence of some prepossession. I advanced towards him, and, as soon as we met, he exclaimed, in an abrupt and angry tone: 'So, I find, I cannot depend on you. Those women! Josephine! If you had loved me you would, before now, have told me all I have heard from Junot. He is a real friend. Josephine—and I six hundred

leagues from her—you ought to have told me. Josephine!—that she should have deceived me. Woe to them, I will exterminate the whole race of fops and puppies. As to her, divorce! Yes, divorce—public and open divorce. I must write. I know all. It is your fault—you ought to have told me!"

"These energetic and broken exclamations, his disturbed countenance, his altered voice, informed me but too well of the subject of his conversation with Junot. I saw that Junot had been drawn into a culpable indiscretion, and that, if Josephine had committed any fault, he had cruelly exaggerated them. My situation was one of extreme delicacy. However, I had the good fortune to retain my self-possession, and, as soon as some degree of calmness succeeded to this first burst, I replied, that I knew nothing of the reports which Junot might have communicated to him: that, even if such reports, often the offspring of calumny, had reached my ears, and, if I had considered it my duty to inform him of them, I certainly would not have selected, for that purpose, the moment when he was six hundred leagues from France. I also did not conceal how blamable Junot's conduct appeared to me, and how ungenerous I considered it, thus rashly to accuse a woman who was not present to justify or defend herself; that it was no great proof of attachment to add domestic uneasiness to the anxiety already sufficiently great, which the situation of his brothers in arms, at the commencement of a hazardous enterprise, occasioned him. Notwithstanding these observations, which, however, he listened to with some calmness, the word 'divorce' still escaped his lips; and it is necessary to be aware of the degree of irritation to which he was liable when anything seriously vexed him, to be able to form an idea of what Bonaparte was during this painful scene. However, I kept my ground. I repeated what I had said. I begged him to consider with what facility tales were fabricated and circulated; and that gossip, such as that which had been reported to him, was only the amusement of idle persons, and deserved the contempt of strong minds. I spoke of his glory. 'My glory,' he said, 'I know not what I would give if that which Junot has told me should be untrue, so much do I love Josephine! If she be really guilty, divorce must separate us forever. I will not submit to be a laughing-stock for all the imbeciles of Paris. I will write to Joseph, he will get the divorce declared.' Although his irritation continued long, intervals occurred in which he was less excited. I seized one of those moments of comparative calm, to combat the idea of divorce which seemed to possess his mind. I represented to him, especially, that it would be imprudent to write to his brother with reference to a communication which was probably false. 'The letter might be intercepted; it would betray the feelings of irritation which dictated it. As to a divorce, it would be time to think of that hereafter, but advisedly.' These last words produced an effect on him which I could not have ventured to hope for so speedily. He became tranquil; listened to me as if he had suddenly felt the justice of my observations, dropped the subject, and never returned to it, except that, about a fortnight after, when we were before St. Jean d'Acre, he expressed himself greatly dissatisfied with Junot, and complained of the injury he had done him by his indiscreet dis-

closures, which he began to regard as the inventions of malignity. I perceived, afterwards, that he never pardoned Junot for this indiscretion; and I can state, almost with certainty, that this was one of the reasons why Junot was not created a Marshal of France, like many of his comrades, whom Bonaparte had loved less. [He was ultimately made a marshal, though not one of the first eighteen created the day after Napoleon became Emperor.] It may be supposed that Josephine, who was afterwards informed, by Bonaparte, of Junot's conversation, did not feel particularly interested in his favor."

Such is Bourrienne's story; which, however, is to be received with all the large allowances essential in all cases where one undertakes to narrate conversations, and give minute details from memory of what had happened some thirty years before. The fact of Napoleon's sufferings from jealousy is unquestionably established by his letter given above: but Bourrienne's statement as to the time and place at which this sentiment was first excited (if not, indeed, as to the first person to excite it), is contradicted by the irrefragable testimony of dates.

The above conversation with Junot is represented by Bourrienne as having occurred between the 11th and 17th of February, 1799, on the march from Cairo to Syria; whereas, Napoleon's letter to Joseph, emphatically expressing these very small suspicions, is dated at Cairo, July 25th, 1798, more than six months before; and from the letter dated Malta, May 29th, in which he mentions having written to his wife to come to him, it seems probable that, even at that early period, he had heard some gossip about her. It is also worthy of remark, that Hortense, in her collection of Napoleon's letters to Josephine, has published none written during the expedition to Egypt. It would seem, however, that Napoleon was not slow in applying a remedy—such as it was—to his heart, wounded by suspicions of Josephine's fidelity; for the ex-secretary informs us—though, by his error in dates above pointed out, he fails to connect the two things together—that about the middle of September, 1798—that is some six weeks after the jealous letter to Joseph—

"Napoleon caused to be brought, to the house of Elley Bey, half a dozen Asiatic women, whose beauty he had heard highly extolled. However, their ungraceful obesity displeased him [Napoleon never could put up with fat women], and they were immediately dismissed. A few days after, he fell violently in love with Madame Fources, the wife of a

lieutenant of infantry. She was very pretty, and her charms were enhanced by the rarity of seeing a woman in Egypt who was calculated to please the eye of an European. Bonaparte engaged for her a house adjoining the house of Elifey Bey, which we occupied. He frequently ordered dinner to be prepared there, and I used to go there with him at seven o'clock, and leave him at nine.

"This connection soon became the general subject of gossip at headquarters. Through a feeling of delicacy to M. Foures, the general-in-chief gave him a mission to the Directory. He embarked at Alexandria, and the ship was captured by the English, who, being informed of the cause of his mission, were malicious enough to send him back to Egypt, instead of keeping him prisoner. Bonaparte wished to have had a child by Madame Foures, but his wish was not realized."

This incident in Napoleon's life appears to have escaped the researches of his evangelical biographer, the Rev. John S. C. Abbott, who, near the place when it ought to have been mentioned, duty stigmatizes the *liaison* between Nelson and Lady Hamilton, but who can see in Napoleon nothing but an eminent friend of peace, and a model of purity and abnegation of self, worthy of a Presbyterian, if not of a popish canonization. At St. Helena, Napoleon argued ingeniously in favor of a plurality of wives, and though rigid, like the orientals, in his notions of female propriety, and little under the influence of a passion for which perpetual occupation is a pretty certain antidote, yet if we may believe the Duchess of Abrantes, Madame Foures was by no means his only female favorite of that particular sort. A certain M. Charles seems to have been the person fixed upon by gossip as the favored lover of Josephine. The name of Murat was also mentioned, but as he was one of the officers in the expedition to Egypt, where he greatly distinguished himself in contests with the Mamaluke cavalry, he could hardly have been the immediate occasion of Napoleon's painful apprehensions.

That Napoleon's rage against Josephine had in a great measure, if not entirely subsided, previous to his leaving Egypt, may be gathered from the following letter, which, being without date, has been placed in the *Mémoires du Roi Joseph*, and in the English collection translated from them previous to the one given above. This, however, is plainly a mistake, since Louis Bonaparte is referred to in it, as being in France, and Louis, who accompanied his brother to Egypt as an aid-de-camp,

did not leave that country till March 1799.

"Cairo (no date). Calmahat has 100,000 francs in my name, in the Mont de Piété. Tell him to invest the interest, and to spend as little as possible. As for my own plans, I wait for news from Constantinople and from France. If the Congress of Rudolstadt does not end, if the Turks are beaten, we ought to make peace, and to use Egypt to obtain a brilliant and permanent one. *Be kind to my wife, see her sometimes. I beg Louis to give her good advice.* I have received from you only one letter by Le Simple. I hope that Desirée, if she marries Bernadotte, will be happy. She deserves it. A thousand kisses to your wife and Lucien. I send to her a handsome shawl. She is an excellent woman; make her happy."

The shawl sent, was probably a Cashmere; at least Bourrienne mentions having sent from Egypt one of that kind to his wife, which he boasts of as the first Cashmere shawl ever seen in Paris, though we are inclined to suspect that Joseph's wife might have disputed that glory with Madame Bourrienne.

The account which Bourrienne gives of the final termination of this affair, is in sufficient conformity to the conclusions to be drawn from the above letter. That account is as follows:—premising, however, that Josephine, having heard of Napoleon's arrival at Toulon, started off post-haste from Paris to meet him, but missed him, by taking a different route from that by which he was traveling to Paris; of which the consequence was, that when Napoleon arrived in Paris, after an absence of a year and a half, he found his house closed and nobody there to receive him—a sort of damper upon his feelings as a husband and housekeeper, of which nobody can easily form an idea who has not had a similar experience, and very likely, by putting him into ill-humor, to rake open the ashes of past dissatisfactions. Bourrienne says:

"The imprudent communication of Junot at the fountain of Messoodiah will be remembered; but after the first ebullition of jealous rage, all traces of that feeling had apparently disappeared. Bonaparte, however, was still harassed by secret suspicion; and the painful impressions produced by Junot, were either not entirely effaced, or were revived after our arrival in Paris. The recollection of the past, the ill-natured reports of his brothers, and the exaggeration of facts, had irritated Napoleon to the very highest pitch, and he received Josephine with studied coldness, and with an air of the most cruel indifference. He had no communication with her for three days, during which time he frequently spoke to me of suspicions which his imagination converted into certainty; and threats of divorce escaped his lips with no less vehemence than when we

were on the confines of Syria. I took upon me the office of conciliator, which I had before discharged with success. I represented to him the dangers to be apprehended from the publicity and scandal of such an affair; and that the moment when his grand views might possibly be realized, was not the fit time to entertain France and Europe with the details of adultery. I spoke to him of Hortense and Eugénie, to whom he was much attached. Reflection, seconded by his ardent affection for Josephine, brought about a complete reconciliation. After these three days of conjugal misunderstanding, their happiness was never afterwards disturbed by a similar cause."

It was, however, by other causes. Notwithstanding their admiration and affection for each other, Josephine and Napoleon were exceedingly unlike. Josephine's heart was quite too much for her head. Bonaparte's scheming head was always a great overbalance for his natural goodness of heart. He was simple in his tastes and rigidly economical; she was luxurious and excessively extravagant. "What scenes have I not witnessed," says Bourrienne, "when the moment for paying the milliners' bill arrived! She always kept back one half of their claims, and the discovery of this exposed her to new reproaches. How many tears did she shed which might have been easily spared!" The hatred of Pauline, and of the females generally of the Bonaparte family for Josephine, may be readily understood, without supposing that she gave by her conduct any real occasion for it; but it is not so easy to explain, without supposing something objectionable in her conduct, the strong prejudice against her, which appears to have been entertained by Joseph and Lucien, whose reputation for amiability of character is hardly inferior to her own.

Another great source of domestic uneasiness was, that Josephine failed to bear Napoleon any children—a misfortune which led finally to her divorce.

At St. Helena, Napoleon, while giving her great credit in many particulars, accused her of a troublesome and foolish jealousy—and it would seem from the statements of Bourrienne, Josephine's firm friend, though he does not conceal some of her weakness, not without grounds. Indeed, Bourrienne informs us that she went so far as to be jealous of her own daughter, Hortense, and of Napoleon's own sister, Pauline, with not the slightest foundation for it beyond the malignant interpretation

placed by some impudent scandal-mongers upon the just and natural affection which Napoleon felt for those two fascinating young women, of whom he was so near a relative.

Napoleon also intimated at St. Helena, that Josephine, as she could have no children of her own, was desirous of passing off, "by a great political fraud," a supposititious child as hers, in order to furnish an heir to the empire. But to this story Bourrienne gives no credit; on the other hand, he charges a similar and even a more objectionable proposition upon Lucien, which he makes Josephine reject with indignation. But this statement, too, must be taken in connection with the fact, that Bourrienne exhibits throughout his memoirs great hostility to Napoleon's brothers, especially to Lucien, whom, in this connection, he charges with a zeal for making Napoleon an hereditary ruler, a charge not by any means in accordance with Lucien's relations to Napoleon after he became emperor.

The following letter to Joseph, written not long after the reconciliation with Josephine, expresses Napoleon's opinion on certain points of conjugal duty, while, at the same time, it strongly indicates the antipathy he always felt for Madame de Stäel, whom he soon banished from Paris, and made an object of petty persecutions whenever he had an opportunity:

"March 19th, 1800. M. de Stäel is in the deepest poverty, and his wife gives dinners and balls. If you still visit her, would it not be well to persuade her to make her husband an allowance of from 1000 to 2000 francs a month? Or have we already reached the time when not only decency, but duties even more sacred than those which unite parents and children, may be trampled under foot, without the world's being scandalized? Let us give Madame de Stäel the benefit of judging her morals as if she were a man; but would a man who had inherited M. Necker's fortune [M. Necker, however, was still alive, nor did he die till four years after], and who had long enjoyed the privileges attached to a distinguished name, and who allowed his wife to remain in abject poverty, whilst he lived in luxury—would such a man be received in society?"

It may be observed that the Bonapartes were what are called marrying people. The early marriages of Joseph and Napoleon have been already mentioned. Lucien, too, had married (in 1795) still younger than either, the object of his choice being Mademoiselle Boyer, sister of an innkeeper, at St. Maximin, a small

town a few leagues distant from Marseilles, at which Lucien had been stationed in August, 1793, as an officer in the commissariat department. Though without birth or fortune, this young lady had great beauty and amiability, and Lucien lived very happily with her, and had a daughter or two by her. After her death he married, in 1803, at Paris, Madame Jobertau, the widow of a stockbroker. Scandal reports that he had become attached to and intimate with her previous to the death of her husband, who was sent on the St. Domingo expedition (to be presently mentioned), to get him out of the way, and that Lucien, immediately on news of his death, hastened to marry the charming widow, already on the point of becoming a mother. But Napoleon, by this time Consul for life, had no longer any idea of marrying for love. He had little or no objection that Lucien should run away with M. Jobertau's wife, he himself having done the same thing in Egypt. But for Lucien to make an honest woman of her by marriage was, in his opinion, a high-handed outrage against the dignity and prospects of the Bonaparte family. Lucien, as a member of the Council of Five Hundred, in which he had been one of the leading orators, had greatly aided Napoleon in upsetting the Directory on the famous 18th of Brumaire, and raising himself to the head of the executive government as First Consul. Subsequently he served his brother as ambassador to Spain, where he negotiated the retrocession of Louisiana to France. As a member of the Tribunal, and afterwards as a senator, he had even aided him in becoming Consul for life. But his opposition to Napoleon's imperial designs, and his refusal to divorce his wife, with whom he lived very happily, in order to form some princely alliance, brought on a quarrel between the brothers, in consequence of which, Lucien, in 1804, about the time that Napoleon proclaimed himself Emperor, retired to Rome, where he resided as a private citizen during the next six years, surrounded by an increasing family, to which he was greatly attached, and in which he took great pleasure. His eldest son by this second marriage was Charles Lucien Bonaparte, the distinguished naturalist, still alive, and known as the Prince of Canino, who afterwards married Joseph's second and sole surviving daughter and heiress; and it was

to their eldest son that Joseph left all his papers.

Nor was Napoleon any better pleased with the marriage of his eldest sister, first known, while at the school of St. Cyr, as Marianne, afterwards as Christine, and, finally, as Eliza. In the early dawn of the fortunes of the Bonapartes, if not, indeed, previously to their dawning, she had, with her mother's consent, but without asking Napoleon's, married a retired Corsican officer, a Captain Bacciochi—a respectable man, doubtless, or he would not have had her mother's endorsement—but who did not make up by abilities for his lack of family and fortune. How much Napoleon was displeased with this marriage may be seen in the following letter of his sister's, given by Bourrienne:

"AJACCIO, Aug. 6th, 1797.

"GENERAL:—Suffer me to write to you, and to call you by the name of brother.

"My first child was born at a time when you were much incensed against us. I trust she may soon caress you, and so make you forget the pain my marriage has occasioned you. My second child was still-born. Obligated to quit Paris by your order, I miscarried in Germany. In a month's time I hope to present you with a nephew. A favorable time and other circumstances incline me to hope my next will be a boy, and I promise you I will make a soldier of him; but I wish him to bear your name, and that you should be his godfather. I trust you will not refuse your sister's request. Will you send, for this purpose, your power of attorney to Bacciochi, or whomsoever you think fit? I myself will be the godmother. I shall expect, with impatience, your consent.

"Because we are poor, let that not cause you to despise us; for after all you are our brother; mine are the only children that call you uncle, and we all love you more than we do the favors of fortune. Perhaps I may one day succeed in convincing you of the love I bear you.

"Your affectionate sister,

"CHRISTINE BONAPARTE."

"P. S. Do not fail to remember me to your wife, whom I strongly desire to be acquainted with. They told me at Paris I was very like her. If you recollect my features, you can judge."

In the sketch of his early life, with which the *Mémoires du Roi Joseph* commence, Joseph describes his eldest sister as much more like Napoleon, both in person and character, than either of their other sisters.

Napoleon having assumed, May 18th, 1804, the imperial crown, gave to Joseph the title of Grand Elector, and to Louis that of Constable. The next year he transformed the Cisalpine republic into the kingdom of Italy, of which he

made himself king, and Eugene Beauharnais viceroy, and about the same time he converted the republic of Lucca into a principality, to be held as a fief of France, and of which he made his eldest sister and her husband duchess and duke. Three years afterwards, having seized the kingdom of Etruria—originally created by himself while still First Consul, out of the dukedom of Tuscany, for the benefit of a branch of the Spanish Bourbons, in exchange for the retrocession of Louisiana, being the first crown of his manufacture—he gave that country, with the title of Grand Duchess of Tuscany, to his eldest sister, who, under the new name of Eliza, ruled over it with a truly masculine spirit, reviewing her troops in person, and in all respects treating her husband as a mere cypher; and, in fact, there had been no mention of him in her patent of appointment.

Some of the letters already given show Napoleon's interest in finding what he esteemed a suitable husband for Pauline, the second and most beautiful of his sisters, of whom he was very fond—a great coquette, and a woman who claimed the privilege of being her own judge of the proprieties—but with many fascinating, and, indeed, amiable qualities. She was married, with his consent, after he had put his veto on several other suitors, to General Le Clerc, whom, as a means of making his fortune, he sent, after the peace of Amiens, with an army to reoccupy St. Domingo. In that island, and in Guadaloupe, slavery had been abolished by the agents of the Convention, as a means of inducing the blacks to cooperate in preventing the planters from throwing those colonies into the hands of the English. That experiment had succeeded; but, as a consequence of it, Toussaint and other black generals held in those colonies an almost independent authority. No sooner, however, was the peace of Amiens proclaimed, than Napoleon fitted out two fleets and armies, for the purpose, not only of reoccupying these colonies in the name of France, but of re-establishing slavery there, to which possibly his marriage with Josephine—whose sympathies, being herself a creole, were doubtless with the ancient régime of those islands—might, perhaps, have aided to incline him. The command of the expedition against Guadaloupe, with the prospect of proceeding thence

to occupy Louisiana, was offered to Bernadotte, who, however, did not accept it. In a letter from Napoleon to Joseph, Jan. 6, 1802, making this offer, he mentions that "missions to the colonies are desired by the most distinguished generals." The command of the expedition to Hayti was given to Le Clerc, as a "fine opportunity," in the words of Bourrienne, for "filling his purse." Pauline, much against her will, was compelled to accompany the expedition. Le Clerc effected a landing, obtained the submission of the inhabitants by false pretenses, and succeeded in kidnapping Toussaint, who was sent to France, where he died in prison. But soon, with a large part of his troops, he died of the yellow fever, and the intentions of the French having been openly proclaimed, the remnants of the French army only escaped the fury of the insurgent blacks by surrendering to an English naval force.

Pauline, however, did not long remain a widow. She was married, in 1803, to a scion of the noble Italian family of Borghese. This new husband, who had early attached himself to the French interest in Italy, was made, in 1805, a prince of the French empire, afterwards Duke of Guastella, and finally governor-general of the department beyond the Alps, under which name were included Piedmont and Genoa, which had been annexed to France—a government first given to Louis Bonaparte, who was removed from it to be made king of Holland. In this capacity, Prince Borghese fixed himself at Turin, where he and Pauline held a sort of court. He was also an officer in the French army, in which he rose to be a general of division.

Of Caroline, the youngest sister, Napoleon said at St. Helena, that, though she was in childhood the fool and Cinderella of the family, yet that she grew up a clever and beautiful woman. Murat first saw her at the house of her brother Joseph—who, during Napoleon's Italian campaign, was ambassador at Rome—and a mutual attachment was speedily formed between them. Murat, for a time in disgrace with Napoleon, for a fault committed at the siege of Mantua, had greatly distinguished himself in Egypt, and on the 19th of Brumaire had rendered especially good service by heading the grenadiers, that, at the point of the bayonet, drove the

Council of Five Hundred from their Hall of Session, and brought the Directorial government to a close. Soon after he was married to Caroline. According to Bourrienne, Napoleon made some objection, on the ground of Murat's being an innkeeper's son; but he was influenced by Josephine to give his consent, which he did the more readily, as Josephine's interest in promoting this marriage seemed to give the lie to the gossip which represented him as one of the gallants of whom she was too fond. Napoleon, though already First Consul, could only afford his sister a dowry of thirty thousand francs, with one of Josephine's necklaces for a wedding present. The day after he proclaimed himself Emperor, he made Murat a marshal, as he did seventeen others of his principal generals.

In Jan., 1802, Louis Bonaparte married Hortense Beauharnais, a match also brought about by Josephine, and that, too, in spite of the indifference of Louis and the repugnance of Hortense—who was in love with Duroc, afterwards the imperial chamberlain. Josephine hoped thus to strengthen herself against the hostility evinced to her by other members of the Bonaparte family; but this marriage proved an unhappy

one, and after having three children, the parties separated. The eldest son died in infancy. The second grew to manhood, and married Joseph's eldest daughter, but died soon after, as did also his wife. Hortense's third son is the present emperor of France.

Jerome, the youngest brother, whose character was formed after the fortune of the family had been made, was as sad, dissipated, extravagant a dog, as if he had been born an hereditary prince. His brother, whose letters evince a partiality for him, and who, perhaps, liked him none the less for these princely peccadilloes, put him into the navy, and during a visit to the United States in that capacity, in December, 1803, while yet only nineteen, he married Miss Patterson, of Baltimore. Napoleon was very much offended with this marriage, and refused to recognize it; and neither Lucien nor Jerome, on account of their unsatisfactory marriages, were mentioned in the decree which settled the order of succession to the empire.

But here, having raised Napoleon to the imperial throne, and married off all his brothers and sisters, we shall stop to take breath, deferring to another article the account of Napoleon's family relations after he became emperor.

A CHILD'S WISH.

BE my fairy, mother,
Give me a wish a day;
Something as well in sunshine
As when the rain-drops play.

And if I were a fairy,
With but one wish to spare,
What should I give thee, darling,
To quiet thine earnest prayer?

I'd like a little brook, mother,
All for my very own,
To laugh all day among the trees,
And shine on the mossy stone,
To run right under the window,
And sing me fast asleep,
With soft steps and a tender sound,
Over the grass to creep.

Make it run down the hill, mother,
With a leap like a tinkling bell,
So fast I never can catch the leaf
That into its fountain fell.

Make it as wild as a frightened bird,
As crazy as a bee,
And a noise like the baby's funny laugh,
That's the brook for me!

A VISIT TO MY GRANDPARENTS.

I HAD been drawing up a diagram of my family-tree. Not such a tree as we usually see displayed, its single stem rooted in some ancient individual, who, in Old England, is probably some comrade of Norman William, or, in New England, some fellow-religionist of Elder Brewster and Miles Standish; a tree which, branching out into ramification after ramification, becomes a perfect maze of boughs and twigs, on the terminal bud of one of which is the proper place of the proud possessor of this family-chart.

Such a diagram may illustrate the collateral relationship of one's family, but not at all his ancestry. For it shows, at any past generation, but a single ancestor, from whom, in the fourth previous remove, we can derive but one-sixteenth of our descent, while, in the fifth and sixth removes, our interest in him is reduced to one-thirty-second or one-sixty-fourth part. In those generations, respectively, we had sixteen, thirty-two, and sixty-four ancestors and ancestresses, from each of whom we may be presumed to have derived an equal sixteenth, thirty-second, or sixty-fourth part of the traits of person or character, which make up our individuality.

And it is a poor source of satisfaction to know that one descends in a specified arbitrary line—say through eldest sons—from one personage of respectability, while every other progenitor in the same degree may have been a scamp.

If my four grandparents were of the families of Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson, is there any reason why I should attach myself to the pedigree of the Smiths exclusively; because, as I can bear but one name, that happens to be the one which I inherit under certain conventional customs of society? Nothing can be more absurd. The only sensible practice is to reverse the family-tree; and so I did—considering myself the trunk, and my progenitors the roots, at which I had been digging and exploring with much zeal and some satisfaction, by the aid of piles of old faded letters, a couple of family bibles, and a collection of epitaphs, gleaned from the red-sandstone monuments in the old burying-grounds of Connecticut and New Jersey.

It was clear enough that my four grandparents—of four families which

were obscurely active in the revolutionary war, spending their energies, their little fortunes, and some of their lives in the service—bore names of English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh derivation. The next generations were not so distinctly made out; but, among many plain and respectable people of British and Hibernian origin, I found intermingled, names unmistakably Low Dutch, from the early colonists of New Amsterdam; Germans, from immigrants from the Palatinate; and French, from the Huguenot settlers, who came to New York and New Jersey in the seventeenth century. I soon followed back these traces until I found them, as it were, freshly printed on the shores of the ocean, and hit upon clues connecting me across the water with their European localities. Further investigations detected, among my ancestors, a line of English baronets and squires, running back to the time of Edward I.; Scotch and Irish forefathers, whose connections were lost among the forgotten clans of the mountains and the morasses; Swainsons, who were evidently sons of some Sweyn, sea-pirate, from Scandinavia; Alstons, probably descended from a Saxon Athelstan; a Fitzroy, which implied some bend-sinister sort of claim to good blood in an irregular way—but so far back that the romance of the story had survived its scandal; and a dozen other varying patronymics, which, from their etymology, or some known circumstance relating to them, authorized me to believe that in the plaited and inter-twisted skein of my ancestry could I trace threads drawn from almost every nation—from Ireland to Bohemia, and from Norway to the shores of the Mediterranean.

Meditating on the subject, I fell into a mathematical calculation of the number of forefathers and foremothers I had had during a long period, say of five hundred years; and by a simple process, satisfied myself that in the fifteenth previous generation, say A.D. 1346, about the time the Black Prince was campaigning in Picardy, I must have had thirty-two thousand then living progenitors. Of these, most were probably English, though some of them must have been Frenchmen, fighting zealously against my British ancestors; while others were Dutchmen, or farmers on the fertile

fields of Flanders; wild Irish Celts, watching every opportunity to avenge themselves with fire and sword on their English oppressors; or Celts of the Scottish hills, equally hostile to the Saxon, cherishing proud memories of Bruce and Wallace, and, though wroth with many a defeat, yet elated with the fresh glory of Bannockburn.

I began to wonder what share of influence each of these individuals had had on my own person and character; whether, in case any of the happy unions which had contributed to my ancestry had been prevented, I should have been the person I now am, or somebody else, or whether I should not have been at all. Certainly, if my immediate parents had died in childhood, I could not have been; or, even if one of them had survived, and been differently mated, I should not have been *me*, but some other and different person would have come of it. And of course the same argument is equally sound as applying to all previous alliances. I puzzled over this, as some theologians I have heard of have worried over the origin and necessary sequence of things, to reconcile theory with facts, and should, doubtless, have arrived at as clear and useful conclusions as they, but that I gradually dozed and drowsed, until, still thinking of my ancestors, and wishing that I could only go back and see them, I fell, like many other investigators before me, soundly asleep.

And, like many previous investigators, I found my dreams clearer than my waking thoughts, and had all which I had hopelessly desired before.

I walked along the highway, still southeastward, until, on passing the crown of a gentle hill, I looked back, and the spires of Bristol were almost imperceptible in the distance.

A middle-sized, bluff-looking man, in the prime of life, dressed in garments which, by their neat simplicity and substantial texture, indicated for their wearer the pursuits and position of a squire of moderate means, or wealthy farmer, mounted on a stout bay horse, came rapidly up the ascent which I had just surmounted. There was a frankness in his fresh countenance which harmonized with the general style of his equipment, and, despite his plain attire, gave him a little the air of a cavalier; and the hearty greeting with which he saluted me, strengthened the agreeable impression I was forming of him. After

a few words of commonplace remark, concerning the weather, which I found as usual a topic in 1643 as two hundred years later, and especially interesting to my friend, as a considerable proprietor, whose crops were yet out, I inquired if he knew any family of the name of Lawton, in the neighboring part of Wiltshire. "Certainly," said he; "there are half a dozen households of us within two or three parishes, and I believe I am myself the representative of the eldest branch, though the Yorkshire baronet claims that precedence for himself. But who are you, with so peculiar a speech, and such a strange cut of dress, inquiring so familiarly after a name hardly known beyond a single corner of a single county?"

"I am Hugh Lawton," said I; "I have come three thousand miles and two hundred years to find my ancestors. I left Oneida county, in New York, by a means of travel, the rapidity and ease of which you cannot conceive; but I have had a hard journey, nevertheless. Before I arrived half way to tide-water, the car somehow became a coach on a wretched road, and fifty of the last miles I had to do on horseback and on foot through bridle-paths in the forest, till I reached the river and the sloop which brought me to the port. Hence I have come in a wretched little bark, dignified with the name of a Bristol trader, while, since leaving that city, I have been glad to use my own private conveyances, instead of the lumbering wagon in which I was offered a place. But, considering the peculiar nature of my journey, perhaps, I could not have expected better speed. And so you are one of the Lawtons? Are you my sixth ancestor, Robert, or my seventh ancestor, Jervase? and will you take me to your residence, and introduce me to the rest of my relations?"

"Aye," replied he, "the matter is clear enough now. I am Jervase Lawton. Robert, who is, or was, or is to be your sixth progenitor, is a white-headed little fellow, whom you shall see to-night. You are lucky in meeting with me, for more reasons than one; the roads are unsafe, and I am sorry to say all the more so, since his majesty's troops have held the city. You are unarmed, and such weapons as this are necessary companions now to honest men"—and he drew from his holster a long bell-muzzled pistol, with a wheel lock—such

an ancient engine as I had seen in museums of old arms—which he said his ancestor and mine had taken as prizes of war at the capture of one of the Armada.

"Nay," said I, "I am better armed than you, if not so heavily; here is what we shoot each other with in America, and 1850—and I drew from a pocket a little revolver, and handed it to him. He took it with much curiosity; but as it touched his hand, the tiny steel weapon swelled into a great brass-barreled dragoon's pistol, of the tower pattern of 1640. He gave it back into my hand, and its original form. "Indeed," said he, "you are in advance of us; but I see there is no use in our trying to handle your inventions. Come, friend and posterity, my home is but a few miles further in yonder valley. My wife, who is very curious about America, where her grandfather went with Raleigh, will be delighted to see you, and to welcome you to the best that a Wiltshire yeoman's home can offer."

It was near sunset when we reached his substantial residence. A peacock was strutting in the yard, cocks were crowing and fighting on the other side of the hedge, pigeons cooing on the roof; and I thought of the story of Pécopin, and how, after his absence for an hundred years on the devil's hunt, his return was greeted by such familiar sounds. There was really little about the place which differed very much from my own transatlantic home in the nineteenth century, nor from the rural, sequestered parts of England, which I had visited in 1840.

I was received, without any appearance of surprise, by my grandmother in the seventh remove—a pretty woman of thirty, trimly dressed, and followed by four children, among whom I found my lineal ancestor in a stout little fellow of six years, who sat on my knee, and wondered at my thin Geneva watch, and played curiously with a nugget of Californian quartz and gold, which served as a key.

As we sat after our supper on the stone bench at the door, the little river running brightly under its overhanging elms, as did the Oriskany in Oneida, my fair ancestress asked of the colonies in Virginia, where she had cousins, and whither other friends were half inclined to go in these troublesome times. I began to tell her of the old deserted

manors and decayed mansions; of later prosperous towns, busy harbors, and of our federal city, with its marble piles, where meet the representatives from thirty states, and from a population of twenty millions. But her wondering eyes, and some questions about the children of that pretty Mrs. Pocahontas Rolfe, whom her mother once saw in the streets of Bristol, recalled me to the period in which we were, and I acknowledged that her advices from the James River were far more interesting than mine. There was some confusion in our minds, to be sure; yet it was pleasant to hear her stories of her father's adventures, exploring the new country along the Potomac, and to read her cousin's letters, telling of their growing prosperity, of the promising character of the tobacco culture, of the great demand for servants from Africa, and the greater wish for fair wives from England. I thought to have made a memorandum of these things for the benefit of our historians; but, remembering that some of them were already so well informed, that they had not only traced the acts, and explained the motives of men, but had also clearly expounded the designs and *modus operandi* of Providence, during the early period of our nation, I thought it superfluous.

In my turn, I had long narratives to tell of things which to them were yet far in the future. How the grandson of the little fellow on my knee—a Bristol 'prentice—would overstay his employer's leave of absence, and on a sudden resolution go on board the ready ship with his little bundle; how he was to trade and prosper in the new colonies; how he should marry, and have half a dozen stout sons; how one should become a farmer on the shores where then were the Narragansetts' wigwams; another a sea-trader to the still vexed Bermoothes, and the isles of the Western Indies; and others should engage in other busy pursuits, for in that country there would be work enough for all, and none could be idle, or live such quiet, placid lives as in ancestral Wiltshire; how, when the war of separation should break out, many of them would take arms with varying fortune, like that which even now was befalling friends in the civil troubles; how one should meet no worse disaster than to lose his good horse, mixed in the retreat at Monmouth, on such a hot Sunday as

never was in Britain; or to have his coat-tail amputated by a grape-shot on the field of Whiteplains; while others should make desperate defense of their sensible homes against the fierce inroad of the outnumbering enemy;—and the women should the next morning go instep-deep in blood, in the black and trampled redoubt overlooking the smouldering village, to recognize among the slain their relatives of every near degree. How their children would remove still westward into the woods, and how even now in their far future, the homes of my own generation were among hills and valleys fertile as those by the Severn; and such boys as my little ancestor before me; there heard the same nursery rhymes which he knew; and there amused themselves not only as he in Wiltshire, but with such skating and sliding down hills on the snow as he could hardly imagine.

My friends were deeply interested in this my narrative of what was to be, as was I in their tales of the days of James and Elizabeth. But when we came to speak of political topics, they, being inclined to the cause of the church and king, were somewhat scandalized at my account of our government. I was obliged to admit, that whatever roguery and rascality might prevail in their court, and among high personages and their immediate connections, it was confined mainly within those narrow limits; that my own country and time, if we believe the charges of the Outs against the Ins, could furnish parallels to almost any official misconduct; while the universal liberty to hold office in New York and 1850, caused an extent of petty party leagues and combinations, which permeated every grade of society, made the appointment of every minute office in the customs, the post-office, and the judicial and executive departments, the reward of disciplined partisan service, and brought corrupting ambition down to the humblest walks of life, and into the poorest hamlet. My ancestors expressed themselves happy in their quiet and unambitious position, and quoted an old proverb, which I suspected might in later days have been recast and polished by Dr. Johnson into his well-known couplet, asserting, that of all the ills of life, governments or rulers could cause or cure but a small proportion.

We talked, too, of superstitions, and such wild stories as prevailed in commu-

nities more imaginative than those of Massachusetts. My friends were, as I could see, more than half believers in elfin legends; for, showing me in the short sheep pasture on the adjoining hill a circle of brilliant green vegetation, they asked if I did not believe that to be the trace of a fairy assemblage. I could only answer, that I had read in British writers of

“Merry elves their morrice pacing;
Emerald rings on brown heath tracing,”

but knew of nothing of the kind in America. There all the lower and more familiar supernaturalities seemed to have been banished by the full glare of noonday civilization, and not even a jack-o'-lantern remained in sight, lingering and flickering in the rear of his vanished associates. I had to admit that not only the fairies, bogles, and brownies had left us, but that with them we had lost some other imps of great use in a police point of view; for that the researches of some German and New England divines had even driven the devil himself out of sight and out of mind; made his name a joke and by-word, and rendered the popular idea of his awful abode a mere speculative something or nothing, somewhere or nowhere, a shadow, myth, or phantasmic type, existent, semi-existent, or non-existent in the anticipation or the imagination.

A sober curate, for all the world like an Episcopal minister whom I had left in Oneida county, and 1850, had joined us not long before, and had been sitting silently with us, looking with natural suspicion at me—the strange visitor from their hereafter—but my expressions of good will, for all that was orthodox, and much that was superstitious, seemed to assure him and win his confidence. He joined heartily in the conversation, with much learning and imagination; and we pursued our theme—the popular belief, backward, century by century, through reform, Romanism, and primitive Christianity, to the day far previous to that of Augustine, when, as he stoutly maintained, St. Paul landed on the shores of Kent, and there happened, in every Druidic circle, and forest temple, those marvels and portents to which Scott alluded, when he told

“How, when the cross to Britain came,
On heathen altars died the flame.”

Delighted with my friends and rela-

tions, to whom my connection seemed quite as close as to those whom I left at home in the nineteenth century, the evening passed pleasantly, until I retired to a snug chamber under the roof, and, with the fascinating consciousness of being in England and in 1643. and yet a citizen of America and 1850, fell into a heavy slumber.

When I awoke at the familiar cock-crow, I looked around for the objects last seen in the evening; but they had vanished; the neat chamber had changed to a low, timber-built room; the casement window to a small opening, half-closed by a leather curtain; the clean lavender-scented bed to a low couch of wild grass, covered with a deerskin. I closed and reopened my eyes, and endeavored to account for this strange perplexity; and at last rose and went out into the fresh air.

There were the same hills and valley on which I had looked the previous evening; there was the same river running brightly past; but its shores, instead of a few overhanging elms and alders, bore a heavy and dark forest. The cock and his family were parading on the sward; but the house had shrunk into a rude thatched hut, the spaniel was changed into or replaced by a gaunt, rough-coated hound; swine were rooting about among the oaks, and, instead of my companions of the day before, the rural squire and curate, I saw approaching from the river bank, a couple of tall, yellow-haired men, dressed in leggins of leather, bound on with strings curiously crossed, and tunics of strong, coarse blue cloth, ornamented or fastened with broad breaches or fibulæ of silver. They greeted me in a tongue which, though by no means my familiar English, had yet much of its sound and expression; and as by this time I was not to be surprised at anything, it did not strike me as strange, that I perfectly understood their dialect as they did mine.

It soon occurred to me, that I had ~~slipped away~~ the reversed progress of more centuries; and after a little inquisitive conversation with my new acquaintances, I learned that I had indeed gone back a little more than a thousand years, and was with my lineal ancestors, who were living here as frontier settlers of the West Saxons in Wiltun-soire.

I had always felt a strong interest in these old people. Far off as they were

in time, yet I had always thought of them as of my own blood, my own progenitors, honest, stout old heathens and pagans. Often, when heading a note with the familiar Woden's day or Thor's day, I had reverted in thought to those with whom such names were suggestive of something more than mere weekly dates; and I commenced at once an earnest conversation with my hosts, who proved to be related to me in different degrees—one being my thirty-ninth, the other my fortieth progenitor.

My friends were fully disposed to entertain the descendant who had so singularly come among them, and to show all that was to be seen in their vicinity. After a hearty meal of bacon and eggs, tasting and smelling for all the world as savory as in March at home, or as that set before Coningsby and Sidonia, I walked with them to their temple. It was a low, log-built, thatch-roofed edifice, in which they entered without laying aside the bows and short lances which they carried; for they attributed to the immortals qualities which they most admired among their fellows; and worshiped divinities renowned in arms, who were pleased that their devotees approached their altars in martial guise.

So, at least, the elder of my guides told me, when I suggested, that to our more modern ideas, it would seem fitter to leave his weapons at the door. He questioned me somewhat shrewdly as to our practices in the nineteenth century, and I could not deny that most Christian nations consecrated their banners by prayers, which a priest read upon a drumhead; and that the newest species of our orthodox divines had held in their churches missionary meetings, to send advocates of civil and religious liberty to propagate free institutions with weapons incomparably more murderous and deadly than any which his uncivilized mind could conceive.

Standing in the dim interior, my friend pointed out the rude personifications of the sun and moon, to which, in their mysterious revolutions, alternately advancing to bless the land with warmth and light, and retiring to leave it in cold and darkness, men naturally turned in reverence and worship; also the rough, bold features of the majestic Thor, controller of storm and pestilence; the martial figure of the deified Woden; and Freya, uniting the classical types of Venus, Ceres, and Diana.

Perhaps, in my waking hours, I should not be blamed that, in that biological sort of state, I felt an awe and veneration for those rough old deities. My heart seemed instinctively to draw near to them, and to their devotees; and I thought that our Christmas sports, and the green boughs and red berries which hang over the antlers in our halls, were pleasanter and fairer, when, in addition to the usual remembrances and associations of the time, we recall how, two thousand years ago, in the dead of winter, when the sun's path first began to rise higher in the southern sky, and the long night to shorten, our grandparents in their northern homes rejoiced, and celebrated, with festive games, and such simple decorations as they could glean from the forest, the return of their beneficent deity.

I sat cheerfully by the door of the humble temple, conversing with my kinsmen and another who seemed a sort of irregular priest, and who recited to me rhythmic versions of their mythology—mingled stories of mortal bravery and supernatural protection; of deities who overruled the fray, and of immortal maidens who elected the warriors to be slain, and introduced their liberated souls into vast halls, where, at their entrance, ten thousand renowned soldiers and statesmen of other generations arose, pledged them in foaming horns of ale, and, with their multitudinous hoarse voices sounding like the roar of the sea, welcomed their coming.

My thoughts, by a sudden reflection, went back to the church of my childhood—that high, square, thin wooden box, on a windy hill in Connecticut, with its abundance of windows, permitting the passer by to look through and through the edifice at the cold sky and driving clouds behind it—its long range of sheds, or "horse-pews," as an old Dutch parishioner called them, where the blanketed steeds stood until the sleighs were wanted to go home after meeting was out—its white wooden steeple, with whirling vane and dangling lightning-rod. For a moment, in my dream, I went in through the door, into the blank interior, with its spit-boxes, hymn-books, foot-stoves, and high-perched pulpit; I saw the visionary girls chewing caraway seed; and as the shadowy minister arose and opened his book, and I remembered, with a creeping chill, the awful tidings that

my childish ear used to hear there said and sung, I recovered myself, and edged closer to my good old pagan friends, with a feeling of increased attachment for them, and almost for their creed. If not a true, it was a stirring story, and there is enough of the old Adam in all of us who are manly men to answer to its appeals.

My account of some of our modern phases of belief and practice did not seem to please old Ethelwulf and his son, who thought it highly inconsistent that the same theologian, whose received maxims literally prohibited resenting a personal affront, should urge a national or civil war to its hottest flame; and when I gave a mild version of what I had heard from smooth-shaved, pale-faced brethren, at some of our modern forest services, my rough old clerical friend was, for a minute, silent in astonishment, and then burst out with an energetic asseveration, that no belief, which doomed brave men slain in the field to such unimaginable terrors, could ever succeed with the Saxons.

He calmed down, however, when I told him how many generous, beneficent, disinterested deeds were to be born of the influence of the new religion, even then beginning to be heard of among his eastern countrymen; how pure and elevating was its vital spirit, and how thorough the reform which it worked, when it fairly grasped the mind and conscience. I was obliged, however, in common honesty, to say, that many would endeavor to appropriate its name to consecrate most iniquitous measures of policy; barbarous crusades, conquests, and persecutions; inhuman treatment of savage and helpless people; and even how, in my own day, it was, in the minds of many, complicated with theories and arguments confounding to common sense, and repugnant to its own spirit and to humanity. It was strange to see the usual state of things reversed, and instead of the younger generation paying reverence to the elder, the venerable ancestor listening, with child-like curiosity, to the words of his far descendant.

Leaving the church—I should say the temple—we spent the morning on the open plains, coursing bustards with hawk and hound; till, after mid-day, my friends brought me to a strange assemblage of huge upright stones, arranged in circles, crowned and con-

nected by ponderous, rough-hewn beams or lintels of the same material, while some great slabs in the centre suggested the idea of altars and sacrificial worship. As we sat down to rest and eat, our noon-day refreshment in the shadow of one of these monolithic masses, I questioned old Ethelwulf about the origin and object of such a Titanic structure. From an intermarriage with the older British stock, which enabled them and me to trace one branch of our lineage to a collateral kinsman of Caradoc, my friends were somewhat familiar with the Druidical worship, and I could perceive that they yet retained some reverential impressions associated with the spot, as the elder began to relate to me the local legend of the erection of this monument. I should undoubtedly have been able to clear up the obscurity in which this subject is involved, but that while my friend was prefacing his narrative with an introduction which my fatigue rendered tedious, I dropped for a moment into a slumber.

I awoke, as I thought, instantly, at the lowing of cattle. I was still seated on the grass, but instead of one of the posts of Stonehenge, I was leaning against the trunk of a huge cedar. Before me a mountain slope sunk for miles away into a vast plain, which spread like an ocean of forest to the straight horizon—while to the left, at some leagues distance, waved a gigantic range of snowy peaks, piercing into the upper sky. The cow, whose voice had aroused me, stood near a slightly-built cottage of timber and clay, at the door of which sat a scantily-clad old woman, with the universal primæval distaff in her hand.

I suspected at once that my slumber had concealed the instantaneous backward flight of another thousand years, and that I was with an ancestress of a far remoter age than that of the Saxons I had just left, and who must, I thought, have been much surprised at my sudden evanescence. The antique figure addressed me as I approached her, in a tongue unknown, though perfectly comprehended by me; and, for an hour, we kept up an active conversation. I was soon confirmed in my belief that she was an ancestress, but her epoch was indefinitely remote, and I could form no estimate of it within a thousand years. Nor could I learn where I stood, whether on the Libanus, the Caucasus, or the lower Himalaya; nor whether the

language we spoke was Hebrew, Persian, Sanscrit, or any of the tongues which philologists have supposed to be the older languages of mankind. I made some inquiry to learn what her ideas were of the early history of our race; but, though she assured me that she had been well informed by her father, who was a priest, and official custodian of the records of her ancient people, I found her stories utterly vague and unsatisfactory. In them I thought I recognized some features analogous to the Greek and Egyptian mythologies, and a hint or two which might have been developed into some conformity with the traditions of a deluge and a dispersion of mankind. Yet all her historic learning was evidently but a bundle of historic fancies, germs of actual fact sprouted into rich sheaves of mythic fiction; and the only certain thing I could detect, was a general recognition of such existences and causes foreign to humanity as we call supernatural; confirming my belief that ideas of this nature have prevailed in all past human epochs, as they now appear in every corner of earth.

After this rather unsatisfactory interview, my grandmother resumed her spinning, and I bade her adieu. The night drawing on, I made my lodging in a valley not far distant, and closed my eyes, wondering whether I should reopen them in the Garden of Eden.

My slumbers were broken and dreamy; different climates seemed to flit, like the changes of a panorama, across my vision: snows and heated deserts; forests of pine and groves of palm. Day and night seemed to succeed each other more rapidly than the changes of a magic lantern; but rapid as they were, I thought the atmospheric effects of sunset and sunrise were reversed, and the evident retrograde motion of the Great Bear, as it whirled round the pole through the momentary nights, showed that for me the early ages were retracing their revolutions with almost inconceivable speed. With the alternations of light and gloom, objects the most various appeared and vanished. I saw huge, massive granite structures standing amid the overflow of a swollen river; rude villages of huts crouching under the boughs of deep woods. I witnessed processions of fair-featured men and women, to temples among cultivated fields; I saw hordes of savages in jungly forests and on open plains,

armed with flint-headed javelins, slings, and stones. I saw combats between scanty tribes—festive entertainments and dances, with music and song of the rudest form—marriage ceremonies—funerals celebrated with wild outcries—religious worship, sometimes toward one material object, sometimes toward another, sometimes toward none that was visible, unless it were to sun and sky.

I instinctively recognized in these flitting forms ancestors of my own, and felt still an undefinable sense of kindred and lineage; until, as the last phantom vanished in darkness, I seemed to stand

alone on a sandy shore, from which the calm, mist-covered sea was ebbing, and on which amphibious creatures lay at rest. Suddenly, wild flights of sea-fowl wheeled and screamed above, and there broke out the yellow light of the sun rising warm and clear from the eastern horizon.

I awoke in my chair, as the reader has, of course, anticipated, and told my vision to my wife, as the reader tells his dreams to his own. She listened to me with unusual attention, and said "there was a good deal in it," and that I had better write it out for the pages of Putnam. So here it is.

KINGSLEY'S POEMS.*

HERE is another of Mother Blackwood's naughty boys, who will not put his face in the corner, and suck his thumbs, for having written "Alton Locke," "Yeast," "Hypatia," "Amyas Leigh," "Phaethon," "Village Sermons," and "Sermons for the Times," in all of which performances that peculiar kind of England which Mrs. Blackwood represents is vigorously delineated. Now he comes graceful in singing-robes, and holding the lyre. His songs are not idle ditties, but grave, sweet measures, full of the humane enthusiasm, masculine vigor, subtle perception, and essential poetry with which the readers of Kingsley are already familiar. That he is a poet no one doubted who has ever read "Alton Locke," or "Yeast," because in those novels are "The Sands of Dee," and "A Rough Rhyme on a Rough Matter." The first of these poems,

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,"

is as pure a bit of lyrical melody as can be found in the language; and the other is the finest specimen of the corn-law poetry in literature.

The present volume contains "The Saint's Tragedy," a long dramatic poem; "Miscellaneous Poems," and "Ballads;" and before examining the volume in detail, we shall, perhaps, convey our general opinion of its merits by

saying that it is worthy to make a fourth with Tennyson's "Maud," Browning's "Men and Women," and Longfellow's "Hiawatha"—the three chief works of poetry published during the year. Of course, it is as entirely unlike all of these as they are unlike each other, and we institute no comparison of the authors as poets. But it is perfectly genuine, like them, and it is poetry full of music and meaning.

The volume is prepared with an introduction by the Rev. F. D. Maurice, a personal friend of Kingsley's, who is himself a clergyman. In this introduction, Mr. Maurice says some admirable things, which we have not room to quote. He thinks the English genius has a special aptitude for the drama, and, consequently, for history. He also defends a clergyman for writing a drama—a defense in which we have little interest, except as a curiously illustrative fact of the state of mind of a Christian people—fellow-citizens of Shakespeare—among whom a man has to be defended for doing what Shakespeare did. It only shows how far gone in formalism England is, in every direction. It sends old women to command in the Crimea, and requires that a poet should be justified for writing poetry. But we speak modestly, for our own withers are not altogether unwrung in this respect. About twelve months since, one of our

own authors, Mr. Calvert, seriously offended the trustees of a church in New England, by reading a grave, dramatic poem, as a lecture. The trustees had laughed merrily, in the same church, at puns, and broad jokes in a lecture-poem; but a serious poem, dramatically divided, was desecration of the edifice. On the whole, the publishers have done wisely to reprint Mr. Maurice's preface. The Reverend Messrs. Chadband and Stiggins might else have denounced the Reverend Charles Kingsley for writing a drama. It is to be hoped that it is no offense in the laity to read the drama, and like it.

The "Saint's Tragedy" is the legend of Elizabeth of Hungary. Kingsley has consulted the original authorities for the facts, and has treated them dramatically for certain specific moral ends, as he treats every subject upon which he writes. What his moral design in the drama is, he states in the conclusion of his preface:

"If, however, this book shall cause one Englishman honestly to ask himself, 'I, as a Protestant, have been accustomed to assert the purity and dignity of the offices of husband, wife, and parent. Have I ever examined the grounds of my own assertion? Do I believe them to be, as callings from God, spiritual, sacramental, divine, eternal? Or am I at heart regarding and using them, like the Papist, merely as heaven's indulgences to the infirmities of fallen man?'—Then will my book have done its work.

"If, again, it shall deter one young man from the example of those miserable dilettanti, who in books and sermons are whimpering meagre second-hand praises of celibacy,—deprecating as carnal and degrading those family ties, to which they owe their own existence, in the enjoyment of which they themselves all the while unblushingly indulge—insulting thus their own wives and mothers,—nibbling ignorantly at the very root of that household purity, which constitutes the distinctive superiority of Protestant over Popish nations;—again my book will have done its work.

"If, lastly, it shall awake one pious Protestant to recognize, in some, at least, of the Saints of the Middle Age, beings not only of the same passions, but of the same Lord, the same faith, the same baptism, as themselves; *Protestants*, not the less deep and true, because utterly unconscious and practical—mighty witnesses against the two antichrists of their age—the tyranny of feudal caste, and the phantoms which Popery substitutes for the living Christ—then also will my little book indeed have done its work."

Elizabeth, orphan daughter of the king of Hungary, has been brought to the court of Thuringia, and is betrothed to Lewis, the landgrave. The play opens with a conversation between Elizabeth and her nurse, in which the little prin-

cess bewails her utterly forlorn condition. She has so much Christian democracy, which leads her to a life of good works, that she is despised by the mother of Lewis, and the court. They freeze her with cold blue eyes, and scoffing, and she longs, not even to be loved, but only to be forgotten. Even her betrothed, Lewis, who treats her like a young sister, she regards merely as a brother. But in one of his vassals, Walter of Varila, she has a friend. Lewis, a well-meaning youth, dreamy, and half despondent over his position and responsibilities, is reminded by Walter that the welfare of his realm depends upon himself; and, as they ride together, Walter shows him the thrifty domain of some monks. One of them, Conrad, the pope's legate, passing at the moment, is summoned by Lewis, to explain the secret of their prosperity. Conrad, an enthusiast, immediately begins to exhort the landgrave to the heavenly warfare, during which he is interrupted by the sarcasm of the count. The adjuration awakens in Lewis's heart the longing for love—the desire to serve an earthly mistress. But the thought of wedding the saintly Elizabeth seems to him not less than sin. And yet his heart cries:

"Oh! misery!
Is wedlock treason to that purity,
Which is the jewel and the soul of wedlock?"

Upon this, Walter quietly tells him that Elizabeth loves him:

"Better, her few friends fear, than you love her."

"*Lew.* Loves me! Henceforth, let no man, peering down
Through the dim glittering mine of future
years,

Say to himself 'Too much! this cannot be!'
To-day, and custom, wall up our horizon:
Before the hourly miracle of life
Blindfold we stand, and sigh, as though God
were not.

I have wandered in the mountains, mist-
bewildered,

And now a breeze comes, and the veil is
lifted,

And priceless flowers, o'er which I trod un-
heeding,

Gleam ready for my grasp. She loves me,
then!

She, who to me was as a nightingale
That sings in magic gardens, rock-beleag-
uered,

To passing angels melancholy music—
Whose dark eyes hung, like far-off evening
stars,

Those rosy-cushioned windows coldly shin-
ing

Down from the cloud world of her unknown
fancy—

She, for whom holiest touch of holiest knight
Seemed all too grose—who might have been
a saint

And companioned with angels—thus to pluck
The spotless rose of her own maidenhood
To give it unto me!

"*Wal.* You love her, then?

"*Lew.* Look! If yon solid mountain were all
gold,
And each particular tree a band of jewels,
And from its womb the Niebelungen hoard
With elfin wardens called me, 'Leave thy
love
And be our Master'—I would turn away
And know no wealth but her."

Walter is the pleased ambassador of
this happy speech to Elizabeth, and de-
mands her answer to Lewis's offer of
immediate marriage:

"*Eliz.* Tell him—tell him—God!
Have I grown mad, or a child within the
moment?

The earth has lost her gray sad hue, and
blazes
With her old life-light; hark! yon wind's a
song—
Those clouds are angels' robes.—That fiery
west

Is paved with smiling faces.—I am a woman,
And all things bid me love! my dignity
Is thus to cast my virgin pride away,
And find my strength in weakness. Busy
brain!

Thou keep'st pace with my heart; old lore,
old fancies,
Buried for years, leap from their tombs, and
proffer

Their magic service to my new-born spirit.
I'll go—I am not mistress of myself—
Send for him—bring him to me—he is
mine!"

The bridal feast follows, with a chant
of monks and a fool's song, recurring
at each pause of the festal chorus.

With the next act begins the struggle
of the woman's heart, divided by two
loves which it has been taught to be-
lieve incompatible—the love of God,
and the love of man. Elizabeth is sit-
ting on the floor by her husband's bed.

"Am I to blame

If God makes wedlock that, which if it be not,
It were a shame for modest lips to speak it,
And silly doves are better mates than we?
And yet our love is Jesus' due,—and all
things

Which share with Him divided empery
Are snares and idols—'To love, to cherish,
and to obey!'

Oh! deadly riddle! Rent and twofold life!
Oh! cruel troth! To keep thee or to break
thee
Alike seems sin!"

Lewis awakens while his wife wres-
tles with human instincts and priestly
sophistries, and as he hears her "be-
atify the ascetic's savagery," his own
ductile mind yields to her pious frenzy.

But she is not content with theory,
she must "headlong into seas of toil"
to prove herself, and strengthen herself
against herself. Yet the noble human
heart protests:

"Oh happy Guta!

Mine eyes are dim—and what if I mistook,
For God's own self, the phantoms of my brain?

"*Guta.* Here comes your husband.

"*Eliz.* He comes! my sun! and every
thrilling vein
Proclaims my weakness."

Lewis himself, the messenger of his
own doom, comes to tell his wife of the
wonderful preaching of the monk, Con-
rad, whom she instantly summons into
the castle, saying to her husband:

"Now hear me, best-beloved: I have marked
this man:

And that which hath scared others, draws
me towards him:

He has the graces which I want; his stern-
ness

I envy for its strength; his fiery boldness
I call the earnestness which dares not trifle
With life's huge stake; his coldness but the
calm

Of one who long hath found, and keeps un-
wavering,

Clear purpose still; he hath the gift which
speaks

The deepest things most simply; in his eye
I dare be happy—weak I dare not be.

With such a guide—to save this little heart—
The burden of self-rule—Oh—half my work

Were eased, and I could live for thee and
thine,

And take no thought of self. Oh, be not
jealous,

Mine own, mine idol! For thy sake I ask it—
I would but be a mate and help more meet

For all thy knightly virtues."

Poor Lewis cries amen, feels his infe-
rior force, abdicates his headship as
husband, and declares that she must
lead him. The shrewd Walter holds
another theory of the monk.

"A shallow, stony, steadfast eye; that looks
at neither man nor beast in the face, but at
something invisible a yard before him, through
you and past you, at a fascination, a ghost of
fixed purposes that haunts him, from which
neither reason nor pity will turn. I have seen
such an eye in men possessed—with devils, or
with self; sleek, passionless men, who are too
refined to be manly, and measure their grace
by their effeminacy; crooked vermin, who
swarm up in pious times, being drowned out
of their earthy haunts by the spring-tide of
religion; and so, making a gain of godliness,
swim upon the first of the flood, till it cast
them ashore on the firm beach of wealth and
station. I always mistrust those wall-eyed
saints."

Elizabeth surrenders herself to Con-
rad's absolute spiritual guidance, and

he assumes "the training of her saint-hood." Her nurse warns her that she will repent. Alas! sweet lady, all a woman and noble in her errors, she replies:

"I do repent, even now. Therefore I'll
swear—
And bind myself to that, which once being
right,
Will not be less right, when I shrink from it.
No; if the end be gained—if I be raised
To freer, nobler use, I'll dare, I'll welcome
Him and his means, though they were racks
and flames."

The discipline begins. Not yet seventeen, and a queen, she goes about—

"Clad in rough serge, and with her bare, soft
palms
Wooing the ruthless flint."

She visits the widow and the fatherless, and is an angel of succor wherever there is suffering. She describes to her nurse the scenes with which she becomes familiar; and the reader of "Yeast" and "Alton Locke" recognizes again the human-hearted Christian, Kingsley. But while she thus obeys the impulse of her heart, and seeks, in a thousand engrossing duties, to smother the warm earthly passion for her husband, Conrad sternly rebukes her. The monk believes in the church, not in Christianity:

"What is here?
Think not that alms, or lowly-seeming gar-
ments,
Self-willed humilities, pride's decent mum-
mers,
Can raise above obedience."

He tries to show her that her sense of humility probably poisons a simple piety:

"The knave who serves unto another's needs,
Knows himself abler than the man who
needs him.
And she who stoops will not forget that
stooping
Implies a height to stoop from."

A series of lovely pictures of Elizabeth's charities follow. Then we have another aspect of the church of Rome militant in the Abbot, whose sentiments are not so old-fashioned as the date of the play. The Abbot and Count Walter are conversing:

"Abbot. Idleness, Sir, deceit, and immorality, are the three children of this same barbarous self-indulgence in alms-giving. Leave the poor alone. Let want teach them the need of self-exertion, and misery prove the foolishness of crime."

"C. Walter. How? Teach them to become men by leaving them brutes?"

"Abbot. Oh, sir, there we stop in, with the consolations and instructions of the faith."

This discourse is apropos of a famine, in which Elizabeth has so manifestly interfered with the will of divine Providence, which designed that the poor should perish—else why permit a famine?—that the Thuringians are angry and come to complain of her to Lewis. She pleads against them, that it was for her husband's honor as a ruler, that she dared not lose one of the sheep committed to him. The loving Lewis, proud of his spouse, dismisses the complaints.

But it is still a struggle in her heart; there is yet no victory. The loving woman in training for a saint yearns after her natural kind. She sits with Lewis singing:

"Oh! that we two were Maying
Down the stream of the soft spring breeze;
Like children with violets playing
In the shade of the whispering trees."

Oh! that we two sat dreaming
On the sward of some sheep-trimmed down,
Watching the white mist steaming
Over river and mead and town."

Oh! that we two lay sleeping
In our nest in the church-yard sod.
With our limbs at rest on the quiet earth's
breast,
And our souls at home with God!"

At the moment in which she finds that she only loves him more than ever, she discovers that he, with holy zeal, has taken the vows of a crusader. This sharp sorrow gives her a vague fear and doubt. Lewis turns her over to Conrad for consolation, and the woman and wife welcomes him in these fiery words:

"Eliz. (Rising.) You know, Sir, that my husband has taken the cross?"

"Con. I do; all praise to God!"

"Eliz. But none to you:
Hard-hearted! Am I not enough your slave?
Can I obey you more when he is gone
Than now I do? Wherein, pray, has he hindered

This holiness of mine, for which you make me
Old ere my womanhood? [CONRAD offers
to go.

Stay, Sir, and tell me
Is this the out-come of your "father's care?"
Was it not enough to poison all my joys
With foulest scruples?—show me nameless
sins,

Where I, unconscious babe, blessed God for
all things,
But you must thus intrigue away my knight
And plunge me down this gulf of widow-
hood!

And I not twenty yet—a girl—an orphan—
That cannot stand alone! Was I too happy?
Oh, God! what lawful bliss do I not buy
And balance with the smart of some sharp
penance?

Hast thou no pity? None? Thou drivest
 me
 To fiendish doubts: Thou, Jesus' messenger!
Con. This to your master!
Eliz. This to any one
 Who dares to part me from my love.
Con. 'Tis well;
 In pity to your weakness I must deign
 To do what ne'er I did—excuse myself."

This act, in which the interest is sustained with great power, concludes with a most striking chorus of crusaders, marching by the castle, to sail for the Holy Land.

The woman's heart begins to break:

"I needed weaning
 From sense and earthly joys,"

sighs the innocent victim. Perhaps stripes and nightly vigils upon freezing stones may so chasten the rebellious flesh that God will bring him back to me. If not, his will be done. His will is done, and Lewis is slain in Palestine. His mother, "made of hard light stuff," tells Elizabeth the dreary tidings, and resolves that Lewis's brother, and not his son—Elizabeth's son—shall succeed him. Elizabeth rushes wildly out, and, after a paroxysm of passionate remembrance and love, the poor heart breaks. Turned out into the world, with her children, she finds no charity at the convent doors—for convents are sternly conservative, and quote Scripture for the powers that be—and a rough baron shelters her. But, treated like an idiot and slave, she takes to the world again, finding comfort in prayer:

Guta. Oh! prayer, to her rapt soul,
 Is like the drunkenness of the autumn bee,
 Who, scent-enchanted, on the latest flower,
 Heedless of cold, will linger listless on,
 And freeze in odorous dreams."

Pitiless human meanness does not spare her. Is she not training for a saint?

Eliz. You know the stepping-stones across
 the ford:
 There as I passed, a certain aged crone,
 Whom I had fed, and nursed, year after
 year,
 Met me mid-stream—thrust past me stoutly
 on—
 And rolled me headlong in the freezing mire.
 There as I lay and weltered—Take that,
 madam,
 For all your selfish hypocritic pride
 Which thought it such a vast humility
 To wash us poor folks' feet, and use our
 bodies
 For slaves to build withal your Jacob's-ladder.
 What! you would mount to heaven upon
 our backs?
 The ass has thrown his rider!"

She reaches, at length, the palace of her uncle, the Bishop of Bamberg, so far toward a saint, as to say of her children, with anguish:

"What are they, darlings,
 But snares to keep me from my heavenly
 spouse,
 By picturing the spouse I must forget?"

The Bishop of Bamberg is what the profane call, an easy old soul, who, being comfortable, wishes that people would be quiet, and behave decently. What should a young widow complain of?

"Why not marry some honest man? You may have your choice of kings and princes; and if you have been happy with one gentle man, Mass! say I, why can't you be happy with another? What saith the Scripture? 'I will that the younger widows marry, bear children,'—not run after monks, and what not—What's good for the filly, is good for the mare, say I.

Eliz. Uncle, I soar now at a higher pitch—
 To be henceforth the bride of Christ alone.

Bishop. Ahem!—a pious notion—in moderation. We must be moderate, my child, moderate: I hate overdoing anything—especially religion."

Conrad, the monk, now shows the bishop how much it will redound to his individual fame to have one of his family a saint—to say nothing of the lands of minors, which might fall to his farming. But, before going to Marburg, where she is to be fully completed a saint, Lewis is buried from Bamberg cathedral. The skeptics and the bigots gossip about her; but she bows in abject grief.

"Thou hast him, Lord, Thou hast him;
 Do with us what Thou wilt! If at the price
 Of this one silly hair, in spite of Thee,
 I could reclothe these wan bones with his
 manhood,
 And clasp to my shrunk heart my hero's
 self—
 I would not give it!"

The husband is dead, and the children must now be renounced. The wife has yielded to the terrible logic of superstition and to the mistaken self-sacrifice of a noble heart, and the mother must soon follow. With tears, and sharp struggles, and prayers, and shivering doubts, the mother also submits:

"All worldly goods and wealth, which once I
 loved,
 I now do count but dross; and my beloved,
 The children of my womb, I now regard
 As if they were another's; God is witness,
 My pride is to despise myself; my joy
 All insults, sneers, and slanders of mankind;
 No creature now I love, but God alone.

Oh to be clear, clear, clear, of all but Him!
Lo, here I strip me of all earthly helps—

[Tearing off her clothes.

Naked and barefoot through the world to follow

My naked Lord."

Elizabeth retires to a miserable hovel, which is visited by her old friend, Count Walter, who, meeting Conrad, denounces him, with manly indignation.

"C. Wal. Go to—go to. I have watched you and your crew, how you preach up selfish ambition for divine charity, and call blasphemous longings celestial love, while you blaspheme that very marriage from whose mysteries you borrow all your cant. The day will come when every husband and father will hunt you down like vermin; and may I live to see it!"

The stern monk is stung with rage; but, bent upon his great purpose of making a saint, will not touch the count, unless he stays him in his life-purpose, and will then fell him as God's foe. Elizabeth's father in vain sends to recall her, and implores, by his gray hairs, her return. She will win the quires of heaven to love and honor him. The wife and mother, and now the daughter, submit, and the tragedy of making a woman a Romish saint hurries, through horrors, to the end. Coarse women live with her, to destroy the luxury of sleep, and scourge her, and torment her, in order, probably, that, having tasted hell upon earth, she may be admitted, without purgatory, to heaven.

Elizabeth dies, and Conrad, in long harangues to the people, tells the story of her heavenly and patient life. His work is done. The wife, mother, and daughter is, at last, Diva Elizabeth:

"And I have trained one saint before I die!
Yet now 'tis done, is't well done? On my lips

Is triumph; but what echo in my heart?

Alas! the inner voice is sad and dull,

Even at the crown and shout of victory.

Oh! I had hugged this purpose to my heart,

Cast by for it all ruth, all pride, all scruples;

Yet now its face, that seemed as pure as

crystal,

Shows fleshly, foul, and stained with tears

and gore!

We make, and moil, like children in their

gardens,

And spoil, with dabbled hands, our flowers

in the planting.

And yet a saint is made! Alas, those chil-

dren!

Was there no gentler way? I know not any;

I plucked the gay moth from the spider's

web;

What if my hasty hand have smirched its

feathers?

Sure, if the whole be good, each several

part

May for its private blots forgiveness gain,

As in man's tabernacle, vile elements

Unite to one fair stature. Who'll gainsay it?

The whole is good; another saint in heaven;

Another bride within the Bridegroom's

arms;

And she will pray for me!—And yet what

matter?

Better that I, this paltry sinful unit,

Fall fighting, crushed into the nether pit,

If my dead corpse may bridge the path to

Heaven,

And damn itself to save the souls of others.

A noble ruin; yet small comfort in it;

In it, or in aught else——"

Conrad, in the moment of victory, shocked at its cost, feels a fearful revulsion of the heart, and the darkest doubts of "our mighty mother, Holy Church," and a secret conviction and joy that his own end approaches. He rides forth, and encounters a multitude, among whom is a gentleman, whose wife has been burned, in order to extend the area of Conrad's church. He, with the mob, surround the priest, and with his death the drama ends.

"The Saint's Tragedy" is a poem of very great power and significance. Its grand theme, the conflict of a true human heart between its God-implemented affections and its confused and sophisticated sense of religious duty, is one of the saddest and most frequent spectacles of history; and its grand moral shines like the sun, that such an effort is, when honestly practiced, the most tragical mistake, and when dishonestly or selfishly urged, the basest of crimes; and that, therefore, any institution which organizes that effort as the fundamental law of Christianity, is thoroughly ignorant of the sublime significance of Christianity, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men; and, as a permanent and pernicious blasphemy, should be destroyed at all hazards.

The delineation of Elizabeth's struggle is so delicate that, in the midst of the grossest spiritual error, she never, for a moment, loses our sympathy and compassion. For it is not the yielding of a weak mind to superstition, but the loyalty of a great soul, an imperial but mistaken sense of duty, seeing blindly and vaguely, and resolved to obey conscience to the end. Conrad himself is an inflexible man of spiritual sophistication. He is not a bad man, but almost worse—one of the mediæval products, not yet entirely extinct, an ignorant, iron-willed bigot, who serves the devil with the words of God. He rep-

resents the spirit which gave the Romish church the mastery of the world in a time of political confusion and religious darkness, and which will always give the principles of that church the power in any barbarous or half-civilized state of society. We do not recall so remarkable a picture of this subversion of the loveliest and holiest human instincts, to the most groveling selfishness, solemnly masking as religious humility and self-renunciation, as in the relation of Conrad to Elizabeth; and the whole drama is a comprehensive statement of the fatal operation of such a false principle. As a plea for religious liberty, the poem is most significant; and, as in Kingsley's novels, beyond all the splendor of description, vivid characterization, and merit of story, there is always the great and direct moral of human brotherhood, whether the scene be laid in Alexandria, in the fourth century, as in "Hypatia," or in England and the West Indies, in the sixteenth century, as in "Amyas Leigh," or in England in the nineteenth century, as in "Alton Locke;" so the "Saint's Tragedy" has a universal significance, showing us that princesses of Hungary, when there was a Hungary, were women still, and that their story and tragedy are the story and tragedy of many a woman and many a man since.

The direct moral purpose is too evident throughout, for the poem to be strictly a drama. And yet every detail of costume and character is rigidly observed, so that the picture of the time is perfect; and this not only externally but internally, for the intellectual state of the age and country is presented with equal fidelity. Kingsley has taken the lovely legend of Saint Elizabeth and treated it not as a Romish priest but a Christian man. He summons the world to see that, while Elizabeth was a noble woman, she was the dupe of a dreadful spiritual deceit, and that her loveliness was in the natural womanliness with which she endured her martyrdom, and not in the mistaken faith which imposed it. It is an improvement of the church tradition which the holy Romish See would hardly approve, but which every noble and thoughtful man, who loves God and his fellow-men must heartily hail.

If we turn to the remaining poems in the volume, we find that they have, through all their lyrical melody and

songful beauty, the same significance as the drama. There are several pure songs among them, like the following, which all our readers have probably read many times, and which they will be glad to read again:

I.

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee;
The western wind was wild and dank with
foam,
And all alone went she.

II.

"The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.
The rolling mist came down and hid the
land—
And never home came she.

III.

"Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress o' golden hair,
A drowned maiden's hair
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee.'

IV.

"They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam
To her grave beside the sea:
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle
home
Across the sands of Dee!"

Here is the song of hearts that believe in the loveliness and devotion of Elizabeth, and not in the impious bigotry of Conrad:

A MYTH.

I.

"A floating, a floating
Across the sleeping sea,
All night I heard a singing bird
Upon the topmost tree.

II.

"Oh came you from the isles of Greece,
Or from the banks of Seine;
Or off some tree in forests free,
Which fringe the western main?"

III.

"I came not off the Old World
Nor yet from off the New—
But I am one of the birds of God
Which sing the whole night through.'

IV.

"Oh sing and wake the dawning—
Oh whistle for the wind;
The night is long, the current strong,
My boat it lags behind.'

v.

"The current sweeps the Old World,
The current sweeps the New;
The wind will blow, the dawn will glow,
Ere thou hast sailed them through."

Here is the song of the poet, who is
also a faithful Christian minister.

THE DEAD CHURCH.

i.

"Wild, wild wind, wilt thou never cease thy
sighing?

Dark, dark night, wilt thou never wear
away?

Cold, cold church, in thy death-sleep lying,
Thy Lent is past, thy Passion here, but not
thine Easter-day.

ii.

"Peace, faint heart, though the night be dark
and sighing;

Rest, fair corpse, where thy Lord himself
hath lain.

Weep, dear Lord, where thy bride is lying;
Thy tears shall wake her frozen limbs to life
and health again."

And here the anti-strophe:

A PARABLE FROM LIEBIG.

i.

"The church bells were ringing, the devil sat
singing

On the stump of a rotting old tree;

'Oh faith, it grows cold, and the creeds they
grow old,

And the world is nigh ready for me.'

ii.

"The bells went on ringing, a spirit came sing-
ing,

And smiled as he crumbled the tree;

'Yon wood does but perish new seedlings to
cherish.
And the world is to live yet for thee.'

The ballads are a series of half-dramatic lyrics, seven in number, having no titles but the date of the time of which they are illustrative. The first is a Saga of the Longbeards, "A. D. 415," and the last is "A. D. 1848," the ballad which was printed in "Yeast," and called "A Rough Rhyme on a Rough Matter," and which has no superior, in its way, anywhere. We like especially, also, "A. D. 1740," which is the ballad of an old mariner, who had been a buccaneer upon the Spanish main, and has now got back to starve in England. It is a very perfect ballad. The design of this series is admirable. They are social glimpses of the different epochs, and are profoundly suggestive.

The uneasy reader, who fears, in every new poet, an Alexander Smith, and in each new volume only more spasmodic obscurity, may take heart over this book. Every poem in it has the clearness of ripened thought, and the precision of thoughtful art. It is a book full of marrow, and will be sure, not only to win the admiration, but the hearty sympathy, of every intrepid intellect and loving heart.

THE DEMON OF MUSIC.

THERE'S a demon in music,
Whatever its tone;
He dwells in the crowd
Of its voices alone:
He moans when they laugh,
He laughs when they moan.

This demon of music
Hath some way been crossed:
He longs for what is not,
Or was, and is lost:
That life is a torture
He knows, to his cost

O, demon of music!
I pity your pain;
I have felt it myself
And shall feel it again:
Tis the riddle of living
This living in vain.

OUR RELATIONS WITH ENGLAND.

RUMORS of war with England befall the good people of the United States with about as much regularity as our learned friend, Mr. Meriam, brings on his "heated terms" in summer, and his "cold terms" in winter. They are periodical, and yet not of systematic periodicity; they come and go, like comets, whose orbits have not been precisely ascertained, rather than like planets, whose habitats, at all seasons, are well known. On this account, they always take us with somewhat of surprise. We are aware that once, at least, during every five years, or say during each new administration for precision's sake, everybody will be called upon to draw his sheathed sword, and furbish his rusty musket, preparatory to a defense of the land against a descent of the blood-thirsty Briton; but at what particular day or hour that duty is to be encountered, we are not aware, and so whenever the trumpets of alarm are blown, they are sure to find us quite unprepared. We are all pursuing our usual peaceful way, eating and drinking, and marrying and giving in marriage, when suddenly there is a grand flourish of drums, and a startling cry that the foe is coming!

It happened thus only a few months since, when, in the midst of our sweet dreams of increasing trade and cent. per cent., the London *Times* dropped a bomb-shell on our slumbers. All the world had gone quietly to sleep over night, not a man among them supposing but that he would wake in the morning to pleasant sunshine and an easy breakfast; but what was our astonishment, on taking up the early paper, to find that we were on the verge of a savage and sanguinary war with England. In vain we ran about and asked each other what it could mean; what had England done, or what had the United States done, that could not be reconciled, until they had taken each other by the throat, and strangled the life out of one or the other—never a man could tell: and yet there stood the fact, in the fair round type of the *Times*, and who dared dispute such an authority? An immediate war was impending—a war, too, provoked by the insolent audacity of the Yankees—and which the adroitness of diplomacy, usually so effective in stav-

ing off disagreeable results, was not likely to avert. Straightway, all the vehicles of opinion in both countries were set in motion; the journals of the metropolis groaned and hissed with terrible spite against the marauding republic, which knew no law and no shame; and the orators of Congress repelled the assault with all the blatant and fiery commonplaces for which congressional orators are famous, and which are so potent on such occasions.

War, however, did not come, and the *Times* was heartily laughed at; but it was laughed at rather prematurely: for, in the course of two or three months, after everything had settled down again into the humdrum *status ante bellum*, it appeared that there had been considerable excitement in the foreign bureaux; that Mr. Marcy and Mr. Buchanan, Lord Clarendon and Mr. Crampton had been busy writing to each other with ominous diligence, and that the English ambassador was about to be sent home, and our ambassador had asked his papers, while a formidable fleet was going to sail towards—the West Indies.

The publication of the diplomatic correspondence has put us in possession of the whole secret of these threatened hostilities. It seems that the governments disagree upon two simple points: first, as to the interpretation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, which relates to certain parts of Central America; and, second, as to the kind and amount of reparation that Great Britain ought to offer for an attempt to infringe our municipal laws and sovereignty. No paramount interests are involved in either question: no strong popular feelings are likely to be aroused by either; and both are matters for diplomatic adjustment rather than national fisticuffs. We shall not discuss them, therefore, but leave them to the settlement of the officials who are appointed to that task. In themselves, they contain no war; and nothing but the most stupid bungling, on the part of the negotiators, or the most determined and malicious desire to go to war, on one side or the other, could extract a war out of such elements.

We have said that it was not our purpose to discuss these questions, and we shall not; but we cannot forbear one

or two passing remarks. With respect to both of them, it seems to us, that the United States is clearly in the right, or, at least, that, as the argument now stands in the correspondence, the force of fact and logic is on our side. It was certainly the distinct and universal understanding, in this country, when the treaty of 1850 was issued, that both nations had stipulated to relinquish forever the exercise of any right of dominion over the designated parts of Central America. The one thing in the treaty which commended it to the warm approval of all humane and peace-loving men was, this supposed removal of every cause of difference between two great civilized nations, in regard to one of the most important highways on the globe. Greater than any conquest, they said to each other, greater than any siege or battle, any Buena Vista, Waterloo, or storming of Sebastopol, is this voluntary and honorable agreement of two powerful governments to surrender ancient topics of dispute, and to unite in a vast and reciprocally beneficial scheme of commercial progress. Here are the words of the treaty :

"ART. I. Neither party will ever obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over the contemplated canal.

"Neither will ever erect or maintain any fortification commanding the same, or the vicinity thereof.

"Neither will occupy, or fortify, or colonize, or assume, or exercise any dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America.

"Neither will use any protection which either affords or may afford, or any alliance which either has or may have, to or with any state or people, for the purpose of erecting or maintaining any such fortifications, or of occupying or colonizing Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America, or of assuming or exercising any dominion over the same.

"Neither will take advantage of any intimacy, or use any alliance, connection, or influence, that either may possess with any state or people through whose territory the Canal may pass, for the purpose of acquiring or holding, directly or indirectly, for its own citizens or subjects, any unequal rights or advantages of commerce or navigation."

All this is frank, open, fair, and mutually honorable. The immediate and obvious meaning of the language is, that neither party will obtain or use, directly or indirectly, any right of occupation or domain over the Mosquito coast. But do such expressions cover the peculiar kind of influence exercised by Great Britain, under the name of a "Protectorate of the Mosquito King-

dom?" Great Britain says that they do not; and the United States claims that they do. What, then, is a protectorate? Does it involve the possession of any real, substantial, important political power—any right of political control or influence, which it would be advantageous for one nation to possess as against others? Or is it a simple formal alliance, in which a strong power guarantees to a weaker one its aid and protection against certain domestic or foreign enemies? If the former, then the exercise of such a protectorate is manifestly opposed to both the language and spirit of the treaty; if the latter, we do not see why Great Britain should be so tenacious of a point which is in itself, as Lord John Russell said in 1853, of no moment; for the Spanish control of Central America, against which this alleged protectorate was assumed, no longer exists. In either meaning, however, it is strange that no reservation of this pretended right was made at the time of the treaty. England was careful, in the addenda to it, presented by Mr. Bulwer, to except British Honduras from the operation of its clauses; but not a word was uttered as to the protectorate, or, as Lord Clarendon describes it, "her great and extensive influence with the Mosquito King." Mr. Bulwer must have been unusually forgetful of the interests of his country, in omitting every allusion to so "great and extensive" a possession. Or, what is more likely to have been the case, did not Mr. Bulwer know that this entire theory of a Mosquito king and a Mosquito kingdom was a sham, having no foundation in fact, unsustainable by any law, and, therefore, best kept out of the controversy?

Be this as it may, there is not a shadow of doubt that in the enlistment controversy, from beginning to end, Great Britain has been in the wrong. Against her own voluntary reminder, that our position in respect to the Allies and Russia was one of the strictest neutrality, she has, directly and indirectly, countenanced the efforts of her officials—those residing in this country, and accredited to this government, as well as her colonial agents—in raising troops for service against a friendly power; her enemy. In doing this she has infringed our municipal laws, invaded our national sovereignty, and contravened the policy which, for the wisest

reasons, we had determined to pursue. Yet, when the offense was brought to her attention, and brought, we are happy to say,* in a manner alike forbearing and respectful, it was not met, as such an offense should be, by a prompt and indignant denial, nor by a sincere apology (which would have been abundantly satisfactory to our government and people); but it was diplomatically shuffled away, half disclaimed and half extenuated; and the very fact of our asking redress for violated laws, was made the ground of our own arraignment on the score of laxity of principle. Lord Clarendon's replies were neither statesmanlike, manly, nor honest. A manifest wrong was laid before him—a wrong, about the nature of which, or the commission of which, there could not be, under the circumstances, two opinions—but, instead of frankly confessing it, and tendering the customary satisfaction, he went on refining, and accusing, and postponing, until there was no recourse for our government but the peremptory dismissal of the English representatives who had offended. All the while the British press was allowed to ring the changes of abuse on Brother Jonathan for his unconscionable obstinacy in refusing to be satisfied. "Between gentlemen," exclaimed Lord Palmerston, "when a real or fancied wrong is handsomely acknowledged or explained, there is an end"—leaving it to be inferred that Jonathan was no gentleman. But he concealed the important incident, that no apology had ever been offered to this government. Up to this time, as far as the correspondence has appeared, no such apology has been rendered. A good deal of the sinuosity of the British cause is to be excused on the ground of the traditional indirection of diplomacy, which allows it to say nothing plainly, that by any possibility can be disguised or twisted; but the world should understand, at the same time, that there has been nothing unreasonable, nor arrogant, nor headstrong, in the demands of the American government.

Leaving the details of these controversies, however, to the politicians, let

us proceed to remark upon one or two incidental matters connected with the main dispute. It is a favorite practice of the British writers, whenever one of these chronic disagreements occurs, to charge the American people with cherishing a rooted antipathy to England. Now, we emphatically repel the charge. We believe that the greater part of our people entertain the most friendly dispositions towards her. There is a considerable number of Irish citizens among us, who conceive that they have no love to lose on the British government, and who, being voters, influence a certain class of political men to the same way of thinking; but the majority of us do not share their prejudices, whether well or ill founded. We estimate the character of the English nation from a stand-point of our own. Its robust and sterling virtues we sincerely admire—its glorious literature has fed our hearts and minds with their best impulses and their best thoughts—and its grand example of political freedom, when compared with the condition of the rest of Europe, causes us to thank God that there is yet one mighty bulwark of constitutional government opposed to the encroaching despotisms of the Continent. Our extensive commercial relations, too, have knit innumerable lesser ties of friendship, which it would be hard to sever. Meanwhile, we are not insensible to the defects and weaknesses of our ancestral relatives. We perceive in them certain peculiarities of temperament, which it would not be wise to ignore. The same personal and national traits which have rendered them almost universally unpopular among French and Germans, are noted in this country. What those characteristics are, it were needless to specify; but we may hint, that the description given by Lord Bolingbroke, in his letters on the "Study of History," of the Romans in the days of Regulus, viz., that they were impelled by "an insatiable thirst of military fame, an unconfined ambition of extending their empire, an extravagant confidence in their own courage and force, an insolent contempt of their enemies, and an impetuous, overbear-

* Let us here echo the sentiment of the whole nation, in commending the ability, firmness, dignity, and moderation, with which Mr. Marcy has conducted this controversy. At a time when the heavens have seemed to rain the smallest order of officials upon us, it is some consolation that there is one man, at least, in the government who is truly a statesman.

ing spirit, with which they pursue all their enterprises,"—would be regarded by many as not untrue if applied to his own countrymen. The energy which has enabled the inhabitants of an insignificant island to extend their dominion to every part of the globe, until there is hardly a creek unploughed by their ships, or a land unspotted by their colonies, must ever be a theme of wonder and admiration to mankind; but it must also be a cause of unceasing solicitude and watchfulness.

In the genuine triumphs of British civilization, every American of advanced opinions takes an interest; but he does not feel called upon, on that account, to waste his friendly sympathies on schemes of British aggrandizement, or upon British political alliances, which reflect no honor. When England, for example, joins hands with the most unprincipled despot and usurper of modern times—when she compels that fair and lustrous queen to buckle on the garter of a foul upstart, whose hands reek with the blood of his countrymen, and whose lips are hot with perjuries—and all for no great or humanitarian purpose, as we can see, but with a problematic design of checking a power quite as good as either of her allies—this republic must stand aloof. When that alliance is further heralded by ominous outgivings of a general purpose to undertake the police of the world, strong as the ties of consanguinity may be with us, numerous and vital as are the bonds of interest and intercourse which influence us, we must beg to be excused from any active participation in the union. At least, we shall desire first a complete understanding of the objects it contemplates, with an assurance that the tremendous forces which are organized will not, sooner or later, direct their energies towards our own devoted heads. For it is scarcely possible to disguise the fact, that although the interests of the British people are substantially the same as the interests of the American people, the policy of their oligarchy, to which they have often exhibited such a servile devotion, is linked in, by the prejudices and prospects of caste, with the policy of more despotic rulers. Constitutionally, we may admit the government of England to be on the side of freedom, and that the tendency of opinion, among the middle and laboring classes, is favorable to democratic

rather than absolute institutions; but the actual control of affairs is in the hands of privileged gentlemen, whose love of the popular cause is not overweening or conspicuous. They associate with kings and their representatives; the perpetuity of their order depends very much upon the maintenance of the existing status, on the Continent as well as at home; and it is not to be supposed, that in the conflicts, which must inevitably arise, as the condition of society now is, between the few and the many, their sympathies will run in the same direction in which those of a large majority of our people must flow. It is with no unfriendly feeling, therefore, but under a paramount sense of what is due to our own security, and to that side of the great humanitarian cause to which we are committed, that we often withhold from England a too eager and spontaneous support.

Let it be remarked, at the same time, that if our feelings towards England were even acrimonious, which they are not, there has been much, in the habitual attitude of that nation towards us, to awaken ungenerous sentiments. On two occasions, it has waged aggressive wars upon us, which left deep traces of those unhappy passions incident to a state of war—deeper, in fact, than the enmities ordinarily aroused, by the mere or remote encounter of armies; because they were accompanied by an actual invasion of our soil. The hatreds engendered by a conflict between the regular forces of two nations, and on some distant field, perhaps, are not half so rancorous as those which are produced by a nearer and more immediate grapple, when one party molests the other in its very home, and excites, besides the usual animosities of patriotism, the keener malice of personal resentment. For a long while after our Revolution, and for a short while after our second war, the name of Englishman was a hissing and reproach among us, because the turf was yet green upon the graves of our relatives and friends, and the wounds of the battle yet unhealed; but these remembrances gradually passed away, until now few vestiges of them remain. Nor, we are persuaded, would there have been a single vestige remaining, had the writers of Great Britain pursued subsequently a more amicable course, in their discussions of our na-

tional peculiarities and manners. But their Fidlers, Halls, Trollopes, and Dickens, have delighted in exposing us to the ridicule of the world. It is true that much of their banter has been richly deserved—it is true that our sensitiveness has been excessive and puerile—and that if we had possessed a genuine self-respect, we should have despised all their ill-natured flings, and been grateful for those which really disclosed our faults. But our society was immature and young, ambitious to stand well in the opinions of others, and conscious, in the midst of all its short-comings, of some desert—while it was less the special criticism of such writers, than the general *animus* in which that criticism was sure to find an echo, which disturbed our serenity. The jealous self-love of the popular body fancied that it saw in these incessant attacks—often quite regardless of justice—a foregone determination to abuse. It could laugh, with the rest of the world, at the amusing pictures of vulgarity, conceit, slave-driving, and what not, which were drawn at its own expense; but, as no large collection of men is ever wholly abandoned of the gods and graces, it did hope to discover, somewhere in the representation, some recognition of an energy which was fast redeeming a continent, and of a virtue which upheld a very grand social experiment. It looked, however, in vain for this solace; and it is only within the last ten years—since it has been shown that the United States has grown more rapidly in population and wealth than any other nation—since her productive industry has become immense, her tonnage superior to all, and her military power most formidable—that the exasperating tone of foreign remark has been somewhat modified. Even now, that quiet assumption of moral superiority, which accosts every American in England, even in the most refined and friendly circles—an assumption so ludicrous that it ought to provoke mirth rather than offense—is scarcely laid aside by men of intelligence and liberality, while it swells and bristles in the journals, in all its original insolence.

Another impression, common in England, which we desire to correct, is that which ascribes a decided warlike tendency to the American people. If the journalists of London are to be believed, the inhabitants of this country are

mainly intent on schemes for invading the territories of their neighbors, and provoking war at any and all hazards. There are certain effete maxims running through the speculations of some of the old publicists, as to the extreme restlessness and mobility of democratic society, which these writers appear to have adopted in full, and which they apply with so little thought, that they seem to have no other idea of a democracy, than of a horde of freebooters, whose chief occupation, when not quarreling among themselves, is making forays on all the rest of the world. The filibusterism of the United States, consequently, which is a mere sporadic symptom, confined to special places and men, they regard as a constitutional infection, under which the very government takes on a diseased action. As if the twenty-five millions of us had nothing else to do than to get up pleasant excursions to Cuba or the Sandwich Islands! As if the mad propagandism of a few noisy pro-slavery zealots were the accepted gospel of our faith! Did these apprehensive gentlemen know the real nature of democracy—were they well acquainted with the prevailing pursuits of our people, they would see, that of all the nations of the earth, the United States is that which least desires war, and whose glory most largely consists in peace.

Nine-tenths of the people in this country are engaged in industrial occupations, either as planters, farmers, merchants, or tradesmen, whose entire interests are identified with the maintenance of friendly relations with other people. Our professional classes are dependent upon these, having very much the same hopes and fears; while there is no single class, no body of men, in fact—except a few military heroes, and the floating militia of crime and poverty, who gather in the large cities, and to whom any change is desirable—who could reap any benefit from a state of hostility. But, in addition to these lower influences of trade, it is the peculiar tendency of a democratic condition of society, to inspire all its subjects with a love for the arts of peace, whereby their social circumstances are improved, their minds enlarged, and their future prospects expanded. Where the means of high social success is in everybody's reach, and where intelligence is almost universal,

the prevailing motives of the nation must be peaceful, and not warlike.

We think, therefore, that it is no exaggeration to say, that in this country, with the large majority of its people, the very whisper of war is always heard with a feeling of aversion and horror. The settled sentiment pronounces the state of war a state of such unmitigated evil, so fraught with injustice, cruelty, and rapine, and so fruitful of individual and national distress, that no sane mind can regard it as other than one of the greatest human curses. It is felt to be a curse alike to the commercial prosperity, the public honor, the domestic peace, and the moral integrity of nearly all who are engaged in it; while it has few redeeming influences, and those of an incidental sort, more apparent among semi-barbarous nations, in which war is the alternative of despotism, than among more civilized people. For, as nations advance in knowledge and refinement, as their institutions grow more liberal and just, and the great ends of civil and religious liberty become more and more the pervading impulse of legislation and action, they must feel, all the more strongly, the inherent wickedness and folly of war, and the inestimable value of national concord. Now, it is the boast of our country that she is superior to all others in intelligence; that she has carried to the highest perfection, the practice of government, which is founded, not upon the advantage of any class, but the well-being of all classes; and, to be true to herself, she must maintain, that the noblest national aim, is not the triumph of her arms, but of her arts—not the manifestation of her power in deeds of violence, but in acts of beneficence—not the destruction of human life and happiness, but the elevation and the improvement of the masses of mankind.

Let no one imagine for a moment, however, because we are trained and addicted to peace, without defenses and without an army, that we are wholly unfitted for war; for it is not so. At the outset of any contest, it is true, that the smallest maritime power of Europe could inflict upon us immense injuries. Its fleets might batter our towns, set fire to our cities, sink our merchantmen, and destroy property to an incalculable amount. The arrest of trade,

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consequent upon this, might drop thousands of our inhabitants into an abyss of misery. No one can well conceive how much the mechanics and traders of the sea-board cities, and of the nearer towns dependent upon them, would suffer. But the vast agricultural population of the interior would remain intact, the vast agricultural resources of the nation would soon repair the breaches in property, and, after the tremor of the first shock, our social system would recover itself with more than pristine vigor. There is such an elasticity in the energies of our democratic life—as it has been proved in many instances of serious calamity—such vivid force of recuperation, such readiness, quickness, fitness of action, that all disasters come before it as temporary. Famines, fires, bankruptcies, pestilences, which would leave great gaps in the development of other people, are here retrieved by the ever young life of the nation, almost as soon as they are felt. After the distresses of the first campaign, then, this nation, in any case of war, would show itself quite invincible. The victory, in protracted struggles, generally reverts to the side of money and men, and nowhere is there more available wealth, or more available muscle, than in the United States. Comparatively without debt, the two hundred millions of dollars which England, France, Austria, etc., each annually expend as the interest on past wars, and in preparations for future wars, we devote to the construction of rail-roads, and to the improvement of ships. Our very weakness, as some would consider it—the want of coast defenses and an established army—has been our strength. It has left us untouched and vast material resources, in place of staggering financial embarrassments, and a million of volunteer citizen-soldiers, easily fitted for battle, in place of unwilling and unwieldy mercenaries, raised by conscription, and impelled only by force. It is the distinction of democracies, that the national cause is the individual cause; and, in the event of a contest, it may be said of them universally, as Tacitus said of the old Batavians, that “others go to battle, but these go to war.” They make the quarrel their own, and their enthusiasm, their endurance, their energy, once quickened, only slacks with the final triumph.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

AMERICAN LITERATURE AND REPRINTS.

It is with no small pleasure that we hear, from many booksellers, the announcement of a perceptible falling off in that class of books which go among the trade by the name of "sensation-books." They are generally of the sort advertised as "thrilling," "exquisite," "intensely interesting," and which are said to run through editions of twenty and thirty thousand copies in less than a month. We have so often, within the last year, taken occasion to let our readers know the character of these publications, that we have no need now to explain it at length. Suffice it to say, that they may be, for the most part, succinctly described as trash. Without original merit of any kind, and appealing merely to sensibilities and not to the reason and conscience, they were a species of debauched literature, and every one must be glad that the day for their disappearance has come. They engendered bad habits of writing among authors, and bad habits of thought and feeling among readers, and, unless something worse takes their place—a result which we do not anticipate—it will be a happy riddance.

But what is likely to take their place—ah! who can tell? What kind of reading will be furnished to that vast mass of readers who have been accustomed to waste their time on the wretched novels whose downfall we chronicle? It is impossible to say; the taste of the reading public is apt to be capricious, and, when it tires of one stimulant, readily looks about for another. But we can say what class of works ought to be advanced to the vacant niches; for the world already so abounds in good books, and men of genius, capable of writing good books, are so numerous, that no intellectual curiosity need be starved. There are capital novels extant, which, though not new, will prove, we warrant, a refreshment to those who undertake them—there are grand and exquisite poems in our English literature—there are histories, of all times, and almost all men, that have more interest than the most brilliant works of fiction—and there are innumerable essayists and travelers, whom to encounter, is to achieve a pleasure for life. Let the dis-

consolate lovers of the paper-covered nonsense, now demised, turn to these for solace. They will find them less easy reading, at first, but infinitely better, in the end. They will find that their taste improves and grows by what it feeds on, until, having acquired a true appreciation of what is really good in books, they will wonder that they could ever have fed upon the sentimental husks which had once been their nutriment.

Nor need our young writers despair of a field for the proper exercise of their talent. Our whole American life is a comparatively untrodden ground; and if they must write fiction, let them try their hands upon the rich and suggestive materials lying everywhere about them. Have we, as yet, besides *Uncle Tom*, a genuine novel of American life? Has anything like justice yet been done to the peculiarities of the several parts of the nation? Are not the experiences of the emigrant and the settler full of tragic incident, full of pathos, full of stirring adventure, and not without their humorous side? Besides, how much of human history is to be rewritten—from the new modern stand-points—with a new sense of its picturesque effects, and a new philosophy of its bearing and significance? In fact, there is no end to the topics, which a skillful writer may make both entertaining and instructive, if he will but give his mind and his time to the task. The same expenditure of labor and thought, which is now given to some ephemeral romance—to a work which will scarcely outlive the proverbial nine days of wonder—if devoted to a nobler undertaking, would not produce, perhaps, so profitable a work for the nonce, but it would lead to a greater work in the end, and acquire for the author, instead of a transient and hollow notoriety, a lasting fame. Be this as it may, however, we are sure that the public would gain a great advantage, in the possession of a sounder, purer, and more vigorous literature.

We throw out these few words simply as hints. Our experience in the magazines here convince us that there is an almost incredible amount of intellectual activity

in this country, which, rightly directed, would soon create a brilliant literature for us. The great defect in it, however, is want of maturity and haste. Our writers do not take time to learn the secret of their own powers, to husband them with discretion, and to apply them with the most effectiveness and concentration. As the general life of the nation, so the literary life, is hurried. A certain rawness and want of depth, a certain superficial elegance, in lieu of true beauty, marks too many of our efforts. But there is great strength at the bottom of us—a luxuriance of force even—which shows that there is no deficiency of genius, and only the absence of culture and care. We are an intense people, and intensity passes with us, often, for real vigor, for that calm and masterly control of the powers which is the sign of true greatness of mind. The mistake lies in supposing spasmodic violence an indication of strength, whereas it is rather an indication of disease.

—APPLETON'S *Cyclopædia of Biography*. This is really an English book, though Mr. Appleton, in consideration of a few additions, has put his name on the title-page. It was published in London, during the past year, under the editorship of Mr. Rich, assisted by several distinguished men, such as Alison, Professors Creasy, Nichols, Ferguson, Sir David Brewster, Charles Knight, and others. The American edition has been prepared by Dr. Hawks and others, whose names are judiciously not given. Like most other works of this kind, it has a great many merits, and a great many defects. There is nothing in literature, perhaps, more difficult to compile than a good biographical dictionary. It is especially difficult when there are several hands engaged upon it, and the supervising care of the editor is not very rigid. There are so many names to be treated within a short compass, that it is in the highest degree embarrassing to decide how much space should be given to one and how much to another; and whether facts, only, should be given, or comments on character also; while the disagreement of authorities, as to dates, is often quite desperate. Our own notion is, that a biographical dictionary, which aspires to be an every-day book of reference, should confine itself, as much as possible, to an actual record of events, excluding all attempts at the analysis of the

works of great writers, and all attempts at the characterization of great men. Readers, who wish to be minutely informed on the latter topics, will not search for the information in a hand-book, but will go to the more voluminous authorities. What they consult a hand-book for, is to get at a few of the more prominent facts in the lives of persons whose names they encounter in the course of their general reading, or hear in conversation. The biographical dictionary, therefore, ought to be an index of names and facts, rather than a repository of criticism.

The work before us errs in this respect. It aims beyond its proper mark; and, in the endeavor to describe systems of thought and men—the writers being necessarily restricted to a small space—it not only becomes superficial, but omits a vast deal of information which would, otherwise, have been embraced within its covers. Under the heads of Plato, Kant, and Swedenborg, for instance, we are told about the peculiarities of their philosophical schemes, with commendation and criticisms, whereas we only wished to know the essential facts of their lives. If anybody desired to enter into the former subject, he would go to more original sources. We have three solid columns of eulogy on Sir William Hamilton, without a single date, though Sir William, being alive, is not entitled to mention at all, even if his merits, which, we confess, seem to us greatly exaggerated, had warranted so conspicuous a treatment of him. The best parts of the volume are those which make no pretension, and do not bear the initials of the distinguished men whose names are so emblazoned on the title-page.

As to the American additions, they appear to have been hastily compiled. No uniform rule, as to the selection of names and length of notice, is apparent in the general execution. Men of no account are allowed more space than men of great account: Dr. Swett, whom nobody knows, has twice the attention of Fenimore Cooper, whom everybody knows; the late Governor Metcalfe, of somewhere out West, is more elaborately treated than Gen. Jackson, who was the foremost American of his day. Edgar Allen Poe, an extraordinary genius, has three lines; but Dr. Wainwright, who was not a genius in any way (though an excellent man), has half a column. The

Duke of Wellington fills seven columns and a half, and George Washington but two columns and a half. It is impossible, of course, to avoid these disparities altogether, but a careful editor may do much towards not rendering them too glaring.

In spite of occasional oversights and defects, we think this dictionary about the best of its kind. It is accurate, so far as we have been able to investigate it; it is full; and the memoirs, though brief, are, for the most part, well written. The numerous wood-cuts, representing men and their places of abode, add greatly to its value.

—*Literary Criticisms and other Papers*, by the late HORACE BINNEY WALLACE, of Philadelphia, is the title of a new volume, collected from the writings of the author, and published by Parry & McMillan, of Philadelphia. Upon the publication of the "Art, Scenery, and Philosophy in Europe," last year, we expressed our admiration of the remarkable powers of Mr. Wallace. In that volume they were mainly displayed in the most comprehensive and accurate, but also most delicate and poetic, criticisms of art. In the present collection, his themes are purely literary. It is impossible to read the two volumes without admiration of the rare and various scholarship, the clear, penetrating perception, the singularly rich, simple, and fascinating style, and the calm, comprehensive tone of the author; and equally impossible not to wonder that, with such powers, he had apparently addressed himself to no work which would give them adequate scope. But the contents of both volumes are strictly fragmentary, and were probably regarded, by Mr. Wallace, as merely studies towards some future achievement. His genius was evidently critical and analytical, not inventive; and he is an example, peculiarly precious in America, of that form of the modesty of genius which serves so lofty an ideal, that it will attempt nothing inadequate to its powers, or below its highest aspiration. Achievements which others might regard as victories, such a mind would consider only as preparatory steps, and, justly measuring its own scope, would scorn an inferior success. This was undoubtedly the case with Mr. Wallace: and, consequently, although he has left no single great work, the fragments which he did leave rank him among the most highly-

endowed of the best names in American literature.

The literary criticisms of the present volume are, in great part, devoted to American authors and subjects, and the statement of his age, at the time of the composition of the various papers, is a valuable assistance in the observation of his intellectual development. His enthusiasm, at the age of twenty, for Pope, is the key of his literary sympathies. He is eminently a conservative in literature; and the feeling for Pope indicates his own intellectual habit, which was clear and precise. This conservative literary tendency prevented him from doing justice to the dignity and value of modern literature. He praises modern individuals, and often with singular want of discrimination; but he was apparently unconscious of any vital power and significance in contemporary literature as a whole. He speaks ill of the whole modern school of poetry. He calls Milton the king of poets; and, making a remarkable combination of names, says that, by Milton's canons of poetry, Byron, Wordsworth, and Hemans would fare badly. He associates, in the same way, Spenser, Dryden, and Thomson. He says, however, the best things that have lately been written about Byron; and the reader pardons much to the critic's lofty requirement of superior literary and moral excellence in all his favorites. He gives the most comprehensive and accurate analysis of Irving—saying the truest things in the most felicitous manner. But he instantly vitiates our faith in his judgments, by declaring that American literature is more indebted to Dennie and General Morris than to any other two men; by extravagantly praising Fanny Forrester and Mrs. Lydia Peirson; by declaring that he who can understand Mr. Emerson may value Mr. Bancroft, and by saying that the Rev. Dr. Griswold is a man of genius. With all the various and remarkable worth of Mr. Wallace's criticisms, they have a total want of any just discrimination of relative literary excellence. His style is masterly. It is rich and choice, and perfectly lucid, with a wonderful power of plainly stating very subtle distinctions. It is colloquial and sparkling, but rises, upon occasion, into grave and stately music. Some of the descriptions of European cathedrals, in the first volume, are as superbly elaborated

as the most splendid rhetoric of Ruskin. In the last volume, we note several exquisite felicities of phrase. We quote two or three :

"In approaching the delicate creation of chaste imagination which Mr. Powers gives us in his Greek slave, after the first shock of delight, from the gentle rush of her beauty, wave-like, upon the spirit, is past, we are arrested and enchained by the profound and lofty interest of her countenance."

It would be impossible to convey more perfectly, in words, the peculiar completeness of quiet but intense pleasure occasioned by the first sight of a graceful sculpture. It is a criticism in itself. He describes Undine as follows :

"A child, to captivate the fancy ; a woman, to move the heart : a spirit, to raise and awe the soul ; with enchanting elegance she wears the drapery of a triple grace."

Of Moore, he says :

"He further corrupted it (his genius) by indulging his youthful appetency upon the luscious banquets of those amatory poets, sophists, and letter-writers, who were engendered of the soft decay of Greek civility, and whom the scholar fears even to touch with a momentary attention."

But our note is expanding into a review. We commend this volume as the work of a man whose death was a national loss. There has been no posthumous publication in our literature, indicative of so much power, since the extracts from a "Scholar's Journal," the diary of Charles Chauncey Emerson, a brother of Ralph Waldo Emerson, published, many years since, in the "Dial." It was he who said, of Shakespeare, that "he sits, pensive and alone, above the hundred-handed play of his imagination."

—The name of the Rev. Dr. GILMAN, of Charleston, is so well known in the literary world as to have received the compliment of a mendacious mention at the Publishers' Festival in this city, when the papers amiably assumed that everybody who *ought* to have been there was actually present.

And there are many persons, in all parts of our country, who will be glad to know that this estimable and accomplished divine has collected and published the most valuable productions of his pen, under the title of *Contributions to Literature*.

Cambridge honors, as a scholar and a poet, the man whom Carolina values as a preacher ; and, in this goodly volume now

before us, the reader, curious in the literary history of his country, will recognize the style and temper of the generation which gave to Boston its long-admitted preëminence in the walks of style and scholarship, on this side the Atlantic. Yet Dr. Gilman is more than the type of a generation ; he has original qualities of mind, as graceful as they are peculiar ; his humor is fine and quaint ; his feeling refined and gentle ; he shows, not seldom, a curious felicity in expression, and a kind of reasonable oddity in speculation, altogether his own, and altogether indescribable. Two papers in this collection, the "Memoirs of a New England Village Choir," and "Some account of the Reverend Stephen Peabody," embody more amusing and interesting details of the rural life of New England, fifty years since, than are to be elsewhere found, and are quite equal, in manner as well as in matter, to Mr. Irving's portraits of the ancestral New Yorker.

Dr. Gilman's muse is a well-bred lady, who only comes when she is bid ; but his occasional pieces are among the happiest of their kind. Two of them, indeed, the "Union Ode," sung at Charleston, in the dreadful "Nullification Days," and the College hymn of "Fair Harvard," sung at the Cambridge Centennial, have achieved a local popularity which promises to be permanent.

At Home and Abroad.—The second volume of MARGARET FULLER's works contains her tour in the West, and the letters written from Europe, during her connection with the *Tribune*, with some notices of her death, and the poems which that event suggested. Sadder, to us, than her untimely fate, is the broken and fragmentary way in which she has always been brought before the public. Nothing, that remains of her, is complete. Her biography was written by three persons, instead of one, and gave no connected view of her activity. Her larger works are without unity, and her lesser ones are all more or less imperfect. The letters from the West, and these letters from abroad, are desultory—full of hints and suggestions—but with no thought worked out, and no pervading purpose. Her mind, indeed, even up to the hour of her death, was unsettled and growing, and had not attained that serenity of conviction, which springs from definite

views, or clear insight. Many noble impulses lived in it, many grand thoughts rolled up before its vision; but the assurance of satisfying truth it had not reached. In her earlier years, the intellect reigned supreme over the affections—and in that state no man or woman ever attains peace; but it is beautiful to note, as she became absorbed in the struggle of Italy, and the ties of wifehood and maternity gave her objects of love, how the womanly nature emerged, and her whole being was softened, concentrated, and raised. There is a touching and mournful eloquence in the enthusiasm with which she describes the first movements of the new life in Italy, followed, as it was, by such treacherous overthrow. Sympathizing sincerely in the hopes of the patriots, admitted to their councils, sharing their dangers, admiring their leader—that singularly pure and gentle, yet strong spirit, Mazzini—her letters on the progress of the Italian revolution are the best contemporary records that we have of it, and excite a profound regret that her more elaborate work on Italy cannot be recovered. Yet, it is to be doubted, whether the history, if completed, would have possessed certain charms, which we find in these letters, written amid the stir of the battle, in the gloom or glow of the moment, with the fresh feeling of the writer pervading every word. One follows the progress of the narrative, as he turns the leaves of some deep tragedy, too much absorbed in the story of grand and melancholy events to be able to criticize the art with which they are unfolded. But this fact is itself the highest praise that could be bestowed upon the writer.

The volume is carefully edited, and neatly printed, and will be gratefully received by all the admirers of this remarkable woman.

—*Liberty and Slavery.*—Professor BLEDSOE, of the University of Virginia, has published an argument, under this name, designed to show that the subjugation of one race of men by another is the very essence of human liberty, sanctioned explicitly by the moral law of the Bible, and amply sustained by the inductions of experience. Strange as it may seem, it is still a fact, that the interests involved in a particular culture, and the prejudices which it engenders, are able to mislead minds of some degree of original force, and of learning,

into such a systematic perversion of all the dictates of nature, good sense, and religion. All the world knows that slavery exists in this country, simply, because it is supposed to be the most efficient means of cultivating cotton, and that if, by the sudden disuse of that plant, or by the extensive raising of it elsewhere, the trade in it here should become unprofitable, slavery would be abandoned. Yet, inasmuch as the system has been violently attacked on moral grounds, it has been thought expedient to defend it on moral grounds; and, we see accomplished professors devoting long and careful treatises to the overthrow of the accepted doctrines of politics and morals, and to the establishment of principles more compatible with this system. It is a sorry exemplification of the facility with which the mind will often persuade itself that what it wants to be right is right. Professor Bledsoe writes with earnestness, and, now and then, eloquently; but his logic is very much out at the heels.

—*List's National System of Political Economy.*—This volume is translated from the German of a very un-German authority. He was a practical man, who passed many years in this country, connected with important commercial enterprises, and his system is the result of his experiences, rather than of study. It differs from the ordinary English and French systems, in that it recommends a temporary adherence to the protective policy, in order to build up national welfare. Nations, as actually organized, and not an abstract humanity, is the true object of political-economical inquiry. The first part, which furnishes a kind of condensed history of the industrial progress of the nations, is very instructive, and some of the subsequent chapters no less so; but, as a whole, it is rather a dull work. It is called a system; but is, in reality, nothing better than a scheme, somewhat imperfectly worked out, and by no means systematically exhibited. The truth is, that political economy, as a science, is in such an inchoate state, that no system is yet possible, and all that is written about it is merely *contributions pour servir*. The volume before us is a proof of this; for the author of it often says one thing, the French editor, whose notes are appended, another, and the American editor a third. It would seem as if no two men could agree upon any of the more important topics of

political economy—a fact which should not disparage inquiry in that direction, but should certainly prevent any one from appropriating to it the name of science. Apart from its higher pretensions, this work of Mr. List is valuable, as it contains very many important suggestions, and is marked by great good sense. Like Mr. Carey, the author believes that the principles of national economy are not things to be invented, nor to be deduced from certain *a priori* moral maxims; but that they are to be generalized from the actual facts of human experience.

—TRAVELS.—IDA PFEIFFER has given us a second journey round the world. It is, of course, interesting in itself, because it is a narrative of strange adventures, and a description of strange scenes. But the chief interest of the book lies in the fact, that it is Madame Pfeiffer's. She is such an extraordinary person, that one would wish to read her impressions of men and things, though they were written in a style much inferior to that in which they are written, and though her judgments were less sagacious and candid than they are. A woman who is capable, after having reared a family, and attained an age when the ambitions are subdued, and the energies slackened, of conceiving and executing journeys, which may well appal the stoutest man, is a phenomenon, and curiosity stands on the *quai vive* to know what she thinks, and to hear her tell of what she has seen. It is not once in many centuries that such a person springs up. Even a robustious, stalwart fellow of a man, who should take his satchel in his hand, and, without much money, few letters of introduction, no acquaintance, and against the wishes of his family, visit successively the savages of Borneo, the Chinese, the Polynesians, Iceland, Mexico, California, the Great West, and Canada, would be esteemed a considerable fellow, in his day. Bayard Taylor, with half that travel, is a famous man, the elect of lyceums, and the pride of booksellers; but when we see a woman do all this, we are lost in surprise. We are tempted to believe her an Amazon, at least—or one of those masculine creatures, who, with the form of a woman, have the spirit of monsters; but when we come to find that she is a frail, delicate, and gentle person, with every womanly sentiment and sensibility, our surprise grows into wonder and incredulity.

Madame Pfeiffer's present volume is scarcely so agreeable as that which recorded her sojourn in Iceland. It covers so much ground, that she is not able to dwell with sufficient particularity on the parts to render her descriptions adequate. Besides, we find such mistakes in what relates to our own country, as to beget the suspicion that other parts are equally uncertain. She is quite indignant, for instance, because the government of the United States does not do something to ameliorate the condition of the slaves, instancing the passage of the Maine Law, as a proof of its power to act in that direction! She characterizes the American women for want of culture, having seen only the women in and about St. Paul's, or a few other places in the extreme west. There are other such *miserables*, and still the book contains a great deal of instruction, and is admirable in spirit. Though Madame Pfeiffer has, herself, wandered so far from the domestic sphere of women, she seems to be a great stickler for it. We excuse her own course, on the ground that she had previously discharged all her household duties.

—The *Madeira* of Mr. MARCH is a pretty thorough account of the life in that island, with some glimpses into Spanish life in general. It is, for the most part, amusing, and appears to be authentic. His opportunities for studying the character, both personal and social, of the inhabitants, the higher, as well as the lower, classes, could not have been better, and he has availed himself of them to the best of his abilities. His wit is not always of the purgative Attic, and his phraseology, at times, smells of the newspaper, but he has a strong animal life in him, a relish for good things, an eye for the picturesque, and no little sense. These are all taking qualities in the traveler, and help to make an entertaining volume.

—Lieutenant BREWERTON's account of *Kansas* is lively, running over with westernisms, and western adventures, and giving some droll narratives of frontier life, especially of riding and sleeping, which may warrant one in passing an hour or two over its pages, but otherwise it has no attractions, and very little value. We ought to except the documents relating to the present war in Kansas, which are appended, and which throw a great deal of light upon the existing controversy.

—*Bohn's Libraries.*—We have before spoken of the general excellence of the books included in the several series of Bohn's Libraries; but the incessant appearance of new additions calls for new remark. Among the most recent works of value which have been put forth, is—SMYTH's *Lectures on the French Revolution*, which is not a history, so much as an indispensable guide to history. As in his *Lectures on Modern History*, the author does not furnish us with a detailed narrative of events, but a general outline, filled in with judicious criticisms, and indicating the best authorities to be consulted on different points. Smyth is somewhat of a conservative in his opinions, and not a remarkably vivacious writer, but he is a man of good judgment and the most various learning.—Another volume, is an expurgated edition of *Beaumont and Fletcher*, by LEIGH HUNT, or, rather, a collection of all the fine and brilliant things which occur in Beaumont and Fletcher, arranged under their appropriate heads, and without the offensive accompaniments of the complete editions. A pleasant introduction to the whole is given by the editor—an essay on the characteristics and beauties of those old playwrights, in his most genial vein. A third incorporation into the library is a sixth volume of the sterling old DANIEL DEFOE's *Works*, which we trust will be continued till it shall have embraced all the writings of that true and noble Briton. It is curious that no complete edition of the writings of the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, and of the *Plague in London*, should now be in print.—The *Memoirs of Philip de Commines* is also to be found here.

—*MOTLEY's Dutch Republic.*—We take pleasure in welcoming to the list of American historians the author of a new and elaborate history of the *Rise of the Dutch Republic*. It is a real acquisition to our literature. Beginning with the earliest outbreaks of dissatisfaction in the Netherlands, with the government of Philip the Second, it carries the narrative outward to the death of the Prince of Orange; and, while it covers, substantially, the same ground as Mr. Prescott's recent life of that monarch, it is more full and detailed. The troubles in the Netherlands are rather an episode in the work of Mr. Prescott, and are, therefore, not treated with that com-

pleteness of which the subject admitted. But, with Mr. Motley, they are the main topic, and he has devoted to them the most careful research, patient study, sound sense, and a true sympathy. As we propose reviewing his work at length, in a succeeding number of the Magazine, we do not dwell upon it in this place, further than to say that it is a most elaborate enterprise, undertaken with great boldness, and executed with no less skill. Mr. Motley has availed himself of all the information to be found in the Belgian, Dutch, French, and Spanish archives, and, in spite of a little too much ambition in the style, has constructed out of them a most eloquent and absorbing narrative. A more significant selection of a period, for us Americans, could not have been made. It is handled, too, from a proper American stand-point, and we earnestly commend the work to all lovers of history. It is destined, we think, as a first impression, to become a standard in its department.

—The Messrs. HARPER have given us two more volumes of their *Classical Library*. Mr. Dale has translated Thucydides very carefully, very literally, very faithfully, but not very elegantly. Yet, as he has steadily followed the capital text of Arnold's edition, his version is to be preferred to any other that we have. The notes, however, are too exclusively philological to be of much use to the general reader, and hardly numerous enough to give the scholar any material help.

The few notes appended by Mr. Cary to his translation of Herodotus, are rather illustrative than critical, and the version itself is more readable than Mr. Dale's Thucydides. It is a much more faithful translation of the Greek text than Beloe's very pleasant and popular volumes; and as Mr. Taylor's admirable version (upon which Mr. Cary makes what we think an unfounded criticism) has never been printed in a very accessible form, this new work will probably meet the demands of the public more fully than its predecessors have done. There is really no reason why Herodotus should not be a favorite with modern readers. He unites with a quite Homeric candor and freshness of feeling certain qualities of style nearly akin to those most popular in our own day, and which no ancient writer, except Josephus, seems to us to possess in an equal degree.

THE WORLD OF NEW YORK.

Who has not sung the praise of May? From jovial Horace, smiling under the trees of his Sabine farm, to see the snow gone from Soracte's crested height, down to pensive Wordsworth, plucking primroses within the murmuring sound of Rydal Falls, all the poets have piped their best to honor her. To honor "her," we say; for it is the chief honor of May, that we personify the month in the shape of a woman. Our instincts do reverence to the sovereignty of beauty, and give to the loveliest seasons the guise which is loveliest upon earth. Frore December, January chill, feverish February, and blustering March—these we call male fellows all. They have neither charm nor caprice, but are mere sullen, unamiable masculines. April, that thing of smiles and tears, of soft sunshine and sharp winds; and May, the poet's month; and June, that lovers love—these are the Graces of the year. For these we have a tenderness, that not the best of the male months, no, not hearty October, nor warm July, can awaken.

Let May, then, be welcomed with songs and smiles. Let her be welcomed in the country; in forest and field; for to them she brings flowers and the song of birds. She unbinds the last brook in the recesses of the wood, and tinges with green the bleak hillside. Let her be welcomed, not with the ancient holiday indeed, the *Bel-tane* of our forefathers, the May-day of sweeps and Sunday-schools; for there is no rustic dancing now, and to polk on a greensward is a purgatorial pain; and to sit under the trees, eating sandwiches, insures rheumatism. We must leave the "due observance of the May" where it hangs, a beauteous tapestry upon the chambers of the past. Think upon Puseyism and the Eglinton tournament, and abstain from rash revivals of an antique form. But keep the rustic May in some sweet modern fashion. If, as old Chaucer sings, the season

"pricketh at thy gentle heart,
And maketh thee out of thy sleep to start,
And saith, 'Arise and do thy obeisance';"

why then, arise, gather rose-buds if you will, and lay them beneath your lady-love's window, if you be a bachelor—on your wife's breakfast-table, if you be a Benedict.

Or, if you be a slug-a-bed, and love to lie late o' mornings, and want your world well aired before you enter it, then give the sweet month greeting in some lazier, but still honorable wise. Read the Song of Solomon, and fancy "the voice of the turtle" out yonder in those thickets, whence the oriole pipes; or let Chaucer be your morning-star, and light you to the goodly vision of Arcite, and Emilia; Emilia, that

"fairer was to be seen
Than is the lily upon his stalk green,
And fresher than the May with flowers now,"
and Arcite, the gallant, gay, and handsome creature, that

"On his courser, starting as the fire,
Is ridden to the fieldes, him to play
Out of the court, were it a mile or tway;
To maken him a garland of the greves,
Wore it of woodbine or of hawthorn leaves.
As loud he sang against the sunny sheen:
'O May, with all thy flowers, and thy green,
Right welcome be thou faire freshe May.'"

What a picture is in that line. "As loud he sang against the sunny sheen!" How the gay knight rides before you, right on into the floods of light—a glad voice and a glittering shape merrily cantering over the new-breathed fields, and through the blithesome morning air!

Rustic May! no better homage can be done to you than this! But for an urban May—for the pleasant morning that ushers in the summer and the furniture-vans—that sets the blood dancing in young veins, and chokes the streets with carts, what welcome shall we find?

May in the city no poet has sung. And yet, how worthy to be sung she is! Not May-day, absolutely. We cannot wholly praise May-day in New York. It is a day of the payment of rents, and of tribute rendered to carmen—a day of household uproar and public confusion—each street beholds its exodus—on every side the Israelites are fleeing, nor seldom bearing with them the spoils of the Egyptians—and the whole city seems engaged in playing one great game of tag, each household scampering with all possible speed from its ancient corner to obtain a new post. Who pursues the scampering household we have never been able to discover, nor why they should not allow themselves a month or so of removing-time, as people do in Paris. But marvel-

ous is the spectacle of this metropolitan Hegira—marvellous, vociferous, and well fitted to scare away the gentle May.

But the gentle May remains; and, when the hubbub is over, what lovely sights she shines upon! The rustic May sees a beautiful world; but her urban sister is happier still: for does not Dan Chaucer himself admit that Emilia, "arisen and all ready dight," was "fairer to be seen than is the lily upon his stalk green," and was not Dan Chaucer right?

You will not find many lilies on Broadway, when you go out a-Maying there—but lovely Emilias not a few, and "dight" as never that beauteous princess was! The spring flowers are fair to see; but are not the fashions charming, too? Can you walk up and down the thronged street, in these bright spring mornings, and look without a cheery smile on all these gay and glancing creatures that float by you, sweet clouds of color daintily perfumed? Shake your head, cynic, if you dare, and slap your pockets, crusty curmudgeon, and growl out your dispraise of frivolities, and your wrath against milliners and their bills; but are *your* pursuits so very solemn and majestic—your expenses so very wise and well-regulated, that you should sneer at these flights of fair and costly wonders? You are not an agreeable sight to the eyes, we admit—and are you, therefore, commendable? Do you fancy yourself a useful and serious person, because you spend your nights and days in making money, or drawing up deeds? Your money and your deeds will turn to dust one day, just as surely as all these silks, and barèges, and laces that you flout; and when you awake in the world to come, and rub the dust of your long dreary mortal life out of your spiritual eyes, do you think you will find yourself amid familiar or congenial scenes? Does it never occur to you that, to the beings who people those mysterious realms, you may one day find yourself just as frivolous and uninteresting a human soul as any of the idlest devotees of fashion may at last be revealed to be? Take the word of a friend for it, the folly of Wall street may be uglier than the folly of the Fifth avenue, without being, therefore, any the less monstrous a folly; and as for extravagance and the bills of milliners, if your money only buys more money, friend, is that money well or wisely spent, think you?

No, no! Cease shaking your head, put your hands in your pockets, if you cannot walk comfortably otherwise, and let your countenance expand in the sunshine, and rejoice to see so many pretty creatures so prettily arrayed, and own that May in the city is a very pleasant month, and rejoice at her coming! Rejoice! and yet, not without an alloy of sadness.

For though the winter was wild and dreary, though the snows were chill, and the winds were keen, who can think without a sigh upon its passing away? It brought with it so much—so much of sorrow—so much of joy—so much of life, that precious gift, which every year makes more precious to every breathing man and woman. Another winter gone! Who can rejoice in this thought save those who can rejoice no more in anything but utter oblivion and the approaching silence of the grave! For all who still find existence dear and profitable, it cannot but be a solemn thing to feel that another winter, with all its experiences and all its emotions, has been taken from the short term of their mortal days. And so the merry May weaves pansies in her crown—pansies, "that's for thoughts"—happy most, if from the winter's failing hand she takes an amaranth, too, to hide among her flowers!

Well, these are "gruesome thoughts," perhaps, for us to indulge in, who have no mission to be pathetic here. Let us rather see what remains to us of social pleasure and of amusement still to be enjoyed. For even our balls have not yet come to an end, and till the last lady-month has flitted away, there will still be music at midnight, and the rolling of carriage-wheels and the shriek of the whistle of Brown shall still startle the silent neighborhoods.

And is not a ball a good thing, after all? To go to many balls, to adore balls, to *depend* on balls, yes, that is very bad, no doubt, and very weak, which is worse than bad. But who, that has a glimmer of imagination left in his much-worked brain, can look, without emotion, upon a ball-room? For the mere pleasure of it, how good the first glimpse of a gay ball-room is! The soft lustrous atmosphere, the mingling of beautiful colors, the rustling of the most delicate and the richest stuffs that the cunning looms of man have wrought—the perfume of rare flowers, the whirl of brilliant music; how dull, or dreary, or discontented

must the man be who can take no satisfaction in the mere splendor of such a show! Somebody tells a good story of Lord Melbourne to this effect:—The Premier (in whom politics spoiled a poet) went one night with Mrs. Norton and her sister to the opera in company with a dashing young man about town, more remarkable for the correctness of his coats than for the brilliancy of his wits. When Lord Melbourne the next morning called to pay his respects to the ladies, he inquired after their companion. "Oh! he had a dreadful time," said Mrs. Norton, "he was so bored to death that it was really painful to hear his complaints." "Bored to death!" exclaimed the Premier, "bored to death! Why, had the fellow no eyes? Could't he see the great red lobsters lying in the windows in St. James's street, and the gas-light flaming on their backs? What more did he want?"

What more, truly? The man who has never possessed, or has wholly lost the capacity of being pleased by mere sight and sound, by the splendors of gas-light on the red backs of lobsters, or the glitter of jewels in a ball-room, really does not deserve to live in a world where so much beauty and movement is lavished upon the senses through every turn of every season.

Not that we mean to put lobsters' backs on a par with ladies' jewelry! Both are fine, yet we do think the jewels the finer of the two, and the wearers of the jewels decidedly finer than either, or both.

And so we like to go to balls, holding the mere spectacle excuse enough for us, whose years and sex may seem to demand an excuse which is not to be required of young damsels. For them the ball-room is a play-ground, or a battle-field. Their interest is deeper than ours, yet, on the whole, perhaps not more satisfactory. For while nature rarely exacts of us any penalty but a headache for our indulgence in these recreations, she forces those who take more from the game, to pay a higher price—sometimes in aches of the heart as well. And if we should begin to anatomize—if we should descend to the supper-room, empty and trampled, and strewn with fragmentary flowers, and dabbled with the gore of oysters—or if we should pause in the dressing-room and pierce the secrets folded at midnight under cloaks and mantillas, shawls and furs—or——. But we will do no such

thing. The ball-room was bright and beautiful. That trouble, and disappointment, and envy, and malice will sometimes come away in satin slippers and patent-leathers from scenes so gorgeous is a sad thing, yes, a very sad thing; but we have met them too, alas! in goloshes and double-soled boots at the door of the lecture-room and the chapel; and we will not, for their foul sakes, turn off the gas-lights of the saloon, or stifle the whistle of Brown. Least of all, when it is benevolence who bids the musicians sound their instruments, and leads off the dance in a minuet with fashion.

The ball "for the nurses" at the Academy was a very fine and animated spectacle. The gorgeous building, all a-blaze with light, was filled with people, upon whose appearance and behavior no American could look without a glow of patriotic pride. For though the charity, in behalf of which all this array was assembled, claims the special support of Japonicadom, and though Japonicadom was very well represented, yet, a vast proportion of the spectators, and a still larger proportion of the dancers, belonged to the unfortunate class of those "whom nobody knows." Surprising and satisfactory, in a high degree, therefore, to the philosophic mind, was the discovery that "nobody's" acquaintances were just as good-looking, just as well-behaved, and almost as well-dressed as if they had enjoyed the benignant influences of "everybody's" society.

We, the experienced editor, have seen many balls, on both sides of the Atlantic, bachelor-balls and leap-year-balls, court-balls and country-balls, balls in the drawing-room and balls in the public garden, masked balls and—yet what balls are *unmasked* balls?—ah! who can shut out the fancy, that, of all imaginable balls, those are the least truly masquerades, where the mask hides the face, but leaves the heart free to its own emotions!

But of such fancies we have this day resolved to take no heed—let them come or let them go—we will not enter into the metaphysics of masking; we return to our muttons—we take up the dropped thread—we go on to aver, that we have never, at any time, nor in any country, seen so large and miscellaneous a company conduct themselves with so much propriety, and make so creditable an appearance

as did the five thousand persons who gave their presence and their pence to the support of the *Crèche* on the night of the 27th March. *Crèche* we call it, not in the vain desire to astonish the country members, but because Paris deserves the credit of an institution which she was the first to found.

When one thinks what the homes of the poor were and are in the Old World, and for the matter of that, in the New World, too, the heart instinctively rises up to do honor to the man or city whose charity first considered the wretchedness of the little children of the poor. Think how many a mother's heart must have been wrung, year after year, by the sad necessity which took her to earn her daily bread, and left her child alone, or worse than alone, in some bestial hovel beyond the reach of pity, wisdom, or love!

In the *Crèches* a thousand children may find, through the working hours of the day, a care even more precise, and comforts more abundant than their poor mothers could give them, and certainly an atmosphere more wholesome than the foul air which broods among the crowded dens of the indigent in great cities.

"To Paris, what a blessing must such an institution be!" we all exclaim, shuddering at our recollections of the Isle St. Louis, or of the Faubourg St. Marceau. "And how with New York?" Have you read the report of the Legislative Committee appointed to examine the condition of our tenement houses? If you have not, then we counsel you to do so at once. Read it, and shudder no more over the vile abodes which disgrace the saintliest names of France! Read it, and, when you pass at night the gorgeous front of the St. Nicholas or the Metropolitan, a-blaze with light, and pouring from stately doorways throngs of well-dressed, well-fed, well-lodged men and women, remember, that within the sound of a strong man's voice, the stars look down upon houses more crowded still, where not one man, not one woman is to be found well-dressed, well-fed, well-lodged—houses where filth and vice swarm in hives, and lay up store, not of honey, but of deadly, rancorous poison for the city's use—poison which you shall taste, and your children—you, and we, and all of us. Remember these things, then—not now—for we have no mind to overcast

our pleasant May with such sad clouds. Only in the day when the sun shines, and the blue laughs overhead, we cannot quite forget the myriads for whom the sunshine and the blue are as if they were not—the myriads for whom the balls are given—but upon whose hearts falls never a strain of all the sweet, enchanting music, never a breath of the vague perfumes that make the ball-room a Persia.

"If only all the balls were given for the poor," do you say?

Well, even for the ball's sake, it would be a goodly and a pleasant thing, we answer. "Beauty is its own excuse for being," and all that is gay, and cheerful, and gorgeous, has uses finer than the heedless mind can apprehend. How strangely we lame and limit that great word of "uses!"

You that laugh at the lovely show of fair women and flowers, in the banker's mansion, aver that the great railway the banker builds is a useful thing, and bow down before it and do it homage—do you not? And why? Of what use is a railway? "To bring the sections of the country nearer together," do you answer, "to multiply exchanges, to foster industry, to increase the numbers and the wealth of the people?" All these things your railway will, doubtless, do; but, again, we ask what is the use of all these things? Of what use is it, that there should be three thousand people this year, where, last year, there were but two; that this year a million dollars should pass, where, last year, only half a million flowed in the tide of trade? Is mere growing, is mere getting, a good final and supreme for man or nation? There is no good in such good things, save as they minister to a higher good, in the flowering of the human soul and heart. Which should you prefer, the lot of Shakespeare, living in little Stratford, or the lot of a mandarin, fattening in big Peking? All things are good that lead to good, that feed the brain and cheer the heart, and so all social gayety, well and wisely enjoyed, is a good, and a great good, not unworthy the attention of the gravest Panjandrum among all the philosophers.

At another time, dear reader, we will reason together of these things, of the mystery and the meaning, the weakness and the worth of balls and parties in our modern world. Let us go back, now, to

our opera house—but not to our ball. The splendid *salle* is as brilliant as before; the boxes are as thronged, and the air as full of music. New music, too, it is. Jones, here, on my right hand, takes off his hat, and says he recognizes a theme of a familiar opera; he can't precisely recall the theme, nor, indeed, the opera—but, still, he is quite sure of the resemblance. Perhaps so, Jones! but admit that this is a fine opening chorus, and bear with the encore upon which the infatuated public insist! Truly, Signor Arditi, you have done well, and, if the "Spy" is not a grand success, it is a decided and brilliant success. A better subject might have made a better opera—for what is an opera without a love duel between the tenor and the baritone? The baritone is the natural enemy of the tenor, and it is impossible to be enthusiastic about any opera in which the baritone, aided and encouraged by the powers of darkness, does not unremittingly vex, and pursue, and harass the heaven-defended tenor.

Still, though Harvey Birch and Harvey Birch's mother do not even enchain our attention so strongly as John of Leyden, and Fides in "*Le Prophète*," yet we listen, willingly, to the graceful and effective music in which Signor Arditi tells their story, and we desire for the "Spy" a long and lustrous life.

How *could* the "Spy" have been a failure? Signor Arditi is a master in the management of his own musical sentiment and science; his fancy and his memory are quite affluent enough, to supply him with material, which he selects and applies with exquisite tact and genuine feeling. If his best chorus recalls the lovely *Somnambula*, his sweetest *aria* is quite his own; what he had composed so well, he conducted himself, with admirable talent; the scenery was nearly perfect; nothing was left to be desired from the orchestra and the choruses. Brignoli sang his best, the fair Hensler outdid her past self, and Madame Lagrange was what she always is, inimitable, charming, worthy the laurel crowns she received, and worthy, too, of a support which (we say it with shame and sorrow) she never has received from us.

And even, as we write, our brave *impresario*, Mr. Paine, after a last and brilliant charge, has given up the field, and retires without victory, indeed, yet not without

honor. He has borne the brunt of one of the most trying seasons through which the opera has passed in New York; and it is sad that he should be obliged to draw off his forces just at the moment when the tide of fortune seemed turning in his favor. The indomitable Maretzek, who seems to revel in risk and ruin, as a true sailor delights in storms, has seized the fleeting opportunity, and we are still to keep an opera. Let us resolve to astonish Maretzek with a success brilliant enough to encourage some adventurous spirit to a fresh and a grander effort for the next season. Had we built unto ourselves a less ambitious temple, we should have an opera without so many trials and troubles. But, having the temple we have, we must make the best of it.

That the opera should die out in a city which still pours gold into the pockets of the Ravels, after twenty years of tumbling and turning, is not to be thought of. The poetry of sound must not pass unhonored, where pantomime and mummery can make the whole year one long Christmas eve, and turn a community of adults into children.

Not that we mean to jeer our old friends. Far from it! but, if you should ask old Gabriel or Antoine his private opinion of a community which slights the higher arts of the stage to serve the lower, we fancy you would receive a very direct and judicious, if not a very complimentary answer! And, being thereby rebuked, and finding the Academy closed, of course, you would hurry to the Broadway or to Burton's, to Laura Keane's or to Wallack's, in order to justify yourself against such implied imputations, by publicly giving your support to the legitimate drama. And what would be your reward?

Have we a theatre among us? That is a question more important just now than the great inquiry into the fate of Louis XVII.

If we have not, who is to blame? We are very willing—nay, we are even anxious to have a theatre. Wherever dinner ends the day, there the theatre is sure to flourish. The mind reposing upon a good dinner is always dramatically disposed. This is an axiom which we have derived both from observation and experience, and we defy any man to controvert it. So long as New York dines between five and six, so long

New York will be inclined to encourage a good theatre, where digestion can be quietly and profitably carried on under the agreeable stimulus of a mental excitement. The lecture never can replace the theatre, because the most immitigable lecturer dare not exceed an hour and a half of oratory, and a session of an hour and a half only breaks the evening up uncomfortably into two unequal sections. Moreover (but we whisper this in confidence), the lecturers themselves are beginning to suspect their function, and there are symptoms that the best of them meditate—no matter what! At all events, whether it be or be not a dignified and durable thing for a man of letters to perambulate the land, with a manuscript in his pocket, and placards borne before him, it is certain that we must have a good theatre in New York.

Will Miss Keene give it us? If energy, talent, and industry quite appalling, could achieve it, she certainly would. That charming actress has tolled for us tremendously. Whatever she has touched with her own light hand, has sparkled from the contact; she made the tawdry morality of "Camille" touching, and the fustian sentiment of the "King's Rival" genuine. Her pathos is deep and sincere; her gayety always leaves upon the mind a vague sense of sadness, which enhances its fine effect. She is a true actress, and of a very high rank; but her coadjutors are—what they are, and that is *not* just what we wish, nor even what we want.

Mr. Wallack more nearly meets our demand. But for the last month Mr. Wallack has devoted himself to reviving old plays, and an old actor. A capital old actor he is, to be sure; but we could never bear a wrinkled Romeo. No! not if that Romeo were Macready himself! Fancy Benedict with the air of a grandfather, or a frisking Dazzle of sixty-five! One new actress, however, Mr. Wallack has given us, in the person of Miss Louisa Howard, who is pretty, piquant, clever, and promising. She rattled off the rôle of Lady Gay Spanker in a quite fascinating way, and made a very arch and dashing Rosalind, "caparisoned like a man, but with no doublet and hose in her disposition."

Mr. Burton has given us no new actor, but three or four new plays—a philanthropic play, a satirical play, and a snobbish play, none of which can claim from the

amiable critic other than a mild and modified approval. The decisive critic would calmly damn them all as detestable. Yet one of them, the "Blessed Baby," has made a remarkable hit, and worthy citizens crowd the theatre in Chambers street to laugh over the degradation of paternity and infanticide made funny, just as gold-laced generals and ambassadors crowd to the Tuilleries of Paris to bow, and smirk, and stare obsequiously about the cradle of another "Blessed Baby," whose father they hate, and whose future they will do their best to cloud and to confuse.

After all, what theatre in Paris, or in New York, can hope to match upon its boards the sad or the humorous dramas of the world's great stage? Think of that "Imperial Prince of the French," the very opening of whose life brings all the shapes of tragedy and of farce about his silver cradle! The sufferings of his beautiful mother drew all hearts to her; and all hearts rose with her in the grateful exultation of the moment which atoned for all her pains, and banished all her anxieties; even the father claimed our sympathy in that hour, pregnant with fate for him and his; and the child himself, welcomed with many a loud-roaring cannon, welcomed too, alas! with many a low-muttered curse, to his *layette* of laces, and his couch of cloth of gold—who can think, unmoved, of him who may live to see the whole world tremble at his name, or to envy, at least, the least and lowest of the thousand babes, his namesakes, born upon one day with him into his father's magnificent realm of France!

And yet, shake off, for a moment, the inevitable solemnities which that scene suggests, and tell us where we are to look for matter riper to the satirist's hand? Strip the facts of their future, and what do you see? An expected babe, on the subject of whose sex some natural uncertainty prevails, must be provided for against its advent to the world. A *layette* (that is, baby-clothes) must be prepared. Shall it be a layette of pink, for a girl, or a layette of blue, for a boy? Important question! And wisely resolved by the purchase of *two layettes*; and such *layettes*! Thousands of dollars, wrung from tax paying France, must be lavished to provide dozens on dozens of utterly superfluous things, of which at least one-half will certainly

be thrown away by the coming child, as soon as the child is come. And so miracles of linen caps and socks, long-coats and short-coats, ruffles and bibs, and a myriad things by us, a bachelor, unnamable as inconceivable, having been brought together at last, are arrayed and exhibited to a curious world. And dukes and dignitaries, bronzed soldiers, and republican citizens, throng to see the show, and to extol the grandeur of the imperial mind which permitted or commanded it! And all this takes place in Paris, the capital of civilization! The wretched, frivolous Frenchmen! Of course there were no Americans who followed in this wake of a cradle, to do homage to a baby's cap? You and we, reader, had we been in Paris, would have stood proudly aloof from these imbecile servilities. Nor should we have countenanced, by our presence, that ball in honor of the greatest American, from which literature was excluded to make way for lackeydom! Not in such festivities do our hearts delight, but rather in such genial overflow of cordial good feeling as one witnesses at great dinners, where the lively and the learned meet to honor the arts. So the lively and the learned met, and dined, and smiled in behalf of the Dramatic Fund, but the other day, in this our good city. The bar, that hath ever loved the stage, was not wanting there, but, warmed with cheer and champagne, uttered much eloquence and not a little sense. Specially commendable, in this particular, was the speech of our esteemed Judge Daly, who dwelt largely and luminously upon our beloved Shakespeare, vindicating, well and wisely, the immortal bard, from the imputations of those who, knowing that he had "small Latin and less Greek," have assumed that he was, therefore, as one of the ignorant. Although one of our own contributors came under the Judge's condemnation, we own that we rejoiced and were glad to find so much learning and so much feeling devoted to the explanation and justification of that life of which the world knows less than of the career of any other of its greatest men, yet which has borne the richest and most immortal fruits of all.

Do our friends, the painters, begin to fancy that we have forgotten them in our walks about this teeming city-world of ours? A sad mistake, if they do so—yet what can we say of them? The Academy

exhibition is always creditable to the vitality of art amongst us, in this respect, at least, that it proves how pertinaciously our painters persevere with their studies, in the face of public indifference the most disheartening. Year after year, the best efforts of our best men are thrust away, almost out of sight, in small, inaccessible rooms; the current of life in the city drifts heedlessly by them; the critics growl more than they praise, and when a few connoisseurs have bought a few of the really good works, and the warm weather empties the town, the gilded frames are taken down, and, for a year, hardly a sign is given that we possess an artist in the land. A painter of the first rank hardly receives as much recognition among us as we give to a novelist or a poet, decidedly his inferior.

Yet our people are not indifferent to art. You cannot hang a good picture in a Broadway shop window without attracting a crowd, renewed each hour. Why does not some one of our millionaires immortalize himself by building a gallery of the fine arts, to be to us what the Luxembourg is to Paris? This year's Academy exhibition, imperfect as it is, suffices to show what promise the American pencil gives.

We do not speak mainly of the landscapes; for, though our most distinguished living artists are landscapists, we cannot consider landscape-painting the richest department of the art. Notwithstanding the examples of Nebuchadnezzar and Wordsworth, we do not believe man to be a ruminating animal. Not that we *disrespect* either the Assyrian king or the English poet. Wordsworth was a true poet as Claude was a true painter, but we hold the Avon dearer than Rydal, and the name of Urbino is more musical of meaning to us than that of Lorraine.

So we sit but a little while before this grand opening of mountain scenery, in which Mr. Kensett has missed the foreground, to seize the dim, delicious vistas of the distant blue; nor does Mr. Church detain us, though his pencil, dipped in light, brings back to us the tropic morning purpling over palms, and mountain ridge, and broad red-roofed Spanish towns; and we glance, but for a moment, over Mr. Cropsey's shoulder, at the glorious sunset flooding Præstum's temples left alone, forever, with the roses and the sea; glance

but for a moment, yet long enough to wish the thoughtful artist a happy voyage back again to those divine shores, and a pencil ever more and more faithful to reproduce their beauty. Had we more time, this sunset poem, by Casilear, would tempt us, it is so full of the true feeling, so accurate in drawing, so warm in color; nor should we slight these graceful, genuine studies which prefigure distinction for the names of Coleman and Shattuck.

But it is by other pictures of another promise that our eyes and minds are chiefly charmed; by these small sketches into which Darley has thrown the fire of a true imagination, controlled by a master's knowledge, sketches where every line has a meaning, and the spirit of a poet interprets, with equal force, the temper of the patriot Yankoe, and the passions of the unfettered savage; or by these fine canvases of William Hunt. In works like these we recognize a future for painting. Realism in art has been pushed to its last term in our day, and we have been summoned to surrender our old-fashioned faith, that it was the artist's highest function to add a new creation to the world. It is true, the student, who reproduces with fidelity and feeling what he sees, adds his way of seeing it to our experiences, and in so far exerts the faculty of creation, which is the prerogative of genius. But is it not a higher function which he discharges when he finds within himself a vision of beauty never seen "on land or sea," and by his shaping spirit of imagination guides his skillful pencil or his skillful pen to give that vision permanence, and a place on earth? Do you suppose Shakespeare formed Portia or Desdemona, Othello or Falstaff, Lear or Hamlet, in Fleet street, or at the Mermaid Tavern, or in the pit of the Globe Theatre? Life gave him a thousand hints, but each character he drew, came new-coined, individual from his glorious brain. As with poets, so with painters—the age of realism is but the dawn of the greater age of imagination; Giotto is the morning-star who precedes Raphael. And the men to whom we must look for the future of art in our own day, are the men who give us signs of a revival of the imagination.

Is not our young Parisian one of these men? See his "Marguerite"—a simple

composition, thoughtfully studied, disagreeably *couturesque* in the conventional character of the sky and the backgrounds, but full of feeling—that girl, plucking to pieces the sybil-flower in her hand, is a poetic shape, and you will remember her as if you had met her walking in among the "bearded barley."

Or look at the "Fortune-Teller." Might not Scott have imagined that keen, dark face portentous in every line? And how full of vague awe are the features of the child—how painfully earnest those of the mother! For the force of this group, where shall we find a rival? Shall we call upon Mr. Ehninger, whose picture of the "Sword" reminds you of a sonnet by Milton; whose "Gamblers," if a trifle melo-dramatic in treatment, is Byronic in intensity of expression? Or if, while seeking imagination, you desire its happier exercise, why should you not pause awhile before these works of Mr. Johnson, whose name you do not know, but in whose "Card Players" and "Savoyard" you recognize the spirit and the patient power of a true artist. Call them German if you must, but admit the sincerity of the feeling, the skill of the design, the softened harmony of the coloring. Is it not worth while to encourage men who can and will paint as these men do?

Or do you prefer the style of that vast portrait of a governor going down stairs with his hat in his hand, which is as much like a work of art as Dr. Johnson's famous doggerel was like a ballad? If you do, you deserve to be married to that conscious young lady yonder in turquoise green, and to have the portraits of your children painted after the manner of that chalk-legged infant astraddle of a red chair. But you will not invite so dark a fate. You will agree with us in hoping less and less from the art which mere vanity nourishes, more and more from the art which respects itself, creates in the passion of creation, and waits quietly to receive the meed of honor and of wealth, which shall one day be accorded, even in our material money-making America. We are not so very bad, all things considered; at least, not so very much worse than our neighbors. How long is it since Haydon cut his throat in London, and David Scott died of despair in Edinburgh, and Leopold Robert blew out his brains in Venice?

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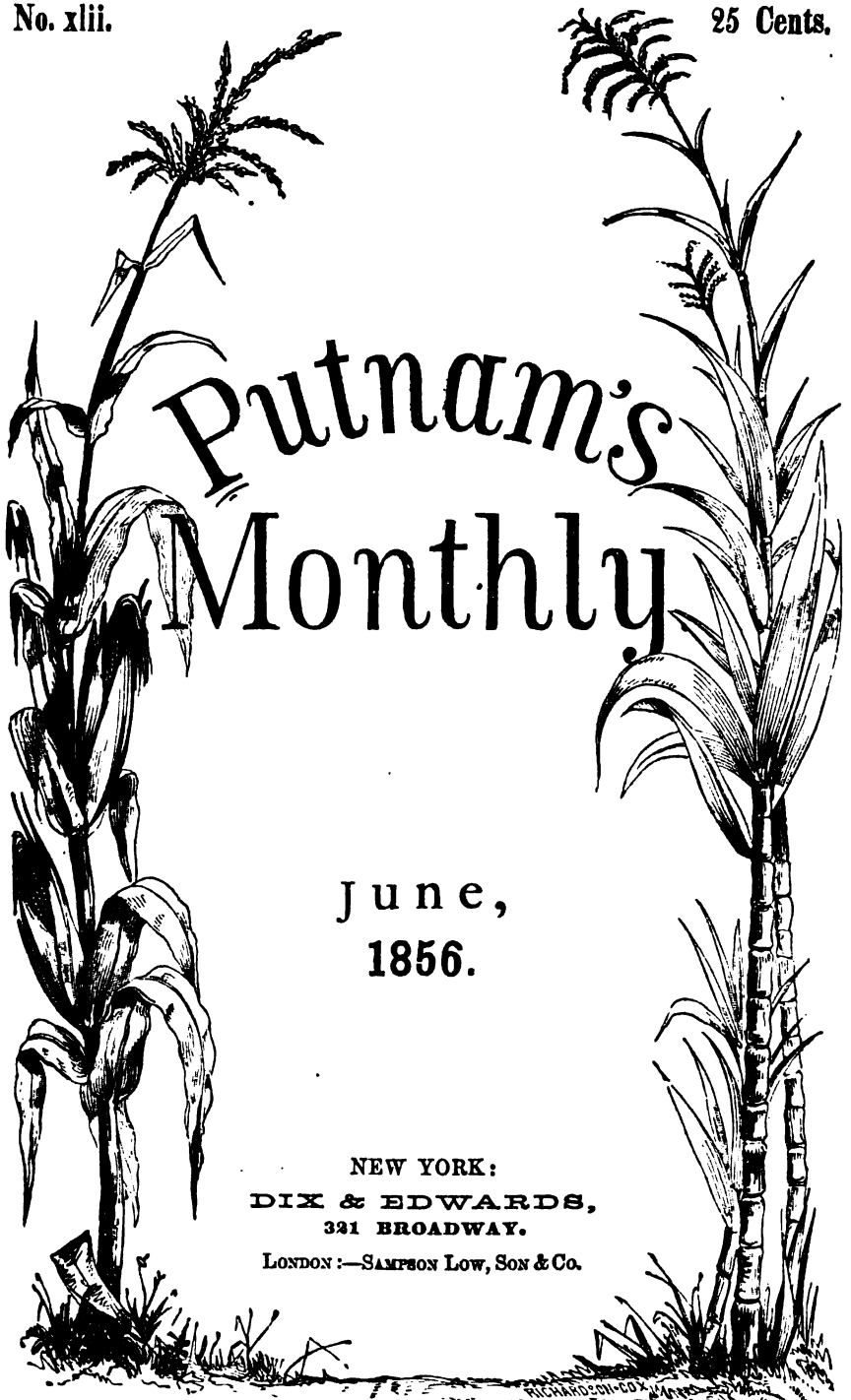
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AN AMERICAN'S ADVENTURE IN PEGU.

IT was in 1852, shortly after the bombardment of Rangoon, and while the British forces, under Gen. Godwin, were still occupying that place, that a message came down from the Woon, or head man, of the friendly people who inhabited the interior town of Pegu, stating that they had been attacked by a superior force of Burmese, driven from their homes, and compelled to take refuge in the jungle. The Peguans are naturally a brave race, entertaining a bitter hereditary hatred for the aggressive Burmese, always armed against them, always warring with them on continually recurring pretexts, and always disposed to join with any force hostile to them. They, therefore, informed the general, that if he would send a small party of British troops to their aid they would attack and retake the place. Meantime their families were in the jungle suffering great privation and exposure, their households scattered, and their property destroyed.

The town of Pegu—city of the great pagoda Shway-Madoo, the Golden Supreme—lies in a most beautiful valley, one of the very few in that country which are watered throughout the dry season, and the one upon which the people depend, for the most part, for their supplies of rice.

Accordingly the general determined to send a force to aid these poor people, and ordered the steamer to which I was attached, the Phlegethon, to repair to

the place immediately, with—in addition to her own crew, which consisted of two hundred and thirty or forty men—a detachment of Bengal (Sepoy) rifles, numbering about a hundred and fifty, a small party of marines from the frigate Fox (Commodore Lambert's flag-ship), and a company of sappers and miners, in case of the necessity arising of throwing up field-works, should we not succeed in taking the town in the first assault.

One morning, about five o'clock, when we were within twenty or twenty-five miles of Pegu, the steamer got aground and stuck fast. Finding that there was no prospect of getting any nearer with her, the river being very low, it was determined to send the force up in the boats. The steamer not being large enough to hold all the men, we had been towing astern the launch and two cutters of the Fox, filled with sailors and marines; and these, with our own three cutters, were sufficient to convey our men to the attack. We started soon after day-break, and pulled up between the high banks of the river, making our way past the Burmese villages that at short intervals occupied the shores—the men all well armed, and three surgeons, of whom I was one, in the boats; we were penetrating a country new to us, and our expedition was of course novel and startling to the natives, filling them with all the apprehensions of war, and inspiring them with that superstitious horror which a primitive people have of

the approach of strangers of a different race and color, and with whose name is associated everything that is terrible.

We were all on the alert, expecting an attack every moment, as we went up with the flood-tide, which runs in the Pegu like a mill-race. Soon we began to hear the native war-gongs beating in every direction; and the distant cry of warriors giving the alarm—a guttural, monotonous hoo-hoo—was *bayed* on every side.

This lugubrious warning was more like the baying of countless dogs than any other civilized noise, and we knew that its object was to gather a force to intercept us, or, at all events, to strengthen the defense of the town of Pegu. Occasionally, however, we passed a Karien village where the inhabitants were friendly. Only women, and children, and old men were left in these places, and they saluted us joyfully with shouts and waving of white cloths, dancing and running down to the river bank in crowds, pointing up the stream, and hurrying us on to the town, which they hoped we would take. The higher up we got, the louder grew the alarm; the gongs became as innumerable as the voices of runners and scouts carrying on the warning, and the whole produced a melancholy harmony, now like the sighing of the wind, now like the dying away of thunder.

All this time we were exposed to the intensest heat of a tropical sun, a heat such as is experienced nowhere but in Burrmah; for, whatever may be the indications of the thermometer, heat is not felt in any other spot on earth as it is in the low, flat lands along the delta of the Irawaddy. Thermometrically it may not be so great, but Burmese heat has a peculiarly depressing effect; it makes you faint; it seems to steam and stew your head, and you find yourself bending under it as under a great and growing weight. We had no awnings over the boats, and most of us were dressed in thick cloth uniform. I wore a heavy cloth navy cap—the regulation cap of the Company—an undress blue cloth frock-coat, trousers of the same material, and, in a belt at my waist, a sword and a pair of heavy ship's pistols. Very soon after the sun rose I had begun to experience the wilting influence of his rays, and, as he mounted higher and higher, rapidly acquiring strength, I was fast becoming

sick. At first I was seized with a slight fit of vomiting; then my mind became confused. For a moment I would forget where I was, but only for a moment; the next I would recover my recollection. I had a sense of dried peas with hot water poured upon them, swelling in my skull; I became violently excited, raved, said I don't know what to the men around me, seized one, thinking he was about to attack me—and then fell over on my face in the bottom of the boat—*coup de soleil*!

How long I remained insensible I have never known; but my first consciousness was of lying over the side of the boat, with a sailor dipping up water in his hat and pouring it over my head. My clothes were open, my dress loosened as much as possible, and saturated with water. I recognized some of the officers, particularly an assistant-surgeon of the 18th Royal Irish, my intimate friend, and was more or less conscious, from that time, that I was in a remote spot, and on a dangerous expedition, although I did not recollect the nature of the enterprise nor even the name of the country. In recognizing the officers, I could not recall their connection with the events then recurring. I heard the beating of the tomtoms along the land; I heard the same multitudinous hoo-hooing, baying, wailing, and it filled me with irrepressible horror at times, while at others it excited me to madness. By degrees I became more quiet, and, as soon as it was safe to do so, I was removed from the cutter to a large Burmese rice-boat, housed over with mats and capable of containing from a hundred to a hundred and fifty persons. This floating house had windows and doors, and had been fitted up with hospital traps of every sort—a complete surgeon's and apothecary's outfit. Here I was laid upon a litter—*dhoolee*, as it is called in India—stripped, and water poured on me as before, by the bucketful, especially over my head and breast. The *dhoolee* was stretched in the middle of the boat, between the doors and windows. Occasionally, I relapsed into insensibility, but under the medical treatment, which was vigorous and pertinacious, I recovered sufficiently, every now and then, to recognize the faces and voices of the two medical officers who had kindly remained in charge of me, as well as the *dhoolee-bearers*—half-naked Hin-

doors, who belonged to the hospital department—and a cabin-boy of the frigate Fox, a handsome, spirited little fellow of fourteen or thereabouts, who had been permitted to accompany us for the purpose of witnessing an action. I had scarcely recovered my consciousness sufficiently to understand where I was and what had happened, when a message arrived from Capt. Tarleton—great-grandson, by-the-by, of the troublesome Tarleton of our Revolutionary war, and a dashing leader—commanding these medical officers to join immediately their respective detachments, and to leave me in the best care they could provide. Accordingly, they asked me whether they could safely leave me alone, relying upon my sense and experience to do that for myself which there would be no one to do for me in their absence. I urged them to go.

Shortly after they left—it seemed to me not more than half an hour—the little boy, of whom I have spoken, approached the side of the *dhoolee*, and, while bathing me with a sponge, giving me water to drink, and changing the mustard-poultices, told me where we were. He said this hospital-boat had been moored on the side opposite the town, under a high bank, where there were only jungle and the ruins of a burnt village, a few hundred yards off. He assured me that I had no cause for alarm; that we were perfectly safe; that the officers had explained to him that the boat had been moored there for safety, because there were no Burmese on that side, and that, in a very short time, they would rejoin us. My excitement was thus partially allayed, and I became comparatively calm; still, that horrible banging of gongs, mingled with the rattling of musketry—for our troops were then storming the place—and the occasional discharge of the twelve-pounders we had brought up in our boats, were, at times, frightful in their effect upon me, and it was with great difficulty that I could master the impulse to leap into the water and hurry toward the scene of action. All these sounds seemed to go through and through my head. The effect of the *coup de soleil* on my sense of hearing was, to intensify it beyond endurance. If one of those guns had been fired close by my ear, it could scarcely have produced an effect more shocking than it did at the dis-

tance of more than a mile. How long the engagement lasted, it is, of course, impossible for me, under circumstances of such confusion and even delirium, to remember; but presently there was a pause: not a gong was to be heard; that dismal slogan was no longer to be caught; the artillery and musketry were still; all was perfect silence. The *dhoolee-bearers* were squatting around on their haunches, and one or two of them had lighted hubble-bubbles. The boy went to the door, and, presently returning, whispered to me, seeming anxious to communicate something important; but, in my condition then, I could not understand him; and hardly gave him my attention. Then there was a stir among the Coolies—a quick expression of alarm; they laid down their hubble-bubbles, and went to the windows on the side next the bank. Immediately they rushed back in great confusion and terror, shouting, "Burmee, Burmese man; *Sahib*, *Sahib*, Burmese man!" The boy again went to the door, and, after reconnoitering, returned and informed me that a large force of Burmese were gathering on the bank over the boat; and, as he spoke, I could hear their shouts. They had come from below, probably, to assist their friends, but had taken such care to keep at a safe distance from our men, that they had blundered upon this boat in its exposed and helpless situation. There was hardly an appreciable interval between the announcement of their presence and the discharge of their muskets. The roof of the boat was quickly perforated in every direction, and bullets whistled about the bed; they struck the timbers over my head, and by my side, and, more than once, struck the bed itself. With a scream of terror, the *dhoolee-bearers* leapt into the water, and then I was alone with the boy. For a minute or two, there was a pause in the firing, the attention of the Burmese being distracted by the panic of the Hindoos; but it was immediately resumed, this time directed upon the swimming Coolies.

Now, remember that I was stark naked, intensely excited (except at blessed moments of insensibility), in a high state of cerebral exaltation, reckless of danger, possessed by a sort of devil resembling mania a potu in all its phenomena. The little boy, now my

only companion, preserving wonderful self-possession and calmness of demeanor, came to me, seized me with both hands, and shook me hard, as if to wake me. He cried, "Get up, sir; get up, sir; no time to lose now!" and asked me if I could swim. I answered, "Yes," he all the time dragging over my arms and legs a pair of pilot-cloth trousers and a pea-jacket, after which he led me—almost carrying me, feeble as I was—to the side of the boat furthest from the Burmese, who, probably on hearing his exclamations, had resumed their firing, and were rapidly drilling the roof, but still afraid to come down upon the boat, perhaps suspecting an ambush.

He led me to the door, and pointed to where, some five or six hundred yards up the stream, our boats were aground, in charge of seven or eight men, under command of a midshipman. Remember, now, that all our force was engaged at the town of Pegu (but how far off, or in what direction, that lay, I knew not then); that there had been only a pause in their firing, which by this time was resumed with increased rattle of musketry and roar of cannon. Pointing to the boats, the boy asked me if I could swim so far. I replied, "Yes," and asked him if he also could. He said, "Yes." I then plunged into the river, and struck out in the direction of the boats, bidding him follow close behind me. I imagined at the time, though now I know it to have been but imagination, that I heard him leap in after me, and I continued to fancy, not only that I heard him striking out and blowing the water, as swimmers do, but that I even saw him; and I spoke to him frequently, believing him to be at my side. The Burmese, perceiving me as I made the plunge, instantly redoubled their fire, and bullets fell thickly around me. I could hear them hiss close by my head and back, pelt-ing the water like nuts thrown upon the surface by the handful. Fortunately, the tide was in my favor, and I swam rapidly, being at all times an expert swimmer. Under the cooling influence of the water, I seemed to recover my presence of mind, and to have the balance of my nerves restored. I became perfectly calm, unalarmed—master of myself in every respect—with more self-possession and a cooler comprehension of the circumstances surround-

ing me than I had ever had before in all my life: nor can I refer all of this to other than almost supernatural influences, though, of course, something is to be attributed to the cooling agency of the water. I let my body down into the stream as low as possible, so as to expose only the back of my head, thus making my human target for the bullets of my hunters as small as I could, and as low also; for I was well aware, from precious experience acquired in a busy campaign, that they fire very high, holding the stocks of their muskets under their armpits, and not against their shoulders, as we do; besides, their fire-arms are of the most wretched description; and every man makes his own powder. Their balls, therefore, generally passed over my head, and fell into the water, a little beyond me.

I had no fear at any moment; a strange and omnipotent faith in fate took possession of me; I did not even take the trouble to make up my mind that I should escape. I literally had no idea that it was a possible thing for me to be shot then. Yet, when I had almost reached the boats, I was seized with extreme faintness—whether from the reaction of hope, inspired by the proximity of my friends, depriving me of the strength and courage of despair and rage, or from what other cause I know not; I became suddenly sick, and felt myself rapidly sinking. I could make but a few strokes more, holding up my hand, and crying for help. The smallest of the boats, our third cutter, with a solitary man in it, came to my rescue, and, just as my strength was finally failing, he dragged me out of the water. As I fell over between the seats, gasping and exhausted with the shock of relief and safety, but by no means insensible—on the contrary, fully appreciating my position—that man said to me: "I think it's all up with us now, sir; but you stand by me, and I'll stand by you: we're two lonesome Yankees here." He then sculled his boat back to the others—the Burmese, meantime, having suspended their fire in the direction of the hospital-boat. You must not forget the boy, whom I had quite forgotten, and did not again remember until I saw him some days later. When we reached the other boats, I was lifted into the large launch of the Fox, under the awning (all the boats were now covered with

awnings), and laid in the bottom, with my head on an ammunition-box.

The midshipman in command of the party hastened to assure me that I was safe; and, finding me in a state of great mental excitement, endeavored to soothe me. While he was thus kindly employed, I became insensible for a time. These intervals of unconsciousness must have been comparatively brief, as the whole affair occupied only the middle of a day. I was roused by another alarm, another rapid firing of musketry, and again bullets whistled near me; I could see them penetrate the canvas awning of our boat, making little round holes, which let in the hateful sunshine upon my face. Several struck the seats, some hit the sides of the boat, and some fell into the water close by; but, very strangely, no man was hurt as yet, although all were together in this launch.

Here, as lower down, the bank was very high and steep. The Burmese, who had driven me out of the hospital-boat, had followed me hither; they were still immediately over us, so that, in firing, it was necessary for our men to elevate their muskets almost perpendicularly.

Possessed with the energy of despair, unable to get their boats afloat—as there were not enough of them for some to defend the others while they worked—and seeing no hope of communicating with our friends on shore, who were engaged in the assault of the town, my companions were fairly brought to bay, and determined to die hard. One man after another, as he loaded his musket, would run out to the bow, "spot" his "John Burma," and bring him down. The Burmese, who were arrant cowards, would creep cautiously forward, shoot, and run—firing very hastily their wretched muskets, with the most uncertain aim of the worst of all possible marksmen; so that, while our shots were never wasted, theirs had, as yet, done no harm. In a little while, however, one of our men received a ball in his shoulder—a flesh-wound merely, from which he soon recovered, but which disabled him for the time. Soon after that, my countryman—he who had come to my rescue when I was sinking—loaded his musket under the awning, occupied, in his turn, the bow of the boat which had just been vacated by another, and taking deliberate aim at a Burman—who, in that ridiculous spirit of bravado, so familiar to all who have had dealings

with the tattooed rascals, was performing a war-dance, making grimaces, and gesticulating with all sorts of insulting antics—shot him dead. Immediately, a dozen muskets replied—fired straight at him. Quietly walking back to where I was lying, in the bottom of the boat, and laying down his musket carefully, as if he had merely paused to rest, or to speak to me, he sat down by my side. Never suspecting that he was hurt, I scarcely noticed him, being occupied in watching for the holes, which still, from time to time, the bullets would make in the awning. Presently, he laid his hand softly upon mine, and said: "If you ever go to Boston, tell my mother, sir." "Why, nonsense, man," I exclaimed, "you're not hurt!" I stared in his face; death was there, and his eyes were closing. He made no reply; but, still clasping my hand, fell back and died.

After this, there was a brief pause in the fight; the Burmese ceased firing, as if to deliberate on some change of tactics—possibly, with the intention of coming down on us all together. That was the fear we should have entertained all the while, had we had time to reflect. Now, we saw the danger plainly, and that something must be done promptly, to prevent them from taking us by a *coup de main*. The midshipman, in a few hurried words, asked me to suggest something. I advised him to load and fire the twelve-pounder in the bow. He objected: "But you see my fire will be harmlessly wasted in the bank, far beneath their feet, and that, once perceived, may bring them down on us. It's only the sight of this piece, and their recollection of the noise it makes, and the havoc some of them have seen done by guns just like it, that keeps them where they are."

"But," I argued, "we can't stay here forever; our friends know nothing of our danger; the Burmese will presently discover that your piece is harmless, from the very fact of your not using it; we are only postponing the moment of our destruction. Fire the gun—load it heavily with grape, and fire it into the bank, with all the elevation you can get. Thus you may terrify them, as well by the noise as by the cutting up of the earth beneath their feet; at the same time, you will have the advantage of communicating with our friends by the only means available."

He did as I advised; but, after the first few discharges, the Burmese would run up while our men were loading the gun, and fire upon them. So we lost another man—not killed, but disabled. Then our men were panic-stricken; they saw they could not hold their ground till our friends came up; they were wavering, one by one; they began to hang back, and to look around for help—when men, under such circumstances, begin to look away from the foe, the game is always up; they never will look back again. The midshipman suddenly cried: "I've done my duty; every man for himself;" and plunged into the river; all our fellows followed him. Neither of the wounded men was seriously injured, and they were, of course, so occupied by the urgent danger as to forget their wounds; they struck out lustily.

Still prostrate, and weak almost to death, I dragged myself heavily to the side of the boat, and let my body roll over into the stream, like a log, under the full gaze of the Burmese, who, when they saw our men take to the water, of course opened fire on each black head as it swam away. I came last, and formed a solitary target for them, as I was still in the stream after all of my late companions were up and off into the jungle. I employed the same tactics as before, and with the same success—letting my body low down into the water, and swimming in a straight line directly away from them, so as to present a mark which it would have been difficult for any but an expert sharpshooter to hit. Being thus repeatedly exposed to the most fearful danger, and seeming to have death and devils crowding upon me from every side, I became frantic with downright rage. When my feet touched the mud I did not rise, but, keeping under water, dragged myself along on my belly, till I got to the bank. Then clambering up, I stood on the top of it, and shook my fists at the savages, and cursed them. Next I sat deliberately down on the ground, and exulted for awhile in watching their balls fall short of me. After this I arose, and wandered into the jungle.

What was the scene?—a jungle in the heart of Burmah, where, perhaps, no white man had ever been before that day; the only passage a tiger-trail—a path very much like those made by the

negroes through our southern corn-fields by cutting away a narrow lane of stalks. By this, no doubt (though tiger signs were fresh upon it), our men had made their way; but where to look for them? That dismal howl still reached my ears; I could even hear cannon—but could not, if I had tried, have told in what direction they were.

Don't forget, now, that I had lost all but a confused sense of something dangerous that was near, something saving that was distant. I had no recollection of details; I could not tell on which side of the river our little army was; I had never seen the town of Pegu; I had forgotten all topography, all points of time, nor have I ever clearly recollected them since. It all seemed to me like a dream of something horrible, that had happened years before. Even what was presently occurring around me seemed something that I was remembering remotely, rather than the event of the moment. At the same time that I was conscious of the scene before me, and of my progress over the ground, I was in the maudlin state of a drunken man, reckless of danger; any number of Burmese directly in my path, I should probably have met, then, with a laugh; I was in the mood to laugh—did laugh. Night would before very long be upon me, but I cared not for that; I could have laid down in the tiger-trail and slept—because I was crazy. And yet I was not crazy; for I knew there were enemies, and I hated them; I knew there was danger, and I was cunning. To a degree, I was delirious; and yet some of my faculties were intensified, like my physical senses. I was delirious only in not comprehending the danger to the extent of dying with fear.

Recollect that I was bare-headed and bare-footed; my jacket was open, and my breast-exposed to the sun; I had dragged myself through the black, oozy slime of an Indian river, full of crocodiles; I was ugly as Satan, from head to foot, and like him in many other respects. In this plight I stumbled forward, through the jungle.

Presently a form started up from between the canes, and stood before me, across the path. I thought it was that of a Burman—an armed enemy—and my first feeling was one of levity. The next instant I recognized the blue jacket of one of our own

men. He belonged to the boat's party, had escaped, and hid himself there, and (Heaven knows how!) had recognized me. When his hand grasped one of mine, and I put the other upon his shoulder, and looked into his familiar face—when I saw in him a companion and a friend, and we two stood together there, in that place of wits' ends and vague fears—I became aware of my situation with a horrible shock, and fell to the ground, sensible, at the same time, of wretchedness and of relief, of danger and of protection—of one as much as the other. Then he raised me, and made me realize again, as well as he could, who he was, and where I was; and he lifted me up, and carried me forward, a part of the while on his back, and sometimes in his arms, stopping, now and then, to rest.

Then, at last—and God knows, God only knows how it all was!—I do remember being with a party of our men; I do remember some Sepoys in British uniform; I do remember officers, soldiers, sailors, friendly Peguans. At this moment I vividly recall such a group, and I recollect standing in the midst of them. Then, I remember, there was a sudden stir, and this party broke away from me amid rattling of musketry and the shouts of officers, and the next instant I was in the water again. I, too, had partaken of the alarm, but not understanding its nature, had rushed down the bank, and into the river, and was striking out once more for the very shore whence I had just been driven. I swam across and clambered up the bank.

Is there anything picturesquely frightful in story—anything in German legend of solitary men beset by fiends and beasts of hideous aspect and horrible cries—that will do to describe this by? Think of the knight in Undine, as he rides through the haunted forest, waylaid by Calibanic shapes; or take the lady in Comus, and put a pea-jacket on her and regulation-trowsers, and you have me.

And everything proper to a safe man's mind had left me; nothing remained but cunning, cunning and insensible courage. I had never once thought of praying, of pleading for mercy; I had never once asked forgiveness for my sins; I had not given a thought to my family or friends; I was busy only with the damnable inven-

tions, the hellish traps, set for me, and I remember the Bothwell-like resistance I felt—I feel it now. Then I speculated: "Perhaps by wandering along this bank I can reach some friendly village; perhaps by following this river I shall find human habitations, where I shall be received hospitably." I was even possessed with a delirious hope that I should reach Rangoon—which now and then I would clearly recollect—by pursuing the stream down to the bay.

So, groping along in what I supposed to be that direction, I had gone perhaps a mile or two, when I saw a small Burmese boat—such as is called a *sampan* in China; I have forgotten the Burmese name—lying close under the bank. It was covered with mats, arched like the awning of a western wagon—the fishermen of Burmah house their families in such craft, as the Chinese do. I came upon it suddenly; on the bank, immediately above it, but below me, stood two natives—tall, stalwart fellows, tattooed from their navels to their ankles—with paddles in their hands, but not armed.

Now, observe that the Burmese, both men and women, have their ears perforated with very large holes (indeed, a circular piece seems to be punched out of the lobe), in which the women wear gold, brass, or copper ornaments, sometimes of great weight—not in the shape of rings, but cylindrical—and the men carry cigars; indeed, by means of this hole, they make the ear a sort of rack to hang many little things upon. All the hostile Burmese I had seen during the campaign invariably wore tiny red flags in these holes; while all the Peguans, and other friendly natives, wore white ones. But these two men had neither; they appeared to be harmless fishermen (probably Kariens), who were glad to hide themselves away, and had not yet been found by any of the Burmese recruiting officials, and pricked into the service at the point of the lance. When I came upon them, they uttered an exclamation of great alarm and rushed towards the river; but when they got to the bank they stopped, looked at each other and at me, spoke together, stood transfixed in wonder. I had come suddenly from the side opposite to that on which the British were; they could make out neither my race nor my color. My hue was that of the river-mud, but my hair was different from theirs, and my dress

also. If they had ever seen an Englishman, they would, by the latter, have taken me for one. But what could they understand from my making straight up to them, and instantly laying my hands one upon a shoulder of each? I had no arms; they had been taken from me in the cutter before I was removed to the hospital-boat. With the savage's quick appreciation of danger, they at once perceived that I was helpless in that respect; but they knew not how to regard me in others. My head, if an enemy's, was worth five hundred rupees to them; but then if it should happen to belong to a friendly Englishman it was worth a thousand such heads as theirs—if I were an enemy five hundred rupees was the royal reward offered for it; but if a friend, they and their families and kindred would have died a death for every hair they hurt. So, puzzled, they stood with their paddles in their hands, making no demonstration of anger or of fear; they stared like children at me, but did not move.

For a few moments I held them thus, looking them straight in the face. Then, to make myself understood as well as I could, I pointed to the boat, and, touching my forehead and breast with my clasped hands—as is the custom in Burmah to express respect or gratitude, or to ask a favor—I appealed to them. I laid the palms of my hands flat together, and said: "*Yangoon, Yangoon, twa, twa; bucksheesh, bucksheesh, do; burra bucksheesh do*"—a jargon of mixed Burmese and Hindoostanee, both shockingly broken, meaning: "I will give you a sight of presents if you will take me in that boat to Rangoon." After consulting together, with hurried gestures, they led me, gently but firmly, one by one wrist, and the other by the other, down into the boat, and placing me in the stern, indicated to me to hold on by the top of the *sam-pan*, which came up to my waist. They then got into the bow and pushed off with their paddles to the middle of the stream.

As I watched their movements, I was occupied with but one thought, and that was never to turn my back to them. All my intelligence, all my cunning, all that I was capable of as a human being, was concentrated in that: "don't turn your back on them." I had no arms, not even a stick, nothing but my nails and teeth. So I watched them

impishly. I could still hear noises—a confused clangor came from a distance to my ears like something that one dreams of; but it was real noise—a noise of a far country; of tigers, and elephants, and monkeys, and jackals; of gods and tattooed people; of crocodiles and great pagodas—all audible heathendom conglomerated into one diabolical howl. I can't describe it; I cannot analyze it as a noise; I cannot tell you what particular big gun it sounded like, how now it clattered like an omnipresent tin-pan, or this time "went off" like a park of sixty-pounders—but I can tell you that it sounded like all "Africa's sunny fountains and India's coral strand"—drunk; I hope you can understand that. I had let myself somehow into the idea that my Charons were going to Rangoon. For one instant I turned my eyes away from their faces to the scene before me; the next, the bow of the boat was driven fast into the mud of the opposite shore. They leaped to land and ran up the bank, and from that hour I never saw them again; they left me there alone.

A large tree grew out of the bank near the spot, and its roots hung over and ran down to the water; it was a solitary tree, all the rest was cane. I could see the black posts, with a few bamboos still standing, of a house—not very near, but at no great distance; and, here and there, others like them, as if the ruins of a village from which the inhabitants had been driven by robbers. One often sees in Burmah three or four houses together, thus charred and half fallen—all that is left of some little town by the *dacoits*, who are organized banditti, licensed by the government to rob, burn, and kill friends or foes, provided they pay a tithe of their plunder to the nearest Woon, and serve as soldiers in time of war. From the moment the men disappeared I forgot their existence; to lose sight of them was to lose all recollection of them, care for them, fear of them. I never once contemplated the possibility of their returning with companions, although, had I been in a condition to reflect, I must have known that they would inevitably pursue an object of such wonder, to discover whence it came and what it meant.

But then my mind would follow up no idea; I was alive only to the instantaneous event. I had the mo-

mentary instinct of danger; with it came the momentary instinct of resistance. For that, my cunning was beyond all cultivation: it was the animal's cunning—memory, only so far as the present occasion called up memory to my protection. I thought, "What shall I do next?" It was growing late, and, I fancied, even dark—was I to remain there all night? I looked at the jungle—I looked at the river; at once I filled the one with reptiles, and the other with fierce beasts. Was I to lie there, and die there? Then rage seized me; rage, rage, rage, wholly possessed me—a determination to conquer all this, and to come out of it safe and triumphant. When I asked myself the question, "Must I die here?" it was only to answer, "No," almost with a shout. Then I thought of a weapon; where I was, there was not even a paddle.

I crept under the cover of the boat to look for a knife. A woman and a child! Under the *sam-pan* was a woman with a little baby!

She crouched in her death-fear; she had made no sign, betrayed no curiosity. The Burmese woman is too well trained to make her existence apparent in the presence of men, unless she is called for. There she had been hiding, stifling her baby between her breasts to smother its small cry, and, like myself, wondering what would come next. I crept in on my hands and knees, and we squatted face to face. To me, she was an angel—the realization of all that is beautiful in heaven. To her, I was hell—a black, fiendish thing, of which she had a superstitious horror as frightful as it was vague and uncertain. I was a something that was cruel, something that killed, something that fired great guns and made infernal noises and ghastly gashes, something that, wherever it went, spread death and flames before it, and left ashes and dead bodies behind.

For a minute, we stared at each other. The child uttered a feeble wail. She hugged its face closer to her bosom, and choked out the cry; she held it fast with both her hands and shrank away from me as far as the boat would permit. She was naked to the waist—Burmese women generally are, after they have borne children. The remembrance I have of that woman now, is the remembrance that a jaded and wounded man must have of a cool

pillow, a cup of water, and a tender hand.

I put my palms together with a gesture of respect and tenderness, and cried, "*Yay, yay, yay*,"—"Water, water, water." As soon as she heard my voice, she seemed to be possessed with a new horror, and at the same time to imagine that some conflict was about to occur between us—that something was to be threatened on my part, and to be feared on hers. So, turning up the palm of her hand, she pressed me vehemently to go away, and iterated, "*Twa, twa, twa*,"—"go, go, go," as fast as she could utter it. I repeated my gesture; this time prostrating my forehead to the floor before her, I made suppliant salaams, after the Burmese fashion, and cried again, "*Yay, yay, yay*." At last she gave me to drink; turning to her side, she took from an earthen vessel some water in a small lacquered cup, and handed it to me—still clasping her child to her breast—and, on my eagerly snatching it, shrank back immediately. You remember the story of Mungo Park, and the African woman who brought him milk to drink, and sang to him the song of the "poor white man," who had no mother, and "no wife to grind his corn?"

That water restored me, filled me with new confidence, made me quite calm, and even thoughtful again; and so, seeing the great horror with which I inspired the woman, I left her and returned to my place outside. I took with me a carved rice-stick, which I found in a pot, such as is used throughout that country to stir rice with while it is cooking. I waited with this in my hand, I should never be able to guess how long, or how short a time—it might have been hours, it might have been but a few minutes. For some time I had heard no guns or cries; all had been quiet. But now there came from a distance the shouts of a number of men; they rose on the air and grew louder and louder, soon separating, so that I could distinguish individual voices. At first, there was the same dismal baying I have already described, and then came human articulations, which, however, I could not understand. Then there was a crash in the jungle, and some eighty or ninety men—as was afterwards estimated—burst through the canes, and stopped very near the boat.

They were in hot haste; I could not tell whether they were pursuing or pursued. All were armed; and the tattooed devils wore *red flags* in their ears, every man of them. They stood startled at the water's edge, and wondered at me. Breathless as they were, they stopped and reflected. Some turned to each other and talked hurriedly together; some brandished their weapons, and looked as if about to use them.

Thus we stood; I alone in the boat, brandishing the stick; my hair matted with mud, which by this time had dried; my pea-jacket, wide open, and my exposed breast as black as my face; unarmed—a *white* man and a stranger; to many of them a new creature altogether, even if I had presented my ordinary appearance; but in that aspect, to all of them, a thing of peculiar dread, operating upon their superstitious terrors. For the simple reason that they could not account for me, they were awfully afraid of me. That cunning, which I have described to you as being all that was left to me, again filled me with a sense of power and safety, which it is quite impossible to explain to you now. I felt that I could outwit them, that I could seize the thousand doubts by which they were perplexed, and on the strength of which, I knew they would not dare to touch me. They could not know whether I was friend or foe. Why should I be helpless and alone there, if I were of the number of their victorious enemies? There were Englishmen about the person of their king; their officers of highest rank were foreign; there were Englishmen (so it was afterward reported) in that very town, fighting for its defense.

Three men stepped in front, and a few feet in advance of the party. One of them had on a red jacket, with gold or yellow stripes—it might have been a marine's jacket which he had bought or stolen. He wore, also, the gilt helmet, which distinguishes their officers, and a red breech-cloth was folded voluminously about his thighs. He was tattooed from the navel to the ankles, and his complexion was much lighter than the rest, as is usual with men of rank, who are protected from the sun by umbrellas carried over their heads when they go out. The gold umbrella is a mark of exalted distinction—in fact, an "order." This man had, also, red flags in his ears; he carried a musket and a *dhar*—

the curved sword of the Burmese. His two companions seemed to be subordinates; they were rude, and more savage-looking than he; their complexions were darker, and they wore on their heads only a bit of red cloth. Both were armed with *dhars* and lances, the lances having strips of the same red stuff twisted round them, a foot or so from the point, so as to form streamers.

The herd behind stood still, while these three seemed to be taking my case into consideration. They would cautiously approach me, and then retire and consult; this manœuvre they repeated frequently. Finding, then, that it was necessary for me to act promptly, in order to turn their hesitancy to my advantage, I almost prayed for a hint—and immediately the idea of playing the madman flashed upon me. It seemed to come from Heaven. I knew that savages set up madmen in their temples and worship them, accepting their ravings as oracles. I knew that if I could make them believe that I was mad, I should not only be protected by them, but be regarded as something almost divine. So I beckoned to them to come to me, dancing as I did so, yelling, shouting, and pulling my hair; taking off my jacket, I threw it down upon the deck of the boat and stamped on it; I capered, I made strange noises, and I sang—all the while beckoning them to approach. The chief came first of all. He walked toward me very slowly and cautiously, halting every few steps. But I sharply commanded him to come on board, and he came; so we stood together on the deck of the little boat. I laid my hands upon his shoulders as I had placed them upon the shoulders of the two boatmen. He stood perfectly erect.

Now here was the scratch; I knew that I must make him crouch—the Burman comes down on his haunches to every superior, whether of his own or another race; until that man crouched, my life was not worth a curse. The success of my experiment depended on that; he must do it. I pressed him down by main force to the deck, stamped my feet, and made faces at him. Down he went, at last, squatting low on his haunches and holding his hands together in the true Burmese style. His *dhar* was suspended by a red cord which passed over his right shoulder and under his left arm, and he still held his

musket at his side, with the butt of it on the deck. Stooping down, but carefully avoiding every attitude resembling his own, I took hold of the gun, and we held it together—he with his right hand, and I with mine. Then I signed to him to give it up to me. The “*twa*” and the “*yay*,” I had used before, were the only Burmese words I could remember. I knew not the word for “give,” but I did know the gesture for “I will take;” so shaking the musket violently, and angrily threatening him with my voice, and with “faces,” I made him understand that much, and he surrendered his gun. I laid it down on the deck and put my foot upon it. Then repeating the same pantomime, I next pulled the red cord by which his *dhar* was suspended over his head, and held that also.

All that may pass for courage, but it was nothing of the kind. A glimmer of the truth had but to creep across the minds of these men—they had but to guess my artifice—they had but to suspect that I might, after all, be no madman, but an enemy—and quick death would be delightful to the fate that I must suffer. Intellectual mastery of the occasion was all that could serve my turn—cunning, and nothing but cunning. I had no friend nor weapon—I had even thrown away my stick—when that man gave up his *dhar* to me. Then standing erect before him, in the attitude of a master, I told him to *twah*, and he *twhahed*. And I actually had a musket and a sword! I cannot tell you with what exulting joy I looked on them, and wondered if all God's beautiful earth was enough to buy them from me.

Now I am naturally not a brave man; I am too excitable. I have not coolness, “nerve;” I have only the *passion* of courage. But in that moment I had the heart of the wounded warrior, who only asks for a wall to set his back to, and a weapon. I had been hunted, baited, it seemed to me, the whole day long; when these dogs were not present in person, their phantoms were there, ten times more devilish than they. All the hatred in my heart was uppermost, and with that sword in my hand, I felt capable of hacking the whole pack in pieces. This will explain to you the appearance of courage; I believe the arrantest coward that ever trembled would have felt just as defiant, on that spot, and in that predicament, as I

did. Not only do I believe that no undeveloped courage of mine had anything to do with it, but I am sure that the insanity of fear was the whole secret of my apparent heroism. I mean that imagination, inspired by fear, had exalted me for the time—made me superior to the occasion; I saw more in the weapon than was really in it.

Now I went through the same pantomime with the two others, only they approached me, crouching lower and lower from the first, until, when they reached me, they were already quite down on their haunches. Perhaps because, being too suddenly reassured, I was off my guard for a moment, I squatted down beside them in order to get closer to their faces. It was a dangerous mistake. Unmeaning, even absurd as it may appear to you, that posture is everything to a Burman; for him it has grave significance in religion and social intercourse. But I did so stoop, and one of them—I remember their faces perfectly; one was a stupid-looking fellow, with rather a good-natured expression, if he had any at all; the other was a dark, scarred, scowling devil, who looked altogether *dacoit*-like—a practiced ruffian, and a born cut-throat. Now, mind you, this is the impression they left upon my memory, or my imagination; I don't mean to insist that they did really look so, for, likely enough, if I could see them now, I should be ashamed of the injustice I have done them both. I caught their colors from my fancy and my fears. You have only the facts that they were two dangerous men, and that they were there. The picture they impressed upon my mind, is, no doubt, a *daguerreotype* of my mental condition then; just as I believed I heard the boy in the water, and spoke to him, although he was far off.

But there were the two men, squatting side by side. I seized the *dhar* of the foolish-looking fellow, and tried to pull the cord, which held it, over his head. Both had laid down their lances; their *dhars* were sheathed, and their hands pressed together. When I made the attempt on my foolish friend's sword, he smiled—I remember how—a silly, childish, *Indian* smile, like that of a slave, whose master condescends to jest with him. But his ugly comrade did not smile—far otherwise. He laid his hand upon the other's

dhar as I was in the act of removing it, and, holding it fast, shook his head in a threatening way, as if, less superstitious and more cunning than the rest, he had already half detected me. "He's trying you!"—the thought came to me with such suddenness and force as to produce the impression of a warning, actually whispered in my ear. He was trying me. He knew that if I were really mad, this attempt to thwart me would be of no avail; whereas, if I were merely dissembling, I should probably be frightened, or, at least, confused. Whether all that did really pass through his mind, God only knows; but, certainly, I made my sagacity his. I was careful to betray no astonishment, no alarm; but without agitation, stooping down, I took up the musket which the first man had left, very coolly and deliberately cocked it, very coolly and deliberately placed the muzzle to his chin—and pointed to the *dhar*. He instantly and eagerly jerked off his *own dhar*, and laid it at my feet. Then, leaving their lances, both *twahed*, when I told them, and went back to their party.

They had hardly left, when a remote noise of many feet and voices grew into a regular rush and an Irish yell. A party of wild bog-trotters of the 80th came down upon these Burmese, fired volleys right and left, and then charged them. That moment was to me the most dangerous in the whole affair, because these fellows would not recognize me—would not believe in me. They would not discover in time that I was one of their comrades who had got into such an infernal plight. At first I thought of hallooing to them; but in another moment I was hiding myself under the cover of the boat. I felt that if I but showed just one hair of my head, there would be fifty bullets through me in a flash. They would fire, of course, at any head emerging from that boat.

Good God! how long it was! the poor woman, paralyzed with fear, crouching opposite me, and I shutting out the light from my eyes, and awaiting a horrible death at the hands of my own friends—death after all! But there was an end of it by-and-by. Whether they heard the recall, or had been ordered to return immediately, I do not know; but they went back over the bank, and I could hear the glorious brogue, as they hur-

rahed and shouted to each other. As the last man disappeared I ran after him, dragged myself up the bank, and cried "Help, help, boys!" as loud as I could; some of them returned, thinking, perhaps, that one of the party was hurt. When the sergeant, who was behind the rest, saw me, he presented his bayonet close to my head. I was down then, and quite helpless. He asked me "who the hell" I was, and where I came from. They at first took me for a renegade, and all came crowding around me. But one recognized my navy-blue trowsers, and said: "Why, don't you see he is one of the ship's men;" and another, who, the day before, as we were steaming up the river, had come to me for some tobacco, said: "I know him—that's the doctor, that's the doctor of the ship. Good God! where did he come from?" Then they put me in a *dhoolee*, which had been brought with the party, and carried me some little distance, where I found myself among officers and personal friends. One circumstance will serve to show the state of my mind at this time: As I lay in the *dhoolee*, a Burman passed by, and, although he was a friend, the sight of him excited me so, that I struggled to take a musket from a soldier who was walking by the side of the *dhoolee*, to shoot the fellow with. My rage was still upon me. It was singular how it drove off even gratitude—the brought-to-bay feeling would not leave me yet.

I lay then on the porch of a bamboo house with my friends around me, and, after awhile, was sufficiently composed, under the influence of a powerful draught given me by one of the surgeons, to sleep a little. Towards dusk, the place being fairly taken, the Burmese routed, and the Peguans mingling with us joyfully, Captain Neblitt, of the steamer, determined to return to the ship and take me with him. We started down with the tide in two boats—I with the boatswain and eight men in one, and the captain, also with eight men, in the other.

I have an affectionate remembrance of that boatswain; his name was Haswell, or Haslett, or something beginning with H, and sounding so, and he was one of our best men—cool, very brave, and a first-rate gunner. That night, and in a strange scene, he told me that he was an American from Fall River, Mass.

My countrymen in the Company's service were under the impression, that if their nativity became known, they would not get their fair share of prize-money. And so when the men were gathered in knots on the fore-castle-deck and around the forward gun, talking of Yankees, these would often chime in against themselves. That the boatswain was a good man is shown by his having been intrusted with the command of this boat, to take her through an enemy's country at night. When we started, night was falling rapidly, and waiting for orders from the captain, who was detained, we lost the best part of the tide. All the men were armed except me; I was still without hat, or shoes, or shirt, or arms. We pulled along with perfect confidence until it was quite dark. There was no moon that night. We knew that the Burmese were scattered, and were not likely to attack us; but as the darkness deepened, there came over us the gloom of mystery, and an indefinite apprehension. The men fell into profound silence, but pulled steadily and "with a will," so as to make the most of the tide.

At last the ebb began to slack, and before we had accomplished one-third of the distance to the ship, it had turned and set flood so hard that we could make no head against it, and were compelled to anchor. Then the boatswain told his men to lie on their arms and sleep while he kept watch. He lent me his boat-cloak and bade me sleep also; but I could not. As often as I fell into a doze I lived the whole horror over again. For a time Haswell sat upright and silent, occasionally laying his hand on me warningly, as if to say, "I hear something." After awhile he relaxed his vigilance in a degree, and leaned over to talk with me in a whisper. It was then that he first told me he was an American, and spoke of Shields, our comrade, who was killed. I could *feel* that tears were in his eyes. He said, that the three of them (including another who was on the sick list and had been left behind) had always kept an eye on me; for I was then a somewhat reckless person. He told me, with a certain rough delicacy, that Shields had often watched me "to see that I did not fall into trouble."

But Haswell was still the weathered sailor, and as he whispered he listened all the while. Presently we heard again that same low baying;

he touched me quickly. The other men still slept. The sound grew louder and nearer. He whispered to me, "Burmese boat—don't move!" Then cautiously approaching each man, and putting his hand over his mouth, he roused him, and bade him take up his arms.

The Burmese war crews have not oars like ours, but short paddles, with which they make two sharp, perpendicular strokes, followed by an interval of pause. They utter, in concert, a kind of yelp, to keep stroke together. Their war-boats are immensely long, sometimes holding two hundred men, who sit in close single files along the sides of the alligator-like craft. Although the motion of their paddles is very quick, they all strike the water at the same instant by help of this dismal monotone. So do the Hindoo *palkhee*-bearers keep step to a similar song.

Our men recognized the sound, and gathered their arms together as noiselessly as possible. Some drew their cutlasses and laid them on the seats beside them; some took off their jackets, loosened their straps, and examined their pistols. The question with us then was, would the Burmese come down on our side of the stream, or on the other. In other words, were they about to run into us, or to pass on the other side, in the dark, without perceiving us? There were only eight of us, and, probably, not less than eighty of them; but then we were waiting for them, while they would not see us till they felt us. We were well armed and active, and they would surely believe they had fallen into a swarm. The tide was against them; but Burmese boats do not stay for that; they are constructed with an expert eye to those racing rivers. Being so long and sharp, and the paddles dipping perpendicularly, they can be run close under the bank, in slack water, or a counter current. So the tide, which compelled us to anchor, presented no material obstacle to our enemies. Thus, we lay in the darkness—every man with both hands on his weapons, ready to use them the next moment. There were no more than the proper complement of arms, but the boatswain drew one of his own pistols from his belt, and laid it on my knee.

The war-boat passed by on the other side (the stream was very narrow there), without their discovering us. I won't

enlarge upon the scene. Here was our little party, hidden under the jungly bank, waiting for an accident—heads or tails, right or left—to decide whether or not we should suddenly come into deadly conflict with ten times our number of savages, in pitchy darkness; and there were the invisible devils, perfectly unconscious of our proximity, iterating their monotonous war-note—so near, that we could almost have touched them with our oars. When the tide turned again, the captain overtook us; they had passed him in the same way.

The little English boy was found, by Tarleton or Neblitt, on the bank, very near where I had landed, wandering about stark naked, and entirely crazy, with little lance wounds, mere scratches, in the fleshy parts of his arms and legs. When I plunged into the stream, he paused to observe what would happen. When he saw how they fired at me, he was afraid to follow, and went down into the hold of the boat, where he hid himself among some hospital traps. On taking possession of the boat, the Burmese rummaged it thoroughly, in search of booty, and found the boy. They dragged him out from among the *dhoolies*, and took him on deck, where they played with him, and tumbled him about, felt of his limbs, wondered at his skin, laughed over his little clothes, and made game of him generally. With their *dhars*, they cut off locks of his hair. Then they stood him up against a beam, to try his courage, and threw darts at him—slender, armed reeds, between arrows and lances; with these they grazed

the skin of his arms and legs. At last, the boy became quite maddened with fear, and, suddenly breaking through the very centre of the party, jumped into the river. Swimming down the stream with the tide, he finally landed where the captain found him. He was taken down to the frigate, where he eventually recovered.

Poor Shields! A ball had struck the top of his left shoulder, just inside the collar-bone, and severed a main artery. Although, when we fled, we left his body in the boat, which the Burmese took possession of immediately—and although so high a price was set on British heads, his was spared, nor had the slightest insult, apparently, been offered to his corpse. In the search for plunder, hurried in momentary fear of our return, or of a surprise from some other quarter, they had forgotten their human prize, or feared to seize it. Indeed, their hot haste was evident in the fact that they had even left the flags at the sterns of the boats, although they had made away with the camp-boxes of the officers—among the rest, with one, containing three hundred rupees, brought up by a young ensign, no less verdant than amorous, who had heard of the charms of the maidens of Pegu.

Poor Shields! he sleeps in his loneliness under the shadow of the Shway-Madoo, and the young Yankee sailor's grave was watered by tears as true as ever eyes let fall. In Boston I have sought in vain for his mother. His share of prize-money awaits her order, in the office of the Superintendent of Marine, at Calcutta.

DEAD LEAVES.

THE day is dead, and in its grave;
The flowers are fast asleep;
But in this solemn wood, alone,
My nightly watch I keep.
The night is dark, the dew descends,
But dew and darkness are my friends!

I stir the dead leaves under foot,
And breathe the earthy smell;
It is the odor of decay,
And yet I like it well.
Give others day and scented flowers,
Give me dead leaves, and midnight hours!

YOUNG LOVE.

WE are not old, we are not cold,
 Our hearts are warm and tender yet;
 Our arms are eager to enfold
 Still ampler loves than we have met.

And year by year some heart lays bare
 Its secret chamber to our eyes,
 Though dim with passion's lurid air,
 Or pure as morns of Paradise.

They give the love whose glory lifts
 Desire beyond the realm of sense;
 They make us rich with lavish gifts—
 The wealth of noble confidence.

We must be happy, must be proud,
 So crowned with human trust and truth;
 But, ah! the love that first we vowed—
 The dear religion of our youth!

Voluptuous bloom, and fragrance rare,
 The summer to its rose may bring;
 Far sweeter to the wooing air
 The hidden violet of the spring.

Still, still the lovely ghost appears,
 Too pure and fair to bid depart;
 No riper love of later years
 Can steal its beauty from the heart.

O splendid sun that shone above!
 O green magnificence of earth!
 Born once into that world of love,
 No soul can feel a second birth.

Dear boyish heart, that trembled so
 With bashful fear and fond unrest,
 More frightened than a dove, to know
 Another bird within its nest!

A love that dreamed with sleepless eye,
 Floating in rapture and in pain—
 That sought, then shunned, when she was nigh,
 And could not choose but seek again.

Sharp thrills of doubt that would not cease;
 Faint words addressed—each word a pang:
 Then—hearts, all drunken with your peace,
 How like the morning stars ye sang!

Love bound you with his holiest link—
 The faith in each that asks no more—
 And led ye from the sacred brink
 Of mysteries he held in store.

Love led ye, children, from the bowers
 Where Strength and Beauty find his crown :
 Ye were not ripe for mortal flowers—
 God's angel brought an amaranth down.

Our eyes are dim with gathering tears,
 Our eyes are dim, our hearts are sore :
 That lost religion of our years
 Comes never, never, nevermore !

THE COUNTERFEIT COIN.

I.

LATE one Saturday afternoon, in a certain December, I sat by a good sea-coal fire, in my office, trying to muster courage enough for an encounter with the cold winds and driving storm outside. Half ashamed to confess my cowardice to myself, I had done every unnecessary thing I could think of to kill time, till, at last, I was reduced to the necessity of counting over the contents of my purse. This, however, was but a brief resource. "A short horse," as the proverb hath it, "is soon curried." The only coin worth lingering on was a bright, new half-eagle, given me that morning by some chance customer, as my recompense for "doing a deed."

Limited as my practice and my fees had always been, half-eagles were not entirely a novelty to me; and yet, from the prolonged attention with which, in my procrastinating frame of mind, I regarded it, a looker-in might have supposed I was studying some rare antique, instead of a very ordinary specimen of Uncle Sam's daily spending-money. I examined it chronologically, with reference to the date, and, geographically, in respect to the mark of the mint whence it issued. I compared the eagle, on the one side, with my remembrance of such ornithological specimens as I had seen in traveling museums, and of the effigy—then solemnly believed to be of solid gold—which, in my boyish days, kept watch and ward over Tommy Townsend's coffee-house. I scrutinized the head of liberty with the eye of a physiognomist; and in attempting, with a sharp-pointed pen-knife, to give the hybrid profile a more feminine

mouth, I accomplished sundry scratches which might very well have passed for a mustache, beside cutting my fingers, and breaking, at once, the knife-blade and the third commandment.

A knock at the door checked the half-uttered malediction, and was only repeated when I cried, "Come in." Had spiritual rappings been invented then, I might have thought that Satan, his patience exhausted by this new development of wickedness, was about to foreclose the mortgage he is popularly supposed to hold on every member of our profession; as it was, I only rose and opened the door. The ruddy fire-light streamed out into the dark entry, and fell upon a slight figure that seemed almost the embodiment of its coldness and gloom. The figure, however, was too familiar to me to inspire any supernatural fears, being that of a young woman who earned a scant livelihood by copying for lawyers. Why need I describe her? An employment requiring easy penmanship, and some acquaintance with commas and periods, if not with the more essential parts of composition, falls almost, as a matter of course, to those who, at some period, have had greater advantages—to those who, in that common but more touching phrase, "have known better days." The result is easily guessed. It might be told in many a tale of patient suffering and labor; of bright eyes dimmed with late watching; of red cheeks blanched to the hue of the paper before them; of young hopes withered and shrunk, till they are as lifeless and void of meaning, to the weary heart, as the dry legal phrases of the copy to the tired hand that transcribes them!

And while I had been lingering idly

by my fire, dreading to face the storm, this scantily-clad girl had walked all the way from her distant garret. She did not tell me that she was weary and chilled to the very heart; but I read it in her pinched face, in the frozen sleet which covered her dress of faded mourning, and in the eagerness with which she drew toward the fire, as a starving man would approach food. Ill protected as she was from the storm, she had managed to cover the papers she brought from its drenching, with a care which told, more strongly than any words, the importance to her of the trifling sum she was to receive for the copying. This was the first time I had ever employed her. In fact, I did not often find it necessary to obtain such extraneous aid in getting through my business; and the present occasion was due less to the pressure of my own occupations than to the whims of one of my best clients, who had declared, that he would see me in a still worse place than Wall street, before he would spend time in deciphering my legal chirography, or the school-boy pot-hooks and hangers of my only and very juvenile clerk.

I took the package and ran my eye over its contents. They were written in a neat, plain hand, just stiff enough to show that the consciousness of copying for a lawyer had marred the writer's ease. As copies they were scrupulously correct, and finished even to the numbering of the folios in the margin. I silently reckoned the price, and, as I did, it occurred to me that I could only pay it that evening by the sacrifice of my half-eagle. It was in vain that once more I opened my purse, which, certainly, was not Fortunatus's, for I found nothing more there than I had seen in it an hour before—small change of the very smallest variety. Could I put her off until Monday? Without that half-eagle my Saturday night's marketing would be a very small affair.

"But what will hers be without it?" said my conscience. "If you feel the inconvenience of an empty pocket so much, what must it be to those who earn food and shelter from day to day? Daily Bread is something more than a mere form of speech to them!"

Perhaps a little would serve her immediate wants. Selfishness received this suggestion very approvingly; and I turned, from my papers to the copyist, to make the suggestion.

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She stood, on the other side of the fire-place, as motionless as if she had been a carved pillar, placed there to support the mantel, against which her shoulder rested. One foot—a neat one, even in its worn, wet shoe—peeped from beneath her dress, as if drawn irresistibly toward the grateful warmth. Indeed, her whole attitude seemed to express the same feeling. She did not bend and crouch over the fire as a beggar would have done. She did not sit before it and court its cheerful heat as if it had blazed on her own hearth-stone. Scarcely swerving from the most erect position, as she leaned against the marble, her clasped hands hanging before her, she seemed to be bracing herself against an attraction that would draw her completely into the flame. I could almost fancy that, if left to itself, her slender form would be drawn closer and closer, till, finally, it mingled with the flickering blaze, and, with it, passed into viewless air.

But, when I lifted my eyes to her face, I saw that she was, at least, unconscious of the fancied impulse. Her fixed eyes, and a faint smile on her lip, told that some pleasant thought had beguiled her, even there, into a day-dream. Following the direction of her gaze, I saw that it rested on the same solitary coin which had been the subject of my own meditations, and which lay just where I had dropped it, on the table, when startled by her knock.

Modern critics are very fond of talking about the *suggestive* in art and literature. To my own mind (because it is hackneyed and worldly, I suppose they would say), there is no word in the language so suggestive as *money*—no work of art that brings up so many and so varied thoughts as those very remarkable profiles and effigies which adorn our current coin. Dross in itself, if the philosophers will have it so; yet, as a means, a tool, a path, is it not wonderful in the versatility of its power? What magician ever worked such wonders in the material world? What spirit works so universally, so unfailingly, so unceasingly, in the moral? Even that single coin on my table—that infinitesimal drop in the great ocean of wealth—how much lies within the circumference of such a small piece of metal? To my own mind—worldly and hackneyed as I have before observed—it had been suggestive of a great many

things. Compressed within its disc, I had seen my Sunday dinner, ample, done to a turn, rich with dripping gravy, and smoking hot from the roasting jack. From its metallic rim I had already sipped, in imagination, the rare old Amontillado. A fragment of the gold had curled my lips in fragrant wreaths of smoke. And if I, to whom even half-eagles were not unfrequent visitors, and who, if I had known poverty at all, had known him only as a neighbor to be shunned, and not as an inmate to be fought; who, even in my worst estate, had been spared the pain of seeing him enter at my own door, and sit down with my dear ones at their scant meal; if I could see so much in a half-eagle, what a world-wide prospect of happiness might it not open to that poor girl's eyes? I dared not dwell on the things she might see there, lest I should loathe myself and the well-fed Christian men around me, who so rarely grant such visions to the starved eyesight; but I immediately gave up all thoughts of sending the girl away without her money.

Yes, *her* money! For hers it was, by all that can make good title in law or equity; earned by the fragment of her young life she had given for it; earned with the very flesh from her wasted frame, and the blood from her pale cheeks.

What business had I to be speculating and sentimentalizing thus about the affairs of a young lady with whom I had only a little business transaction? I might have known that such an unprofessional train of thought would lead to some blunder; the earthen pot and the iron one never can swim safely together, in fact or fable. Consequently, I broke in upon the poor girl's reverie with the most awkward question in the world:

"Have you any change, miss?"

The scarlet blood rushed to her face, as she shook her head; and mine was already on its way there, when I tried to mend the matter by hurrying out:

"No, no, of course you haven't!"

And there I stuck; and if ever a middle-aged counselor-at-law felt like a fool, in his own office, I did.

Her eyes were filled with tears at what must have seemed the rudeness of my remark. I could have gone on my knees to ask her pardon, if I had only known in what words to phrase the entreaty. The scene was so embarrassing, that I

cut it short, by pressing the coin into her hand, and telling her that we would make it all right, if she would come for more work, on Monday. Very likely she would have said something in reply; but, not feeling inclined to test my conversational powers further, after such an unlucky beginning, I hastily bade her good-night, and opened the door.

When her back was fairly turned, I took my candle, and held it at the stair-head, till she had reached the bottom of the last long flight; and then, going back to my arm-chair, wondered what Mrs. Quidam would say to a cold Sunday dinner.

II.

"If that rascally boy of mine has not made a good fire," said I to myself, as I walked down town, the Monday morning following, "I shall certainly give him the thrashing in which I have stood indebted to him so long."

From this novel species of accord and satisfaction, however, the much-thereof-deserving youth was saved by an unexpected incident. Seated by the cheerless and neglected grate, as I entered, I beheld my visitor of the preceding Saturday night. Her pale sad face was even paler and sadder than before, and I thought there were tears in her eyes, and traces of many that had preceded them. But, perhaps, this was owing to the smoke now pouring from the mass of paper and wet wood, with which Tom, as usual, greeted my arrival.

"I am sorry to tell you, sir," she said, after answering my salutation, "that the coin you gave me was a bad one."

A bad one—my beautiful half-eagle a counterfeit! In what of earth can confidence, then, be placed? I took it in my hand; it certainly had every appearance of being genuine.

"Positively, you must be mistaken, my dear. I could not be deceived so easily." And feeling that I undoubtedly appeared to her as a gentleman, whom the daily inspection of unlimited gold coin had made a perfect Sir Oracle upon the subject, I drew myself up before the fire,

"As who should say,

'Let no dog bark.'"

Her lip quivered as she replied:

"Indeed, sir, I am very, very sorry;

but it must be so, for—you know I had no other but that."

"And pray how did you learn it to be a counterfeit?"

"When I left here, sir, I went directly up to—to a place where some of our things were, I went to pay the little sum we had borrowed on them when my mother was taken sick, and the man took the half-eagle, and said it was a counterfeit, and gave it back to me."

"Nonsense, child, the man was mistaken."

She did not argue the point; but made a brief apology for the trouble she had given me, and hesitated.

"I trust," said I, still somewhat grandiloquent and condescending, as a man whose resources have unjustly been suspected, "that the fellow's stupidity has caused, you no inconvenience?"

A bright hectic flush crossed her pale cheek as an instinctive denial rose to her lips. Further than that the falsehood could not come; her head sunk between her hands, and the poor girl, weak, and cold, and starving, as I afterwards knew, sobbed violently.

Little by little, I learned her sad story. It need not be repeated here; it lacks, alas! the charm of novelty. Years of still deepening poverty—and yesterday, when Mrs. Quidam and I were grumbling at our leg of cold mutton, this poor child and her sick mother passed the long cold day without food or fire; even the warm clothes and bedding, which this money was to have redeemed from the pawnbroker's, denied to their shivering limbs.

I put on my hat, and stepped over to Bullion's, to get change for the half-eagle. The clerk threw it carelessly on a balance, and had already handed me the change, when he saw that the delicate arm, after vibrating a little, did not decline with the weight. He took it up, and handed it to the head of the firm, and, after a short consultation between them, I was asked into the inner office. A chemical test soon proved the worthless character of the coin. Bullion asked me if I knew where I had received it.

"Certainly."

"I have seen two or three, of late, precisely like it. The counterfeit is a dextrous one, and we have in vain tried to trace its origin. If you can assist us in this, it will be a great service to the community."

I took up the deceptive coin, and scrutinized it curiously. The workmanship was perfect; the thought at once flashed across my mind, *too* perfect; where was the knife mark I myself had made? I could not be deceived—the coin had certainly been changed. And this was the end of all my fine sentiment about the interesting young girl!

In a few words, I communicated the circumstances connected with it to Mr. Bullion, who jumped at once to the conclusion.

"I thought so," said he, "I thought so! I knew that some fresh and unsuspected parties must be made use of, in this business. The old hands we know too well," he added, with a chuckle.

It was soon agreed between us that the girl should be detained, and no time lost in extracting from her a confession, as to the persons whose tool she undoubtedly was. We accordingly repaired together to my office, where we found her patiently waiting. In answer to my questions, she repeated her story, with much apparent frankness, until I asked the name of the person to whom she had offered the coin. After some hesitation, she named a very respectable pawnbroker, in C— street, to whom, as well as to the police-office, a messenger was immediately dispatched.

Mr. Forceps soon came, and we received him in another apartment. His answers to the inquiries we made completely confirmed our suspicions. Such a coin as we showed him (the counterfeit) had been offered to him, on the previous Saturday night, by a young woman; and, on being confronted with our prisoner (for such we now considered her), he, at once, recognized her as the same. Her own frightened, pallid face, would have satisfied us of the fact. Half-rising, as if to speak, she caught sight of a police officer, just entering the door, and she fainted.

I went home that night, ill-pleased with my day's work. That the girl was guilty, seemed but too clear. But I could not believe that she was anything more than an instrument, and my experience in criminal law, slight as it was, taught me how slender the chances were of arresting the guilty parties. Had we obtained a confession before she fainted, something might have been done; but, now the matter had got into the hands of the police, such shrewd rascals, as

they evidently were, would pretty surely get wind of it, in time to escape.

"And so the whole upshot of the matter," said I, to myself, "will be the ruin of the young woman, and an article in to-morrow's paper, which, for the effect it will have, might as well be inserted under the head "Personal," and read thus:

"If the gentlemen who have been in the habit of employing a young person, in faded mourning, to disseminate fallacious half-eagles in this community, do not find it convenient to remove their business, for the present, to some other place, they will incur the danger of being involved in the unfortunate disaster which has befallen her."

"And this, Mr. Leguleius Quidam," I concluded, "is the great service to the community which you and Mrs. Quidam have rendered!"

An officer had called in the afternoon to tell me that the prisoner's residence had been found and searched, but that no further discoveries had been made. This, however, enabled me to find the unfortunate mother, and provide some scanty comforts for her in her terrible affliction. In doing this, I felt that I was but performing a duty. Society, I reasoned with myself, finds it needful, for its own protection, to take the guilty daughter, and shut her up in jail; but the daughter is the innocent mother's only support; ergo, society must take that daughter's place. And as I felt that society, in the abstract, might be somewhat remiss in the performance of its duty, I ordered some fuel and groceries, and went home, feeling myself to be an embodiment of the whole social economy.

That night I dreamed that I was playing in a very poor and very tiresome tragedy, called *Life*, and that I was suddenly called on to take the part of Brutus, the Roman father.

III.

The course of retributive justice, as administered here on earth, has more different paces than *Rosalind* has attributed to time; but, "those with whom it lags withal," are not often the poor and friendless. A few days only elapsed before I was summoned as a witness to attend the trial of Alice Sumner. In the meantime, both Mr. Bullion and myself made great, but fruitless efforts,

to obtain a further insight into the true facts of the case. The prisoner herself made no confession, but constantly asserted her innocence, to the great discomfort of the broker, and the unutterable perplexity of myself. I sought in vain, for a flaw in the chain of evidence against her, or a chance to establish her innocence by other facts. Even the general testimony of good character, the last frail reed on which she leant, seemed to bend beneath her. She and her mother had but lately come to the city, and to all our inquiries, as to their former home and friends, we received only courteous, but evasive answers. It was evident that some dark cloud of sorrow, if not of crime, hung over their past history; and this, while it did not diminish the interest I felt in her, sadly weakened my confidence in her defense.

It was the day before the trial, and I sat in my office musing painfully on the dark features of the case, when a stranger entered. The first glance assured me, that he was one of a class of clients with which most of our city lawyers are familiar. A seedy, decrepit old man, humble, yet querulous, dejected, and yet visionary, bearing about a tattered and worn collection of papers, and pitifully urging his tale of wrong and suffering, from which the patient listener gleams at the same time, a belief that the sad tale is true, and a melancholy conviction that knavery has so cunningly hidden, or time so long obliterated the evidences of the wrong, that no court, save that of the Omniscient, can ever set it right.

I turned from the man more pettishly than I should have done but for the subject that engrossed my thoughts. The poor old man's spirits were too much broken to take offense at my rudeness. Beseechingly he added:

"I did not mean to give you trouble for nothing, sir. I have but little to offer you now, but I will pay you liberally when I gain my case. You shall have—you see I mean to be generous—let me see—I cannot recover less than twenty thousand dollars—it may be thirty, or even forty—and you shall have a quarter of it all. Think of that, sir! Ten thousand dollars for one case!" And my client threw himself back in his chair, feeling, for the thousandth time, poor fellow! that his troubles were almost over, and the phantom, in

pursuit of which his life had been wasted, at least within his grasp. No doubt, in his blissful vision, he already began to look on me as a recipient of his bounty, and to wonder at the coolness with which I regarded the glittering prize before me. But I had had many such clients before, and, when I was very young at the bar, had been dazzled more than once in the same way.

"How much can you afford me as a retainer?"

"Now?" He seemed to be engaged in an abstruse calculation as if over the resources of a nation. "Ten thousand dollars when the case is finished, say six months or a year hence. Suppose we say five dollars, sir, on account."

There was something so painfully eager in the look that accompanied these words, that I suppressed the smile which had been prompted by the pathos in his offer, and signified my acceptance. My client drew from his pocket a lank purse, and from the purse a solitary coin. Poor dreamer! he was paying his all for this one more ticket in the lottery.

I had opened my lips to bid him leave his papers and take back the coin when my eye fell on it. One scrutinizing glance, and I jumped from my seat as if electrified by the little piece of gold.

"Where did you get this money, sir?"

A transient gleam of former fire shone in the old man's eye.

"I do not see, sir, what that has to do with my case."

"By heavens!" I shouted, collaring the old man and fairly lifting him out of his seat: "if you do not tell me this instant——"

Just at this moment my office door opened to admit my learned and eloquent brother Flourish. What that eminent counsel thought of the scene, I do not care to guess. The personal appearance of my client was not suggestive of any temptation to a felonious assault, nor did his manner indicate any provocation which could have called for chastisement; and these two suppositions being impossible, Mr. Flourish stared with undisguised amazement at my unprofessional conduct. His presence brought me to myself, and, with many apologies, I explained that this coin, which, as my hearers would notice, was peculiarly marked, had former-

ly been in my own possession, and that I was anxious, for particular reasons, to trace its subsequent history. The old man hesitated, and stammered, and cast so many side glances at the door, that I began to think we had fallen upon one of the chief conspirators. Here Mr. Flourish came to my assistance, with his blandest smile, and most mellifluous tone, and in five minutes had drawn from my client all that he knew about it. Assuring myself that he would attend and testify to the same facts on the following day, I dismissed him, and then rapidly recounted to Flourish the facts of the case. The hard old lawyer listened complaisantly, and when I had finished, dryly expressed an opinion, that the young woman should be acquitted.

I had conceived a hope, while telling the story, of interesting Mr. Flourish sufficiently in the case to induce him to undertake the management of the defense. For that task I felt myself disqualified by other causes beside my want of experience in criminal law. I was liable to be called as a witness for the prosecution, and was a most important one for the defense; and above all, I felt that my own personal sympathies were too strongly excited for the prisoner to manage the affair with requisite coolness and skill. Flourish, however, who saw in the case nothing but a very commonplace incident of criminal practice, was not easily to be persuaded. The sensibilities of an elderly lawyer, in large practice, lie very far down, and are covered by a thick rind of worldly wisdom.

"Consider, my dear sir," said he, "how many cases of this kind are occurring every day, and how precious my time is to me. 'Pon my word, my clients would be in a pretty mess if I spent my time on petty affairs like this."

"Petty affair to you, Mr. Flourish, I know, but not to that young girl, the fate of whose whole life here, and perhaps hereafter, hangs on that trial. One hour of such assistance as yours may save her."

"Really, Quidam, ——"

"If such a fee as I could offer out of my own pocket would tempt you, ——"

"It would tempt me, sir, if you offered it. It would tempt me to kick you out of your own office, and then go

home, feeling that I had broken friendship with the softest-hearted, simplest-headed fool at the bar. Why, man, you would turn the whole fraternity into a gang of knight-errants, roaming up and down Wall street seeking to set this crooked world straight again."

"And so they ought to be, Mr. Flourish."

"Hum! I can't say I'm ready to give an opinion on that matter. But the girl, I see, is fairly on my hands. I'll just step down and tell my young men to put one or two things off till next day, and come back to go over the case again with you."

Glorious old Flourish! The sensibilities are there, after all, hard as it is to find them. Beneath all his rich clients, and worldly wisdom, and long briefs, there is a true man's heart beating, still, as there is in the bosom of many a hard-faced, wrinkled old lawyer beside. Fraud, and wrong, and heartlessness there are among us, God knows! But He and He only knows, also, the deeds that have been done in secret in those dingy, dusty offices, which shall stand forth effulgently when the great book is opened at the Judgment-day!

IV.

I was busy with the police authorities that evening, and had no time to communicate with Alice; but the next morning when I saw her brought into court, looking so broken-hearted and helpless, I blamed myself for having left her thus to drink the cup of bitterness to the very dregs. In a few whispered words I bade her be of good cheer; but she scarcely seemed to heed me at all, so oppressed was she by the sight of the crowd, and the keen sense of her forlorn condition. Save her poor mother, who had risen from a sick bed to accompany her, she did not know that she had a friend there. Even I, though she knew I meant her kindly, had been the unwilling means of placing her there. I looked eagerly around the court-room. On a front bench sat Mr. Forceps, the pawnbroker, chief witness for the prosecution; and some distance behind was my old client, true to his promise, and pleased to have at last a part to take in court. It seemed to him like a little rehearsal for the great drama of his own case.

The district attorney opened the case, and was about to call me as the first witness. Mr. Flourish had not yet made his appearance. Greatly to my relief, the pawnbroker came forward, and whispered into the attorney's ear, who immediately called him to the stand.

"I believe I must give Mr. Forceps the precedence," he said to me.

"I think you had better, brother Rowland," answered Flourish, over my shoulder, at the same time divesting himself of his overcoat, and distributing good-humored though somewhat patronizing recognitions among the smaller fry of lawyers around him.

Mr. Forceps testified to the attempt made to pass the counterfeit coin on him, as previously detailed. His direct examination was soon over, and he turned to Mr. Flourish with a smile of confidence, which to me seemed not altogether natural. It looked as if he were bracing himself up for a contest of nerve with the counsel for the defense. I have seen a great many very honest witnesses do the same thing.

But if Mr. Forceps looked for a grand display of inquisitorial tactics, he was destined to be mistaken. Mr. Flourish simply turned for a moment towards him remarking:

"I only want to know if I have understood you aright, Mr. Forceps; I think you said this was your only transaction with the prisoner—I mean the only occasion on which you received money from her."

"I never received any money at all from her, unless you call that thing money," pointing to the coin. "Perhaps you call that money; but I don't, sir." And Mr. Forceps smiled approvingly at his own retort.

"How long did I understand that you had this coin in your possession?" blandly rejoined the counsel.

"No time at all; I knew it was bad the minute it touched the drawer, and took it out and returned it."

"You took it out, and returned it," replied Flourish, as if mechanically repeating the words. "That will do, sir."

Mr. Bullion then testified to the character of the coin, and to the prisoner's admission in my office that it was the same one she had offered to the pawnbroker. The prosecution rested.

Without any formal opening of the

defense, Mr. Flourish nodded to me, and I took the stand. The district attorney threw himself back in his chair, and listened carelessly while I detailed the particulars of my interview with Alice on the eventful Saturday night. But when I mentioned the knife-marks on the coin I had given her, his practiced mind foresaw at once our line of defense. It was, doubtless, the first intimation he had received that any substantial defense would be attempted; and in his surprise he started to his feet, and directed a searching glance, first at me, and then in rapid succession at the prisoner, her counsel, and his own witnesses.

"Have you ever seen that marked coin since, Mr. Quidam?"

"I have."

"When and where?"

"It is here, said I," producing it; "I received it back, about ten days ago, from a client, Mr. Richard Grosvenor."

Having satisfied myself that I was positive as to the identity of the coin, the district attorney allowed me to stand aside, and Mr. Flourish called Grosvenor, who, of course, confirmed my statement, as to the receipt of the coin from him, at the time of its reappearance.

"Will you state, Mr. Grosvenor, if you can, how that coin came into your hands?"

"I received it," said the old man—a slight color coming into his bloodless face—"on the evening of Saturday, the—th of December, from Mr. Forceps, the pawnbroker."

"How can you be so positive as to the precise date, Mr. Grosvenor, and the identity of the coin?" asked the district attorney.

"The date, sir, I fix by this," producing one of Mr. Forceps's tickets; "and the coin—ah me, sir, it is the only gold piece I have had for many a long day. I have spent my money in the law, sir; but I am going to get it all back soon. You must know I have a case, sir——"

From the details of Mr. Grosvenor's case, we were saved by the district attorney. His hawk-eye had caught a glimpse of his chief witness gliding softly through the crowd, toward the door.

"Mr. Forceps! Mr. Forceps! officer, close that door, and let no man pass," he thundered. "Bring that witness back here!"

Flushed with excitement, his fine form drawn up to its utmost height, and his glorious eyes flashing with indignation at the foul wrong which had been attempted and almost effected in the sacred name of justice, he stood, surrounded by an astonished group, the only one that seemed to retain any self-possession. Even we who had been in the secret, and planned the surprise, were less masters of the scene. He looked, indeed, all that he was—the faithful minister of retributive justice, magnifying his office by a love of right, before which all petty ambitions sank into nothingness.

Alas! that form and face live only in the memory of us who loved him. A sad, sad day it was when we heard that the lustre of those eyes was dimmed in untimely death, and heavy hearts, mourning as but few sorrows can make strong men mourn, had we, the funeral train, when the bar followed their chief-tain to the tomb. In the midst of his years and his labors, as a great ship goes down in the van of the battle, so went he down into the depths of the grave.

It scarcely need be added, that the jury acquitted Alice, without leaving their box, and that the pawnbroker, charged both with uttering counterfeit coin, and with perjury, slept that night in the cell she had left. Perhaps some time I may tell of what afterwards happened to her, as well as to my old client, and his interminable case. But now there is sadness on my heart, as I think of that scene in court, and I am garrulous no longer.

HIGH LIFE—ON THE MOUNTAINS.

"On the mountains dwells freedom;
The foul odor of graves
Reaches not to the blue ether."

IN days of old, as in our own, liberty has ever reared her standard and proclaimed her triumphs aloud on mountain heights. Even the weary wanderer feels his courage strengthened and his heart expanding, as he reaches the lofty summit, and sees the world at his feet. He leaves the narrow bounds of daily strife behind him; free as the eagle that hangs still higher in the pure air, and binds the clouds to the world beneath, he looks around him, where, even on the airy wings of the wind, the sad sounds of man's petty sorrows and joys can reach him no longer. Lifted high above the painful tumult of life, abandoned by all but the great mother nature, he receives, as it were, a second time at her hands, and from her unstained altar, the gift of life, and the cheerful courage of trusting youth. The clear, bracing air, the silent solitude of the scene, the magnificence and grandeur of the prospect, and his elevation above the world, all conspire to strengthen, to elevate, nay, to inspire the dweller on lofty mountains. And this feeling is common to the greatest among men, and to the simple shepherd. With speechless joy the herdsman climbs once more, after the fierce rigor of winter, up to his cherished heights, where, as the children of Afghanistan enthusiastically say, the leaping waters are as clear as diamonds, where the luxuriant verdure resembles a carpet of emeralds, and the atmosphere is sweet with musk; where, as they add in the boundless love of their mountain pastures, the air itself is so full of life and vigor, that even were there no water, it alone would make the plants grow and blossom.

But mountains are noble objects, and inspire us with even higher feelings when seen from afar. They are, after all, the great landmarks of the earth, locking in, as it were, large districts and the children of men that dwell therein, the most perfect boundary lines of countries and nations, and the natural limits of powerful kingdoms.

How pleasant it is to the eye to see a vast landscape closed in, on the far

horizon, by gently-swelling heights, as "hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise." How grandly they loom up, as in Norway, in proud, silent majesty, from the raging ocean, to the very clouds in the heavens! More impressive yet is the sight, when, from the midst of an immense plain, a wall of mountains is reared in bold and gigantic forms, as where the colossal chain of the Alps rises in stately grandeur on the northern frontier of Lombardy. When the eye has been tired with a long, level surface, when the monotonous steppe or the swelling prairie has sorely wearied the mind, that ever thirsts for variety, then it greets the mountains with peculiar pleasure. It rests delighted on their varied forms, their ever-changing colors, their proud, upward tendency. All that is low, shapeless, and vague in the plain, becomes here firm, permanent, and aspiring. Now they are cheerful and pleasing, stretching in gently swelling undulations far away, and softening by rich verdure and light indentations the rugged character of higher ranges. Now they rise high into the air, their proud heads hid in dark clouds, or crowned with eternal snow, reaching up into inaccessible space, and carrying apparently the very vault of heaven on their mighty, massive columns. Hence the imagination of almost all nations has bound them up with the higher gods: here it is an Atlas bearing the heavens on his colossal shoulders; there it is an Olympus, the blissful home of the immortals.

The lower ranges, it is true, are apt to be but rough and rugged; they please us little, when compared with the rich, fertile plains by their side, and convey no other idea to the mind than that, as Euripides said, "They are hard soil that can be tilled only by still harder labor." Hence the universal preference given to truly Alpine ranges. Their gigantic height, their massiveness in themselves, the terrible steepness of their sides, impress us with awe. Here parallel chains and groups, alike rugged and snowy, press on the princi-

pal crest, and send their flanks far into the lower grounds. An endless mass of sharp ridges and bare peaks, mixed with gigantic masses of pure snow, fading coldly into the blue horizon, present a scene of sublime quiet and repose, unbroken but by the avalanche or the thunder. Their glaciers and snow-fields, which are gilt only, but never warmed by the sun, and from which, through rents in the clouds, the green, blooming world is seen far below, the feeling of immutability suggested by their stupendous height, even the dizzy paths that lead over frightful abysses, and the "roads of terror" that pass close by unfathomed crevices and threatening masses of snow—all these add fear to our admiration and awe to our pleasure.

It seems, at first, as if nature had created all this grand scenery for herself only, utterly mindless of man. And yet even here she has not forgotten him. Close by those regions of Titanic confusion and fearful solitude, at the very side of those gigantic rocks, in which we fancy we see the skeleton of the earth, and of those dazzling, death-hiding fields of snow and ice, there greet us sweet meadows with fragrant Alpine flowers. Green pastures spread their soft carpet to the edge of the icy mass, and streams gambol merrily over rock and root. Thus, here, also, life cometh out of death, and the awfully grand is kindly blended with the gently beautiful.

The effect of mountain scenery on the eye, is naturally much varied by lights and colors; the whole hue is very different in the clear, warm air of a southern landscape, and in the moist, vapory atmosphere of the North. The Alps glitter and glare in the dazzling splendor of everlasting ice, and yet greet us with the bright freshness of the color of youth, so that Italian poets with justice speak of their forest-covered brows, as of fit emblems of all that is imperishable. The granite fastnesses of Sweden loom up in subdued tints, fretted as they are by the tooth of time, and covered with the tender mantle of warm but sad-colored mosses. Dim, dismal mists forever shroud their hoary heads, and the melancholy songs of northern bards see, in their weather-beaten, decaying baldness, the irresistible power of age.

The colors of mountain scenes change with every season of the day

and year, and herein lies one of their greatest beauties. As the deep valleys are now lighted up by gorgeous floods of sunshine, and now buried in dark night; as bold spurs, losing themselves into the plain, cast deep shadows on a sunny landscape, or rise, gilded by the rays of the setting sun, from out a sea of shadows, the whole of the mountain range assumes a new form. But more important still, for their effect at a distance, than the variety of different hues and changing shadows, is the principal form of the mountains themselves. A long, straight line, rising to nearly equal height at all points, gives to a chain of mountains the appearance of a mere wall or rampart, that closes the horizon, and fills the mind with undefined sadness. Far more pleasing is the impression, when bold heights and sharp-pointed peaks break the uniformity here and there, as in our own Blue Ridge. Some countries boast of odd round mountains, that rise suddenly from the midst of large plains: they are mere shapeless masses, without any proportion, and convey not unfrequently to the mind the painful idea of a colossal grave-mound. Now and then, as on our northern waters, and in almost all long, far-stretching chains, formations are found, that appear to a lively fancy like familiar objects—a sleeping bear, a striking profile, or even a whole standing figure. Such forms may, of course, please our imagination and occupy our memory, but they often affect, unpleasantly, our æsthetic feeling, which cannot be satisfied with what is merely grotesque or amusing.

Mountains are, unfortunately, much less known than valleys. Even prejudices are nourished against them, and men fancy that the snow-covered peaks and the silently wandering glaciers are useless in the great household of nature. As, if under the rule of the Almighty, *all* things were not made to work together in sweet harmony. Did he not say, in early days, "Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain?" For it is from the eternal snow and ice of these apparently sterile heights, that, year after year, abundant streams descend and nourish the thirsty earth. In the temperate zones, this advantage is less clearly seen, as rain or snow there falls at all seasons. Only now and then, as in the glaciers of the Alps, the amazed eye of the

wanderer sees in summer-time foaming torrents of whitish blue water rush forth from dark, dismal caves under the fields of snow. These are the inexhaustible sources of the rivers and streams that come from the Alps, and, as the Rhine or Rhone, form the mighty high-roads for the commerce of Europe. So it is with all snow-covered mountains; and vast, unmeasured regions would never be more than arid deserts, if their great rivers were not incessantly fed by the everlasting snow that crowns the silent pinnacles, and ever melts slowly but surely, and ever grows again upon the lofty summit. In hotter climes, where, for months and months, no blessed shower falls from the clouds, where the dry soil cracks, and all vegetation perishes, life would be impossible, were it not for such periodic supplies, furnished by long mountain ranges.

The solemn solitude and the threatening aspect of the loftiest peaks often make the masses of people regard them as objects of fear and terror. They shrink from

"that sublimity which reigns enthroned,
Holding joint rule with solitude divine
Among yon rocky fells that bid defiance
To steps the most adventurously bold.
There silence dwells profound, or if the cry
Of high-poised eagles breaks at times the calm,
The haunted echoes no response return."

The traveler, who passes near them, hastens his steps to avoid the avalanche, and to save his eyesight. A few only, impelled by a noble ardor for the study of nature, have ventured to ascend to the loftiest regions, like Saussure, Humboldt, Agassiz, and Hooker. Nor are the terrors of these enchanted regions merely imaginary. Soon after the line of eternal snow is passed, a general and painful uneasiness seizes the wanderer. The most remarkable sensation, however, is that of utter exhaustion. When Lieutenant Wood was on the "Terraced Roof of the World" in Pamir, he wished to explore the depth of the famous lake Sir-i-kol, that spreads its placid waters at a height of more than 15,000 feet above the sea. He tried to cut a hole in the ice; but a few blows consumed all his strength. A few moments, it is true, sufficed for his recovery; but he found any muscular exertion almost impossible. Running a distance of less than fifty yards, he lost his breath, and felt an intense pain in his lungs that did not leave him for

hours. He could not speak aloud without great effort, and his pulse immediately rose in an alarming manner. Saussure and his companions suffered like inconveniences; they became irresistibly drowsy, lost their appetite, and could not quench their violent, painful thirst. When Humboldt was ascending the Chimborazo, and already quite near the summit, he had to abandon the enterprise, because large drops of blood oozed out from under his nails and his eyelids.

But there is a beauty in mountains that has always been found amply to repay such fatigue and such dangers. Even in the terrific passes of the Himalaya, where man and beast are alike distressed, where thousands of birds perish from the mere violence of the wind, and furious thunder-storms add to the terror, even there the beauty of the scenery is such as to compensate the weary traveler for all he endures. "During the day," says Mary Somerville, "the stupendous size of the mountains, their interminable extent, the variety and sharpness of their forms, and, above all, the tender clearness of their distant outline, melting into the pale blue sky, contrasted with the deep azure above, is a scene of wild and wonderful beauty. At midnight, when myriads of stars sparkle in the black sky, and the pure blue of the mountains looks deeper still below the pale white gleam of earth and snowlight, the effect is of unparalleled solemnity, and no language can describe the splendor of the sunbeams at day-break, streaming between the high peaks and throwing their gigantic shadows on the mountains below!"

Even ice and snow assume, at times, forms of wondrous beauty. Glaciers spread their resplendent mirrors over vast regions, and cover them closely with their transparent masses. Famous and well known in the European Alps, they are found wherever mountains arise, that are throughout the year covered with snow. The most imposing are found high in the north: in Norway they reach down to the water's edge. On the eastern coast of Iceland, a huge glacier is slowly approaching the coast, and already leaves barely room for a road; it will, it is feared, ere long form an impassable barrier between two parts of the island. Spitzbergen boasts probably of the largest of glaciers; for Captain Scoresby tells us that the "Hornsund" is nearly

eleven miles wide at its lower edge, and has a thickness of over four hundred feet. Both the Andes and the Himalaya have, of course, their gigantic glaciers also, and Darwyn met them even reaching down into the waters of the Pacific, on the coast of Patagonia.

Their charm to the eye consists as much in their peculiar form and color as in the contrast they present with the immediately surrounding landscape. The huge masses are cut and torn in all directions by a host of wide-gaping clefts and crevices, that the eye cannot fathom; around them rise towers and lofty walls and ridges of ice in the oddest shapes, with a background of black rocks ascending to the very heavens from the midst of the brilliant sea of white. The mind of man would tremble and shudder at the incomprehensible grandeur of the delicate blue that colors the whole up to the line of eternal snow, if the countless hues and tinges, which darken in the clefts and brighten up again on high and prominent peaks, did not gently greet his astonished eye and change his awe into wonder and admiration. As he turns to one side, he sees the masses of ice over which he wanders surrounded with forests and fields, with meadows and blooming gardens. At his left, a soft, velvety pasture of richest green stretches far into the ice-field itself, the tiny blade and the lonely flower struggling triumphantly with the dead matter. Here cattle are grazing peacefully, and the herdsmen play on their simple flute, or wake the ever-ready echo with merry songs. At his right, a sunny slope is covered with ripening barley, whilst at his feet tidy cottages, with bright shining windows and embowered in thick, shady orchards, speak of comfort and content. Far away he sees ancient forests, whose dark evergreen foliage casts broad shadows over the landscape, and adds to the brighter scenes a sober, welcome seriousness. In many places a new charm is added: snugly ensconced amidst the lofty heights, a tiny lake, set in emerald meadows, smiles, as with a child's innocent eye, up to the blue heaven, and reflects in its clear waters the surrounding snow-fields and rocky peaks. In the next valley, a waterfall pours its silvery flood over dark, beetling rocks, and the slender stream sways playfully to and fro, as the breeze comes to play with it, or scatters its airy, fairy

jet into a thousand drops, long ere it reaches the meadow at its feet.

Grander still than the permanent beauties of mountains are the tragedies, the great revolutions enacted there from time to time. Now huge avalanches are hurled in mighty leaps, and fall thundering into the valley, carrying death and destruction in their wake. Or, in the silent hours of night, portentous bodies of snow leave their lofty home and glide noiselessly down upon the ill-fated lowlands. The careless victims awake only to eternal night, and find themselves buried alive under overwhelming masses. Such was the fate of Bueraas in the canton of Grisons. No warning voice had been heard; no thunder announced the fearful catastrophe; sweet sleep bound the whole village; but when the morning dawned, the town remained enveloped in night—a huge mountain of snow covered the unfortunate place, and only a few men could be rescued alive, by almost incredible efforts. As the waters of the deep have risen and with their silent floods covered fertile and populous districts, to be seen no more by the eye of man, so even now Norwegian valleys, the happy home of peaceful peasants and of a thousand cattle upon the hills, are not unfrequently buried in the dark hours of a single night by treacherous avalanches. Ages afterwards, when the suns of many years have melted the huge masses of snow and ice, the bodies of the dead are found as if resting in sweet slumber, with arms interlocked and eyes uplifted to their Father above, who had called them so suddenly to their eternal home.

At other times, the mountains themselves loosen the bands that have held them together for ages, and, leaving their ancient resting-places, roll down into the plain, changing fertile fields into arid deserts, and burying villages and towns deep under their crumbling ruins. Who does not know the heart-rending fate that befell the village of Goldau near Righi? Who has forgotten the fate of the Willey family at the Notch of the White Hills? Who marvels not at the changes that a night produced on Mount Ida, in the state of New York? The great Creator spoke, and lofty mountains arose above the surface of the dark waters that covered the earth. He crowned them with unchanging ice and snow. He covered their hoary heads with dark clouds.

From the deep bosom of the earth, He called the high ranges with their horns of glassy rock, and their dark, furrowed sides; layer upon layer covered the naked skeletons, and His bounty spread over all a rich carpet of grass, or the warm mantle of dense forests. As man beheld them, he saw in them an attribute of the Most High, and called them the everlasting hills, the eternal mountains. But at a breath of the Lord, they are seen no more. There is no rest in nature, not even in the rigid, solid matter of which these towering rocks were formed. They pass away and "melt from before the Lord" in restless destruction; and that time, which is not measured by the brief years of man, may yet see the Andes razed to the ground, and the Himalayas covering the vast plains of Asia with their gigantic ruins, whenever it please Him, "which removeth the mountains and they know not, which overturneth them in his anger."

But valleys also are parts of the mountains, and often lie among them at a higher elevation than the loftiest ranges of our Union. Their characteristic feature is seclusion and peaceful repose. The mountains lift us up from the world and place it in panoramic view before the astonished eye; they enliven the solitude of the regions around us with a hundred attractive objects, and raise our feelings into enthusiastic emotion. The valley, on the contrary, leads us to think but of our utter seclusion from the world; perfect solitude and solemn melancholy or cheerful peace fill our soul. Above is the brilliant throne of omnipotent nature; down in the valley her blessings are spread out, as she scatters them with liberal hand; there she is gorgeous and majestic, a mighty queen—here she is a friend, a mother, full of kindness and tender affection.

Valleys differ as much in their natural beauty as the mountains by which they are surrounded. From the narrow ravine which only at noon is greeted by a few straggling rays of the sun, to the wide hospitable valley that unites the lofty peaks above to the fertile plain below—what a distance! Here they are little more than terrific fissures—as in the Balkan—so deep and narrow that below the sweet light of day is never seen. Sometimes bare and barren, filled with rubbish and gravel, and water-

ed by black, slimy swamps, they are at other times shut in by lofty, bold walls of living rock and covered with luxuriant vegetation. Who has not read the classic description of the favored valley of Tempe? Far in the east, in the fire-country of Zoroaster, and in the midst of volcanic cones, beautiful valleys with pure streams and peaceful glades lie among the mountains, and the vale of Kosran Shah, a perfect picture of sylvan beauty, is celebrated as one of the five paradises of Persian poetry. Such valleys abound also in other countries, though they are rare in our own. They are sheltered by high ramparts, rising on all sides in beautifully varied forms; colossal rocks lie or hang scattered about, and verdure, rich in fragrant flowers, spreads its velvety carpet around gigantic trees of by-gone ages; a foaming cascade, falling through the cloven ravine in cataract after cataract, or a deep, dark river between walls of shadowy granite, adds freshness to the grateful shade, and its charms are completed, when to the mind also is suggested some historical association, as in the Tempe of Greece or in Petrarch's Vaulcluse.

Here in the valley, and among mountains, where "nature's heart beats strong," live men who show in feature and character the undeniable influence of the giants in whose neighborhood they dwell. Their eyes are ever drawn upward, and as the pointed arch, the ogive window, the vaulted ceiling and the lofty steeple of Gothic churches lead the eye, step by step, from the low marble that covers the dead, to the pure heaven, that is His throne, so the high mountains also make the son of dust, that lives among them, look up freely into the bright blue ether and from thence to his great Father on high. His glance is no longer riveted to the harvest on the vast plain with thoughts of gain and profit; he is not oppressed by the dense forests that hide from him the beauty of the sky; he follows not with vain, indefinite longing the slow, steady stream as it rolls its waves to the ocean.

Here his eye is ever lifted upwards—from the moment when the morning sun first kindles her beacons of joy on the highest Alp, and proclaims aloud that another day has been added by God's mercy to our life, to the last hour of twilight, when the shadows of night steal gently

upward and cover valley and hill-side with their dark mantle, until silence covers the earth. Neither the monotony of the steppe nor the despair of the desert ever weighs on the buoyant heart: images of joy unutterable alternate with sweet, longing melancholy; impressions, ever changing, ever stirring, fill his soul from hour to hour, and feed it with sweet pain or happy peace, until it can live no longer without the unseen food, and sickens and sorrows when torn from its home. Dangers and difficulties of every kind steel his arm, and sharpen his senses; the purest air in all the earth, and ever new sources of joy and gratitude amid God's bountiful nature, enliven his fancy and quicken his heart's noblest feelings. The same wild, solemn and solitary scenery adds, moreover, a blessing surpassing all others: a cheerful confidence, a quiet peace, a child's implicit reliance on Him, who has ever chosen to commune nearest with man, not in the lowly valley, but on the lofty mountain.

Hence it is that such heights, in proportion as they approach the character of true triumphant mountains, have ever been looked upon as the dwelling-places of greatest strength, of sweetest simplicity, nay, as the very homes of earliest poesy. Not without good reason have nearly all nations placed their highest and holiest conceptions upon lofty mountain tops, and ever claimed historical descent even, in the literal sense of the word, from the heights that tower around their earliest home. Hence, also, the well-known characteristic features of mountaineers, who show more markedly than all other classes of men the powerful influence of physical geography on the development of the race. They are found to abound in strength and in spirit. In body and mind the son of the mountains surpasses the children of the plain, because from earliest youth he has to rely on himself, must conquer difficulties after difficulties, breathes ever the purest air, and is, for more than one reason, less accessible to luxury and effeminacy. Strong and well-formed in body, active and vigilant in mind, the dweller on Alpine heights enjoys besides, in most instances, a more cheerful temper and more joyous manners than others—a blessing bestowed upon all of them alike, on the Alps of Switzerland and on Tartaric mountains, among Basques

and Abyssinians, on the Nilgerry and on the Himalaya.

It is true that local peculiarities occasionally produce striking contrasts, and shock our eye by the sight of piteous creatures in the very midst of a healthy, blooming population; but these are rare and isolated exceptions, confined to narrow limits and easily yielding to well-directed benevolence. The strengthening power of the mountains, on the other hand, seldom fails to reinvigorate the body, and to restore to the mind its buoyant elasticity, especially where, as in the tropics, they become the natural resort of suffering natives and debilitated strangers. Such great natural blessings, combined with the active spirit and the self-conscious strength of mountaineers, could not fail to produce both courage and independence. They all love freedom. We need no examples; for, from the sons of Scotland and icy Norway, in the north, to the free Swiss and the unsubdued Basques, in the south, they all bear witness to the fact.

Nor must we forget, that mountains isolate men more than anything else on firm land. Rivers have become high-roads, and the ocean has been bridged over; but mountains, though covered with railway-tracks, and pierced by marvelous tunnels, will ever remain the great lines of division between kingdom and kingdom.

“Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.”

With equal jealousy, they shelter their own children against all influences from without. Among them ancient customs and strongly-marked individualities survive, long after repeated revolutions have cut down all that grows on the plain to a dead level. The mountaineer's house is his castle in a better sense and to a much fuller extent than even the proud Englishman's home. There he dwells in simplicity, but in content. His soil is poor, his resources are few, but his wants, also, are modest. Hence poverty and hospitality are the strange twin-sisters that are ever found under his rock-covered roof. So it is all over the globe, wherever men dwell in peace. The scantier life appears among them, the less comfort and luxury are known—the more they are given to value aid and to afford ready shelter to the weary wanderer or the sufferer among themselves.

Ritter, in his travels through Abyssinia, was long since led to the conclusion, that hospitality was at home in every Alpine region, in spite of their equally universal poverty.

What is, perhaps, least carefully noticed by the general observer in this kind of High Life is, the nomadic character of almost all dwellers on mountains. The sterility of the soil, in connection with the general activity of the race, drives them constantly away from their native land and leads them to emigrate, at least for a time, to distant countries, partly to sell there the products of their own industry and partly to seek there an ampler income and a provision for their declining years. Thus we find the brave Swiss serving foreign masters with a touching fidelity that makes ample amends for his mercenary service, whilst the humbler son of Savoy is content to clean chimneys and to play his hurdy-gurdy. The poor, frugal Gallego is found all over Spain, as cold Dalm sends out her sons in winter, and her daughters in summer, to earn a living in Stockholm. The Fulah and the Zemindar of Kamaum but repeat in Africa and Asia the example of the Galician Pole on the northern Carpathian mountains. But from east and west, from north and south, they all gather again around their early home, ere the silver cord be loosed and the golden bowl broken.

Even on their own mountains, these hardy children of men often lead a life that somewhat resembles the wandering life of the nomad. Thousands earn a scanty living by traveling, without rest and repose, over high, steep passes, and through dangerous valleys, followed by long lines of heavily-laden beasts of burden; others, who live by their cattle, change from the lofty senn-huts in summer to the well-sheltered valleys in winter, whilst in the Himalaya they have special villages built for each season.

In their migrations they depend, like the nomads of the steppes, on the cattle that feed and clothe them. High up to the line of perpetual snow they drive their herds of gigantic oxen. Where horned cattle and even sheep no longer find green pastures, there the goat still knows how to support itself by frugal diet. But when even the most modest of our domestic cattle would starve, bountiful nature still furnishes two beings, so rarely endowed, so mar-

velously fitted for their exclusive abode, that they have ever been noted as striking evidences of the wisdom and bounty of the Creator. The one is the reindeer, the all-useful friend of man in high northern regions. The other is the Yak, or grunting ox, which nature has fitted to live in the snow-covered mountains of inner Asia, on the very highest table-land of our globe, which the children of the soil call, in their expressive language, the "dwelling of snow," or the "roof of the world." A small buffalo in appearance, his long, shaggy hair, with which he is covered all over, sweeps the ground, and ends at the tail in a large and magnificent tuft. Independent of wind and weather, he lives wherever the mean temperature does not rise above the freezing point. If the snows become too deep above, he rolls himself down a sloping mountain-side and feeds while slowly ascending; when he reaches the summit, he rolls down again and eats a second deep furrow into the snow. When summer approaches he ascends to the regions of eternal snow, and the inhabitants leave their sheltered valleys and follow their numerous herds. They live on their milk, they eat their flesh, and dress their skins. Their long hair makes ropes stronger than hemp, and the bushy tail is eagerly purchased for fans and fly brushes. What is strangest, perhaps, is their use for the saddle. Wherever a man can walk, there the ox may be ridden. His intelligence is marvelous, often surpassing the far-famed cunning of elephants. When travelers have lost their way, one of these animals is driven ahead, and avoids with almost miraculous instinct all hidden clefts and crevices. When the passes are filled with snow, and neither man nor horse can cross the mountains, a herd of grunting oxen is sent on and soon tramples the snow sufficiently down to open a passage.

Need we wonder that the mountaineer loves his home, even to homesickness? Have not cows, exported from Switzerland, become maddened when suddenly hearing the *Ranz des vaches*? The French government, it is well known, had to prohibit the playing of certain Swiss airs in the presence of the Swiss regiments, because it was never done without causing more than one of that noble band to die of a broken heart! Among no class of men is the love of

their native country so universal, among none so all-powerful as among the children of mountains. Even when richest and most powerful abroad, they have been known to sigh for the poverty of their own hills. We all prize most highly what we have earned at the greatest expense of labor and patience—who has to work harder, who to wait more humbly for the blessing that comes from above, than those who hunt the chamois on threatening paths, or who till the soil that they have carried for miles on their shoulders from the distant valley? We all look back upon our hours of tears and gentle sorrow as the sweetest of our life; the heavenly dew then fell upon the germs of our warmest affections, our noblest impulses, and now they bud and blossom. The mountaineer, also, in his narrow home, sees in every rock but a grave-stone that covers one he has loved, in every tree a memento of dangers endured or losses inflicted. So he clings to his own native land, rich in memories; fertile in associations; he nestles in the bosom of that nature which he has ever looked up to as his loving mother, and neither the riches of cities nor the beauty of plains can ever wean him from his early, tender love. Even physical influence strengthens this feeling; the children of lofty highlands bear the denser air of lower regions as ill and as impatiently as the sons of the plain the purer air of mountains.

Isolated as they are from the rest of the world, its dangers and its temptations, leading a lonely life, with simple joys and simple wants, they have everywhere preserved longest of all the virtues of moral purity and strict honesty. What traveler in Europe has not noticed at once the striking difference, in Alps or Apennines, between the men that live near the much frequented passes, or popular high-roads, and those that dwell in remoter villages? Far away in the heart of the mountains, in narrow valleys and secluded glens, the wanderer often meets with a simplicity and honesty that have long since passed away from the plains below, and that seems still to exhale the perfume of early, happier days. When the inhabitants of Kamaum, on the Himalaya, leave their higher villages to go down for a season to the sheltered valleys, not a soul is left behind, and a few simple latches of wood protect safely all they possess upon

earth. Yet a theft has not been heard of for ages. Even in the Swiss Alps, bee-hives may be seen scattered far and near, on sunny rocks, near fragrant meadows, which are left there for the summer in trusting and honored confidence. The foot-wanderer through the Austrian Alps may also recollect the touching reliance with which his guide drops his burdensome coat by the wayside, sure to find it again, upon his return.

Even in point of art some features may be found peculiar to the children of mountains. Almost all over the globe, they are found to love music with genuine fondness; and what gives to their airs a surprising resemblance in all Alpine regions on earth is, the never-failing introduction of the echo into their melodies. Nature herself seems to have taught them, moreover, a certain love for pleasant colors and contrasts. Even in regions where the landscape is nowise remarkable for brilliant lights and lively colors, as in the Scotch Highlands, the same peculiarity may be observed. In the plain, the eye soon loses sight of all detail, and wanders wearily over the vast expanse of uniform color. In the mountains, on the contrary, brilliant contrasts abound: here it is the fresh green of luxuriant grass by the side of the rich hues of Alpine flowers; there the stern, gray granite rock sets off to perfection the clear, silvery stream of foaming waters that plays merrily over its surface. Their dwellings, also, are everywhere alike, from the Alps to the Ural, from the Pyrenees to the Andes. The use of the same material—massive logs of wood—must needs produce in itself a certain similarity of forms; but what is less easily explained is the equally universal peculiarity, that all mountain races build their houses with roofs but little sloping, although for months and months heavy masses of snow rest upon them. With touching simplicity they also love everywhere to paint, on the carvings and cornices of their houses, quaint legends which express their confidence in the great Father in heaven. "I, John Gottself, built this house; but God gave His blessing!" Their whole life is summed up in the words:

"In this house I live on earth,
Here I and mine have had our birth—
But my home is above
With the great God of Love!"

THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC.*

MR. MOTLEY has chosen, for his début on the historic stage, one of the most significant episodes in the whole of the early struggles of the modern era. The revolt of the Netherlands, against the political and ecclesiastical domination of Spain, was a part of that great contest carried on throughout the sixteenth century, between the Teutonic Protestant nations, with their decided tendency to intellectual freedom and territorial division, and the Romanic Catholic nations, with their no less decided bias towards intellectual acquiescence, and the unity of government. It was, however, a most pregnant part of this contest. All the influences of race, politics, and religion, which came in conflict in the general movements of the age, were concentrated in these lesser conflicts, and it is no exaggeration to say, that in the encounters which took place on the spongy sands, and amid the watery dykes of the Low Countries, were involved all the grand interests of the existing world. They rehearsed in little, if we may use the term, that gigantic drama of war and bloodshed, which, a few years later, convulsed the entire continent.

It is this fact which lends to the Dutch war its high importance in world-history. Had it been simply the struggle of a few oppressed provinces against a powerful invader, it would have found many a parallel in the course of the ages; but it was a great deal more than this: it was a direct and determining grapple between the controlling influences of the time, animated by its profoundest animosities, and containing in its results a magnificent or disastrous future. Ever since the accession of Charles V. to the crowns of Spain and the Empire, the real and pervading issue of Europe lay in the necessary antagonism of the principles of universality and absolutism in church and state, and the principles of national independence, and civil and moral freedom. The former were asserted by the splendid monarchy of Spain, linked in with the religious hierarchy of Rome, while the latter found their chief adherents among the distracted northern states of Ger-

many, and the no less distracted commercial provinces of the Netherlands. Charles V., and, subsequently, Philip II., who inherited his policy, if not his wisdom, in seeking the formation of a great state which should possess a common government, and a common religion, encountered their most formidable obstacles in the spirit which had been growing for centuries, of national independence, intellectual culture, commercial activity, and religious freedom. In Germany, the intellectual and moral element of this opposition was the strongest, and came to a head earlier in the outbreak of Luther; but in the Netherlands, the national and commercial element prevailed, and was sometime longer in ripening. But wherever these principles came in contact, the encounter was deadly and fearful, and nowhere more so than in the Netherlands, because nowhere were the antagonisms more direct, universal, and inveterate.

The people of the Netherlands, mainly descended from the old Batavian and Belgic races, who, overcome by the superior forces of the Romans, had contributed, for four centuries, the most effective arm to the legions of their conquerors, were earlier than the rest of Europe emancipated from the serfdom of the middle ages. Their favorable position on the north seas, and on the shores of navigable streams, outlets to the continent, gathering them into towns, had led them to a profitable commerce, and to a most flourishing external and political condition. The affluence flowing in upon them from east and west, attracted population, generated arts, enlivened society, and developed, while it fortified, the sense of individual dignity and worth. Along with the growing trade, therefore, a growing independence, entrenched behind municipal privileges, had inured them to self-trust and free exertion. As early as the eleventh and twelfth centuries, the power of the sovereign in the Netherlands was strictly limited by the power of the estates, in which the trades, as well as the nobility, were represented. Without their consent no law could be

* *The Rise of the Dutch Republic. A History.* By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY. 3 vols. Harper & Brothers, 1856.

enacted, no war undertaken, no tax imposed, no change in the currency effected, and no foreigner allowed to take part in the government. This substantial liberty had been retained even under the rule of the powerful Dukes of Burgundy, who sought to reduce them to subjection. When the Emperor Maximilian, at a later day, backed by all the might of the Roman German empire, endeavored to inflict extraordinary taxes upon them, and to quarter his troops in the provinces, they instantly flew to arms, and made no scruple of seizing his person, and confining him till they had attained satisfactory assurances of future security. They were republicans in spirit, if not in name. They prized that sturdy burgher independence which had made them what they were, and, at a time of almost universal war and universal abjectness, had not only raised their cities into cities of opulence, but had made them, also, cities of refuge for the world. Under these circumstances, the transition from civil to religious freedom was not difficult. At the oncoming of the Reformation, the Netherlands were nominally Catholics; but nowhere were the new doctrines more gratefully welcomed than among them, or more rapidly spread. Introduced through a thousand channels—by the Protestant traders of Germany, by the English and French fugitives from persecution, by their own children educated at Geneva, by the Swiss mercenaries of the Emperor, even—they speedily diffused themselves over the land, like the waters of the sea when one of their dykes had broken. A hard-working people, they had little respect for the luxurious indolence of the monks; and a plain, simple-hearted people, they were more attracted by the intellectual charms of doctrine than by the sensuous splendors of ritual.

The Spanish nation, on the other hand, by nature arrogant, and by training superstitious and bigoted, was the willing slave of a double despotism, of a mighty but oppressive monarchy, and of an imposing but subtle and selfish ecclesiasticism. Its recent conquest of Grenada had rekindled its enthusiasm to the fiery pitch of the crusades, its discovery of the New World had given a vent to the most romantic spirit of adventure, as well as to the most ferocious cupidity; while the inagnifi-

cent extent of its dominion filled it with unbounded audacity and pride. Every incident in the events of the time conspired to raise in the mind of the Spaniard the dangerous consciousness of his greatness. Master of half of Europe, and of nearly all America, with possessions in Africa, in Asia, and among the rich Spice Islands of the Indian seas, the favorite of the Holy Pontiff, himself the viceroy of Christ, and the spiritual guide of a hundred million souls, he seemed to hold the keys to all the treasures of earth, and to all the glorious rewards of Heaven. He was the lord of man, and the man of the Lord; he had fused the powerful kingdoms of the peninsula into a single more powerful kingdom; he had driven the Saracen from Europe in the midst of a sanguinary resistance; he had been victorious over France; he had ravaged Italy; he had dared to beard the pope, and he had despoiled a new continent of its wealth. His statesmen were the ablest that had appeared since the most flourishing days of Greece, and his soldiers the bravest that had appeared since the most flourishing days of Rome. His soldiers, indeed, were brave with more than Roman bravery; for, to the animal courage and national ambition of the Roman, they added the romantic valor of chivalry and the impulsive zeal as well as the stoical endurance of religion. It was not surprising, then, that the Spaniard should pride himself on his superiority among the nations; yet, more than the triumph of his arms, and more than the seductions of his policy, he valued the steadfastness which had distinguished his faith, and rendered him its elected champion. At a time when the people everywhere were falling away from the ancient church, like leaves from a smitten tree—when Germany, Holland, England, France, Sweden, and Switzerland, were stirred to their depths by religious schism, and even Italy was retained in the fold of the faithful only by the profound craft of a milder and more liberal policy on the part of Rome—the Spaniard remained unaffected. The result of the agitation, so far as man could see, had been to induce him to draw tighter the bands of intolerance, and to heap fresh fuel upon the fires of the inquisition. "Times of refreshing," as Macaulay says, "came to all neighboring countries;

but one people alone remained, like the fleece of the Hebrew warrior, dry in the midst of that benignant and fertilizing dew. Among the men of the sixteenth century, the Spaniard was the man of the fifteenth century, or of a still darker period—delighted to behold an *auto da fé*, or ready to volunteer on a crusade."

It was the mistake of Philip II., when he came to reign over these two peoples, more remote from each other in their spiritual affinities than in their local positions, to suppose that he could transfer the institutions of the one to the soil of the other, and change, by the stroke of a pen, the inwrought results of centuries. Receiving the Provinces at the moment of their highest bloom, when they contained more flourishing towns than there were days in the year, when the revenues exacted from them were more copious than all the mines of South America, when the temper of the people, made moderate by plenty and content, was remarkably placable, there was nothing easier for him than to have retained their allegiance and support. He had only, like a wise statesman, to adapt his measures to the inevitable exigencies of the situation. But Philip was not a statesman. A Spaniard of the Spaniards, with the worst traits of his nation, aggravated by the gloomy, monkish education he had received, dark, revengeful, and superstitious, without one generous sentiment, or a single noble ambition, he had conceived an ideal of government better fitted to the satraps of an oriental tyrant than to the court of a Christian monarch. His father, Charles V., though scarcely less a despot in action than he, was a despot who had tempered his rule by seeming friendly concessions, and extinguished the perception of his wrongs amid the blaze of his brilliant exploits. Born among the Flemings, he had surrounded his person with Flemings; and the Flemings received some of the reflected lustre of his glory. He was arbitrary, but arbitrary from policy, and not, as Philip was, from preference. Narrowness, bigotry, and hatred were the inborn qualities of the son, who had achieved no great deeds to awaken admiration, and who exhibited no tenderness to conciliate love. Distrusted and disliked by his northern subjects, from the very hour when, a young man, he had shown himself reserved and haughty

amid the genial festivities of the celebrated abdication, he returned their aversion with a double venom. He never comprehended the sturdy citizen independence of those prosperous burghers; he never sympathized in their pursuits, nor admired their lowly citizen-like virtues; he was impatient of their traditional privileges; he was piqued by their boasts of freedom; he was jealous of those among their nobles whom he did not despise, and he scorned their seeming feebleness. Had they never aroused his deep religious enmities, they would not have been his favorites; but when they gave an eager entrance to the Reformation, when, in the natural over-action of a new movement which had been long suppressed, their rabble broke the images of his saints, and scattered the sacred relics of his sanctuary, they were, from that instant, doomed to an unheard of vengeance. They were doomed, however, not in a frenzy of exasperation, not in the heat of outraged prejudices nor in a sudden burst of unreasoning resentment, but with slow, cold, calculating, subtle, and implacable malignity. For with him the name of heretic was the synonym of miscreant, wretch, criminal, outcast, and of whatever else is odious to man, and abandoned of God. The inhuman theology of the time he sincerely believed, and he was prepared to enforce its remorseless sanctions with all the cowed treacheries of the inquisition, and all the overbearing energies of the first of states. Active in brain, but inactive in body, his movements were wily, rather than impetuous, though he always contrived that they should be fatal. If he hastened his purposes, it was only to anticipate the chances of possible escape; and when he tarried in them, it was only to render the means more sure, and the execution final. Thus, it is impossible to read his memoirs without thinking of him, as he sat amid the schemes of his far-reaching empire, as of some sullen and gigantic spider in the midst of his web, entrapping his poor victims on every hand, and darting forth only when their struggles threaten to break through the infernal meshes.

The agents whom Philip selected, for the execution of his vengeance upon the offending Netherlands, were the fit implements of his double nature, as a churchman and a king. They were first the Cardinal Granville, and afterwards

the Duke of Alva—the one as subtle an ecclesiastic as ever concealed the fires of hell beneath the smiles of heaven, and the other as inflexible a soldier as ever stalked through rivers of blood to do a master's will. Granville, whose real name was Anthony Peronet, was a Frenchman by birth, and had taken his first lessons in state-craft under Charles V., as his deputy at the Council of Trent. He had served the Emperor, also, in subsequent negotiations, and had had the adroitness to get himself retained in the service of the son. Secretary to Margaret of Parma, the nominal regent of the Netherlands, he speedily made himself the real regent. To a mind of rare penetration and comprehensiveness, he united great learning, great diligence, great patience, and the most remarkable facility in devising and unraveling of plots. He was always at his post and always prepared for the event. Penetrating to the depths of his master's mind, he apprehended his wishes almost before they were formed, and he carried them into effect with a graceful audacity, which flattered the imperial self-love, without surprising its vanity. Devoted to the throne, more even than to the church, fertile in expedients, indefatigable in labor, and of polished and insinuating manners, he grew the indispensable confidant of Philip. But he was more successful in gaining the friendship of his sovereign, than he was in appeasing the discontents of his subjects. All the acts of the government being charged to him, he became an intolerable offense to the nobles as well as to the people; and, after much delay, and with great reluctance on the part of the king, but not until he had sowed the seeds of irreconcilable divisions, he was compelled to retire before the storm which they raised against him. As a foreigner, his official existence there was a violation of the ancient constitution. Surrounding himself with foreigners, he had repulsed the entire body of the native aristocracy; retaining an extraordinary force of Spanish troops in the country, he had to bear the brunt of their repeated misconduct; quartering a multitude of new bishops on the dioceses, he had offended religious prejudices and increased the taxes; and, favoring secretly the processes of the inquisition, he had alarmed the suspicions and fears of the people, through whom the very name of that tribunal sent a thrill horror.

But Philip had dallied and equivocated in regard to his removal, until the discontents had spread through all classes of the nobility, and down among the lowest ranks of the populace. A timelier intervention might have relieved the state of affairs; but, on the recall of Granville, matters had gone so far that the slight concessions announced but whetted the rage for more, and there remained no alternative for Philip, but to yield to an extent which would have damaged his supremacy, or to settle the difficulties at once, with the iron hand. True to his nature, he made choice of a governor, to supersede the feeble and trembling Margaret, whose selection, apart from the enormous power with which he was invested, would have shown to which side of this alternative he inclined. The Duke of Alva was sent into the Netherlands, after a pompous preliminary parade, and at the head of ten thousand men. A person better adapted to the execution of Philip's designs did not then exist. He was the foremost warrior of Europe, who had triumphed on every field but one; and as distinguished for the asperity of his manners as he was for the intrepidity of his valor. "As a man," says Mr. Motley, somewhat naively, "his character was simple. He did not combine a great variety of vices, but those which he had were colossal, and he possessed no virtues. He was neither lustful nor intemperate, but his professed eulogists admitted his enormous avarice, while the world has agreed that such an amount of stealth and ferocity, of patient vindictiveness and universal bloodthirstiness, were never found in a savage beast of the forest, and but rarely in a human bosom."

Inexperienced as a statesman, and without talent, save in his profession, this soulless, cast-iron man was master of the methods of the soldier, which move "straightforward, like a cannon-ball," to their ends, and he joined to them the craftier methods of the inquisition. His administration, beginning with the Judas-like betrayal of Counts Egmont and Horn, followed by their worse than Pilate-like trial and execution—murders almost unparalleled, for the pathetic interest which clings to the victims, and for the reckless atrocity in the perpetrators—was marked throughout by every vice that may proclaim a tyranny. Mr. Motley has summed up the results in the fol-

lowing terrific, but not exaggerated passage:

"As an administrator of the civil and judicial affairs of the country, Alva at once reduced its institutions to a frightful simplicity. In the place of the ancient laws of which the Netherlands were so proud, he substituted the Blood-Council. This tribunal was even more arbitrary than the Inquisition. Never was a simpler apparatus for tyranny devised than this great labor-saving machine. Never was so great a quantity of murder and robbery achieved with such dispatch and regularity. Sentences, executions and confiscations, to an incredible extent, were turned out daily with appalling precision. For this invention, Alva alone is responsible. The tribunal and its counselors were the work and the creatures of his hand, and faithfully did they accomplish the dark purpose of their existence. Nor can it be urged, in extenuation of the Governor's crimes, that he was but the blind and fanatically loyal slave of his sovereign. A noble nature could not have contaminated itself with such slaughter-house work, but might have sought to mitigate the royal policy without forswearing allegiance. A nature less rigid than iron would at least have manifested compunction, as it found itself converted into a fleshless instrument of massacre. More decided than his master, however, he seemed, by his promptness, to rebuke the dilatory genius of Philip. The king seemed, at times, to loiter over his work, teasing and tantalizing his appetite for vengeance, before it should be gratified. Alva, rapid and brutal, scorned such epicureanism. He strode with gigantic steps over haughty statutes and popular constitutions; crushing alike the magnates who claimed a bench of monarchs for their jury, and the ignoble artisans who could appeal only to the laws of their land. From the pompous and theatrical scaffolds of Egmont and Horn, to the nineteen halters prepared by Master Karl, to hang up the chief bakers and brewers of Brussels on their own thresholds—from the beheading of the twenty nobles on the Horse-market, in the opening of the Governor's career, to the roasting alive of Uitenhoeve at its close—from the block on which fell the honored head of Anthony Straalen, to the obscure chair in which the ancient gentlewoman of Amsterdam suffered death for an act of vicarious mercy—from one year's end to another's—from the most signal to the most squalid scenes of sacrifice, the eye and hand of the great master directed, without weariness, the task imposed by the sovereign.

"No doubt the work of almost indiscriminate massacre had been duly mapped out. Not often in history has a governor arrived to administer the affairs of a province where the whole population, three millions strong, had been formally sentenced to death. As time wore on, however, he even surpassed the bloody instructions which he had received. He waived aside the recommendations of the Blood-Council to mercy; he dissuaded the monarch from attempting the path of clemency, which, for secret reasons, Philip was inclined at one period to attempt. The Governor had, as he assured the King, been using gentleness in vain, and he was now determined to try what a little wholesome severity could effect. These words were written immediately after the massacre at Harlem.

"With all the bloodshed at Mons, and Naerden, and Mechlin, and by the Council of Tu-

mults, daily, for six years long, still crying from the ground, he taxed himself with a misplaced and foolish tenderness to the people. He assured the King that when Alkmaar should be taken, he would not spare a 'living soul among its whole population;' and, as his parting advice, he recommended that *every city in the Netherlands should be burned to the ground*, except a few which could be occupied permanently by the royal troops. On the whole, so finished a picture of a perfect and absolute tyranny has rarely been presented to mankind by history, as in Alva's administration of the Netherlands.

"The tens of thousands in those miserable provinces who fell victims to the gallows, the sword, the stake, the living grave, or to living banishment, have never been counted; for those statistics of barbarity are often effaced from human record. Enough, however, is known, and enough has been recited in the preceding pages. No mode in which human beings have ever caused their fellow-creatures to suffer, was omitted from daily practice. Men, women, and children, old and young, nobles and paupers, opulent burghers, hospital patients, lunatics, dead bodies, all were indiscriminately made to furnish food for the scaffold and the stake. Men were tortured, beheaded, hanged by the neck and by the legs, burned before slow fires, pinched to death with red hot tongs, broken upon the wheel, starved, and flayed alive. Their skins stripped from the living body, were stretched upon drums, to be beaten in the march of their brethren to the gallows. The bodies of many who had died a natural death were exhumed, and their feet—remaining hanged upon the gibbet, on pretext that they had died without receiving the sacrament, but in reality that their property might become the legitimate prey of the treasury. Marriages of long standing were dissolved by order of government, that rich heiresses might be married against their will to foreigners whom they abhorred. Women and children were executed for the crime of assisting their fugitive husbands and parents with a penny in their utmost need, and even for consoling them with a letter in their exile. Such was the regular course of affairs as administered by the Blood-Council. The additional barbarities committed amid the sack and ruin of those blazing and starving cities are almost beyond belief; unborn infants were torn from the living bodies of their mothers; women and children were violated by thousands; and whole populations burned and hacked to pieces by soldiers in every mode which cruelty, in its wanton ingenuity, could devise."

While we shudder at the contemplation of such a character, and are oppressed with fears lest his ruthless persecution should extinguish the innocent people of the Netherlands, we are relieved by the appearance of another personage, of William Prince of Orange, who, emerging brightly from the earlier scenes of these gloomy troubles, grows more luminous and beautiful, as the darkness thickens, and disasters accumulate. The heir of a noble house, opulent and sumptuous, but refined and accomplished in all the humanities of

the time, he comes before us, first as the favorite of the Emperor Charles, whose hands rested upon his shoulder in that imperial display at Brussels, when, like Diocletian, he relinquished the glories of the crown. We find him next among the band of stately nobles encompassing the throne of Margaret, who sought to mollify the harsher edicts of the King, and to guide her government aright. A calm, observant, indomitable spirit—plastic enough to assume the impressions of the moment, but never so weak as to sink under them—friendly, social, ambitious, but self-centred and equal to any destiny, “no o’ergrowths of complexion breaking down the pales and forts of reason,” William was finally recognized by all parties, as the master of the epoch—by his friends, who put unlimited trust in him, and by his enemies, who felt towards him a no less unlimited fear. “He was born,” as Schiller says, “to command the respect and to win the hearts of men.” Less enthusiastic and wiser than either Egmont or Horn, he avoided the complications into which they fell, while his self-respect restrained him from the orgies of Brederode, and his early religious indifference from the fanaticism of the sectaries. But though he did not mingle in the turbulent assemblages of the preachers, nor echo the wild war-cries of the Gueux, he did not less keenly feel the sufferings of his country, nor less energetically resist the wrongs of her oppressors. By singular reticence of temper, which, in the wisdom of Polonius’s advice, allowed “his thought no tongue, nor any unproportioned thought his act,” he kept aloof from the popular ferments, and yet was of too impressive and generous a nature to feel aloof from the popular afflictions. With the unerring instinct of the heart, the people everywhere felt him to be their friend. They saw how his interest and earnestness rose with the occasion, and how his piety awoke and grew as the woes endured before him began to deepen and to touch his profounder sensibilities. Thus, his moderation at the outset had the double consequence of gaining him a universal confidence, and of preparing him, while others retired from the combat exhausted and broken, to enter it as if afresh. He protested and appealed, so long as protests and appeals appeared to be available; but when it was seen that the hour for these was past, he drew the sword and threw

away the scabbard. His rank, his fortune, his eloquence, his industry, his genius, his religion, all that he had, and all that he was, were then given to the cause with a cheerful and unflagging alacrity. The man to whom Philip, had he been a wise and good king, as he was a bad and foolish one, would have committed the government of his provinces, was now become his open enemy. The man, whom he could not bribe, nor entrap, nor quell, was now, by the simple force of principles, the most formidable foe which his monarchy had yet encountered.

It was, however, a long and weary way that Orange had to tread before the world was destined to reap the fruits of his patriotism and virtue—a way all saturated in blood, encompassed with difficulties, broken by vicissitudes, and ending at last in his own death. The imagination looks almost in vain through history for a sadder yet nobler figure than that which William presented during the forlorn periods of his undertaking, when this mate of emperors, this splendid and wealthy noble, accustomed to the shows of rank and the solaces of friendship, having sacrificed his fortune, and abandoned his home, was stripped of his dignities, and wandered alone, almost penniless, an outcast among foreign nations, eagerly soliciting aid for his country, and, by superhuman efforts, striving to organize an army. As we follow his painful career at that crisis, we think involuntarily of that noble exile of our day, who now weeps, deserted in the streets of London, the fallen fortunes of his own dear Hungary, and the pitiless revulsions of time. But the peculiarity of William’s position, unlike that of Kossuth, was, that he stood almost entirely alone. Arrayed against the mightiest monarchy of the earth, there were few who dared to sympathize openly in his struggles, and none to comprehend his designs. The reluctant allies, whom he gained by his persuasions, fled like sheep on the first reverses. The soldiers, whom he raised by promises, were mercenaries, and when the time came, he possessed no money to meet their demands. The patriots, who acted with him, were headstrong, violent, and impatient of control; and, animated often by the spirit of the freebooter, rather than by his own wise and disinterested love of justice, imitated the

excesses which had made the Spaniard hideous. His most efficient helpers, the adherents of the new religion, were the bitter partisans of sect, and not, like him, the champions of universal tolerance. Time and time again was he betrayed by the dissensions of Calvinist and Lutheran; and, time and time again, when his prospects were at the highest, when fortune seemed to be about to float him, on the waves of success, to the fullest fruition of his hopes, some rashness of a leader, or some instability of the rabble, who were his troops, would plunge him into the abysses of helplessness and despair.

It is remarkable, however, all through these most desperate miscarriages and defeats—even after that most gigantic treachery which history records, when the king of France, having lured him on by promises of assistance against the Catholics, consummated his plan on the night of St. Bartholomew, in the blood of thirty thousand of his Huguenot subjects—how much his soul retained its elasticity, its courage, and its confidence. In his hours of deepest distress, he did not wholly despond; looking calmly to the issue of things, he estimated their transient changes rightly; and while the vast fabric of his enterprises was tumbling in ruins around him, and carrying with it, to the eyes of others, the fortunes of his country, he discerned the end, trusted in the vitality of his cause, and clung to his faith in God. In this far-seeing firmness, this immovable constancy of purpose, this invincible superiority to the smaller as well as larger persecutions of fate, he stood a type of our own Washington, who was never so great and triumphant as in those dark hours when others would have been baffled and overcast. Joined to this equanimity in adverse circumstances was a rare and fertile power of combination, by which he extracted success out of failure. It is remarkable, among the many skirmishes, battles, and sieges, between the Spaniards and the Netherlands, how invariably the former, owing to their superiority in every point of discipline and effectiveness, were the victors, and yet how little they gained by it. Scarcely had their echoes of triumph died away, before they were called upon to meet some new conjuncture, which the Prince had arrayed, seemingly more formidable than that which they had just

dispersed. In political intrigue as in military movements, he evinced this same marvelous command of untoward events. When the romantic Don John, the brilliant hero of Lepanto, was sent to the Low Countries, to recover by smiles what Alva had lost by the ax and the sword, nothing could have been more promising than the prospects opened to him, by his gay feastings of the men and his gallant flatteries of the women. He had only to win the sombre William, to render the nation all his own. He made the attempt; he cajoled, he coaxed, he wheedled, he presented the most gorgeous pictures to the ambition and selfishness of the Prince, and in a little while found himself hemmed in on every side, deprived of his armies, abhorred by the nation, and as heartily sick of the Netherlands and William as ever a man was of a bad bargain. Again, when the Catholic nobles, jealous of the power of the Prince, invited the Archduke Matthias of Austria to come over and help them, the silent William consented: Matthias was made the Governor General, and William his Lieutenant; but it was soon remarked by everybody, that William was the real ruler, and Matthias only his secretary. In order to retrieve this false move, the nobles then invited over the French Duke of Alençon, to which William also consented, and when he came, he was glad to accept the barren honors by which Orange neutralized his powers of mischief, without turning him into an enemy. In fact, as a politician, William had no equal in that day, and had he possessed but half the force of his enemies, or had the people for whose weal he labored been united, he might have easily attained a complete and final success. But the materials with which he wrought were of the most perverse and refractory kind, and the good which might have been achieved in five years, was spread over a lifetime.

We share with Mr. Motley his admiration of the character of William; we regard him as both a good and great man; in liberality and justice of sentiment he was far in advance of his age; his ability in the management of affairs was amazing; and he was rightly called the Father of the People: but we think that he sometimes carried his policy of reserve to the point of dissimulation. He clung to the illusion of royalty long after an abandonment of it would have

been justified. He deliberated when he ought to have struck, and he finessed when he should have taken the trick. We are aware of the sinister and tortuous policy with which he had to contend, and how difficult it is at this day to estimate justly the complex and counteracting influences of such remote events; but we do feel, while reading the history of his life, under all the prepossessions excited by Mr. Motley's highly-colored narrative, that a more impulsive quality of mind would have assisted his efforts, and raised him to a loftier niche of greatness. It would be unfair, however, on this account, to deny his exalted merits as a statesman. Through prodigious difficulties, and by unexampled sacrifices, he accomplished the emancipation of the United Provinces, and laid the foundation of a glorious national structure. At a time when the provinces of North America were yet unknown, a half century before the Puritans had landed at Plymouth, while Frobisher was making his second voyage, and Gilbert and Raleigh were only beginning to colonize the new world, the Dutch Republic, in anticipation of our own, had "bequeathed to the world of thought the great idea of the toleration of all opinions, and, to the world of action, the prolific principle of federal union." It is the eternal honor of Holland, and of those by whom her redemption was procured, that she was the first among the modern nations to exemplify in practice a Christian state.

The story of the battles and sufferings, by which these events were brought about, is told by Mr. Motley with remarkable animation and skill. Availing himself of all the original authorities to be found in the various archives of Belgium and Holland, he has constructed a narrative full of interest and instruction. He paints the confused scenes of the period he has chosen to describe—its great and little passions, its wonderful adventures, its atrocious and its noble men, its terrible sieges and picturesque festivals, its bridals in the midst of massacres, its fights upon the sea and under the sea, its torture-fires and blood-baths—in vivid colors, with a bold, free hand, and yet with a masterly knowledge of effect. Whatever was dramatic in those fierce conflicts of a whole social life, he has seized; whatever is peculiar or striking in character, he has penetrated; whatever is significant of time

or place, he appropriates: while he has never forgotten the great purpose of history, which is, the illustration of moral power. It is impossible to read a page of his book, without feeling that his mind is one of unusual vigor, and that his heart is in the right place. We gratefully welcome him, therefore, to the number of our successful historians.

Let us add, at the same time, that his work is disfigured by certain defects, which it would be well to correct in subsequent editions. The style is ambitiously rhetorical, in many places, and throughout needs simplicity. The headings of the chapters are often offensively undignified and colloquial. His irony, too, sometimes degenerates into mere sneering, and his attempts at humor are now and then out of place. As a whole, the narrative is too diffuse. A great many needless episodes are introduced, and details are given of unimportant incidents; nor does Mr. Motley always preserve the impartiality of the historian. He pleads the cause of the Netherlands, in certain cases, in which he should have delivered their sentence. There were occasions, in the course of their struggle, when they conducted themselves with extreme meanness, as well as atrocity, and which sadly mar the effect of the heroic picture which Mr. Motley seems anxious to present. These he passes over rather hurriedly, although he omits no opportunity which is furnished him for censuring the Spaniards. In a few historical allusions, also, not falling directly within his course, we notice that he is inaccurate. He speaks, for instance, of Thomas Munzer, as a leader of the anabaptists, and denounces by implication his personal character. Now Munzer (which is the real name) was a leader of the peasants, during the peasants' war in Germany; was in no wise connected with the anabaptists—who came on the scene ten years later than he—and was a man of lofty religious character. The least agreeable part of these volumes is the historic introduction, which smacks somewhat of the stilted style of Mr. Carlyle, the worst model, perhaps, both grammatically and rhetorically, that a young writer could adopt. Yet these are trivial blemishes in a work of indisputable merit, which, in spite of them, absorbs the reader's attention from the preface to the close.

SCAMPAVIAS.

PART IV.—THE PINNACLE OF PENTELICUS.

WE were a long while at the Piræus, where I passed the life of a parched chestnut, during the parching; for such a boiling pool of water, held in a basin of sun-roasted marble, does not exist anywhere.

One salamanderish, red-hot morning, while turning our parched eye-balls towards the high mountains around, we resolved to shake off our lassitude and seek a mouthful of fresh air on the cool, tall peak of Pentelicus.

We left the seething, smoking frigate, her black wales throwing off an atmosphere of lambent heat, and landed at the port. There we hallooed our obliging friend Black to his balcony, fresh from his mid-day siesta, and succeeded in dragooning him into a spare seat in a carriage which we had chartered for the occasion.

Now our friend Black is not only the husband of the original maid of Athens, bless her good amiable soul, but an accomplished linguist and a highly intelligent and entertaining gentleman. He came to Greece with that gallant old buccaneer, Lord Cochrane, at the breaking out of the revolution, and has not only seen service, but is as conversant with the affairs of the country, and the rascalities of the rulers, as the prime minister himself; perhaps more so. Withal, our friend Black has an appreciative relish for rollicking about the world, and can tell a pure Havana, or a good glass of sherry, wherever he finds them. For my part, I almost adored Black.

Our coach was an old rattle-trap of a superannuated traveling chaise, evidently sold off the *grande route*, and furbished up for Greece. I had the front seat; but as the cushion was as hard as *lignum vite*, and a mere ledge of about four inches wide, I kept slipping off, while my feet and legs became numb in striving to maintain an equilibrium of bottom, so that I was fain to take a place outside with the driver.

Leaving the broken streets of the port, we struck into the main road, and then jolted on as uncomfortably as could be expected. There was a breeze blowing up the gulf, which sent the dust flying in choking clouds around us. The

horses were not to our taste, not being excitable creatures, though their jehu was, and he continually made a noise to urge them on, very like to a person trying to light a hard-rolled cigar. Like all Greek drivers, he was attired in the red fez, tight jacket, and a lot of nasty petticoats.

The plain between the Piræus and Athens was once, perhaps, very beautiful. Of late years, however, owing to the sloth and indifference of the government and people, the ravages of war and the Turks, when the Moslems were good enough to cut down the famous olive groves that had withstood the brunt of centuries, so that their cavalry could prance about to advantage—what with all these causes, there is little left in the landscape pleasant for the eye to dwell upon. There is nothing green to be seen, except at intervals clusters of pale, sickly olives, a mournful fig-tree, or a few patches of corn. All else, from the shores of the blue gulf to the dried, baked hills in the interior, presents the same desolate, arid aspect. We passed a small herd of camels, browsing along the plain, and even they would at times raise their sharp snouts to heaven, as if beseeching the gods to send them something green and grassy to feed upon.

About mid-way to the city is a cluster of sheds and wells, where snarling curs are trained to bark horses to a halt; where vile fiddles are scraping incessantly for the enjoyment of travelers; and where nauseous resin wine and strong liquids for bipeds, besides water for horses, are to be had. The proprietor of the principal shop looked a retired pirate, as indeed he was, living in easy circumstances after his perils by sea. He was a sociably disposed rascal, and fond of slapping respectable individuals on the legs, designating them familiarly, in imperfect Saxon, as his "chummies," not forgetful, at the same time, to extend the hospitality of his bottles. On one occasion, however, he tried this innocent little game with our admiral, who, in return, gave him such a double jointed twist in the arm as to incapacitate the pirate for his favorite amusement for some time to come.

In an hour from the Piræus we left

the temple of Theseus, looking very rusty, on our right, and entered the city of Pericles.

Pausanias, who was, I imagine, a very respectable old alderman or street surveyor in the ancient time, has given us a tolerably fair idea what the city was then. Now, however, the modern Athens is not only the very worst attempt at a civilized built town, but it is pitched in the wrong place. Instead of planting it on one of the fine sites upon the eminences about the Piræus, where blue water and commerce could be had at the gates, the present enlightened monarch of the empire, fearful of insult from hostile cannon, has not only built his own dreary white box of a palace out of gun-shot from the sea, but has encouraged his subjects to raise, likewise, their habitations around him, upon the very grave, too, of the old city, and beneath the shade of the noble ruins of the Acropolis, instead of leaving them alone in their grandeur, free from the contamination of houses of mud and sticks, the unpaved streets and foul markets of the mushroom town.

The main street is a double succession of filthy cafés and Samian wine-shops, where, all the day and a greater portion of the night, in the clouds of dust, fleas, dirt, and heat, sit the petticoated Athenians, sucking their pipes and mustachios, playing draughts and dominoes, and tippling. Idleness and vagabondizing seem to be predominant traits. Save in a few tradesmen's shops, where one sees a little gaudy embroidery going on for the gay legs or sleeves of their compatriots, industry is not known. Positively no one works. Even on the plains and on the hillsides, the very goatherds and shepherds lay down their crooks, and themselves beside them, sleeping away their lives. Pipes and petticoats constitute the Greek existence.

We drove through these idle vagabonds of Greeks—through their miserable town, to the hotel d'Angleterre, with a crack of the whip that fairly startled the red-legged sentry, dozing on post, at the gate-way. Other soldiers, likewise, in blue legs, who were reposing in the dust, near to a small park of field guns, raised up to stare at us, when, feeling satisfied the country was safe, they relapsed again into their several retreats.

We ascended to the second story of the house and found very decent

apartments; for the hotel was new and commodious. There we reclined on ottomans until the sun should hide his red and burning face behind the hills of Salamis.

A permit was procured to visit the Acropolis, by night, and at the going down of the sun we departed from our caravansary, dressed in mufti, and provided with some small stores of tobacco and drinks.

Traversing a labyrinth of filthy lanes, we came to the monument of Lysicrates. This exquisite little ruin, with its light, elegant Corinthian columns, stands in the midst of dilapidated hovels, the whole structure nearly undermined, and seeming about to tumble to the ground. The great monuments, which fringe the sky above, look down in pity upon their delicate and decaying child.

From Lysicrates we wandered around the base of the Acropolis, by the Temple of the Winds, the Ancient Market, and the Stone Grain Measures, until we reached the pathway leading to the height, when we shortly entered the main approach to the Acropolis itself. We found ourselves, after our fatigue, on gaining the Propylea, in a profuse perspiration; but on getting into the open nave of the Parthenon, amid the white marbles—which at least looked cool—and becoming posed in the solid chairs of the elders, with the night breeze from the gulf about our brows, which was in reality cool, we found satisfaction in looking about us. The majestic columns of the Parthenon towered in their silent and imposing magnificence, like sentinels of the old world, beside us. The easy, graceful figures of the caryatides seemed about to step from beneath their burdens, and wander in the opaque moonlight amid the huge fallen columns and fragments of marble, while the bats flitted about our heads as if incensed at mortals for wandering within their lonely haunts.

It was matter of discussion with us, however, whether in these modern days something equally magnificent and more utilitarian could not be constructed; and we thought, too, what a capital speculation a cute Yankee might make by transforming the Parthenon into an ice-cream saloon, with an oyster-box in the temple of Victory, and spittoons at the base of every column.

Besides Jack Toker, Mr. Benedict, Black, and myself, we were accompa-

nied by a stray and forlorn traveler, in the person of an Indian gentleman, from Benares, who bore about his garments a bag containing guide-books, a telescope, an edition of Byron, and other aids to memory. We were, moreover, attended by a brace of venerable gray-boards, who had heard the Turkish shot whistle about their ears in the same precincts, and who professed to be ciceroni, ostensibly to guard against pilfering, but, forgetful of their calling, became surreptitiously tipsy, and we might have shouldered half the loose sculpture in the Acropolis, and they have been none the wiser.

When we had become fully sated with repose and wonder, we betook ourselves down the steep face of the hill, and bent our steps towards the temple of Jupiter. Under the shade of the giant columns we wandered awhile amid the stacks of corn and heaps of wheat, and then returned by the new Boulevard to the city.

It was midnight when we regained our inn, and then we found our supper ready served in the grand saloon. The dishes tasted to me as insipid as everything looked in Greece; but the "Saint George" was not on the same standard. Several friends joined our party, and presently we beheld a gentleman, in the fez cap, petticoat, and red embroidered leg costume, approach, also.

"Hillo!" quoth we, rather sharply, to this apparition, as he carelessly sauntered into the rooin, "what the deuce do *you* want here?"

He gave an abashed sort of look, but quickly informed us that he was not only the owner of the hotel we tarried at, but also of the "Orient." He was a handsome dog, with eyes twinkling with fun, and taking a seat at table, we soon became warmly attached to him. He was a wit, too, and baptized Benedict as Bifstek, on account of his fondness for those delicacies. Elias was our host's name; he had been courier of the "grand route," and not only understood, but talked a little of every known tongue in the universe. He played the piano, sang North American war-whoops, danced Patagonian reels, and made merry exceedingly.

It was getting to be very late, and after making arrangements for horses, cold luncheon, and to be called at daylight, I took my leave of the party. Elias, however, would persist in attend-

ing me to my chamber, where he undressed me as carefully as a baby, tucked me up in bed, caressed my great toe, and then left me to repose. I went off to sleep, while the cheers and songs of my companions rose high and wild in the still night.

It did not seem to me that I had slept a wink, when I was aroused by Elias, who, standing at the bedside, with my big toe again in his hand, induced the belief that he had not left me a moment; but it was daylight, I could see from the lofty windows, and the fresh morning air came in deliciously.

"Come, Cappin, git up—Bifstek no go."

"Well," I yawned, "we don't want bifstek, only coffee for breakfast," thinking our landlord meant to apologize for want of that viand at our morning meal.

Presently, however, I heard him calling Jack Toker, in the adjoining room, and exclaim, "Come, Cappin, must git up, but Bifstek no go."

Losing all patience at his pertinacity, we sung out, "Dam beef-steak, we'll have chicken."

Whereupon, Elias chirped out with, "Bifstek say dam, too, but he no git up, and no go."

Then it was we recollected he was designating our friend Benedict, and wished to convey the idea, that he did not desire to accompany us on the proposed jaunt to Pentelicus. To evince our approbation, we seized Elias around his waspy red waist and waltzed him about like a dervish.

In a few minutes we had coffee, saw a rickety old fourgon stowed with our man Angelo and the provender, and then, our steeds being ready in the court-yard, we adjusted the stirrups, and vaulted into the saddle. Our acquaintance from Benares bidding us God-speed, the while, as he peered with his bottle-green colored eyes over an upper balcony, and complained of his natural rest having been disturbed in the night.

The horses were very good, spirited, and not hard of gait; the trappings, however, were somewhat worn and out of repair.

We passed out of the city by the palace, and took the road along the base of Lykabatus. Drove of donkeys, which were all Mexican, save the crimson-jacketed Greeks astride

them, for a time powdered the air with dust; but soon we got beyond the market-people, and, though the sun was getting up, and a little warm, we enjoyed the ride extremely. 'Trotting a few miles over the bare plains, groves of venerable olives began to rear their gnarled roots, and seamed, perforated trunks, over the landscape, while the perfume of thyme, sage, and bright flowering oleanders, filled the atmosphere. Still further, we turned down a little ravine, where a hill of water ran, and

"Where winds with reeds and osiers whisp'ring play,"

amid a rich vegetation of canes, and where undergrowth and green grasses sprang up, cool and refreshing to look upon.

Leaving the plains, we began to mount easily up the slopes of Pentelicus, by an excellent road, constructed by the Duchesse de Plaisance. This lady was a daughter of the Count de Marbois, and born in Philadelphia, while her father was the French Consul to our country. She was a reigning belle under the empire, and, if I mistake not, invented, when queen of the mode in Paris, the riselle velvet hats. For many years, the duchess, having forsaken the vanities of fashion, has resided in Athens, and devotes a large income to benevolent purposes. She was said to be a free-thinker on religious matters, and was, withal, somewhat eccentric, her chief pleasure consisting in building houses, but never completing them.

About nine o'clock we reached a grove of silver-bark poplars, at a height, perhaps, of fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. It is in close proximity to an ancient Greek monastery, and famous for a pure, sparkling fountain of icy cold water, which falls splashing into a large marble bowl, shaded by the lofty trees around. On this spot, so delightfully cool, picnics are made for the court, and the elite of Athens came to dance upon the turf; and here we proposed to luncheon, on our return from the mountain.

We dismounted, watered the horses, and waited until we heard the thumps and shouts of Angelo, while enticing his beast to pull the fourgon up the hill, when we put foot in stirrup and began the ascent of Pentelicus.

We steered first for the quarries. The

road led up between two sharp ridges, over loose fragments of white marble, that had tumbled down in clippings from the deep veins above. As we ascended, the pathway became steep and the foothold precarious. At intervals we paused to breathe the animals or look down the gorge, and again we clambered on, until at last we found our progress barred by a rocky defile too perpendicular for further ascent. In fact, we had either mistaken the road, since it is rarely traveled, or else the debris of rocks and roots had blocked it up by the rush of torrents and storms.

While my companions, leaving the bridles to their horses in my hands, went on a tour of exploration, to find, if possible, a better track, I remained staring at the ancient quarries, those wombs of art that gave birth in the rude state to the beautiful and noble offspring in the Acropolis. The old Athenian wedge had cut the huge blocks in smooth and even surfaces from the parent mine, while, at the fissures from where the material was quarried to build the New Palace in Athens, the rough, jagged points and shivered, blackened ledges showed plainly how the villainous salt-petre was used to dig it out, and where king Otho's pioneers blasted the pure marble in a wasteful and wanton manner.

There was not a man at work in the bowels of the mountain, and we only saw two blocks, roughly hewn, which appeared to have been lying on the brink of the quarry for many years. The larger might have contained ninety or one hundred cubic feet of marble, and upon inquiry afterwards of a Greek master mason, its probable cost at the Piræus, he told me, that owing to great expense of transportation, it would be valued at about four thousand drachmas, or eight hundred Spanish dollars.

Indeed, there are none of the modern contrivances for getting the stone out of the quarries, by derricks or shears—and none either for swinging it without damage to the paths below. When quarried, it is simply tumbled down the steep, and then moved to its destination on rollers.

My friends returned without being able to find an accessible pathway, and we almost determined to picket the beasts and make the remainder of the journey on foot. Reflecting, however, from my experience of Mexican moun-

tain passes, and scrambles in California, that an active horse could tread; wherever a man could walk without using his hands, I accordingly went away on a little scout by myself, and, after a time, discovered a practicable route. We took the bridles and moved on. The tramp was precarious, and though the animals were tolerably sure-footed, yet occasionally they quivered on the smooth, rocky heights, and seemed on the point of sliding down by the run. By care, however, and patience, we gained the flanks of the Five-fingered Mountain, and then our difficulties ceased. Mounting, we rode to one of the eastern finger peaks, where springing upon a great hoary, moss-covered block of marble, the sight beneath amply repaid our toil. But there was yet a higher point to reach, and only stopping to quaff long draughts of icy water from a little natural reservoir of a shepherd's well, scooped out of the rock, we swung into the saddle again, and picked our way cautiously up the steep. Wild pinks, bright yellow flowers, herbs and mosses were strewn over the mountain, and the air was filled with their perfume. Presently we secured our beasts and accomplished the remainder of the ascent on foot.

Then we stood upon the pinnacle of Pentelicus. There was no marble above our heads; nothing but the brilliant sun in a cloudless sky, and the pure blue ether of heaven. But below what a magnificent panorama of landscape beauty lay marked like a map at our feet!

To the east the plains of Marathon, carpeted by fields of green and yellow grain—with the curving white beach terminated by the half-moon promontory; then the sea, like a calm lake dotted by islands; while Negropont with its towering mountains stretched away up the coast toward Olympus, and only separated by a narrow belt of blue water from the main; then nearer arose, in endless succession, the hills around Marathon, dipping in many a nook and dale, off to the west, when the gaze is trailed on in the arc of a circle over the country, until it is arrested again by the Straits of Salamis. There we saw the distant lofty mountains of the Morea, Egina, Corinth, and Cape Colonna, all mingled with the blue water of the gulf; then nearer, the plains of Daphne, where the green groves, specked with bright dwellings, resembled a strong sea-breeze ruf-

fling in white caps the waves. To the left was Athens amid the noble temples; beyond, Hymettus, and nearer, just at at our feet, the waving verdure of the poplar grove. In one single whirl around, the eye sweeps in all of Attica, with the mountains and sea which clasp it.

For a long time we reclined on the rocks gazing at the picture that nature presented to our view, while ever and anon the shrill whistle of the goatherds and shepherds arose from the hillsides a great way off, and the partridges answered the calls from their nestling thickets. The sun had passed the meridian when we began our descent, and this we found to be a more ticklish feat than the scramble up. We had to lead the horses nearly all the way down; but since we had accomplished our purpose in getting up, we were willing to pay liberally for the enjoyment.

Reaching the base of the quarried acclivities, we mounted, and then, at quicker pace, galloped down to the rendezvous at the Fountain. Here giving our good beasts water and a browse upon the grass, we dabbled in the little torrent until Angelo announced luncheon. We had appetites as sharp as a famished shark's, and each bracing his wearied back against a tree—forming a triangular breakfast-table of the turf—we fell to with a will.

Lord! how refreshingly cool was the claret, the ale, and the sherry; and how we tossed the cups, after every draining, into the bubbling, plashing water, so that not a breath of chill might escape our lips; and how we slashed into the chicken, the cold fillet of beef, the French rolls, and the salad; utterly regardless in our prodigality of the fond looks of a hungry, dirty old monk from the adjacent monastery. He was robed in a tattered garment of frieze—as ancient, apparently, as those of the Parthenon, and he kept his eyes riveted upon our operations; but very sad it makes me now to think, that that unhappy anchorite, after Angelo had taken his portion, found nothing but bones and cheese-parings to polish his pious teeth upon. We recompensed him, however, with a few coppers, which he implored us not to divulge to his brother the abbot, fearing, perhaps, that prebendary might demand a share.

The meal ended, we borrowed from the friar a couple of large rugs, and,

after being well beaten to knock the fleas out of them, they were spread upon the grass in the densest shade of the wood. Then, with the fourgon cushions for pillows, we betook ourselves to siesta. O! how soft seemed our couch, and how grateful to our tired limbs; and then when we awoke, so wide awake, and how our yells of delight resounded, as a sailor's only can on shore, to the echo among the trees.

We took a douche in the fountain, and while our steeds were being saddled, and Angelo moving away with the train, we entered the crumbling old pile of mud, stones, and sticks, called the monastery. In the centre of a quadrangle stood a small roughly-built chapel. Within were a number of worm-eaten, old books upon a coarse, ill-constructed altar, and around were a few rude pictures of the Virgin and saints. I believe there is no intelligible difference between the doctrinal points of the Roman and the Greek or orthodox Eastern churches. The forms are nearly the same in both, and the only palpable dissimilarity is that the Greeks abhor images, and worship paintings.

Among the pictures which decorated the walls of the chapel, was an ideal portrait of Saint Spiridion. He it is that is even now preserved, in the bones, in Corfu; exhibited four times a year to cure all disorders of the flesh; who, once in awhile, makes journeys from his present abode in Ionia, under the sea to Attica, and always returns with seaweed sticking to his toes. He it was, too, who disconcerted the wise men of Ionia, with his splendid miracle of the brick-bat, as it illustrated the Holy Trinity; and he is at the same time an inexhaustible mine of wealth to the happy family who own him by hereditary descent; hiring him out for processions, war, or pestilence, as the market may require. O! a wonderfully famous fellow is Saint Spiridion!

But I am wandering from the monastery. The sides of the quadrangle contained little, filthy, close cells for the brotherhood, about six feet square each. Passing through a gateway we entered quite an extensive vegetable garden, where some slight labor had been bestowed, and where the monks enjoy a luxury, rarely known in Attica, an abundance of excellent water.

Our guide of the tattered raiment informed us that he could read, and that,

out of an hundred of his order, only five had survived the past fifty years; most of them having been massacred by the noble Turks. In the days when the Sultan's pashas held Greece under subjection, justice was administered as in a Tartar camp, according to the savage judgment or untrammelled wish of the Turkish rulers. It is not, then, to be wondered at, that the monasteries, which were reputed wealthy, underwent a fair share of the penalties inflicted. Our guide related, also, that during the revolution, this old rookery had been occupied by the Moslems, and that he had lived for six months at a time in the quarries and caverns of Pentelicus, depending for subsistence on what he could take at night, from the vineyards below.

Taking to horse, we rode slowly around the grounds and dwelling of the Duchesse de Plaisance. The building stands on an eminence, and is called the *maison de la lune de miel*, in compliment to the married lovers who are invited to pass their honey-moons there.

Continuing on down a valley, we came to an angle of a ravine, where the same eccentric lady, in one of her architectural freaks, has built the shell of a large, handsome white marble chateau. The site is remarkably well chosen, and commands a view down the valley to the plains and gulf. The building was quite unfinished. We paced in and about the court-yards, where a spout of water bursts from the heart of a living rock, and then giving rein we dashed by a bridle-path on our course. In a couple of hours, we once more stood upon the plain at the base of mount Hymettus, and trotting along by the margin of the once famed Illysus, now but a dry bed of pebbles, we shortly struck the main road with Athens before us.

During the whole jaunt, I was more than ever impressed by the striking resemblance between Attica and Upper California. Here we saw the groves of dull green olives, like the scrub live oaks of the vales of California, and both held in by arid, sterile hills (in one case, however, of marble, and the other of gold); then, too, the wild flowers, the herbs—more especially thyme, which here gives the taste to honey of Hymettus, as it does to the wild honey and game of California; and then, too, the warm, yellowish misty haze of the atmosphere, plains, hills, and general aspect of the land—

scape is very like indeed. There is also a touch of the western world in the animal kingdom. The jackasses have the same brazen lungs as those in the far west. And the pathetic cries of those in our vicinity, rending the air with their laments, as if to break their hearts outright, made us believe they were inquiring about their nomadic relatives in the Americas. It may be interesting to modern Greek scholars to know that, according to my friend Black, the noise these creatures make is designated as *γὰδαρόφωνη*, which being rendered into the vulgate meaneth *γὰδαρός*—ass, *φωνή*—sound.

It was past nine o'clock when we threw ourselves from the backs of our trusty steeds, at the gate of the Hotel d'Angleterre, and were pressed to the scarlet-clad bosom of our host Elias, the cidevant courier of Saint Etienne.

We made a light and hasty dinner paid the score, which cleaned us out, and summoning a coach, we rattled out of the town, toward the Piræus. I was seated on the box behind the driver, who appeared to me in the twilight like the Jack of Diamonds, and I have an imperfect recollection of falling asleep and being suddenly jolted awake, and escaping a fall beneath the wheels, every few seconds until we stopped at the pirate's domain. There we had a bowl of lemonade, and then, by way of precaution, I put an arm through the loose embroidered sleeve of the coachman's jacket; so that, if I tumbled off the perch, he would share the same fate. Thus I rode soundly and safely asleep to the port, where, after a saddle ride of about forty-five miles, a little tramping afoot, and not a copper in our purses, we pulled on board the frigate.

CHICAGO IN 1856.

CHICAGO is what Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson would call a representative town.

It is the type of that class of American towns which have made themselves conspicuous, and almost ridiculous, by their rapid growth.

In 1850, it had a population of twenty-six thousand. In 1856, it claims to be—the first grain-market in the world—the first lumber-market in the world—the third city in the Union in post-office revenues. That it has the best back country in the world—the best rail-road communication with that back country—that its population is over ninety thousand—that “its motto is still ‘ON-WARD,’ and its destinies among the stars.”

I would remark, for the benefit of any intelligent English person who may peruse this article, that the last statement is not to be regarded as strictly official. It was not voted by the common council, nor signed by the mayor; but it is merely an humble effort of my own to give expression, in language adapted to the occasion, to what I conceive to be the prevailing sentiment of the place. I do not propose to verify, or to impeach, by statistics or otherwise, any of the foregoing propositions; but I hold these truths to be self-evident—that Chicago is a large town—and that people in that

neighborhood are generally aware of the fact.

Business has called me thither several times during the past year, both in the busy season of navigation and in the comparatively dull period of the winter months, and the results of my observations, during these visits, I propose to give below.

Before visiting Chicago, I had a curiosity to know how such a town, grown up, so to speak, in a night, but without, probably, all that artistic finish which Aladdin was able to command, would appear to a stranger unacquainted with western life. What was its situation and surroundings? How its streets looked, and the people in its streets? Having been there, I now know, and thinking that others, who might not be compelled to go there (as I was), might have the same curiosity, while looking for myself, I also endeavored to look for them, with the benevolent intention of conveying to them my ideas of its appearance; and to these external and casual phenomena I shall mainly confine myself. But before I go further, as not altogether irrelevant, I wish to be indulged in a short

EPISODE.

Early in the present century, an officer of the U. S. army, stationed at

Green Bay, was ordered with the troops under his command to the Lower Mississippi, on what was known at that time as our Spanish frontier.

A similar order would now be given by the telegraph from Washington on Monday morning; by Wednesday morning the troops would take their places in the cars; and, by Saturday night, they would be all safely lodged—barring collisions and explosions—in their destined quarters.

How long this order might have been on its way from New York to Green Bay, I cannot say; but a letter from the same officer, written at Fort Adams, on the Mississippi, some years afterwards, regrets that he cannot visit his friends in the states, as he can only get a leave of absence for six months, which would hardly give him time to go and return.

The prescribed method of travel from Green Bay to the Mississippi, in those days, was to load in light boats and canoes; coast southward along nearly the length of Lake Michigan; then, ascending, as far as practicable, some one of the streams which enter the lake on the west side, to make a portage (i.e., carry by main strength both boats and freight) to some of the head-waters of the Illinois, there to relaunch and descend to the Mississippi.

On this occasion it was spring, and the streams were swollen with the melting snows. As the party ascended the one selected for this purpose, they found it overflowed far beyond its banks, converting the level prairie into a broad lake. The head-waters of the Illinois had overflowed and mingled with the stream running into Lake Michigan, and the voyageurs, crossing in boats their usual portage-ground, passed from the tributaries of the St. Lawrence to those of the Gulf of Mexico.

A portage in a wilderness is a serious matter—to be avoided if possible—and dreaded if inevitable; and especially must this be the case, when not only the light canoe and scanty equipments of the voyageur or trapper are to be transported, but when heavy boats, with the arms and provisions of a large body of troops, are to be carried by the main strength of men across the wilderness. The piece of good fortune above mentioned, therefore, did not fail to make an impression on the minds of the travelers, and the officer, writing to his brother in Connecticut, dwells upon it

at length. Now mark the Yankee. A nephew, then a stripling, reads the letter, and *calculates* that there is a chance for a good "location."

Twenty-five years afterwards, so it happened, the nephew, then himself an officer, was stationed at Fort Dearborn, at the mouth of the Chicago River. He remembers his uncle's voyage, and recognizes the site of his unexpectedly fortunate portage. The Illinois Canal, proposing to render this connection permanent, was already talked of, though the forests, that skirted the banks of the river, still afforded a refuge to Black-Hawk and his warriors.

It was an unpromising place for the site of a future city. A dead-level stretch of prairie, lying but a few feet above the level of the river, most of it undeniable swamp of that species called wet prairie, where the water stands from one to four feet deep, the rest of it but little better. But still bearing in mind the portage, and youthful fancy being on the whole confirmed by maturer judgment, a patch of swamp was duly bargained for, and thus arose a fortune in Chicago.

CHICAGO IS SITUATED

on the western side of Lake Michigan, about thirty miles northward from the south end of the lake. The general direction of the lake shore here is north and south. The water, except at the mouth of the river, is shoal, and vessels missing the entrance ground and go to pieces in a storm, within one hundred rods of the shore.

THE HARBOR OF CHICAGO

is the river, and nothing more. It is a short, deep, sluggish stream, creeping through the black, fat mud of the prairie, and in some places would hardly be thought worthy of a name; but it makes itself wonderfully useful here. Outside of its mouth a vessel has no protection, nor are there any piers or wharves. The mouth of the river has been docked and dredged out, to afford a more easy entrance; but, after you are once in, it narrows to a mere canal, from fifty to seventy-five yards in width. The general course of the river, for about three-fourths of a mile, is at right angles with the lake shore, and this portion is what is known as *the* Chicago River. It here divides, or, more properly, two branches unite to form it, coming from

opposite directions, and at nearly right angles to the main stream. These are called, respectively, the "North Branch" and the "South Branch," and are each navigable for some four miles, giving, in the aggregate, a river front of some fifteen or sixteen miles, capable of being increased by canals and slips, some of which have already been constructed. Into the "South Branch" comes the Illinois Canal, extending from this point one hundred miles to LaSalle, on the Illinois River, forming water communication between the Lakes and the Mississippi. For the want of a map, take the letter H; call the upright column on the right hand the lake shore; let the crossbar represent Chicago River, the left hand column will stand for the two branches, and you have a plan of the water lines of the city of Chicago, which will answer very well for all purposes of general description. The three divisions thus formed are called, respectively, "North Side," "South Side," "West Side."

In this narrow, muddy river lies the heart and strength of Chicago. Dry this up, and Chicago would dry up with it, mean and dirty as it looks. From the mouth of the St. Joseph River, in Michigan, round to Milwaukee, in the state of Wisconsin, a distance by the lake shore of more than two hundred and fifty miles, Chicago is the only place where twenty vessels can be loaded or unloaded, or find shelter in a storm. A glance at the map, then, will show that it is the only accessible port—and hence the commercial centre—of a vast territory, measuring thousands of square miles of the richest agricultural country in the world.

On this fact, and not on the present actual value, are really based those fabulous prices of corner lots and wharf improvements, which have sometimes provoked the sneers of the skeptic; but who shall say that the basis is not a sound one?

In these lots and wharves (I regret to say it) I have no interest, and, therefore, cannot dwell upon their future glory further with pleasure to myself; but I wish it distinctly understood, that I would not *swoop* my home-lot (bleak hillside as it is), with its one cow, three apple-trees, and two great rocks, for all the swampy corner lots in Chicago. Thus, having hurled my de-

fiance, I return to my subject, which is

BRIDGES.

The streets, which are of handsome width, say sixty feet, are laid out at right angles, forming about sixteen blocks to the mile. It will be seen, then, that all the streets, running east and west, cross one of the "Branches," and likewise that, east of the Branches, all the streets running north and south cross the main Chicago River. The level of the streets is not more than three or four feet above the level of the river; the river being navigable, of course all bridges must be draw-bridges. There is a bridge every third, fourth, or fifth street, more or less. During the winter, when the river is frozen fast, the bridges assume that staid and respectable air of permanency which characterizes well-regulated bridges everywhere. But, when once navigation is opened, there is an end to all stability. These bridges, as is scandalously asserted of certain ladies' tongues, are hung in the middle, and play at both ends. Policemen are stationed on either side, to prevent persons from driving, jumping, or being pushed into the water, and the motive power (two men with a cross-bar, standing in the middle of the bridge) keeps up, like Mr. Mantilini at the mangle, a perpetual "grind." People jump on and jump off as long as the policemen will let them; those that are on, horse and foot, quietly stand still, and are ground round to the other side; only the luckless driver of a vehicle finds himself wrong end first, and must wait for an additional turn to set him right. He does not wait long.

A bridge, however, cannot be turned in a minute (I think it usually takes about two), and, while the process is going on, a row of vehicles and impatience frequently accumulates that is quite terrific. I have seen a closely-packed column a quarter of a mile in length, every individual driver looking as if he thought he could have turned that bridge sixteen times, while he had been waiting. There is a great deal of scolding on such occasions, and—alas for human nature!—sometimes, I fear, a slight degree of profanity; but they ought to know that it does not do any good. Nobody wants to drive into the river, and the police would not let them, if they did.

A SHORT NOVEL.

In the future fictitious literature of Chicago, the "Bridge," I think, must be, as it now is in real life, the turning point. The work of the western Ingraham rises before me :

SUCCESS TRIUMPHANT;

OR,

THE LOVER AT CLARK STREET BRIDGE.

CHAP. I. A young gentleman on the south side loved a young lady on the north side, and was engaged to be married to her at ten o'clock.

CHAP. II. He had a rival living on the west side, whom the young lady, being naturally very amiable, had also engaged to marry at the same time.

CHAP. III. Having, through extreme agitation, cut himself badly in shaving, the south-side lover did not leave home until 9.45, rail-road time. The Clark-street bridge was open. Heavens! what *could* be done. He looked up stream: Wells street bridge was open, too. But—did his eyes deceive him? no—the Fates were still propitious—there stood his rival at the Wells street bridge, having come over from the west side to cross that way.

Fool! muttered South-side between his teeth; why didn't he cross North Branch? I'll beat him yet. But suppose Wells street bridge should shut!! His heart died within him at the thought—great drops of perspiration stood on his livid brow. He looked down stream to the Lake-house ferry; but the rope was down. He beat his clenched hands with despair.

CHAP. IV. The plot thickens. Something must be done. He makes a stern resolve. One steam-tug, the Fairy Belle, is coming up stream, another, the Zekel Barnes, is going down. He seizes the auspicious moment; he leaps for his life. He only knows that he leaps for a wife. With one bound he is on the Fairy Belle, with another on the bridge now swinging in the middle of the stream; again he leaps, and, scarce touching the Zekel Barnes, a fourth bound lands him on the north side. With a shout of defiance to his despairing rival, he rushes forward, while boatmen and bridge-tenders suspend their labors, and stand transfixed with breathless astonishment at the surpassing feat.

CHAP. V. He won his bride. Her
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father was rich. And now in a six-story house, built of best yellow stone, on a quarter-section lot, in a green old age, he relates to a numerous and still increasing family, the fearful legend of the Clark street Bridge.—FINIS.

If those bridges were permanent and could be built of stone, Chicago, with her growing wealth, would some day rival Venice in this department of magnificence. But, unless I misjudge the Anglo-saxo-yankee, this necessity will become the mother of some great invention in the matter of the movable bridge. Already tunnels are talked of, and will, doubtless, be built; but Chicago must ever remain "THE CITY OF BRIDGES."

ARCHITECTURE.

With material for building Chicago is well supplied. The ground on which the city stands, yields, at the depth of a few feet, a fair quality of clay. The dirt that a man digs out of his cellar he can bake into brick to build his house. The lake shore supplies him with sand. The native brick is of a dirty yellow or pale red, and not handsome, nor of the best quality; but at a reasonable price can be obtained the drab-colored Milwaukie brick, which, in beauty and durability, yields to no others. Already, notwithstanding the expense of transportation, they have been introduced into our eastern cities. The block on Broadway, New York, known as "Trinity Building," is of this material.

The Court-house, in Chicago, a very creditable building, of the Doric order, though without columns, and standing in the centre of a handsome square, inclosed by a substantial iron paling, on a marble foot, is built of blue lime-stone, brought from Lockport, in the state of New York. But a much more elegant material has since been discovered in great abundance, about twenty miles from the city, on the line of the Illinois Canal. It is a compact lime-stone of a pale yellow shade, somewhat lighter than the Caen stone now so fashionable in New York. The grain is so fine that the fracture, or cut surface, resembles that of chalk in texture. It is durable, is easily wrought, and the color is peculiarly pleasing and grateful to the eye. There is another stone of similar texture, of the color of freshly-fractured

slate, or of the mark made on a slate by a pencil; but it is not so beautiful as the kind before mentioned. It soils readily, and has at a short distance the effect of a dirty white. There are also other architectural stones in considerable abundance and variety; but none of great beauty or importance have come under my observation. The Presbyterian Church on Wabash avenue is built of a blue, bituminous lime-stone, the pitchy matter of which has exuded and run down the sides, giving the building the appearance of having a partial coat of tar. The general impression it produces is that of great antiquity; and if this idea could be preserved and harmonized by the early-pointed Gothic, and a good growth of ivy, the effect would be very fine.

Michigan avenue, the favorite street for private dwellings, on the south side, runs directly on the lake shore on a sort of bluff formed by the action of the winds and waves. It is something more than a mile in length, and has an elevation of twelve or fourteen feet above the water. The houses are built only on the west side, leaving the view of the lake entirely unobstructed. There are many fine private residences on this street, and one, belonging to the Roman Catholic bishop of the diocese, might, both in size and style, be fairly ranked as a palace. On the north side, which, toward the lake shore, is rather more quiet and retired, are many fine cottages of the best suburban styles, adorned with conservatories and gardens, and embowered in groves of locust, ash, and oak.

THE STREETS.

Both carriage-way and sidewalks are planked—stone being as yet too expensive a material, and too slowly laid for this new and fast metropolis. In the spring of the year, the ground asserts its original character of swamp. The planks actually float, and, as the heavy wagons pass along, ornamental jets of muddy water play on every side.

The sidewalks of Chicago are as remarkable, in their way, as the bridges. With almost every block of buildings there is a change of grade, sometimes of one foot, sometimes of three feet, sometimes of five. These ascents or descents are made by steps, or by short, steep, inclined planes of boards, with or without cleats or cross-pieces, to pre-

vent slipping, according to the fancy of the adjoining proprietor who erects them. The profile of a Chicago sidewalk would resemble the profile of the Erie Canal where the locks are most plenty. It is one continual succession of ups and downs. The reason of this diversity is, that it was found necessary, at an early period in the history of the place, to raise the grade of the streets. It was afterward found necessary to raise the grade still higher, and again still higher—as each building is erected, its foundation and the sidewalk adjoining have been made to correspond to the grade then last established, and so it will not happen until the city is entirely rebuilt, that the proper grade will be uniformly attained. In the mean time, the present state of things will repress undue curiosity in the streets, and keep fire-engines off the sidewalks, which is a great point gained.

STREET COSTUMES.

In the winter season, the dress of the people, as well as the mercury in the thermometer, indicates a severe climate. Across the prairie and the lake, the wind sweeps with unbroken violence. People drive in from the country with large hoods, made from the cape of the cloak, drawn over their heads. Fur overcoats are much worn; the legs are wrapped in woolen leggings; fur tippets stand up high around the face, and the feet are covered with large shoes made of buffalo hide, with the hair turned in. The fashionable head-gear of the young gentlemen is a cap without a visor, looking like a lady's muff cut in two in the middle, and stuck on the head of her beau. To my eye they are not elegant.

There is an abundance of omnibuses, public carriages, and hacks. The wheeled vehicles seen in the streets, are mostly of eastern style and manufacture; but the sleighs are, to a great extent, domestic. The sleighing, until the last two years, has been slight, and not much provision was made for it. Now everybody sleighs, but it is mostly on sawed board runners with the box of a wagon or buggy placed upon them; and if a coat of blue paint is added to the runners, the establishment is quite complete.

In the principal streets, the motion of teams, carriages, and foot-passengers, is equal to that in the great ave-

nues of New York, Broadway excepted. Water street, parallel with the river, on the south side, is the street for heavy trade. Lake street, next south, is the principal dry goods and retail shopping mart. But business is by no means confined to a narrow locality. Over a space of from one to two miles in each direction, every avenue is alive with the stir and bustle of an active, enterprising population.

At intervals, along the river, rising above surrounding objects, are large, irregular structures, five or six stories in height, surmounted by square turret-like attics, rising twenty or thirty feet more. These are the grain warehouses and elevators for unloading, cleaning, storing, weighing, and reshipping the wheat which comes in by the cars and is to go out in the vessels. The grain is raised from the cars by buckets on an endless belt, like those in an ordinary mill, only containing about a peck each. It is thus carried up into the turrets, being fanned and screened by the way, where it falls into a hopper, is weighed and runs through a trough down into the hold of a vessel lying along-side to receive it.

From the top of these elevators, though by no means a clean and comfortable place to reach, one can get a fine view of—all that he can see. Chicago stands, as everything else does in Illinois, on a prairie, which may be described as a *country having a face but no features*. On the east lies the lake, with its ever-rolling surface of bluish green; on all other sides, the prairie, unbroken in its level, save by the structures of man. A low line of trees in the west, however, some seven miles distant from the city, marks the course of the river Desplaines, one of the main feeders of the Illinois. For sunrises and sunsets this country ought to be unsurpassed.

THE OLD FORT.

In a back yard on one of the narrow streets, near the great dépôt of the Illinois central road, stands a small log building, not more than sixteen feet square, and about the same height, with a projection at the top; the whole structure resembling a good sized Virginia smoke-house. This is the fortification which figures in our history as Fort Dearborn; nor have I, in the least, exaggerated its insignificance. It

is what is called a block-house, and the projection at the top has a slit, some six feet long and three inches wide, for musketry, and a large square hole for a small piece of artillery. Near by are the Barracks, two long two-story buildings, built of logs and brick, with projecting eaves and stairs, and galleries on the outside—looking like the farmhouse to which the smoke-house belonged. I would like to know how many thousand dollars were appropriated by Congress to build that fort. The United States still own the fort and ground, and have erected near by a commodious and elegant marine hospital, built of Milwaukee brick. I regret to hear that the fort and barracks are to be torn away during the coming summer; they ought to have been preserved, with sufficient ground to form a public park.

On the opposite side of the street from the fort, in another yard and still further from the lake, surrounded by buildings higher than itself, stands a substantial stone light-house. It once did duty nearer the lake shore; but, having long been a faithful public servant, it has retired in a green old age to spend the remainder of its years in an unostentatious privacy; not that it has itself moved, but, like those venerable men in knee-breeches, it has stood still while the lake shore and the rest of the world have pushed far out beyond it, and its duty is now performed by a young upstart of a light-house, standing on the pier at the mouth of the river.

"Hic in obscuritate lucet,
Quæ in auctoritate stetit."

WATER

is supplied to the city, pumped up from the lake into a reservoir, and distributed by pipes. A small portion of the lake is fenced off by a pier of piles and earth; a pipe is laid from the pond thus formed to a tank or well a few rods distant; over the tank is placed the engine-house and pumps, and the thing is done. No further filtration is deemed necessary; the water is abundant and good. The ice obtained here, I have never seen equaled. It would do Dr. Kane good to see it. Huge blocks of it, eight feet high and two feet square, have been standing about on the sidewalks this winter as samples, and through the thickest of these I have read with ease

the smallest type of the New York daily papers.

HOTELS.

On this topic, so interesting to the traveler, I ought to be full and satisfactory; but I can only say that at the Briggs House, where I spent some weeks, I did not enter my name with any title, either civil, military, or medical, I did not report myself as a member of the press, a public lecturer, or an actor, nor did I intimate that I expected to publish an article on Chicago, nevertheless, I was civilly treated, provided with a comfortable room, and plenty to eat, and paid my bill of \$2.50 per day at the end of the time, satisfied that the same comfort was not to be had for less money, anywhere in Chicago. Higher praise for a hotel, I think, cannot well be imagined. To hotel-keepers in Chicago there is no rest, and but a limited supply to lodgers. All night long, some of the one hundred trains, that daily arrive and depart, is either arriving or departing. It is either "3 o'clock, sir," or "4 o'clock, sir," or "5 o'clock, sir," as you are constantly informed during the night, by somebody pounding at your neighbor's door or your own. But breakfast lasts until 10 o'clock, and when everybody has got up, then there are a few quiet hours during which the rest can sleep, and they are generally well improved.

THE BILL OF FARE.

When you travel, says Bayard Taylor, dress and eat as far as possible in accordance with the tastes and habits of the people you are among. At the Briggs House, therefore, I scanned the bill of fare with great attention, to detect any new and curious dishes, and finally brought off a copy in my pocket, as a subject for future reflection. I make a note of the characteristic dishes only—

FISH.

Baked White Fish. Boiled Trout.
Baked Pickerel.

ROAST.

Prairie Chicken. Wild Goose. Venison.

CONFECTIONERY.

Glass E. Jenny Lind.

This latter is probably to be ranked as novelty in orthography, rather than in confectionery, as I suspect the same thing exists elsewhere, as Glacé Jenny

Lind. The first mode of spelling is more phonographic, Websterian, and independent.

The white fish and trout of the upper lakes, I heard so highly commended, that I had made up my palate for a delicacy, which proved to be figuratively, as well as literally, a scaly one. They are, both of them, a rank, coarse fish, entirely inferior to our cod, bass, fresh mackerel, or blue fish, and not to be spoken of in connection with Connecticut river shad. I have tried them at divers places, and cooked in various ways, still my experience is the same. Perhaps the white fish is equal in flavor to the halibut, certainly not superior.

A gentleman, who was not fond of fish, told me that he thought I might get better at Mackinaw; but as these came fresh from Green Bay, I saw no reason to think so. The pickerel I preferred to the trout and white fish. I have, on one occasion only, eaten the fish called muskalonge, boiled; this was at Cleveland, and I then considered it very fine; but whether it was owing to the quality of the fish or my appetite, I cannot now say.

Prairie chickens and venison are so common in the eastern markets, that they hardly deserve notice. The prairie chicken is about the size of the domestic bantams, and in color and flavor resembles the pigeon. The wild goose I forgot to taste. The advertisement for North's Circus, and Mr. Neafie's appearance in Jack Cade, are at the bottom of the bill.

Chicago already requires a directory of two hundred and fifty pages, solid matter, without the advertisements; and from this work I learn that there are *nine* omnibus routes, *thirteen* rail-road lines, converging here, *sixteen* newspapers, of which *six* are published daily, *sixty* clergymen, and *two hundred and twenty* lawyers.

I occasionally spent an hour in some of the courts; but as the bar is composed mainly of men not very long from the East, there is little to strike an eastern man as peculiar. There is rather more freedom in illustration, and more frequent use of phrases which, of themselves, mean little or nothing, but as delivered with a tone and manner implying great import. There is also a much more frequent reference to general principles, and to organic laws,

than in those states where precedents are more abundant. This feature, when able counsel are employed, frequently gives to the argument a breadth and scope which render the proceedings more attractive to a casual spectator than the dry citation of authorities, usually heard in our eastern courts. I was quite interested, on one occasion, by hearing a lawyer, who was himself an old settler residing in one of the country towns, and was trying to make good his client's pre-emption title, against a more recent claimant, under a tax sale, or some other hocus-pocus procedure, describe with no little eloquence how his client and his neighbors had fought and suffered in defense of that land in the days of the Black Hawk war. But the law was on the other side; the jury were proof against prejudice, though the point was ingeniously presented, and the fighter of Indians lost his case. Perhaps poetical justice to the Indians was thus preserved, and perhaps not. I have not a very high respect for Indians, and prefer *plain white* to any other color, both for men and women.

The judges, jury, and lawyers patronize the apple-boys rather more freely than would be considered proper in some places; and one occasion, when a military company passed in the street, lawyers, sheriff, jury, and spectators, in fact, everybody, except the judge, made a general stampede to the windows to see them go by. I went with the rest.

THE FEDERAL CURRENCY

is assuming the ascendant throughout the West, and dimes and half dimes are driving sixpences and shillings to the wall. As a natural consequence, one pays in most cases ten cents for what used to cost six. A tribute to patriotism. I noticed at the bar, however, that drinks are but a *dime*. I suppose, in this case, the other party can afford to pay the tribute.

SUNDAY IN CHICAGO,

though not observed as it is in New England, is, I think, more respected than in any town of 20,000 inhabitants, or upwards, south of Philadelphia. Some few stores are seen open, but not of a prominent class. The movement of the people is generally churchward, and the churches are well filled. The

streets are quiet; and, though I have no doubt that, in a place of such varying population, where people of all grades of character are congregated, without the restraints of home to the well-disposed, and of an efficient police to the vicious, crime and immorality exist to an alarming extent; yet the Puritan element so far predominates in the population of the place, that wickedness is neither popular nor respectable.

Speculation, too great eagerness to get rich on the part of men who have nothing to lose, and a lack of those healthful restraints which exist in an older community, have, undoubtedly, combined to weaken and lower the moral sense of the people, in regard to business transactions. There is a leniency exhibited towards sharp bargains, over-reaching, undue coloring, and actual misrepresentation (doubtless, more apparent to a stranger than to a resident, and for that reason just so much the more dangerous), which, if allowed to go unchecked, will, by degrees, destroy that vital morality which is indispensable to the prosperity of a commercial state. This is not a peculiar fault of Chicago, but of the whole West; and as men grow more independent in their resources, and temptations for speculation decrease, the evil may abate; but it deserves notice, and demands vigilance.

In one of the most conspicuous corners in Chicago is a large six-story building, which deserves a passing notice. It was built (so I was told) by a clerk in the city, with funds purloined from his employer. When detection became unavoidable, he left town, and sent back an agent to negotiate. The matter was finally arranged by the employer taking the building, and paying the thief *ten thousand dollars*; and it was remarked, so great had been the rise in the value of the property, that even then the employer had *altogether the best of the bargain*. I ought to add, that I do not think that this was regarded as a legitimate business transaction.

Such was Chicago, as I saw it, looking at the outside of things, in the fall and winter of 1855-6. What it will be next year at this time—ten years hence—fifty years hence—those who live shall see. If any one wishes to *guess*, an opportunity is now offered.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE AS A FAMILY MAN.*

[Second Article.]

IN a former article, based mainly on the same authentic collection of confidential letters referred to at the foot of the page, or, rather, on the *Mémoires du Roi Joseph*, whence the English collection has been drawn, we gave a history of the Bonaparte family, and especially of Napoleon's relations to it, down to his assumption of the imperial dignity, and, indeed, during the first year or two of the Empire.

We now take up the narrative where that article dropped it, and continue this family history, drawing mainly from the same source, which, for the history of Napoleon as an individual, and of his family relations, furnishes materials far more authentic and trustworthy than any hitherto accessible to the public.

Upon the year preceding the assumption of the imperial dignity, and the first sixteen months of the Empire, this correspondence unfortunately throws no light, as there are no letters between those dates. The correspondence between Napoleon and his brother Joseph only commences again in the autumn of 1805, when Napoleon set off on his campaign against Austria, leaving Joseph as his representative in Paris. He who was merely "citizen Joseph" at the date of the last preceding letter, was now a prince, and a high dignitary of the Empire. The familiar style of that early correspondence is dropped, and, instead of "Adieu, dear Joseph," we have the formal, imperial, "Whereupon I pray God to keep you in his holy and worthy protection." Joseph addresses Napoleon only as "Sire," and "Your Majesty," and the general tone of his letters is quite as much that of a subject as of a brother, evincing extreme devotion to all the Emperor's wishes.

The following letter, written just after the treaty of Presburg, shows the resolution which Napoleon began now to entertain, to ingraft his family upon the old regal stocks of Europe:

"Munich, Dec. 31st, 1805. My Brother—I have demanded in marriage for prince Eugene

[already appointed viceroy of Italy], princess Augusta, daughter of the Elector of Bavaria, and a very pretty person. The marriage has been agreed on. I have demanded another princess for Jerome. As you have seen him last, tell me if I can reckon on the young man's consent. [As preliminary to this marriage, Jerome was required to repudiate his American wife, and to bastardize his American son.] I have also arranged a marriage for your eldest daughter, with a small prince, who in time will become a great one. As this last marriage cannot take place for some months [Joseph's eldest daughter was not yet above two or three years old], I shall have time to talk to you about it."

By another letter, written at an earlier hour on the same day, Joseph himself, apparently without ever having been consulted on the matter, or, indeed, receiving the least hint of it, had been suddenly ordered on an expedition designed to raise him also to a throne. That letter was as follows:

"My Brother—I am at Munich. I shall remain here a few days, to receive the ratification of the treaty, and to give to the army its last orders. I intend to take possession of the kingdom of Naples. Marshal Massena and General St. Cyr are marching on that kingdom, with two corps d'armées. I have named you my lieutenant commanding-in-chief the army of Naples. [Joseph, as well as Napoleon, had been educated at one of the old royal military schools, but had resigned his claims to a commission to make room for Napoleon, as it required more interest than the Bonapartes possessed to obtain two commissions in the same family. He had subsequently studied law in Italy, and had commenced practice in Ajaccio; but, like many other neophytes of that profession, had never had but one case. Before leaving Corsica, he had obtained an appointment in the civil administration of the island, and under the Directory and the Consulate he had held, by his brother's influence, high diplomatic appointments. Lately, at Napoleon's suggestion, he had again put himself under military tuition, and had been taking regular lessons from an officer selected by Napoleon to instruct him in the art of war.] Set off for Rome forty hours after the receipt of this letter, and let your first dispatch inform me that you have entered Naples, driven out the treacherous court, and subjected that part of Italy to our authority. You will find at the head-quarters of the army the decrees and instructions relating to your mission. You will wear the uniform of a general of division. As my lieutenant, you will have all the marshals under your orders. Your command does not extend beyond the army and the Neapolitan territory. If my presence were not necessary in Paris, I would

* *The Confidential Correspondence of Napoleon Bonaparte with his Brother Joseph, some time King of Spain.* Selected and translated, with explanatory notes, from the "*Mémoires du Roi Joseph.*" 2 vols.

march myself on Naples; but with the generals whom you have, and the instructions which you will receive, you will do all that I could. Do not say whither you are going, except to the arch-chancellor; let it be known only by your letters from the army."

Having thus dispatched Joseph himself in pursuit of a crown, Napoleon wrote nine days after to Joseph's wife as follows:

"Munich, Jan. 9th, 1806. Madame, my sister-in-law—I settled, some time ago, the marriage of my son, prince Eugene, with the princess Augusta, daughter of the king of Bavaria. [The elector of Bavaria had just assumed the title of king.] The elector of Ratisbon [one of Napoleon's ephemeral princes] marries them at Munich on the 15th of January. I am detained, therefore, for a few days longer in this town.

"The princess Augusta is one of the handsomest and most accomplished persons of her sex. It would be proper, I think, that you should make her a present, costing from fifteen to twenty thousand francs. She will set off for Italy on the 20th of January. The king of Bavaria will write to you to announce the marriage. Whereupon I pray God, madame, my sister-in-law, to keep you in his holy and worthy protection."

On the 18th of February, Napoleon wrote to Joseph as follows:

"Caution is no longer necessary. You are already master of Naples, and on the point of taking Sicily by surprise; this is your chief aim. You should entitle your acts—Joseph Napoleon, you need not add Bonaparte."

From the time of his assumption of the imperial crown, Napoleon, in all his family and personal arrangements, had aped old regal and imperial usages; and as the oldest of the royal families of Europe had no surnames, he was resolved that he and his family should have none. So Bonaparte was to be dropped, and Napoleon substituted for it.

In the letter, some six weeks after, in which Napoleon announces to Joseph his definitive installment as king of Naples, he makes the following suggestions as to Joseph's brother-in-law, Bernadotte, the husband of the Eugenie whom Napoleon did *not* marry:

"Paris, March 31st, 1806. You will see that I have created six fiefs in your kingdom. You had better, I think, give the best to Marshal Bernadotte, with the title of Duke of Taranto. [That title was afterwards conferred on MacDonald, Bernadotte, as we shall see, being otherwise provided.] Your connection with Bernadotte, whose children are your nephews, requires you to give him some privileges in your palace. You should secure him four or five hundred thousand francs a year. The queen of Naples did as much for Nelson. I reward, as you see, and intend to reward, my generals and soldiers nobly. Be inflexible,

and let no one rob. (No one, that is, but you and I.)"

In a subsequent letter, he thus resumes the subject of providing for Bernadotte:

"St Cloud, June 3d, 1806. I had thought that, in any circumstances, the insulated papal territories of Benevento and Ponte Corvo could not fail to be troublesome to your kingdom. I have made them into two duchies—that of Benevento for Talleyrand, and that of Ponte Corvo for Bernadotte. I know that these provinces are poor, but Talleyrand is rich, and I will make Bernadotte's duchy worth having. You must be aware that I give the titles of duke and prince to Bernadotte for your wife's sake, [partly, perhaps, too, for Eugenie's sake;] for I have in my army generals who have served me better, and on whose attachment I have more reason to rely. [Bernadotte had taken no part in the famous 18th of Brumaire, which made Napoleon first consul, and laid the foundations of the empire.] But I thought that it was proper that the brother-in-law of the queen of Naples should have a distinguished position in your kingdom."

Joseph being thus made a king, Napoleon began to look round for thrones for the younger brothers also. Lucien still obstinately refused either to accept a throne—held, as it must have been, as Napoleon's vassal—or to part with his wife; nor was even Louis half so anxious to be a king as Napoleon was to make him one. The following letters, which mention the crown bestowed upon Louis, contain references also to Jerome and to Fesch, the maternal uncle of the Bonapartes, who by this time had been made a cardinal:

"St Cloud, May 19th, 1806. The business with Holland is settled, and before long, Louis will be king of Holland. He is willing; but his health continues to be indifferent. It appears that the squadron that Jerome is in, and which has been to the East Indies, has captured a large English convoy, and three men-of-war. I have no anxiety about this squadron."

"June 3d, 1806. In an hour I am to receive the Turkish ambassador, proclaim prince Louis king of Holland, and cardinal Fesch coadjutor of the elector, the arch-chancellor."

The office of king, held under Napoleon, was not found by his brothers so very agreeable. It may well be doubted whether Joseph, from the moment he accepted the unlucky crown of Naples, till after seven years he fairly got rid of the still more unlucky Spanish crown—which, in lieu of that of Naples, Napoleon presently thrust upon him—really enjoyed a single day of ease, peace, and comfort. He had taken up the idea, that to maintain himself on the thrones of Naples and Spain, all that

was needed was to rule mildly and equitably, and to recommend himself to the subjects, on whom he had been thrust, by an administration of the government more enlightened and more beneficial than that of the dynasties which he had superseded. He entirely overlooked the fact, that he was a usurper, placed in power by foreign bayonets, and, in that point of view, wholly irrespective of the administrative character of his government, an object of national hatred and detestation. Napoleon, on the other hand, understood all this perfectly well. He was fully aware that as conqueror and usurper, Joseph could only maintain himself by force and terror, and he was constantly urging severities, at which the soft temper of his brother reluctated. He insisted upon Joseph's exacting from his subjects the means of paying the French army that sustained him, and his letters, from the beginning to the end, of Joseph's royal life, are only a series of shrewd criticisms on Joseph's Utopian schemes of policy, with a few compliments and cajoleries sparingly intermixed; sharp reproaches for his inefficiency and too great good-nature; and peremptory denials, or unwilling concessions to Joseph's frequent and urgent requests for money and troops, as to both of which the many calls that he had for them, obliged Napoleon to practice the strictest calculation and the most rigid economy.

Take the following as specimens among a hundred others :

"Feb. 26th, 1806. By this time you can no longer be in want of money. Disarm Naples, and levy a contribution of ten millions upon the town; it will be easily paid. You may safely resort to the expedient of confiscating all the English merchandises. The loss will fall upon the part of the nation which deserves least consideration."

"March 8th. It seems to me your measures are too narrow; it is not by being civil to people that you obtain a hold upon them. This is not the way to get the means to reward your army properly. Raise thirty millions from the kingdom of Naples. Pay well your army; remount your cavalry, and your trains; have shoes and clothes made. This cannot be done without money. It is impossible that you should keep within the bounds that you profess; back yourself, if you like, by an order of mine. Your proclamations are not enough in the style of a master; you will gain nothing by spoiling the Neapolitans. The people of Italy, and, in fact, of every other country, if they do not feel that they are mastered, are disposed to rebel, and to murmur. In my opinion, your throne will have no solidity, unless you surround it with a hun-

dred generals, colonels, and others, attached to your house, possessing great fiefs of the kingdom of Naples and Sicily. Bernadotte and Massena should. I think, be fixed in Naples, with the title of princes, and with large revenues. Enable them to found great families. I do this in Piedmont, the kingdom of Italy and Parma. In these countries, and in Naples, three or four hundred French military men ought to be established, with property descending by primogeniture. In a few years they will marry into the principal families, and your throne will be strong enough to do without a French army—a point which must be reached.

"March 12th. My armies are very numerous; they are coming home, and cost enormous sums; so does my fleet. I can meet no new expenses. Up to this time, your Neapolitan administration has been too lax."

"It is absolutely impossible that I should send you fifteen hundred thousand francs a month, for the army of Naples. Levy a war contribution of thirty millions on the kingdom of Naples. It is strange that it gives only a third of what I get from the kingdom of Italy. You are too kind; that is not the way to begin an administration."

"March 20th. Put to death the leaders of mobs. Your administration in Naples is too feeble; you treat the populace with too much consideration. I cannot imagine why you do not execute the laws. Every spy should be shot; every lazzaroni who stabs a soldier should be shot. The property of all those who belonged to the court [the late Neapolitan court, which had fled to Sicily] should be confiscated."

"March 31st. There is nothing sacred about the *azzendamenti*, [certain portions of the public revenue, which had become private property] *for there is nothing sacred after a conquest*. With such principles you will never found a kingdom. Your government of Naples is much too lax. If you showed more vigor, your army would be at its ease."

"April 21st. I am glad to see that a village of the insurgents has been burnt. Severe examples are necessary. I presume that the soldiers have been allowed to plunder this village. This is the way to treat villages which revolt. It is one of the rights of war, but it is also a duty prescribed by policy." [That was exactly Napoleon's idea of duty, "duty prescribed by policy"—he seems, so far as his own conduct was concerned, to have had no idea of any other.]

"June 3d. I see some passages in your speech [Joseph's speech to the deputation of French senators sent to congratulate him on his ascension to the throne of Naples] which you must allow me to think ill-judged. [This whole proceeding had given very little satisfaction to Napoleon, who had a very keen perception of the ridiculous, and of the sarcastic turn which might be given to incongruous and unseasonable suggestions. In a previous part of the letter, he had excused himself for not having put into the *Moniteur* Roederer's speech, to which Joseph had replied, on the ground that it was "non-sense," especially in the suggestion of an unlucky comparison between Napoleon and Machiavelli.] You compare the attachment of the French to my person, to that of the Neapolitans for yours; that looks like a satire. What love for you can a people have, for

whom you have done nothing? whom you govern by right of conquest, with forty or fifty thousand foreigners? In general, the less you speak of me, and of France, directly in your state papers, the better it will be. I am sorry to see in your letters that you are captivated by particular services. To be captivated is very dangerous. The Neapolitans behave well; there is nothing extraordinary in that. You have treated them kindly; they expected worse at the hands of a man who was at the head of an army of fifty thousand men. Your disposition is mild and temperate; you have a good understanding, and you are appreciated; but this very far from a national feeling—from a submission and attachment founded on reason and interest. These distinctions ought not to escape you. I do not know why I tell you these things, for they will certainly annoy you. What I want is, that your acts and your language should be decorous, and suitable to your character."

"July 26th. I cannot understand how, surrounded as you are by men of military experience, there are so few that can give you good advice. Your measures have no life or movement, no organization or method. Till now you have made nothing but mistakes; but I ought not to distress you. For my part, I am not surprised at what happens in Calabria [an English army had landed, and the people were in insurrection]; your policy with regard to Naples is just the reverse of what ought to be pursued towards a conquered nation. Let your troops march together; do not scatter them. I suppose that you have armed all the castles in Naples. What is the meaning of this Neapolitan national guard? It is leaning on a reed—perhaps putting arms into the hands of your enemies. How little you know men!"

"July 30th. You should order two or three of the large villages, that have behaved the worst, to be pillaged. It will be an example, and will restore the gayety and desire of action of your soldiers."

"July 31st. Bear in mind what I tell you; the fate of your reign depends on your conduct when you return from Calabria. Grant no pardons; do military execution on at least six hundred rebels; they have murdered a great number of my soldiers. Let the houses of thirty of the principal heads of villages be burnt, and distribute their property among the troops. Disarm all the inhabitants, and pillage five or six of the large villages which have behaved worst. Desire the soldiers to treat well the towns which have remained faithful. Confiscate the public property of the revolted villages, and give it to the army; above all, disarm vigorously."

"As Calabria has revolted, why should you not seize half the estates in the province, and give them to your army? This measure would be, at the same time, a great help to you, and an example for the future. You will never succeed in changing and reforming a country by weak measures—extraordinary and vigorous expedients are necessary. But if you begin by asserting that Calabria is not in revolt, and that it has always been attached to you, your kindness, or, in other words, your weakness and timidity, will be very mischievous to France."

"Aug. 9th. It pains me to see the system you pursue; those who surround you have no

knowledge of men. You do not listen to a man who has done much, seen much, and thought much. Do not carry out your scheme of a national guard; nothing can be more dangerous. You make me laugh, when you say that these men are fifty thousand enemies of the queen. [The queen whom he had dispossessed, and who was chief manager of her husband's affairs.] Naples is a country of intriguers, who change with every wind; you exaggerate their hatred of the queen; you do not know mankind. There are not twenty people who hate her as much as you think, and there are not twenty people who would not yield to one of her smiles, to one of her advances. What a nation most hates is, another nation. Your fifty thousand men all hate the French. Time, prudence, and family alliances, can alone bring them together. You raise fifty thousand men, and make them think themselves necessary; this is to put yourself in a false position.

"Of what use would Neapolitan regiments be to you, if I were beaten on the Isonzo? In all your operations, both civil and military, steer by this possibility, as if it were your pole-star; all your proceedings should have reference to it. I only laughed at your fears for Naples during the late events; and although I saw that the army was extremely illplaced, I felt that when the danger came, instinct would teach you to make a better disposition. The only results were the loss of a few men, some trifling landings of the enemy, and partial failures. But it would be otherwise if I were at war, and if I were beaten on the Isonzo."

"I flatter myself that you have nothing to fear at present; you will be king of Naples and Sicily. But you must weigh seriously all your measures. Whenever you sign a document, do you ask yourself, 'Would the effect of this be good if the French army were driven back to Alexandria?' If you are not penetrated with this idea, you will not reign long, and you prepare misfortunes for yourself, and for all the Neapolitans who may join your cause."

"What sort of troops ought you to have? I say Corsicans; who will get on better in Naples than in France, because they will agree better with the Neapolitans than with the French; as many Swiss as you like—they are good and faithful soldiers; perhaps a few German regiments, from Hesse Darmstadt, or from the other states of my German confederation; [the German empire had just been dissolved, and Napoleon had taken the title of "protector" of a new confederation, lately formed, of the German princes near the Rhine] also a few Neapolitans—but introduced gradually, almost imperceptibly, and chosen from among the men who have served in France, and who formed part of the army of reserve in the eighth year of the republic, and who have since then been put to the proof; all others would fail you. If Italy were once to raise the cry, 'Drive the barbarians beyond the Alps!' all your army would abandon you. I wish you to consult me on such important matters. It will not do to say that you would take refuge in my camp. *An exiled, vagrant king is a contemptible being.*"

"Aug. 17th. I should like very much to hear of a revolt of the Neapolitan populace. You will never be their master till you have made an example of them; every conquered

country must have its revolt. I should see Naples in revolt as a father sees his children in the small-pox; the crisis is salutary, provided it does not too much weaken the constitution."

These specimens will show the tone of this correspondence, during the whole period of two years and a half that Joseph sat on the uneasy throne of Naples. It was, on Napoleon's part, made up mainly of military directions, how to protect the kingdom against the English and the revolting Neapolitans, and how to invade and conquer Sicily—an object on which both Joseph and Napoleon seem to have set their hearts, but which they were never able to accomplish. Indeed, it appears from these letters, that Joseph's pretensions to Sicily, rather than abandon which, Napoleon insisted that he would fight ten years, mainly prevented the English Fox ministry from agreeing to a peace. Interspersed, however, with these military directions, are sharp and bitter criticisms on Joseph's whole system of administration, and a perpetual spurring of him on to exactions totally repugnant to his good-natured soul. Nor was this all. Joseph was a great stickler for the respect due to his rank—a feeling inherited from their mother, and common to the whole family—and he complained bitterly to Napoleon, that he received rebukes not only from him, but from his ministers. To which Napoleon coolly replied:

"In your correspondence with my ministers, you must expect to be treated as commander-in-chief of my army, and to hear of my displeasure, whenever the rules are not followed."

Even to Joseph's professions of personal attachment, pretty cool answers were returned, compared, at least, with earlier letters written while Napoleon was general of brigade. Thus Joseph wrote to Napoleon:

"Aug. 13, 1806. I remain here till your majesty's birthday, on which I wish you joy. I hope you may receive, with some little pleasure, this expression of my affection. The glorious emperor will never replace to me the Napoleon whom I so much loved, and whom I hope to find again as I knew him twenty years ago, if we are to meet in the Elysian fields."

To which Napoleon replied:

"Aug. 23. I am sorry that you think you will find your brother again only in the Elysian fields. It is natural that, at forty [he was only thirty-seven], he should not feel towards you as he did at twelve; but his feelings to-

wards you have greater strength and truth; his friendship has the features of his mind."

This last sentence was true enough. Napoleon's friendship for Joseph was exactly commensurate with the use he could make of him as the tool of his ambitious projects, in the accomplishment of which, the exaltation of his family formed a necessary part. He employed them in the erection of a family pyramid, of which he was to be the apex, and in which his own conspicuous elevation was at least as much consulted as their wishes or welfare.

The return of Jerome from his naval cruise is thus mentioned by Napoleon.

"St. Cloud, Aug. 28, 1806. *Le Vétéran*, commanded by Jerome, anchored, two days ago, in the bay of Laforêt, near Quimper. She was separated from her squadron twenty-five days ago in a storm. This news came by telegraph, which, at the same time, tells me that Jerome is well; as yet there are no further details."

The entrance of Jerome's vessel into the small port of Concarneau, to escape the blockading English squadron, is reckoned among the exploits of the French navy. But as French ships of war, since the battle of Trafalgar, could hardly keep the seas, Jerome was now transferred to the military service, in which, as general of division, he followed Napoleon on his march against the Prussians and Russians.

In a letter of Napoleon's to Joseph, written during this campaign, the following family allusions occur:

"Posen, Dec. 5, 1806. Your young aide-de-camp is a rake; he will suffer for it in time. Give some news of Borghese to his family; he is at Warsaw, at the head of his regiment. All the strong places in Silesia will soon be in my power."

"Prince Jerome is in command of a German division. Although the declarations of Austria are pacific, I did not like to give precise orders to the queen [Joseph's wife] to join you at Naples. You may, however, do as you like about it; but she does so well in Paris, and I dislike so much to see women and children running into the midst of sedition and rebellion, that in truth I see no objection to her delaying her journey. I have written to tell her that you have sent for her, but that I think she had better pass some more of the winter in Paris."

"Now that you are more at rest, I suppose that you open your palace, and enliven the society of Naples: this is necessary, both for your sake and that of the town. You should have a large circle, and not live too quietly."

In a letter, dated Finckenstein, May 4th, 1807, written during the same campaign, and in the interval between the battles of Eylau and Friedland, Napo-

leon, after finding fault with Joseph's disorganization of some of his French regiments, by culling from them the best men to serve in his guard, proceeds as follows :

"I will send you as many French conscripts as you like; but I entreat you to take care of the regiments belonging to the [French] army of Naples, and to keep them in good order. You must resent any chattering or manifestation of discontent. I think that the habit of governing well, with your natural good sense and abilities, will strengthen your character, and render you capable of conducting this vast machine, if it should be your lot to survive me.

"Prince Jerome is doing well; I am very much pleased with him, and am greatly deceived, if there is not stuff in him to make a first-rate man. You may be sure, however, that he has no idea that I think so; for in my letters, I do nothing but find fault with him. He is adored in Silesia. I place him there purposely in a distinct and independent command; because I do not believe in the proverb, that it is necessary to know how to obey, in order to know how to command.

"I am not ill-pleased with Louis; but he is too kind for the dignity of a crown. He does not pay much attention to my advice; nevertheless, I continue to give it to him, and experience will soon teach him that much of what he has been doing was wrong. I blamed the institution of his order, not that I objected to it itself, but it was premature. This remark is also for your benefit; you must feel its force. Wait till you know something of the men who surround you. Louis has also just permitted the Dutch ladies to reassume their titles; they are given to them even by his chamberlains. I was very angry with him. Nor was I satisfied with his quoting to me your example, as if there were anything in common between a kingdom like yours and a republic which has undergone as many trials as France. If you have occasion to write, say something to him about it; for, as all this is supposed to be done by my advice, it has a bad effect in France. As I do not intend to re-establish the old titles in France, I will not have them restored in a country to which I have guaranteed a constitutional government, and whose fortunes have so much resembled those of France."

Not long after the date of this letter, the treaty of Tilsit having been signed, Jerome, who had at length conformed to Napoleon's wishes, in taking a new wife, a princess of the Wirtemberg family, was made king of Westphalia—a new kingdom, erected by Napoleon out of the territory taken from the king of Prussia, and other German princes, and including that part of Northern Germany which lies between the Rhine and the Elbe. His capital was Cassel, where he lived in such a style of luxury as to obtain from his subjects the title of the new Heliogabalus.

It was not till Joseph had been a

year and nine months in Naples, and two or three months after the treaty of Tilsit, that his kingdom was deemed quiet enough to admit of his being joined by his wife. On this subject, Napoleon wrote to her the following letter :

"St. Cloud, Sep. 2, 1807. My sister and sister-in-law, I wish you to start for Naples; the present season is the best. I think, therefore, that you should set out on the 15th of September, so as to reach Milan on the 23d or 24th, and to arrive at Naples during the first ten days in October. As this letter has no other object, I pray God, my sister and sister-in-law, that he may have you in his holy and honorable keeping."

It is amusing to see how, in his traveling orders, issued to Joseph and his wife, Napoleon is as exact and peremptory as if they were two marching regiments.

A letter, written by Napoleon during a visit to his kingdom of Italy, relates to a curious interview of his with Lucien, at this time an exile from the empire, and a resident in the Pope's territories. This interview had been arranged by Joseph, who, at Napoleon's request, had met Lucien at Modena, a few days before, and had strongly urged him, but in vain, to submit to Napoleon's wishes. His sister, Eliza, had also written to him in the preceding June, pressing him strongly on the same point. This letter is not given in the English collection; but we translate a part of it from the fourth volume of the *Memoirs du Roi Joseph*, affording, as it does, a curious exhibition of the light in which Napoleon was regarded by the other members of the family, except Lucien, and of their anxiety lest others, not of the Bonaparte blood, should come in for a share of the good things which Napoleon had to distribute :

"Do you not see, my dear friend, that the only means of putting obstacles in the way of adoptions is, that his majesty should have a family of which he can dispose? In remaining near Napoleon, in accepting a throne from him, you will be useful to him; he will provide husbands for your daughters; and, while he finds in his own family the possibility of executing his projects and his system of policy, which to him is everything, he will not choose among strangers. The master of the world is not to be treated as an equal. Nature made us children of the same father; but his wonderful actions have made us his subjects. Though sovereigns [Eliza herself had lately been appointed duchess of Tuscany], we hold everything from him. I take a noble pride in avowing it; and it appears to me that our only glory ought to be to prove, by our manner of

governing, that we are worthy of him and of our family. Reflect anew, then, on the propositions which have been made to you. Mamma and we all would be so happy to be reunited, and to make but one political family. Dear Lucien, do it for us, who love you, for the people whom my brother will give you to govern, and whom you will make happy."

The letter ends with embraces for Lucien, and for the wife and "amiable family" whom, as a part of that submission to Napoleon's wishes, which this letter was written to urge, Lucien was required to repudiate! Napoleon's letter, which touches on the same subject, was as follows:

"Milan, Dec. 17, 1807. I saw Lucien at Mantua, and had with him a conversation of several hours. He has, no doubt, acquainted you with the sentiments with which he left me. His notions and his expressions are so different from mine, that I can hardly make out what it is that he wants. I think that he told me that he wished to send his eldest daughter to Paris, to live with her grandmother. [Napoleon writes as though Lucien had himself made this proposition; in fact, it was one of the very things which Joseph, in Napoleon's name, had demanded of Lucien.] If he still is thus disposed, I desire to be immediately informed of it. The girl must reach Paris in the course of the month of January, either accompanied by Lucien, or under the charge of a governess, who will take her to Madame. [Bonaparte's mother was known as Madame Mère.] It appeared to me that there was in Lucien's mind a contest between opposite feelings, and that he had not sufficient strength to decide in favor of any one of them. I exhausted all the means in my power to induce him, young as he is, to devote his talents to my service, and to that of his country. If he wishes to let me have his daughter, she must set off without delay, and he must send me a declaration, putting her entirely at my disposal; for there is not a moment to lose: events are hastening on, and my destiny must be accomplished. If he has changed his mind, let me know it immediately, for I shall then make other arrangements.

"Tell Lucien that I was touched by his grief, and by the feelings which he expressed towards me, and that I regret the more that he will not be reasonable, and contribute to his own comfort and to mine."

According to Thiers, in his *History of the Empire*, the interview between the brothers had been very stormy. Napoleon had already seized Portugal, and he wanted to make Lucien king of it. Napoleon made it a condition, however, that he should part with his wife, to whom he offered, by way of indemnity, a title and a great fortune; but Lucien refused to accept a crown on this, or, perhaps, on any conditions. Napoleon also had his eye on Spain, and not having yet made up his mind to seize it absolutely, he wanted to

marry Lucien's daughter by his first wife to prince Ferdinand, the heir of Charles IV., and it was for this purpose that he had demanded her. Lucien did send his daughter to Paris—but this project of providing for her fell through, and some time after he demanded her back. When the seizure of the Papal States, by Napoleon, and their annexation to his kingdom of Italy took place in 1809, Lucien expressed himself very strongly in condemnation of Napoleon's conduct, in consequence of which he received an intimation that he must find a residence elsewhere. He embarked, accordingly, in an American ship for the United States, accompanied by all his family; but was captured by an English cruiser, carried into Malta, and thence removed to England, where he was detained under surveillance, as a prisoner of war, till after Napoleon's first abdication. Probably his voyage to America was regarded with suspicion, in the then existing relations of the United States to France and England, as being in fact a disguised diplomatic mission, intended to aid in drawing on the United States to a war against England.

The affairs of Spain took quite another turn from what Napoleon had anticipated at the date of his last quoted letter. On the 31st of March, 1808, he wrote to inform Joseph of the abdication of Charles IV., of the accession of the prince of Asturias under the title of Ferdinand VII., and of the protest of Charles IV. against these proceedings; and, as a great secret, of his intention to go to Spain, where he already had many troops. On the 15th of April he wrote from Bayonne, acknowledging the receipt of letters from the queen of Naples (Joseph's wife), and from Joseph's two daughters, Zenaide and Charlotte; Joseph's family, it would seem, having only then recently joined him. On the 18th of April he writes:

"Thank Julie [Joseph's wife] and Zenaide for their letters. I will answer them, but at present I am too busy. You must have been very glad to see your children again in such good health: they are interesting to me in several respects. [That is to say, he not only loved them as their uncle, but meant to use them as their emperor.] The prince of Asturias, who calls himself Ferdinand VII., is at a distance of twenty leagues from the frontier, with a large suite. King Charles IV. and his queen are on their way thither. He has protested, and has appealed to my arbitration.

My troops are at Madrid, Barcelona, Figueras, Pampeluna, St. Sebastian, and Burgos: the Spanish army is not formidable. The country is in a state of ferment. The Grand Duke of Berg [Murat] and Marshal Moncey are at Madrid. General Dupont is at Toledo, and Marshal Bessières at Burgos. I have nearly a hundred thousand men here in provisional regiments. They improve every day by exercise and training; *they are all big lads*, twenty years old, and I have reason to be satisfied with them. These corps have not been increased by a single man belonging to my grand army, either in cavalry, infantry, or artillery. Up to the present time, all my army in Spain is at my expense, and costs me enormous sums." "It is not impossible that in the course of five or six days I may write to desire you to repair to Bayonne. [This was the first hint to Joseph that he might have to exchange the Neapolitan for the Spanish crown.] You will leave Marshal Jourdan in command of your army, and appoint whomsoever you like regent of your kingdom. Your wife should remain at Naples. Up to the present time, however, all is still uncertain."

The result was announced on the 11th of May, as follows:

"King Charles, by his treaty with me, surrenders to me all his rights to the crown of Spain. The prince has already renounced his pretended title of king, the abdication of King Charles in his favor having been involuntary. The nation, through the Supreme Council of Castile, asks me for a king; I destine this crown for you. Spain is a very different thing from Naples: it contains eleven millions of inhabitants, and has more than a hundred and fifty millions of revenue, without counting the Indies and the immense revenue to be derived from them. It is, besides, a throne which places you at Madrid, at three days' journey from France. At Madrid, you are in France; Naples is the end of the world. I wish you, therefore, immediately after the receipt of this letter, to appoint whom you please regent, and to come to Bayonne by way of Turin, Mount Cénis, and Lyons. You will receive this letter on the 19th, you will start on the 20th, and you will be here on the 1st of June. Before you go, leave instructions with Marshal Jourdan as to the disposition of your troops, and make arrangements as if you were to be absent only to the 1st of July. Be secret, however; your journey will probably excite only too much suspicion; but you will say that you are going to the north of Italy, to confer with me on important matters."

The obsequious and accommodating Joseph, finding his position at Naples by no means agreeable, and hoping to renew at Madrid, under more favorable auspices, his dream of being a good and popular king, hastened to obey this peremptory summons. But he speedily found that he had only jumped from the frying-pan into the fire. The Spanish people rose in insurrection against him, and within nine days after he entered Spain, while on his way to

Madrid, he wrote to Napoleon, still at Bayonne, the following piteous letter:

"July 18th, 1808.—Sire—It appears to me that no one has told your majesty the whole truth. I will not conceal it. Our undertaking is a very great one; to get out of it with honor, requires vast means. I do not see double from fear. When I left Naples I saw the risks before me, and I now say to myself every day, 'My life is nothing, I give it to you.' But if I am to live without the shame of failure, I must be supplied largely with men and money. Then the kindness of my nature may make me popular. Now, while all is doubtful, kindness looks like timidity, and I try to conceal mine. To get quickly through this task, so hateful to a sovereign, to prevent further insurrections, to have less blood to shed, and fewer tears to dry, enormous force must be employed. Whatever be the result in Spain, its king must lament; for, if he conquers, it will be by force; but as the die is cast, the struggle should be cut short. My position does not frighten me; but it is one in which a king never was before."

It was in vain that Napoleon insisted that Joseph had a great many partisans in Spain—"all the honest people, but they fear to come forward."

"The honest people," wrote Joseph from Madrid (July 24th), "are as little on my side as the rogues are. No, Sire, you are deceived. Your glory will be shipwrecked in Spain. My tomb will be a monument of your want of power to support me; for no one will suspect you of want of will. This will happen, for I am resolved under no circumstances to recross the Ebro."

"Yet, fifty thousand good troops and fifty millions, sent before the end of three months, might set things right. The recall of five or six of your generals; sending hither Jourdan and Maurice Mathieu, who are honest men; on your part, absolute confidence in me; on my part, absolute power over the officers who misconduct themselves—the union of all this alone can save the country and the army."

Napoleon was willing enough to furnish men and money; but to give up the entire management of the matter to Joseph was the very last thing in his thoughts or intentions. Joseph had asked for a censure on Caulaincourt, because, in cold blood, he had arranged the pillage of the churches and houses of Cuenza, which had operated, as he alleged, to increase the general exasperation. Napoleon's reply was (July 31):

"Caulaincourt did what was perfectly right at Cuenza. The city was pillaged: this is one of the rights of war, since it was captured while the defendants were still in arms."

Joseph had actually fled from Madrid (on the 24th of July), after only eight days' residence there, retiring to the left bank of the Ebro, in spite of his heroic protestations against ever recrossing

that river. Napoleon, evidently afraid that his gentle-minded brother would break down, and anticipating what had happened, though he was not yet informed of it, wrote from Bordeaux (Aug. 1st):

"Whatever reverses fortune may have in store for you, do not be uneasy; in a short time you will have more than a hundred thousand men. All is in motion; but it must have time. You will reign; you will have conquered your subjects, in order to become their father. The best kings have passed through this school. [The allusion was, probably, to Henry IV.] My orders were given more than three weeks ago. Health to you and happiness; that is to say, strength of mind."

And again, Aug. 3d:

"Tell me that you are well, and in good spirits, and are becoming accustomed to the soldier's trade. You have a fine opportunity to study it. I have written to tell the queen [Joseph's wife] to go to Paris."

It had, indeed, become evident that neither the boy conscripts, of whom the French armies in Spain were chiefly made up, nor yet the generals who commanded them, were sufficient for the existing emergency. Napoleon resolved to go thither himself, at the head of the grand army. But that army had to be brought from Germany; and, to secure himself in that quarter against an attack by Russia, Napoleon was obliged to yield up to the Czar, by a new negotiation, Finland, and the unlimited privilege of acquiring territory from Turkey—thus largely contributing to an aggrandizement of Russia, which it has lately cost so much blood and money to curtail within safe and reasonable limits. Previous to setting out for the Congress of Erfurth with the Emperor of Russia, in which these matters were arranged, Napoleon wrote very detailed letters for the management of his armies in Spain, with sharp criticisms on the mistakes committed there by Joseph and the marshals. His method of replying to the complaints and remonstrances of Joseph, who already despaired of the Spanish crown, and begged to be allowed to return to Naples—which, however, Napoleon presently bestowed on his brother-in-law, Murat—may be judged of from the following letter:

"St. Cloud, Sept. 17, 1808. My brother,—I shall not answer your last letter, in which you appear to me to be out of humor. I have observed this rule with you for a long time past. You have too much sense not to be aware that this is the only course open to me,

when you write in such terms. Nor shall I ever discuss the past with you, unless you ask me to do so for your particular benefit, and to serve you as a rule for the future. As long as you are convinced that everything has been done by you in the best possible way, I ought to leave you in this belief and not tease you, since the past can never be remedied."

It is to be observed, however, that, though Napoleon laid down this judicious rule, he did by no means adhere to it very strictly, and that poor Joseph was obliged to listen to a good many pretty unpalatable comments, similar to those we have already given in the case of Naples, on his conduct of Spanish affairs, both civil and military.

At length, on November 3rd, 1808, Napoleon himself entered Spain. He found things in a very bad way for the French, Junot's army of Portugal having capitulated to the English, and Dupont's to the Spaniards; but in the course of six or seven weeks that he remained in Spain, he succeeded in dispersing most of the Spanish insurgent armies, in driving away the English under Sir John Moore, and in re-establishing Joseph at Madrid. As to his first proceedings in that city, Napoleon wrote to him as follows:—

"Valladolid, Jan. 12th, 1809. You must hang at Madrid a score of the worst characters. To-morrow I intend to have hanged here seven, notorious for their excoases. *They have been secretly denounced to me by respectable persons, whom their existence disturbed, and who will recover their spirits when they are got rid of.* If Madrid is not delivered of at least one hundred of these fire-brands, you will be able to do nothing. Out of this hundred hang or shoot twelve or fifteen, and send the rest to France to the galleys. I had no peace in France, I could not restore confidence to the respectable portion of the community, until I had arrested two hundred fire-brand assassins of September, and sent them to the colonies. From that time the spirit of the capital changed, as if by the waving of a wand."

The act which Napoleon thus stimulated Joseph to imitate was one of his own worse crimes. He had taken advantage of the excitement produced in Paris, by the explosion of the infernal machine, near the end of the year 1800, by which it was attempted to kill him while on his way to the opera, to arrest and, without trial, to transport to the deadly shores of Cayenne, by a mere act of tyrannical power, a hundred and sixty of the leaders of the republican party. The only fault of many of these victims was, having been members of the National Convention, or of the Commune of Paris, and being reputed still

to entertain their original democratic opinions, while there was not one of them who was proved, or even really suspected of having had anything to do with the infernal machine. Indeed, that attempt upon Napoleon's life was shortly after distinctly fixed upon certain partisans of the Bourbons, who were duly punished; notwithstanding which the republican exiles were left to perish in the swamps of Cayenne. The Rev. John C. S. Abbott, according to his characteristic method of whitewashing his hero, informs us, in his so-called *Life of Napoleon*, that "the decree was passed; but Napoleon, strong in popularity, became so convinced of the powerlessness and insignificance of those Jacobins, that the decree was never enforced against them. *They remained in France*, but they were conscious that the eye of the police was upon them." Napoleon himself says, on the other hand, that they were sent to the colonies, and boasts of it as a great act of political wisdom, which Joseph ought to imitate—and as to this matter we are induced to regard Napoleon, though at times quite a match at telling a story for the Rev. John C. S. Abbott himself, as, on the whole, the better authority.

Three days after, Napoleon, by a natural transition from murder to robbery, wrote as follows:

"Denon is anxious for some pictures; I wish you to seize all that you can find in the confiscated houses and suppressed convents, and to make me a present of fifty chefs d'œuvre, which I want for the museum in Paris. At some future time I will give you others in their places. Consult Denon for this purpose. You are aware that I want only what is really good, and it is supposed that you are richly provided."

Soon after Napoleon's return to Paris, he wrote (Jan. 28th, 1809):

"The suppression of your apanage was part of a general measure; remarks were made about it, and I did not choose it to appear in the accounts, but you need not be in the least uneasy."

This referred to a pension of 1,500,000 francs, which Joseph enjoyed as a French prince. The suppression of it "in the accounts" affords a curious instance of Napoleon's susceptibility to public opinion. It continued, however, to be paid in fact, and constituted the fund upon which Joseph's wife and daughters lived in Paris, the condition of Spain, so long as Joseph remained in it, never

being settled enough to allow his family to join him at Madrid.

The following letter of Joseph's, written about a month after his re-entry into Madrid, exhibits but a painful picture of the position in which he found himself there:

"Feb. 19th, 1809. Sire,—It grieves me to infer from your letter of the 6th of February, that, with respect to the affairs at Madrid, you listen to persons who are interested in deceiving you. [Napoleon had written, "I am sorry that you are changing the system of government at Madrid, and becoming too indulgent."] I have not your entire confidence, and yet without it my position is not tenable. I shall not repeat all that I have frequently written on the state of the finances. I devote to business all my faculties, from seven in the morning till eleven at night. I have not a farthing to give to anybody. I am in the fourth year of my reign [that is, since he had first been made king of Naples], and my guards are still wearing the same coats which I gave them four years ago. All complaints are addressed to me; all prejudices are opposed to me. I have no real power beyond Madrid, and even at Madrid I am every day counteracted by people who grieve that things are not managed according to their own system. They accuse me of being too mild; they would become infamous if I were more severe, and left them to the judgment of the tribunals.

"You thought proper to sequester the property of ten families; more than twice that number have been thus treated. Officers are in possession of every habitable house; two thousand servants belonging to the sequestered families have been turned into the streets. All beg; the boldest try to rob and to assassinate my officers. All those who, with me, sacrificed their position in the kingdom of Naples, are still billeted on the inhabitants. Without any capital, without any revenue, without any money, what am I to do? This picture, dark as it is, is not exaggerated. I am not dismayed; I shall surmount these difficulties. Heaven has given to me qualities which will enable me to triumph over obstacles and enemies; but what Heaven has not given me, is a temper capable of bearing the opposition and the insults of those who ought to serve me, and, above all, a temper capable of enduring the displeasure of one whom I have too much loved to be able ever to hate him.

"If, then, sire, my whole life does not entitle me to your perfect confidence, if you think it necessary to surround me by poor creatures who make me blush for myself, if I must be insulted even in my own capital, if I am denied the right of naming the governors and commanders who are always before me, and make me contemptible to the Spaniards, and powerless to do good; if, instead of judging me by results, you put me on my trial in every detail—under such circumstances, sire, I have no alternative. I am king of Spain only through the force of your arms—I might be so through the love of the Spanish people; but, for that purpose, I must govern them in my own way. I have often heard you say, every animal has its instinct and ought to follow it. I will be such a king as the brother and friend of your majesty ought to

be, or I will return to Mortefontaine [Joseph's country seat near Paris], where I ask for no happiness but to live without humiliation, and to die with a good conscience.

"Only a fool remains long in a false position. In forty years of life I have learnt only what I knew almost at the beginning: that all is vanity except a good conscience and self-esteem.

"A Spaniard has let me know that he has been ordered to give to Marshal Duroc, day by day, an exact account of all that I do. I am complained of for having allowed five councillors of Castile to return while fifteen more were free. [Napoleon had written, "It is a pity that when the members of the council of Castile were arrested, they were not permitted to come to France. A residence of two or three years in France would have changed their ideas, and they might have been turned into useful citizens."] Why did I do so? Because advantage had been taken of their absence to pillage their houses. Sire, my misery is as much as I can bear; what I deserve and what I expect from you is, consolation and encouragement; without them the burden becomes intolerable. I must slip from under it before it crushes me.

"If there is a man on earth whom you esteem and love more than you do me, I ought not to be king of Spain, and my happiness requires me to cease to be so. I write to you my whole thoughts, for I will not deceive you or myself.

"I do not choose to have an advocate with you; as soon as that becomes necessary I retire. During your whole life I shall be your best, perhaps your only friend. I will not remain king of Spain unless you can think this of me. Many illusions have left me; I cling a little to that of your friendship; necessary as it is to my happiness, I ought not to continue to risk losing it by playing the part of a dupe."

To this letter, so full of vexation and dissatisfaction, Napoleon replied thus coolly and briefly:

"Paris, Feb. 27, 1809. My brother—I have received your letter of the 17th of February, in answer to my letter No. 2 (that of Feb. 6), of which you think that you have a right to complain, as well as of the advice given to the commander-in-chief of my armies in Spain. [The letter of Feb. 6 had contained some criticisms on late military movements.] My letter does not justify or even account for many passages in yours. I think that if you were to read it over again calmly you would share my opinion. I earnestly hope that events may not oblige you some day to acknowledge that there were many things in my letter requiring consideration."

It was not merely of the contents of the letter of the 6th of Feb., but of many other things, that Joseph complained—of being, under the name of a king, but a mere puppet without authority or money, thwarted and disobeyed by those nominally under him, but really set over him, and, in fact, of being himself placed as it were under surveillance. To these points Napoleon

made no answer, nor as to these matters did Joseph get any redress.

Indisposed to submit any longer to the freedom of remonstrance which his brother had at last taken on himself to indulge in, Napoleon declined any further direct correspondence with him on Spanish affairs. Not that those affairs did not occupy a great share of his attention, and draw from him very minute directions; but these are from this time in the shape not of confidential letters to Joseph, but of orders and letters addressed to Clarke and Berthier, giving directions as to letters which were to be written in his name to Joseph, or more frequently to the commanding generals.

While Napoleon was engaged, in the spring and summer of 1809, in the campaign against Austria, which, after the battles of Aspern and Wagram, resulted in the treaty of Schönbrunn, events occurred in Spain which rendered the position of Joseph still more painful, precarious, and dependent. Sir Arthur Wellesley [the future duke of Wellington] had landed in Portugal, had renewed the Portuguese insurrection, had surprised Marshal Soult at Oporto, had driven him from Portugal, and advancing into Spain had defeated Marshal Jourdan in the battle of Talavera, which was fought on the 28th of July, about three weeks after Napoleon's victory at Wagram. Henceforth the Spanish insurrection revived, and, with the progress of military events, Joseph became more and more a cipher.

Of a complimentary letter on his birthday, Napoleon wrote the following brief acknowledgment:

"Schönbrunn, Sept. 2d, 1809. My brother—I have received the letter which you wrote to me on my birthday; I thank you for all your good wishes."

Of the divorce from Josephine—the carrying out in his own person of what he had exacted from Jerome, and had tried to exact from Lucien—the only notice in this correspondence is the following letter, dated two days after Napoleon and Josephine had announced their divorce to the imperial family.

"Trianon, Dec. 17th. Monsieur mon frère—I send your majesty the 'Moniteur,' which will inform your majesty of the step that I have thought proper to take."

To Napoleon's marriage to the new empress, which took place on the 1st of

April following, there is no allusion in this correspondence.

By a decree of Napoleon's, of the 8th of February, 1810, Catalonia, Aragon, Navarre, Biscay, Burgos, and Valladolid, with Placencia and Toros—thus including the whole north of Spain, all of it, indeed, except the district round Madrid, of which the French had possession—were created into as many governments, under the absolute control, civil as well as military, of six French generals who corresponded directly with Napoleon, and were virtually independent of Joseph.

In Napoleon's letter to Berthier, directing this decree to be communicated to Joseph, he says:

"I intend the administration of the conquered provinces to be in future in the hands of the military commandants, in order that all their resources may be applied to the maintenance of the army. In future I shall be able to send only two millions a month to pay the troops which surround Madrid, and which form the nucleus of the army."

Soult, the commander of that army, had on foot an expedition against Andalusia, with the view of besieging and taking Cadiz, while Massena, placed soon after at the head of the army of Portugal, gradually drove back Wellington, and finally compelled him to retire behind the famous lines of Torres Vedras, near Lisbon.

Of the orders given to these independent commanders, the following letter from Berthier to Suchet, who commanded in Aragon, may serve as a specimen. Some care is taken to avoid touching Joseph's pride unnecessarily, but the orders are peremptory.

"Rambouillet, Feb. 22d, 1810. The emperor wishes that Aragon, which is placed in a state of siege, should communicate as little as possible with Madrid. Placing this province in a state of siege gives you absolute authority, and it is your duty to apply all its resources to the pay, the food, and the clothing of your army. If the king [Joseph], as commander-in-chief of the armies of Spain, should give you any orders affecting your administration, then and then only you will declare, that, as Aragon has been placed in a state of siege, your army receives its orders only from the emperor. You must feel, M. le Comte, that this declaration is to be made only in the case of absolute necessity; his majesty relies on your prudence, on your devotion to his person, and on your attachment to the French empire. This communication, M. le Comte, is between you and me alone."

These flimsy and transparent precautions could not, however, prevent the sensitive Joseph from understanding
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his position; and he thus expressed himself on the subject, in a letter to his wife, who remained at Paris with their two daughters. In a former letter to Napoleon he had scorned the idea of having an advocate with him; but since his direct business correspondence with his brother was interrupted, he appears to have employed in that character Julie, always a favorite with Napoleon.

"Cordova, April 12th, 1810. Ma chere amie—M. Deslandes will explain to you my position, and will tell you how necessary it is that it should end, and that I should know what are the real feelings of the emperor towards me. As far as I can judge from the facts, they are unfavorable, and yet I cannot account for them. What does he want with Spain and with me? Let him once announce to me his will, and I should no longer be placed between what I appear to be and what I really am, in a country in which unresisting provinces are given up to the discretion of the generals, who tax them as they like, and are ordered not to attend to me. If the emperor wishes to disgust me with Spain, I wish for nothing but to retire immediately. I am satisfied with having twice tried the experiment of being a king, I do not wish to continue it. I wish either to buy an estate in France far from Paris and to live there quietly, or to be treated as a king and a brother.

"If the emperor has been irritated against me by mischief-makers, by the persons who calumniated me to the Spanish people (and thus, indeed, did me good when I became known), and if you cannot make him see the truth, I repeat that I must retire. I beg you, therefore, to prepare for me the means of living independently in retirement and of being just to those who serve me well. I embrace you and Zenaide and Charlotte."

It does not appear that Julie was able to obtain any explanations; while the letters that follow from Napoleon, concerning the orders to be sent to Spain, abound with sharp censures upon Joseph for presuming to intermeddle with the disposal of the British goods seized and confiscated in Andalusia, which Napoleon required to go exclusively to the pay of his soldiers; for persisting in the policy which he had adopted at Naples, of enlisting native regiments; for paying civilians in preference to soldiers; and for not levying contributions on Seville, Malaga, and "all those fine countries," for the pay of the army employed in the siege of Cadiz, which had fallen nine months in arrear. To pay this army, Napoleon sent on three millions under a special escort, with express orders to carry it untouched to its destination; no money to be subtracted from it, not even at Madrid.

The rumors which reached Joseph that Soult was to be appointed to a

command in Andalusia, similar to that enjoyed by the independent commanders of the north, drew from him a letter to Napoleon, dated Madrid, Aug. 9th, 1810, in which he talked about requesting to be allowed to join his family, from which he had been separated for six years, and to find in obscurity and domestic affections a peace of which the throne had robbed him.

"If your majesty deprives me of the command of the army of Andalusia, and devotes the revenues of the province exclusively to the army, I have nothing to do but to throw up the game; in so doing I should be scarcely a free agent. In the present state of affairs in Spain, the commander-in-chief in a province is its king. All its resources become inadequate, because what are called the wants of the army are indefinite, and the general increases them as he sees the means of supplying them. Thus the provinces, commanded by generals who are not under my orders, are nothing to me. In Andalusia I hoped to find a few resources, after having assigned to the army what was supposed to be sufficient, if your majesty continues to send two millions every month. But to give the command of the troops to a general who does not recognize my authority, is to give him the administration and government of the country. It is to take from me the only province in which I could hope to live; it is to confine me to Madrid, which gives me only eight hundred thousand francs per month, while my indispensable expenses exceed four millions per month. I am here surrounded by the ruins of a great nation. I have a guard, I have dépôts, I have hospitals, a garrison, a household, a ministry, a privy council, refugees from the other provinces, etc., etc. Even if my honor, if the sentiment of what is due to me, allowed me to maintain so humiliating a position, this state of things could not last two months. For, in fact, if the army of Andalusia is taken from me, what shall I be? The porter of the hospitals of Madrid and of the dépôts of the army, and the jailor of the prisoners.

"Sire, I am your brother. You presented me to Spain as a second self. I feel the exaggeration of this praise as respects my talents, but I shall not fall below it as respects the faithfulness of my character, the magnanimity of my feelings, and the tenderness of my love for my brother.

"I always hoped that your majesty would come to Spain. [There are several indications in these letters that Napoleon had really intended to do so; but he was now fully engaged in enforcing his famous continental system; and, seeing how matters were going on in the Peninsula, he preferred advising and criticising the marshals from a distance, to again taking the command in person. The Spaniards were a sort of enemy he was not accustomed to, and did not like. They did not know when they were beat.] With this expectation I bore up against everything; but this hope recedes, and circumstances press on me."

Joseph then proceeds to express his opinion that the only way to serve Spain, was to give everything up to his

control, and to anticipate most disastrous consequences, should he withdraw. The letter closes as follows:

"I implore your majesty to see in this letter only what I have endeavored to put into it—the simple truth, dictated by the fraternal friendship which attached me to you in your cradle, and, whatever may happen, will accompany me to my tomb. Can the emotion which I feel at this instant, and which interrupts my writing, be caused by personal feeling or by selfish regret? No, sire, it is not so. I weep over the weakness of human nature; over the dispersion of a family once so united; over the change in the heart of my brother; over the gradual diminution of an immense glory, which would have been better preserved by generosity and heroism, than by any extension of power.

"Sire, if the conclusion of my letter does not recall to you the tender and valued friend of your infancy; if it does not tell you that I am to you what no other man can be, I have nothing to do but retire."

No doubt Joseph intended this fraternal pathos to be quite overwhelming, and, no doubt, he sealed up and dispatched his letter in the full conviction that it would be so. But Napoleon, who took no notice of this letter, knew his brother Joseph perfectly well.

"He often took leave, but was loth to depart."

The younger brother, Louis, unwilling longer to be made the tool of Napoleon's cruelties in forcing the continental system on the unfortunate people of Holland, had resigned his crown and retired to private life. Joseph, for aught that appears, might readily have done the same if he would; but though he talked perpetually about resigning, it was all for effect; and for three years longer, amid increased mortifications and constant forebodings of what was to happen, he clung convulsively to his nominal sovereignty, till he was fairly pushed out of Spain at the point of the English bayonets. In spite of his remonstrances, Andalusia passed under the authority of Soult, but Joseph was consoled by being placed at the head of a new army of the centre, of which the headquarters was to be at Madrid, to be kept in readiness as a reserve to extend succor to such points as might need it most. For this army of the centre, Napoleon appointed as chief of the staff, General Belliard, who had held hitherto, also, by Napoleon's appointment, the place of governor of Madrid. Joseph hastened to take advantage of his new appointment, to supersede him in his old office, to which he appointed General Blaniac of his

own Spanish army—a body of troops for which Napoleon, on all occasions, expressed as much contempt and distrust as he had been accustomed to do for Joseph's Neapolitan army. But this attempt of Joseph, to select his own governor of Madrid, only subjected him to a new mortification, since it drew from Napoleon the following letter addressed to Berthier, then minister of war :

"Paris, Jan. 17th, 1811. My cousin: Let the king of Spain know, that having giving the government of Madrid to General Belliard, who has continued to serve me well, I do not choose that it should be taken from him, nor, above all, that it should be given to an officer who is not in the service of France; that if it be true that the king has deprived General Belliard of the government of Madrid, he must restore it to him without delay; that this is my formal order; that, generally speaking, I do not intend any French troops to be under the command of officers in the Spanish service."

Joseph's obsequiousness, in spite of occasional remonstrances, to every wish of his brother, was soon after rewarded by the following gracious epistles :

"Paris, March 20th, 1811. Monsieur mon frère: I hasten to announce to your majesty that the empress, my dear wife, has just been safely delivered of a prince, who, at his birth, received the title of king of Rome; your majesty's constant affection towards me, convinces me that you will share in the satisfaction which I feel at an event of such importance to my family, and to the welfare of my subjects.

"This conviction is very agreeable to me. Your majesty is aware of my attachments, and cannot doubt the pleasure with which I seize this opportunity of repeating the assurances of the sincere esteem and friendship with which I am, etc., etc."

"March 20th, 1811. [This letter commences with some details as to the birth of the child which the English editor is too modest to translate, but which the French editor gives as affording a proof of the friendly intimacy between the brothers.] This evening, at eight o'clock, the child is to be privately baptized. As I do not intend the public christening to take place for the next six weeks, I shall entrust General DeFrance, my equerry, who will be the bearer of this letter, with another, in which I shall ask you to stand godfather to your nephew."

Joseph, accordingly, visited Paris on the occasion of the christening, where—if we are to believe a statement of Napoleon's, to be presently quoted—his brother was anxious to have him remain. Joseph is represented in his memoirs as having been induced to go back by promises of money and of an extension of his military authority, neither of which promises was kept. However, when

Napoleon, a year afterwards, was about setting out on his fatal campaign against Russia, from the necessity of having some head to the operations in Spain, he restored, on the 15th of March, 1812, the command in chief to Joseph, with whom, as well as with the French minister of war, the commanding generals were directed to correspond, and who was required to take into his military councils Marshal Jourdan, in retirement since the defeat of Talavera, but now appointed chief of the staff. The marshals, however, were little disposed to give up their independent authority; and as Napoleon, far advanced into Russia, was preparing for the battle of Borodino, news reached him of a defeat at Salamanca, on the 23d of July, 1812, which he ascribed to a spirit of insubordination on the part of Marmont, who had succeeded to Massena's command. Marmont had been obliged to retire before Wellington, now again advancing from Portugal, but instead of waiting to be joined by Joseph, who was marching with the army of the centre to his assistance, and anxious to engross to himself the glory of beating the English—at least, such was the construction which Napoleon put on his conduct—he gave battle and suffered a defeat, of which the consequences were very disastrous. Soult was obliged to abandon the siege of Cadiz, and to withdraw his army from the south of Spain, while Joseph, driven from Madrid, retired to Valencia, then recently taken and held by Suchet, to whom Napoleon had confided the command of the three eastern provinces of Valencia, Aragon, and Catalonia.

Again Joseph came to the conclusion that his kingdom of Spain was a hopeless affair, and that he ought to retire; but, instead of doing so, he dispatched an aide-de-camp to Napoleon, with apologies for himself in relation to the battle of Salamanca and the subsequent events, and with a complaint against Soult, who, it seems, had written a letter, which somehow had fallen into Joseph's hands, expressing suspicions that Joseph was betraying the French cause in the hope of pleasing the Spaniards, getting rid of the French, and retaining his throne with the consent of the English. Joseph, on the other hand, charged Soult with treasonable projects, and insisted on his removal.

The aide-de-camp, sent on this mis-

sion, reached Moscow on the 18th of October, just as Napoleon was commencing his disastrous retreat, and in a very curious letter, written from Paris on the 3d of January, 1813, and published in this collection, he gives an account of his interview with Napoleon, and of the subsequent ruin of the grand army, of which he was an eye-witness. As to Soult's suspicions, and what Napoleon said on that subject, the aide-de-camp writes as follows :

"The emperor then proceeded to the duke of Dalmatia's [Soult's] letter ; he told me that it had already reached him through another channel, but that he had attached no importance to it ; that Marshal Soult was in error, that he (Napoleon) could not attend to such trifles while he was at the head of half a million of men, and engaged in enormous undertakings—these were his expressions ; that, however, the duke of Dalmatia's suspicions did not much surprise him ; that they are shared by many generals belonging to the army of Spain, who think that your majesty prefers Spain to France ; that he was convinced that you had a French heart, but that those who judged you by your public speeches might think otherwise. He added, that Marshal Soult's was the only military head in Spain ; that he could not withdraw him without endangering the army ; that, on the other hand, he was perfectly easy as to Marshal Soult's intentions, as he had just learned, from the English newspapers, that the marshal was evacuating Andalusia and joining the armies of the centre and of Aragon ; that this junction will make them strong enough to take up the offensive ; that he had no orders to send ; that it was impossible to give orders from such a distance ; that he did not disguise from himself the extent of the evil ; and that he more than ever regretted that your majesty had not followed his advice not to return to Spain."

Joseph, as we have seen, had been in Paris in the spring of 1811, to attend the christening of the King of Rome, and it was, doubtless, then that this advice was given, from which it seems clear that Joseph had nobody to blame but himself and his own hankering after royalty, for having continued, at least after that period, mixed up with Spanish affairs.

Thus driven from his capital, and reduced to follow the retreating French army, Joseph continued for near a year longer to squabble with the marshals, and to call himself King of Spain. But every day the French became more and more restricted to a narrower line of operations, and even the communications with France were greatly interrupted. Napoleon, whose grand army had perished in the retreat from Moscow, and who had drawn down an avalanche on himself, was no longer able to afford any assistance. The battle of Vittoria, fought on the 20th of June, 1813, in which Joseph's carriage was taken, he himself escaping with difficulty, drove him and the French army out of Spain. A letter to his wife, dated Yrursun, June 23d, 1813, after a short account of that battle, concludes as follows :

"If the emperor has returned, tell him, as soon as I have placed my army on the frontier, and united it to those of the north and of Aragon, I shall repair to Mortefontaine, as I told you at the time that I ought to have done after Salamanca. Let me have the emperor's answer. Whatever it be, I shall go home. I can do no good here. Tell Clary [the banker, his wife's brother] to transmit, through James and Brocq, a hundred thousand francs to my secretary, M. Presle. Among the killed were M. Thibaud, defending my treasure, and poor Alphonse, whom I loved though I scolded him. [Alphonse was wounded and taken prisoner. He afterwards joined Joseph in America.] Send me back the courier. I shall not stop at Paris, but at Mortefontaine, whether you are there or at a watering-place. Kisses to you and to the children."

This time, being no longer able to help himself, Joseph carried out his threats of retirement. Here ended his unlucky experiments of royalty ; and here, too, we must end for the present, reserving, for a concluding article, the history of Napoleon's family relations as developed in the closing part of this correspondence, which, in many points of view, relating as it does to the period of Napoleon's downfall, is the most interesting portion of it.

ANNIE AT THE CORNER:

THE HISTORY OF A HEART.

I.

FROM A WINDOW.

I AM not a married man, and I do not think that all my lady acquaintances are angels; consequently, I am a miserable old bachelor.

There is absolutely no doubt upon the subject, I am informed by my friends; and so, because I think that something more than the want of wings distinguishes the fair from the other class, and because I spend my life in a suit of apartments, undisturbed by the musical laughter of children—for these reasons, as I have said, I am a crusty, musty, miserable old unmarried misanthrope.

I have been substantially notified of the fact more than once, by Miss Tabitha Ringgold, who lives in the handsome house opposite; and though I am charitable, my friend, I should not be surprised if that fair lady were, at the present moment, directing her private spy-glass into my chamber from behind her white curtain, a corner of which is, I perceive, slightly raised: I would not be at all surprised if Miss Tabitha were there, looking through the open window here, and lamenting the failure of science to discover ear-trumpets, such as might be used to catch a distant conversation.

Miss Tabitha often arranges herself in her best finery, and leans from the window, with nods and smiles, and silent invitations to come in, when I chance to pass. I do not accept these invitations often, as you will understand, if you listen further; but sometimes I do go over, and take a hand at whist in the small parlor; in consequence of which, I am considered, I believe, an admirer of Miss Tabitha, and more than once my cynical and discourteous bachelor companions have gone so far as to declare, that Miss Tabitha has long been engaged in the pleasing occupation of setting her maiden cap at me and my six per cents. Of course I do not give any credit to these scandalous jests and rumors, and I invariably reprove Bob when he gives utterance to them. There is, of course, no truth in the charge, and I'm glad of it. I regret to say that, even if there were not

other objections, I would not solicit the honor of a matrimonial alliance with Miss Tabitha—my affections being engaged.

Ah! do you start a little? Do you look at me with astonishment, and ask, with your eloquent eyes, if I am not uttering a pleasant jest? I engaged—you seem to say with a change of the pronoun—I, the incorrigible old bachelor, the woman-hater, the misanthrope, the miserable, disagreeable, outrageous, old curmudgeon! My affections engaged, when the utmost inquisition of feminine curiosity eternally on the watch, has never discovered the least loop to hang a report upon? Well, my dear friend, perhaps there is some ground for surprise, and your astonishment is not singular. My engagement is certainly not exactly what the world would call binding—and yet it binds me. Such things must frequently result in a matrimonial alliance between the man and the woman—at least sometimes: now, my engagement will not probably have any such termination. Gossips talk about Corydon, when he goes constantly to visit Chloe, in glossy patent leathers, a flowery waistcoat, hair elegantly curled, and a perfumed handkerchief gently waved in a diamond-decorated hand. They talk a great deal about that young man, and the talk rises into a hubbub, when the watchful eyes perceive the youth finally emerging from the mansion of his love, with beaming eyes, and nose raised high aloft with triumph, while Chloe sends a golden smile toward him as he goes, from behind the curtain of the drawing-room. The gossips, I say, talk about Corydon's engagement for a month thereafter; but the most inveterate and ferocious tattle never occupies itself with my little affair.

I never speak of it, and the object of my affections preserves silence, too; and not even Miss Tabitha suspects our little arrangement. If I tell you all about it now, good friend of many years, I do so, because 'tis scarcely loyal to our friendship to have aught of reserve; but, above all, because my burden of thought and feeling cries aloud for utterance.

I linger on the threshold—let me lin-

ger a moment longer yet, and ask you, if I have never seemed eccentric to you? Often in passing to your counting-house, you send me a friendly nod as I lean from my window in the sunshine; and, doubtless, you go on to your arduous toils, thinking what a happy fellow I am to afford to be idle, when you and your whole establishment will all day be struggling to balance the books of the firm. You honestly consider me idle at such moments: my friend, I am never busier. You think me solitary: I am surrounded by companions. The street may be wholly deserted; the public square yonder may not tempt a single child to enjoy its green sward and shadow—Miss Tabitha even may be busy at her invisible toilet, and her window deserted—yet I am not alone.

When the real figures of actual, living personages appear, however, they do not, by any means, disturb my reverie. I am not at war with my kind, but often find in the forms of men, women, and children what pleases me, and heightens the zest of my recollections.

I lean upon the sill of my window, and, thrumming idly with my fingers, scan the different wayfarers with smiling attention. I see my friend Dives with his jingling watch-seals, his creaking boots, his spotless shirt bosom, and his dignified look, go by to his warehouse, saluted respectfully by the heads of our two "first families"—the Scribes and Pharisees—who sometimes invite me to their palaces up town. And, as Dives disappears like a moving bank round the corner, I perceive Lazarus, with his maimed limbs, swinging himself by, on his hands, inserted in wooden gloves—the shadow of his low figure mingling with that of Dives. Of course I do not know Lazarus, as I move in good society: yet I am glad to see him with his cheerful smile on his pale, thin face; and when he passes on this side of the street, I sometimes drop slyly a piece of money into his bosom, and laugh to myself, as I draw back, fancying his puzzled expression. I related this incident at dinner, the other day, to my friend Dives and his guests; but he raised the question, whether such things were advisable, the public charities being amply sufficient for meritorious sufferers; while individual relief encouraged pauperism and idleness.

"But, my dear Dives," I said with a smile, "suppose the coin which I dropped bought some small articles for the children of Lazarus, and so gave them pleasure far greater than any I could have enjoyed by spending the money?"

"The principle in the thing," replied my friend, sipping his claret and shaking his head, "the principle is bad. As members of society, we are bound to observe the laws of society; and as, in a state of society, we must be governed by the rules and regulations of that society, so I think, as a member of that society, you were rather bound to have this individual sent to prison, as a vagrant on society, than to encourage him in what must eventually render it necessary to make an example of him for the good of society."

Those were the words of Dives; and, as my friend the Reverend A. Caiphas asked me at the moment to take wine, the discussion was not resumed. I am obstinate, nevertheless, and shall probably continue to outrage the rules and regulations of "society," if the whim seizes me, when Lazarus passes beneath my window.

I am running on pretty much at random, and shall not, at this rate, get to my story. But I take so much interest in my window observations, that I am led to weary you with them. A word more, and I shall get regularly to my narrative.

Besides Dives and Lazarus, I see many other figures pass on the street. I see Strephon go by in the tightest boots, the finest kid gloves, and the glossiest hat, escorting Miss Admira, the daughter of old Two-per-cent; and I stand, or rather lean, in silent admiration of her gorgeous appearance, as she sails by, rustling in silks and satins, with a bird of paradise upon her bonnet. She has chosen to walk on account of the sunshine, and the great carriage, with its liveried driver and footman, rolls by, unoccupied. It is a pity that the poor girl yonder slinking round the corner, and looking so faint and weak, cannot ride a little in it; and I fancy Strephon might procure this favor for her, as the weak girl exchanges a look with him, which seems to indicate acquaintance. The three figures pass on, and disappear; but somehow, the look of the pale, weak girl dwells in my memory, and haunts me. Well, I weary you, good friend, and another

word ends my window pictures. In addition to the figures I have mentioned, my observant eyes descry the merry forms of children dancing over the velvet sward of the public square—rolling their hoops, playing by the fountain, and shouting at their play. Their sweet faces please me; and the bright eyes seem to make the day more brilliant, the deep blue sky of a softer azure. It is only in the afternoon that I see them, for in the morning they are at school.

One of them wears a blue dress, and a white chip hat, secured beneath her chin by a pink ribbon—and, thus accoutred, she passes, every morning, to school, directly opposite my window.

As I gaze, with my shoulders drooping, my fingers inveterately thrumming, my eyes half-closed, and my lips wreathed with smiles, a little sad, perhaps, in their expression, I see my little friend come tripping along by the row of elms, cased in their square boxes, and I am pleased to see her bright figure, lit up by the sunlight which dances on her curls, her straw hat, her checkered flag satchel, gaily swung upon the bare arm, and the little boots of crimson morocco, tightly fitting to her delicate ankles. I wait for her, and look for her appearance, and when she comes, I follow her with my eyes, as she arrives opposite, and then disappears round the corner. She is different from some other young ladies of my acquaintance, who pass on a similar errand. These latter look up as they pass, at my grizzled hair, my gray mustache, my carelessly thrumming fingers, and I know very well, that at such times, they are thinking who on earth the old fellow at the window can be; the curious old fellow, always leaning from the very same opening, in the very same way, and smiling as he beats his tattoo, with the very same idle and dreamy expression.

My little friend of the blue dress and white chip hat does not treat me quite so cavalierly. As she passes, every morning, she raises her blue eyes, and smiles in the most winning way, nodding her head in token of recognition, and thus causing a profusion of brown curls to ripple around the brightest cheeks in the world. Having thus indicated the pleasure she experiences in seeing me smiling and well, my little friend kisses her hand, laughing, and tripping on more rapidly, to make up

for lost time, vanishes round the corner, singing "Lucy Neal," or "Lily Dale," or some other melody dear to the hearts of organ-grinders.

This brief and fitting exchange of friendly attentions, between myself and the child, takes place every morning, and, when she disappears, I close my window, and leaning back in my favorite chair, the red velvet yonder, light my old meerschaum and ponder. I generally remain thus, silent and motionless, for an hour before I commence reading the newspapers, over whose contents it is my habit to growl and vituperate.

I am going now to tell you what I think about in these morning reveries, and to explain the circumstances which attended my engagement, which engagement unfortunately interferes with any matrimonial views in connection with my friend, Miss Tabitha. I see that the corner of her curtain has fallen, and so we are entirely to ourselves.

II.

THE SCHOOL GIRL.

I reached the age of twenty-five without ever having been in love.

I do not deny, that two or three times I had fancied myself smitten by the charms of young ladies, with pretty lips and rosy faces. I am sure, however, that I by no means loved them, and *that*, simply because their smiles or frowns neither pleased nor grieved me in any considerable measure—an excellent test, in my opinion, and one which quite satisfies me.

I tranquilly pursued my daily occupation, which was that of a clerk, with a moderate salary, in the house of Woppler & Son, now dissolved; and after my routine in the counting-house, generally spent my evenings in strolling about and reflecting upon my prospects. I was an orphan, and there were very few congenial companions at the house where I boarded, so I was left pretty much to myself, and was not embarrassed in the selection of amusements, by any one's suggestions.

Thrown thus upon my own resources, I looked around for something to interest and occupy my mind, and I found this object of interest in a girl whom I met regularly every morning at the corner yonder, where my present little friend disappears on her way to school.

The figure of the maiden of old times was not unlike my little friend's to-day; but the former one was much less gaily clad; her face was covered with a green veil, and she was older—about seventeen.

Regularly every morning, after breakfast, as I went to Wopper & Son's, with the punctuality of a clock, I met my friend coming round this corner, and the encounter became an expected pleasure, which I could not forego. I knew nothing of the girl, except that she, doubtless, liked blue tints, which everywhere appeared in her cheap and simple clothing. She generally walked with her head down, conning a school-book which she held beneath her green veil, and for some time she never encountered my eyes with her own.

At last, as we went by each other at the same hour every morning, and as my dress was seldom altered in those days, she noticed me, and we would exchange looks. Then I saw her, with her veil raised, come around the corner looking for my familiar figure, then we exchanged glances of half recognition.

Things had reached this stage, when, one day, as I was coming up to dinner, and just as I was crossing the street, half-way down the square yonder, by the little wooden house, my attention was attracted by a scream; I raised my head quickly, and at the same moment saw the breast of a horse strike the form of a girl within two paces of me. I was an active young fellow then, and with a single motion of my hand caught the animal by the bit, forced his foaming mouth backward, and with the other arm supported the girl, who was near fainting. The horse was ridden by an urchin who could not manage him, and galloping down the street he had nearly crushed the girl.

She now half leaned upon my arm in an attitude of terror and weakness, and a glance at her countenance told me that she was my friend of the corner. I need not say that the circumstance did not displease me; and when she came to understand that her deliverer, as the romance writers say, was the owner of the face so familiar to her, too, I don't think she was less pleased than myself.

I asked where she lived; and she replied, in a hurried and timid tone, that the little wooden house you see yonder was her mother's, and that she was re-

turning thither from school. I offered her my arm with that simplicity and sincere respect which sprung then, as it springs now, from my admiration for a pure woman, young or old;—and, leaning upon the arm, the girl reached her mother's, and, in the same timid tone, asked me to enter.

I was very glad to obey, and found myself in a small apartment, very poorly and cheaply furnished, but with an air of respectability and neatness about it, which indicated taste and refinement in the occupants. In one corner sat an old lady in a black bombazine dress, busily knitting, which operation she followed with eyes covered with large spectacles.

The old lady looked very much frightened when the girl related her adventure; and the expression of gratitude upon her thin countenance, when my part was described, remains with me even now, as one of my most delightful recollections.

I will not lengthen out the description of this scene, when, for the first time, I made the "speaking acquaintance" of Annie Claston. Her mother was the widow of a poor clergyman, and managed, as I afterwards learned, by close and rigid labor and economy, to supply the wants of the little household, and send Annie to school. The girl had protested, almost with tears, against this, declaring that she was old enough to help her mother, and not be a burden; but the old lady still preserved her ideas about training and education, and Annie was forced to submit.

The acquaintance thus auspiciously commenced, was not suffered to languish. More than ever, I had an object of interest to occupy my thoughts, and soon it began to occupy my heart. I now looked more eagerly than ever to see Annie at the corner; and I think I may add, that judging from the bright expression of her countenance, she was also pleased at our meetings. We generally paused a moment to exchange a clasp of the hand, and a few words and smiles, and then we passed on. I do not know that she thought of me again until we met next morning; but I am very certain that her image never left my thoughts for fifteen consecutive minutes throughout the day. Old Wopper, more than once, had occasion to ask me if I was asleep, and whether the

pile of goods would be shipped if I only stared them out of countenance; and I think, if my imagination had been a photographic medium, the ledgers of the firm would have been covered with ten thousand pictures of a young girl in a blue dress, with curls on her neck. These pictures would have pleased most persons more than the entries; and this introduces a brief outline of Annie.

She had deep blue eyes, brown hair, a complexion as white as snow, and lips as crimson as carnations—I have never seen any so red. A delicate pale rose tint touched the centre of each cheek, and the expression of her countenance was the perfection of modesty. Look! here is her miniature, taken long afterwards, from a pencil sketch I made, and the likeness is excellent. Now that you see I have not painted a figure of my imagination, I will proceed.

A few days after the accident, I called one evening, with a beating heart, at Annie's mother's—with a beating heart, I say—for those "long, long thoughts," as the poet says, and our regular meetings had suddenly, in a single night, as it were, blossomed into love.

I was warmly received by mother and daughter, who, with the simplicity and confiding sincerity of elevated nature, did not doubt for an instant that I was what I seemed. I spent an evening, every moment of which appeared to me a separate and perfect world of happiness, and when I returned to my poor chamber I leaned my head upon my hand, and remained lost in thought for an hour, and when I lay down, I dreamed of her, and woke thinking of the girl, and trying to ask God to bless and protect her. I am not ashamed of that prayer, friend of years, and do not doubt that it rose to the throne of the Almighty. Let what will happen—let things look as they may—I bow my head and submit myself, as a child, to Him who rules us, and sends the sunshine or the storm, as He wills.

I will not lengthen out this portion of my brief story either, but get on to the end of it. For some months I continued to visit Annie, almost every evening now; and as I met her as of old, at the corner yonder, her beauty and goodness filled my life, as it were, and riveted those chains which her loveliness and purity had bound me with. I loved her with all the deep and earnest passion of my nature, and she saw that I did, and

was too innocent and destitute of art to feign indifference. I had, at the end of the time I have mentioned, the unspeakable happiness of knowing that I was as dear to her as she was to me; and, now, looking back through a life of many decades, I recall no sensation approaching in blissful intensity of happiness that first throb of rapture, upon finding that the lovely and pure-hearted girl had dowered me with the whole affection of her nature. I think God gives us on this earth few purer or happier emotions, and I humbly thank Him for this gift to me, His unworthy creature.

I was Annie's accepted lover.

III.

TWO RIVALS.

With the exception of three or four elderly ladies of the neighborhood, reduced in circumstances, like Mrs. Claxton, no one visited at the house to which I so regularly bent my way, but a young man named Lackland.

He was the son of a wealthy merchant, who had formerly been a parishioner of Annie's father, in the country, and his acquaintance with the young girl had commenced accidentally at a small evening party in the neighborhood. Lackland was about my own age, and might have been called handsome, but for the weak and irresolute expression of his lips, and the lurking and uneasy glance of his eye—characteristics which he vainly tried to conceal beneath a laughing and careless manner.

From the first moment of his meeting with Annie, he fell in love with her, as completely as was possible with him, and as his father's wealth was placed, in a great measure, at his disposal, he understood the advantage which the circumstance gave him, and used it.

I will tell you in a moment how he managed to impress upon the young girl the possession by himself of exactly what I lacked—an abundance of money. I will say first, that the young man dressed in the most splendid fashion; that his equipage was in the finest taste, and that every trait of his manner, down to the most unconscious movement, showed that he was accustomed to the highest and most fashionable society.

Nevertheless, he did not advance in the opinion of Annie, or her mother, and I had, what to a lover is the pro-

foundest pleasure—the conviction that a moment of my society was more valued by Annie than an hour of his.

The wealthy young lover affected not to understand this, although it was plain to the commonest apprehension, I thought. In spite of everything, he did not seem to understand that his visits were unwelcome, and persisted in frequently coming in the evenings, in spite of his cool reception. On these occasions he bowed with an easy air; saluted me, when I was present, with friendly familiarity, and sat down, playing with his hat and smiling. It was impossible for Annie to treat any one discourteously, and though she had taken a dislike, almost, to Mr. Lackland, she did not betray this impression, but met all his advances with the most perfect and maidenly courtesy, but nothing more. I have never seen a more perfect exhibition of what is called the "high-bred air," than that of the girl on these occasions, and Lackland seemed to think as I did, that any man might be proud of such a wife.

The visits of the young man were continued as regularly after our engagement as before, and he had for some time been sending Annie very handsome presents, anonymously, and in such a way that they could not be returned, but just with that transparent veil thrown over them, which the eye easily pierced.

One evening a servant handed to the maid at the door a small box, and then disappeared without waiting for an answer, or leaving any gentleman's name. The box was succinctly addressed to "Miss Annie Claston," and contained a pair of magnificent bracelets.

When I came, Annie showed me the jewels, and I at once recognized them, having seen Lackland purchase them that morning at White's. The young lady asked me to advise her what to do, as she was convinced that Mr. Lackland had sent them. I did not mention my meeting with him, and felt unpleasantly about it. I begged her not to give herself any annoyance, that I would return them, frankly informing Mr. Lackland of her disinclination; and on the next morning I did so.

I met my gentleman coming out of the Club, whither I had gone to seek him, and handing him the box, said that Miss Claston had commissioned me to

thank him, but to beg him to receive back the jewels.

"Jewels!" said the young man, swinging his ivory-headed cane, and holding his other hand behind his back, "what can you mean, my dear fellow?"

"In the present instance, jewels means *bracelets*, Mr. Lackland," I replied calmly.

"Bracelets!" he returned, with an air of surprise.

"Yes, sir, bracelets which you sent to Miss Claston last evening."

"I!" he repeated in the same tone, "really, you are going too fast, sir."

"I think, Mr. Lackland, I move at a pace exactly in accordance with my calling, which is that of a mercantile clerk. I am now on my way to the counting-house, and my time is valuable. I beg to repeat, that Miss Claston has commissioned me to thank you for these jewels, but begs that you will pardon her for returning them."

The irresolute and uneasy expression came to his face, and mingled itself with the irritation.

"Really, sir!" he said, "I am subjected to actual persecution. You wish to force me to receive back what I never sent."

"Mr. Lackland!" I said, profoundly astonished at this falsehood.

"Sir!" he said, stiffly.

"You will pardon me," I said satirically, "but I saw you purchase these very jewels yesterday morning at White's. Doubtless the circumstance has escaped your recollection."

His face turned crimson as I spoke, and an angry flash shot from his eyes.

"Well, sir!" he said angrily, "you seem to make it your business to keep watch over my movements! Suppose I *did* send that box, and suppose I *did* wish to conceal my agency in sending it—what concern is it of yours, sir?"

"I choose to make it my concern, sir," I replied coldly, "and if you address another observation to me in that tone, you shall answer it elsewhere."

I never knew before that he was a coward. His cheek blanched, his eyes lowered themselves before my angry glance, and he did not reply.

"Mr. Lackland," I said, "I regret that this conversation should have taken a turn so unpleasant. I have not the least desire to quarrel with you, sir, and wish simply to discharge the commission which I have undertaken, as a

friend of Miss Claston. She begs to thank you for this gift, but cannot receive it, and I now return it."

With these words I placed the box in Lackland's hand, and bowed, and left him. From that moment, as I knew afterwards, he hated me with all the bitterness and malice of a small and cunning nature. You will see how his hatred developed itself.

IV.

PARTING.

Annie and myself had entered into our engagement with that thoughtless precipitancy of youth, which older and wiser heads visit with so much reprobation. My salary was entirely insufficient for the comfortable support of two persons united in the holy bonds of matrimony, and, after long and sad discussions upon the subject, it was the conclusion of the little household that we must wait for happier times.

Long engagements are a great evil; and they should, I think, be avoided if possible in all cases. To see the phantom of married happiness constantly fly before you—eluding your grasp, and laughing pitilessly at your despair—this is sufficiently saddening. But there is the further consideration of the young lady's position. The knowledge of her engagement on the part of her associates is more or less embarrassing—and I have known many gentlemen who declared it impossible to enjoy the society of such a lady—"talking to you at random, and looking over your shoulder, at her intended." It is true Annie did not give a thought to this, and she declared her willingness to wait just as long as she lived: but altogether it was disheartening.

Just when we had arrived finally at the conclusion that we must wait, and that I must look around for some improvement in my situation, I was one morning accosted by an old merchant who had professed a great friendship for me, and informed that he had a proposal to make me. He soon unfolded his idea: it was, that I should go to Rio de Janeiro for a year or two, and act as his mercantile correspondent; and he supported his proposition by offering me just thrice the salary which I then received. He would give me a week to think of it, he said, and then we parted.

I need not tell you that this propo-

sition was the subject of the most anxious consideration to me, throughout the week: for the idea of leaving Annie nearly unmanned me, and paralyzed my resolution. The dear girl saw the struggle in my breast, and understood perfectly that she was the obstacle in the way. She besought me not to refuse—that, great as her distress would be to part with me, it would distress her still more to reflect that she embarrassed my movements, and clogged my advances toward prosperity; and she added that I need not be uneasy about them at home, for they were now very comfortable. Mrs. Claston urged the very same views.

It was not until Annie and myself were alone, that leaning her lovely head upon my shoulder, she cried, and said, she would remain "mine in life and death." I recollected these words afterwards.

Well, not to lengthen out my story, at the end of the week, I accepted the offer of my friend Mr. Aiken; and having made every arrangement with the house where I had been employed, I sailed in a month.

I went on shipboard one night; and thus remained with Annie and her mother all the evening. I recall that evening now perfectly; and especially the crimson sunset flooding the trees of the square yonder, from whose summits crowns of gold seemed gradually lifted by the fingers of the night. Mrs. Claston was a little indisposed, and I took leave of her in her chamber—receiving with tears almost that blessing which she gave me, laying her thin white hand on my head, as I kneeled beside her. The storms of many years have beaten upon my brow, and changed to gray my raven hair, or swept it away, but still the touch of that pale thin hand of the pure lady is on my brow, and I kneel before her once more, on that night of parting.

Annie and myself lingered long in the little parlor, I need not say; and the golden crowns all disappeared from the fringed summits of the elms before we parted. It was not "in one blind cry of passion and of pain"—but it went near to unman me. Those caresses and endearments which are the language of lovers, and have therefore been derided by the cold and stupid world which does not know that God has given them to His creatures to express the depth of

pure and holy love—thoes faltering words, and tearful pressures of the hand, which say so much, were a thousand times ended and renewed; and then the end came.

Annie wrung her hands, and like a fearful child followed me to the door. It was nearly dark, and I must go. I turned to take leave of her again—but throwing a handkerchief over her head, which made her countenance resemble a Madonna's weeping, she drew me toward the corner, some steps distant only as you see, there to bid me farewell.

I had there first met with her—there she had seen me, too, for the first time. As our eyes now met in a long, long look, the whole past rose up again, and condensed itself into a moment—a moment crammed with love and happiness, the recollection of which threw a glory almost over the canopy of night.

And there at the old corner we parted,—a long embrace; smiles breaking through tears in the eyes of a man and a woman—that was the spectacle which the friendly stars beheld.

Annie went back, crying, and I continued my way to the wharf and embarked. When I opened my eyes the sun was rising over the Atlantic. But I saw nothing but the figure of the maiden—I felt nothing but the sweet agony, the bitter pleasure of that parting.

It is well that I looked back instead of forward: but let me proceed in sequence.

V.

THE RETURN

I was reading, the other day, a book which has been much spoken of in Europe—the story of a poor, lost girl, from the dark gulf of whose nature, full of woeful depravity, and misery eating into her heart like a cankerworm, a flower of innocent love springs up, and purifies her, smoothing her dying pillow. I thought at first that the work was a fiction: but it was too strange.

Only the thoughtless and unobservant will consider what I have said a paradox. We do not get at *fact* anywhere, because it wraps itself in the triple folds of self-esteem, reserve, and fear—and thus, seeing only the outside of life, some persons think that it is new, prosaic, and commonplace, and that all the tragedies are attributable solely to the

vivid imagination of dramatists and romancers.

I know family histories, which I would not dare to relate in their naked, simple details, though the scene were laid in another land, and the names changed—for the majority of my listeners would declare me crazy. I know histories of individuals which I could verify step by step, incident by incident, from yellow and moth-eaten letters and papers—which histories the world would no more believe, than they would the existence of devils in a man of this century. They would rather say that I forged the papers, than credit what would make their hair stand on end. But I am wandering from my story, which is not quite so terrible as some others, my dear friend, though, at the time, it seemed to me that woeful tragedy and despair had touched its climax.

I remained in Rio de Janeiro for three years; and at the end of that time set sail homeward, with the satisfactory feeling that I possessed what was amply sufficient to enable Annie and myself to commence housekeeping. My delight, as I approached the friendly shores of my native land, was even increased by the fact that I had not received one line from home for more than a year; and while the explanation of this lay simply in the fact that the ocean mails were very irregular, I had often felt a sort of foreboding, such as most persons experience when they love deeply. At such times we fear that such an immensity of happiness, as we dream of, cannot be unmixed, even if it exist: the heart doubts, however powerfully the mind reasons against these doubts; and we wait, in trembling suspense, the sight of the familiar shores, the old mansion, the beloved face.

Thus, while I experienced the most exquisite delight, as I saw the well-known rows of buildings, and discerned many familiar forms upon the wharf, I waited with anxious expectation for the moment when I should recognize a building more familiar still, a face more dear to me than all the world.

Ten minutes after entering the hotel, and after throwing merely a passing glance at my brown face and long, black mustache in the mirror, I was at the door of the little wooden house yonder. Everything was just as I had left it—the honeysuckle blossomed on the porch, as it did on that evening in June

when I parted with Annie—a pigeon or two circled in the golden atmosphere, or lit upon the roof—even the curtain at the window of the little parlor, from behind which Annie watched with tender eyes, as I left her every evening, was still there—the trees, lastly, of the beautiful square rustled in the warm breath of the summer evening, and on their imperial summits the same crowns of gold were slowly lifted by the dusky fingers of the twilight. Every object, every ray, every shadow, every odor—there was nothing that did not speak eloquently of Annie; and leaning for an instant against one of the white pillars, I placed a hand upon my heart to still its throbbing. I look back now on the figure of myself, standing there on the very threshold of my fate, and almost feel again what I felt soon after.

A strange servant came to the door. Was Mrs. Claston, or Miss Annie at home?—Sir? Was Mrs. Claston at home? I repeated; if so, tell her that a friend had come to see her. The reply was that Mrs. Claston did not live there, but she would see. The maid went and told her master, who came at once and invited me in. I entered the little parlor, and, for a moment, thought the beating of my heart would alarm the host. He did not seem to observe my agitation, however—he was a fat, good-humored old gentleman, not given to imaginative exertions—but in a polite and smiling fashion invited me to be seated.

I sat down; and again my eyes made the circuit of the apartment, whose mantel-piece, cornice, wainscoting, and curtain, brought vividly back the old days with Annie. With Annie!—yes, with Annie! I was losing time—and I turned to my host.

The information which he conveyed to me, was briefly as follows: Mrs. Claston had been dead for a year, and he had understood that her daughter had gone to live with an aunt at the other end of the city, whose name he had heard, but did not remember. Was Mrs. Claston a friend of mine? He was extremely sorry to have uttered what seemed to distress me so much.

And, seeing me almost unmanned by the distressing intelligence he communicated, the kind old gentleman bustled out and returned with some wine, which he forced upon me. I touched the glass only to my lips, and, thanking him,

rose to go. He suddenly called me back as my foot touched the threshold, and said that he now remembered the name of the lady with whom Mrs. Claston's daughter went to live—Mrs. Peters. I thanked him again and took my departure, leaving, with slow steps and a heavy heart, that house in which I had been so happy. I had thus lost one most dear to me: that blessing, as I knelt by her, was to be an eternal one, never to be renewed: beyond the stars of the bright evening, the white face shone with the glories of heaven. The kind, pure lady was gone; but she had left me a priceless consolation in Annie. As I thought of the girl, my heart throbbed and my cheek glowed—from death I returned to life.

I went to a shop and asked for a directory; I had known the man, but he did not recognize me, with my hair crisped by the tropical sun, my cheeks burned of a deep brown, and my lips covered with a long, black mustache. I easily found the address of Mrs. Peters, and thanking the man, who said I was very welcome, and I thought gazed curiously at my foreign dress, I walked rapidly away.

I preferred walking, as the exertion was some relief to my overburdened feelings—feelings oscillating like a pendulum, uneasily, between gloom and delight, between hope and fear.

VI.

A WOMAN

I had gone two or three squares, and was crossing the street, when a carriage, drawn by two splendid horses, with a driver and footman in livery, passed rapidly before me—and as the brilliant equipage flashed on, enveloping my person in a cloud of dust, I distinctly perceived, framed as it were in the velvet-edged opening, the face of Annie.

I stood gazing after the carriage, which disappeared around a corner, with an expression upon my countenance, I am sure, of perfect stupefaction. Then I had found the person I was hastening to meet and clasp to my bosom with a hundred kisses—I had found the Annie of old days, of the humble dwelling, of the timid and modest existence, returning, as it were, beneath the shadow of the old elms which threw their wide arms above the humble roof—this Annie of my heart and my

dreams, I had found in the splendidly dressed woman, glittering with jewels and satin and lace, and darting onward like a meteor in the downy velvet of a splendid chariot, which scattered dust upon me as I stood, within two paces, unrecognized.

I was not seen, it is true: but had I been seen, would I have been recognized? I was simply a sunburnt stranger—a pedestrian, who looked at a fine carriage as it passed. Had the world turned from east to west, or was I insane or dreaming?

Then the face of Annie, as she passed, rose before me again; I thought she looked pale beneath the load of flowers above her brow—she looked sad in the midst of this splendor. What did it mean?

There was an easy solution. I should doubtless know all from Mrs. Peters, whose carriage she probably used. I had heard of this lady, the sister of Annie's father, long a widow—and, as well as I could remember, not much had been uttered in her praise. Well, we would see. And I set forward rapidly again toward the house.

I found it at last. It was a very handsome residence, the front door approached by marble steps, with an ornamental iron railing. I ascended and knocked.

A servant appeared, and I bade him carry my card to his mistress, and say that I desired to see her.

I was shown into a magnificent parlor, in which everything was overpoweringly splendid, and arranged with the primest elegance; and in ten minutes a rustling of silk upon the stairway preluded the entrance of Mrs. Peters.

She entered, and inclined her head stiffly. She was a woman of about fifty, with hard, cold features, an icy gray eye, and the heavy double chin indicated a tendency towards good living.

"You wished to see me, sir?" she said, coldly, subsiding into a seat, and holding the tip of my card, as if she would be glad to toss it, as one does a worthless piece of pasteboard, into the fire-place. "Pray, to what am I indebted for the honor of your call?"

I saw in an instant that this woman had distinctly made up her mind to oppose and overcome me, and I had plainly nothing to expect from her but coldness, perhaps insult.

"I came, madam," I replied calmly, "to see a friend of mine."

"Ah, sir!" she said, in the same tone of coldness.

"I refer to Miss Annie Claston, who is a very dear friend."

"Of yours, sir?"

And barbed with the deadliest hauteur, her insult struck me full in front; but I only grew colder, in spite of the beating of my heart.

"Of mine, madam," I said, calmly.

"It may possibly astonish you, that I, a poor stranger—though not, I perceive, a complete stranger even to yourself—that I should speak of Miss Claston as I do. But what I have said is simply the truth, and it is quite impossible for me all at once to adopt an air of ceremony in speaking of one—I may as well say—so dear to me. You cannot be ignorant of the relations existing between myself and your niece—you must understand—"

"I understand nothing, sir!" she said, contracting her brows with sudden and haughty anger, "and I desire that you will not further confide to me your private affairs!"

I rose from my seat and bowed, a movement which the lady imitated, in a manner which indicated dismissal.

"I am sorry to have offended Mrs. Peters," I said, with a flushed cheek, "but I have at least the satisfaction, in leaving her, to know that I have not uttered a single word which could be construed into an impropriety. I have simply said that Miss Claston occupies a position toward myself which it is impossible for you to be ignorant of."

"And I have replied, sir," said the lady, flushing like myself with indignant fire, "I have replied, sir, that I understand nothing."

"Is it possible that Annie has not told you?" I said, coldly.

"Will you be good enough to terminate this interview, sir?"

And trembling with anger and disdain, the lady deliberately tossed my card into the fire-place.

"I shall certainly do so at once, madam," I said, with the most ceremonious bow. "I am not naturally fond of insults, which you seem to take pleasure in inflicting upon an unoffending gentleman."

My coldness, and the shadow of disdain in my voice, must have profoundly enraged her; for, advancing a step,

with flashing eyes, the folds of her great chin swelling, and her lips quivering, she said :

"I do not regard you as a gentleman—I know you perfectly well, sir, and I see in you only the individual who attempted to take advantage of the unsuspecting innocence of my niece, in order to inherit my property! I do mean to insult you, sir! If Annie had married you, she might have starved and died in a gutter, before I would have given her a mouthful! You need not put on that air of a great lord, sir!" cried the furious woman; "that is what she would have come to, had you been successful in persuading her to follow your beggarly fortunes! You practiced dishonorably upon her feelings, and inveigled her into your toils, and it was a year before I could do away the effect of your arts. But I succeeded, sir; I got the better of you. She confessed that you had tricked and deceived her—said that she would never again think of you, sir! And I now inform you, for your satisfaction, that my niece has been for six months the wife of Mr. Lackland."

Had a thunderbolt fallen upon my bare brow, it could scarcely have produced a more terrible effect upon me than did these words. I staggered, and raised my hand to my eyes, before which a cloud, of the color of blood, seemed to pass, from whose folds horrible faces peered at me, and pointed to me with long, bony fingers, and diabolical laughter. I gasped for breath; my bosom seemed weighed down with a huge load, and gigantic fingers seemed to compress my choking throat, and inject my temples with burning floods.

In the midst of this terrible phantasmagoria—when I was still oscillating upon my feet—I saw indistinctly the face of the woman who had struck me to the heart; and her countenance wore an expression of hateful triumph, for she profoundly detested me, and enjoyed my agony.

But she was nothing to me now at all. I did not look at her again. I did not utter another word, but, putting on my hat, went away, feeling cold, though the day was warm.

I remember stopping at the crossing where I had seen the carriage pass, and smiling at my foolish fancy, that this fine lady, with the nodding plumes, had any connection with my Annie—that she resembled her. I would go to the

hotel and change my dusty garments, and before the golden crowns rose from the summits of the trees, would clasp to my heart the pure and faithful girl, and her dear mother, and mine.

I hastened on, and wondered if the passers by suspected my happiness: poor creatures!

Before the hotel some Italians were playing on hand-organs, and a crowd was laughing at the antics of some dancing dogs. I had time to look at them, and sitting down, I commenced thrumming with my fingers, and gazing with smiles and delight at the merry dogs.

Five minutes afterwards, a sort of cloud swept before my eyes, I heard a loud exclamation, and some servants ran to me and lifted me from the pavement, upon which I had fallen senseless.

For three months I was prostrated by brain fever, accompanied by delirium, which brought me to the brink of the grave.

VII.

THE OLD HOUSE.

Once, when I was traveling in Italy, I met, between Naples and Salerno, a woman, who walked wearily along the highway, and, indeed, seemed scarcely able to get out of the track of my horses. She was old and thin, and I offered her a seat in my vehicle, which she accepted, with a sort of wonder.

I asked her where she was going, and she told me her history. Her husband, sister, father, and three children, had died, within ten days of each other, a month before, and she was going to Salerno, to try and get employment.

She related all this without agitation, and scarcely sighing. I asked her how she had been able to forget so soon—for, you know, I am a curious student of human nature. The woman looked at me simply, and said, in her calm voice: "God consoled me. My loss was a blessing."

"I understand," I said; "but these pious impressions might have been made upon your mind, without this immense misfortune."

I shall not soon forget her reply.

"Signor," she said, looking at me calmly, "on the blue days, we play, and sing, and keep the carnival. It is only when the sirocco burns from the south, that we feel who gives us the flowering laurels, and the cool breezes of the sea."

The woman's answer touched the chord of memory, and I felt that we had gone through a similar ordeal.

I rose from my sick bed, entirely changed, and I trust that my life, since that time, though not so useful as it might have been, has not been without benefit to my species. The sirocco had burnt into my very soul, and I bowed my head, and submitted without groaning, after a while—and now wait for the hour when the grass, if not the laurels, will whisper over me.

I converted my small savings into a letter of credit, and went abroad—traveling for five years, through Europe and the East. I saw a great deal of human nature, I think; for I mixed with peasants and nobles—the high and the low, the rich and the poor—coming, for all my pains, to the final and most rational conclusion, that humanity is much the same in every land—that Giovanni laughs or groans under much the same influences as John—that a knot of ribbon and a festival pleases Lisette in Paris, as it does Molly in the country here—that it's all the same old story.

I was beginning to count the florins in my purse now, when, one day, a packet, with a red seal, was brought me, by a servant of my friend the consul's, and I had the pleasure of being informed, by Israel Jones, attorney-at-law, etc., etc., of my native country, that I was sole legatee of my respectable uncle, deceased, who had always quarreled with me, and that the estate was estimated to be worth from seventy-five to one hundred thousand dollars. I was glad to hear it, and, as I had seen enough of Europe, I thought I would return home, or to what had once been a sort of home to me—to the spot where I had been, for a brief season, wholly, completely, supremely happy. The song says truly, that "'tis home where the heart is;" and I was just as strongly drawn toward the old place, and figure, as when I sat in the counting-house at Rio de Janeiro, and sent my heart across the seas, to Annie, praying for me in another land.

Do you know why I loved her? We are considering, let us say, a mere series of events, and, therefore, we may philosophize. My unabated love, then, for this woman, in whom I had implicitly trusted, and who had broken my heart, sprung from the fact, that, as a living person, she was completely dead to me.

As far as I was concerned, she did not exist—she was mouldered to dust, beneath a piece of emerald sward—out of her breast grew flowers. It was the Annie of my youth—for when I returned I was already growing old—the Annie of former years that I loved. Since the momentary glance which I had caught, on that evening as she passed onward in her carriage, I had never laid my eyes on her; and I did not wish to see her. All was broken between us—she was nothing to me, I nothing to her; we went different ways—I and Mrs. Lackland.

My Annie was not Mrs. Lackland. She was the ever splendid and gracious vision of my youthful dreams and hopes—the pure, faithful maiden, with the kind, frank eyes, holding no trace of guile. *My* Annie never could have yielded to the threats of a base and degraded woman, and broken an honest heart, which was wrapped up in her—ruined a man, who cared nothing for life without her love. Mrs. Lackland lived in a splendid house—my Annie in the humble cottage beneath the elms. Mrs. Lackland rode in an elegant carriage, and wore satins, and jewels, and birds of paradise—my Annie walked, and was clad in a little blue dress, and chip hat. Mrs. Lackland was a false woman, pining in magnificent misery—the Annie of my memory and my heart was an angel, with an angel's purity and happiness in her azure eyes. But I will not continue this dissection of my heart—I will proceed with my story, which draws to an end.

The five years of my second absence had worked greater changes even than the three years formerly—or as great. Every familiar face seemed to have disappeared from the scene—even the faces of those who had wounded me most cruelly; and I walked alone, not even encountering enemies—only strangers.

Lackland the elder had completely failed in business, two years before, and I soon heard had wholly impoverished Mrs. Peters, who sank under the blow, and died, soon afterwards, of apoplexy.

Young Lackland had become the slave of intemperance—had treated his wife with notorious cruelty, and, finally, the father and son, with the wife of the latter had disappeared, no one knew where. Thus every face was gone—I had not even a successful rival to welcome me. I went to the little house, and found a

new tenant, who stared at me, and evidently thought me a suspicious character, when I looked around the walls of the little parlor, and sighed wearily.

I asked the name of the owner of the house, and, on the next morning, purchased it. Three months afterwards, I occupied the house myself.

I will not pause to speak of the bitter pleasure which I experienced in this house, where those golden days of the past had flown on, brilliant and serene, like a morning of June, in the light of eyes now dim, or dead to me. For long hours, I sat in the little parlor, where I had so often sat with Annie; dreaming of the past, and breaking my heart with her image. There she had stood, resting her white hand on the old mantel-piece, and looking at me, with eyes moist with tenderness, when I rose to go; yonder she had sat, by the little table, with the light upon her hair, the white collar around her snowy neck, her fingers busily sewing in the long evenings, as I sat beside her; finally, there was the window, and the curtain, which she thrust aside, to follow me with her kind, tender eyes. I will not further dwell upon those hours of agony and delight, of joy and anguish. One morning, I knelt down on the spot where she had stood so often, covered my face with my hands, and, crying like a child, prayed and sobbed; and rose, finally, and went away.

I returned to Europe, and remained abroad for ten years this time—a wanderer in many lands. As before, I occupied myself with that eternal, endless study—humanity. At the end of the ten years, I came back again, led by a presentiment that something connected with my past was to happen to me. I was not mistaken, as you will perceive, when I have briefly related what occurred, soon after my arrival.

Briefly, I say; for upon this I dwell even less than upon other scenes; and my history draws to its close.

VIII.

AT THE CORNER.

I came back, then, and found that the home of my early manhood was stranger and more unfamiliar to me than the desert, Damascus, Rome, or the furthest bounds of the East. "Here a god did dwell," as says the Latin poet; but his fane was desolate, and the contrast made the familiar scenes more strange than an

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untrodden wilderness. But the old house remained—because it was mine. While I live it will stand, as it did nearly half a century ago.

This house and the corner where I had first met with the woman who had ruined me, were the only landmarks by which I recognized the locality. As my object was to live in the dead days, rather than the living, I secured the apartments which I now occupy, and had thus before my eyes, constantly, the two objects.

The neighbors talked for a month about the foreigner who lived so secluded, and then they gave up talking, because they could discover nothing. All that they found out was, my habit of walking about after nightfall—and, after awhile, this habit failed, too, to excite curiosity. I went on dreaming and promenading.

One night I had walked to the other end of the city—had returned nearly to my apartments—and was passing the corner yonder, when a woman with a baby in her arms touched my sleeve, and in a stifled voice asked charity. I was wrapped in my cloak, wore a wide, drooping hat, and stood with my back to the gas-light. The light thus fell upon the face of the woman—it was Annie!

I stretched out one hand, and leaned thus upon the cold iron of the lamp-post, for a deadly faintness invaded my frame, and arrested my blood.

She was wretchedly clad, her face was as thin and pale as a ghost's, and her broken words were still further broken by a hacking cough. She said that she was suffering from hunger, and that her child would die unless I aided her—"For the love of God, sir!"

She held down her head as she spoke, and cried in silence, and this silence was broken by myself.

I strangled a groan and a sob, which tore its way through my breast, and said:

"Have you no husband?"

As I spoke, she raised her head quickly, with a wild light in her hollow eyes, and gazed at me with a look of startled surprise—almost terror—which I shall never forget.

"Yes!" I groaned. "I see you recognize me. I am George!"

She turned as pale as death, and tottered. I caught her in my arms, or she would have fallen to the ground.

"No! do not! do not!" she cried, wildly. "I am not worthy to lean upon your arm! Let me kneel to you, and ask you to forgive me, for I am miserable and heart-broken. But it was not my fault. They told me that you were unfaithful!—that you were dead! And my aunt forced me to marry the father of my child! Oh, no! no! Let me go away—I will receive nothing from you. I can die now that I have told you, George! God has led me here to give me one consolation before I die. It was not my fault! I struggled long! No letters came from you, and in a weak hour I yielded! Let me go—I am happy now, and can die more peacefully! Good-by!"

As she spoke thus, sobbing and shedding floods of tears, she withdrew herself from me, and turned to go. But the agitation of the meeting in her prostrated condition was too much for her, and her weak steps wandered. She would have fallen upon the pavement, had I not received her form in my arms. This time she had fainted.

I forced open the door of the house there at the corner, and laid the cold form upon a couch, in the midst of a startled group assembled around the evening fire. A few words, however, explained all; and very soon Annie revived, and was assisted to a chamber by the kind and compassionate ladies of the house.

In that chamber she died. With her last breath she explained all, and begged my forgiveness. The diabolical plot, concocted by the woman Peters and Lackland, was revealed in all its hideous deformity. They had endeavored at first to tempt the girl by rich presents, and by representations of my poverty. Then, finding this unavailing, they stated that I was married to another. Finding that the girl did not believe this, a letter was forged, announcing my death. This was so adroitly done, that Annie had been convinced. That I was unfaithful, she never would believe; but she was forced to give credence to the story, that I had fallen a victim to the fevers of the tropics. When she was still prostrated by this intelligence, Mrs. Peters, to whose house she had gone on the death of her mother, commenced a systematic attack upon her. She resisted for a whole year; and then, worn out, despairing, more dead than alive, went like a phantom to

the altar, and yielded herself up. Mrs. Peters was rewarded for her exertions, and the girl was the wife of Lackland.

He possessed a body—the heart and soul were paralyzed or dead. They gave her splendid dresses—she received them passively. They endeavored to cheer her spirits—she gazed blankly at them, with eyes fixed far away, as on that evening when she had passed me in her carriage—a phantom covered with satin and jewels.

Then had come the failure of the elder Lackland—the intemperance of her husband—the ruin of the family. Since that time she had been carried from city to city by her drunken and tyrannical husband—abused, ill-treated, struck more than once—and then, this man had been killed in a drunken brawl, leaving her worn down by ill usage and sickness, with an infant at her breast.

She had struggled against her misery for a little space—then had come to understand that the seeds of death were in her frame; and she had bent her steps toward the scene of her brief happiness and after misery, to lie down and die upon the threshold of her early home, or on the grave of her mother. She had reached the place, without money, and exhausted by her journey, during which the exposure had aggravated her complaint, and, for the first time, had begged assistance from a stranger.

That stranger was myself

You know now, from this brief relation, the whole current of this woeful life, in which a poor girl was betrayed and brought to the grave, by a base and inhuman woman, swayed only by avarice, and a cowardly man, who was guilty of forgery to effect his purpose. She told me everything in those last moments, when all was again clear between us—when no cloud obscured the past—when, faint and pale, like a white flower of autumn, she slowly faded, and went from me.

It was the thin, white hand of my Annie which I held now in my own, and covered with tears and kisses, praying, as I did so, with agonized supplications, that God, in His mercy, would preserve her life, and bless me with the privilege of consoling and comforting one whom I loved still, as no woman ever was loved.

But it was unavailing. She slowly sank—the slow, gentle, gradual undula-

tion of her slender form became fainter—with her hand in mine, and her dreamy eyes fixed to the last upon my own, she went away from me; having to console her the conviction, that my love was greater even than before, and that I would be a father to her child.

And past that corner, where I had first met her, young, smiling, with the light upon her hair—past that corner she now went again, with nodding plumes; but, oh! such sable plumes, which waved mysteriously toward another land! There, I pray God, that I may join her; that we may once more be united—forever united, where the light upon her hair is the light of heaven. There, the two hearts, so cruelly severed upon earth, will never again be separated—and hand in hand we shall live and love eternally—for God is love.

IX.

CONCLUSION.

My story is done, good friend. I have related it calmly—with no sobs, no tears, as you see.

Why should I? I do not look back, shuddering and moaning; because, from that dim region, a figure rises stretching toward me the softest and tenderest hands, smiling upon me with the kindest and most loving eyes—consoling, and soothing, and whispering to me of fairer scenes in another existence.

I think I am happy. You consider me sad sometimes, when I am only tranquil. The dim look in my eyes, which you often refer to, with the solicitude of a friend, does not spring from sorrowful recollections—for I am thinking of Annie. All the grief and passion has disappeared—tranquillity and kindness remain. I enjoy many things—I do not keep away from my species. Dives invites me to dinner, and I go; and when Mrs. Grundy sends me word that a few friends will assemble at her residence, on Thursday next, I put on a white waistcoat, and go up and fulfill my social duty, by talking to all the elderly ladies, and exchanging views

with Mrs. Grundy upon the events and personages of the day, upon which occasions I generally hear a good deal to amuse me. As a contrast to this “high life,” I entertain myself, as you know, with Lazarus, who is certainly a low fellow, I must admit; but he interests me. I have told you that I sometimes call at Miss Tabitha’s, who certainly is an extraordinary likeness of a former friend of mine, long since dead—Mrs. Peters.

As I retire, after one of these little evenings at Miss Tabitha’s, I am apt to murmur to myself, “forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us.”

To prove to you that I am not the sad, miserable old misanthrope and disappointed individual the world may think me—to show you that I am still pleased with the simplest things—I will add, that even the sight of my little school-friend, the one with the blue dress, who passes my window every morning, touches and pleases me.

Her name is Annie Lackland.

The child lives with the family at the corner yonder; and when I make a friendly call upon these excellent people, she calls me “Uncle George.” I have a fine young relative, about eighteen, who is studying for the bar, and the rogue has already fallen desperately in love with the little maiden of fifteen. Well—the match will not be imprudent, as my whole property will go at my death to the young people.

What a fine evening it is! My story has filled the afternoon, and the golden crowns are slowly rising from the summits of the elms, which glitter in the sunset. The little mansion basks in the warm light—and look at that pigeon, which has lit upon the portico, embowered in the fragrant honey-suckle!

The street is filling with the merriest children—they dance, and laugh, and play in front of the old house, which smiles upon them—the fountain in the square is tossing up a cloud of cooling foam—and look! down there! do you see? There is Annie at the corner!

OUR LIGHT-HOUSE ESTABLISHMENT.

"Myriad lights illuminate the sea,
Encircling continent and ocean vast,
In one humanity."

THE protection of commerce is a serious thing; for modern science, skill, and enterprise have given to navigation a broad development, which makes past achievements shrink to insignificance. Over three-fourths of the earth's surface, the pathless keel glides onward, and innumerable vessels weave a mesh of circling tracks around the world such as no Ariadne of the sea can unravel. To us, the Argonauts, Ulysses, Æneas, and all who, through the Pillars of Hercules, sought Atlantis, are only heroic by courtesy of the imagination. However we may admire Vasco, Columbus, or Cook, we cannot conceive any Camoens so insane as to frame a *Lusiad* in this age of steamers. Two thousand years ago, commerce cautiously crept along a few hundred miles of shore; now, all seas are whitened with its sails, and the obscurest precincts of barbarism testify to the ubiquity of commercial enterprise and the extent of modern navigation. From Archangel to Patagonia, from Grinnel Land to Cape Town, and throughout Oceanica, the adventurers of commerce range in quest of whatever will minister to human necessity, convenience, taste, or luxury. No longer is the shore hugged; but it is, rather, dreaded as dangerous. No peril suffices to prevent each year from contributing its increment to the amount of life and property afloat, until we may well ask when and how this rapid *crecendo* will terminate. It is a fearful thought, that the sea is becoming a great cemetery. Had we a true census of the living now on the ocean, and of the dead beneath its surface, we should stand alike aghast at both results. Vast, indeed, is the multitude of those who now "go down to the sea in ships," and vast, too, is that portion of man's wealth which has at some time been thus transported. When, therefore, we advocate the best possible system of aids to navigation, our advocacy concerns an interest such as none can gainsay, and a seafaring multitude whose security touches the inner life of the nation.

Isolated states can only take fragmentary parts in establishing a univer-

sal system of aids to navigation, which shall look to giving security to the world's commerce as a unit. Each civilized community is certainly bound to make its own coasts as secure as it can. Barbarous shores, where no local power exists competent to erect a light-house, have hitherto been mainly left in congenial darkness. But the time must come, perhaps it has come, when civilized nations, in the name of our common humanity, shall associate themselves for the purpose of devising and executing some appropriate system of aids to navigation, wherever they may be needed.

It would be an enduring honor to our country, judiciously to take the initiative in this field, and thus to testify that its fostering care follows the American flag over all waters. It would certainly be no impossible achievement of diplomacy, to form a Board, forever neutral, in which all the associated nations should be duly represented according to tonnage, and which should have power to light all shores now in darkness. Till such a consummation is realized, each nation is, at the least, bound to take good heed that no unnecessary dangers beset its own coasts.

Two widely dissimilar systems of light-house support have been extensively practiced. The first continues to prevail in England, Scotland, Ireland, Holland, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. It consists in levying special light dues on vessels passing each light, either by special collectors or by arrangement with the collectors of national customs. The other system prevails in France, Prussia, Russia, and the United States. The government, assuming the system of aids to navigation as a national trust or duty, proceeds, in these countries, by direct appropriations, to construct and maintain the works required for this object. The first system is miserable in theory and practice. It has in England led to utterly indefensible extortions. It affords either too little revenue to properly effect its purpose, or so much as to breed gross corruption and maladministration. It lacks

unity, is limited in responsibility, involves costly machinery of collection, and has almost every attribute of a bad system. As all maritime nations derive a large portion of their revenues from import customs, it is peculiarly proper that the cost of all aids to navigation should be defrayed by their general treasuries. By a direct national assumption of the light-house establishment, it is disentangled from all private privileges, and can be organized in the simplest and most efficient manner. In respect of international comity, there is as much to commend the national as there is to condemn the extortional system. Toll-gates are always public nuisances, and every petty tax hampers commerce with disproportionate vexations and obstructions. It is truly ungracious for Great Britain, Holland, etc., to levy exorbitant light dues on our vessels, while we are maintaining as many free lights as all the tax-gatherers combined; but it is a downright imposition for England to impose on foreign vessels, under the guise of light dues, a large portion of the 8,766 pensions paid by the Trinity House Corporation to decayed British seamen and their families. The intelligent mercantile opinion in Great Britain is undoubtedly strongly averse to the whole system of light dues, with its concomitant extravagancies and pension list; nor do we think any disinterested man of sense can examine the relative workings of the English and French light-house systems, without mingled contempt and indignation towards the former, and nearly unqualified admiration of the latter.

Before entering on a detailed exposition of our own light-house establishment, it will be a useful preliminary rapidly to review the history and present condition of light-house administration in other countries. Historic records indicate, that but few light-houses existed until quite recent dates, and these must have been extremely inefficient. The Colossus of Rhodes, the Pharos of Alexandria, the towers of Sestos and Abydos, the towers at Ostia and Ravenna, one on the coast of Bæta, the tower of Corunna, the stone light-house of Cassio, Cæsar's altar at Dover, and the Roman structures at Holywell and Flamborough-head, are all we can name, anterior to the truly magnificent Corduan tower at the mouth

of the Garonne, begun in 1584 and finished in 1610. This tower enjoys the eminent distinction of having been the first one furnished with each of the two systems of illuminating apparatus, now in use, and of having been always an exponent of the highest proficiency in sea-coast illumination. The Eddystone, Bell Rock, Skerryvore, Carlingford, Genoa, Belle-Isle, Carysfort, Sand Key and Brandywine towers, with many others, may be mentioned as celebrated or striking works of art and engineering. We much doubt if the renowned Alexandrian Pharos would, in any rational and practical respect, even as a construction, bear comparison with these.

The general control of the English lights is now vested in the Trinity House Corporation of Deptford Strond. This body was recognized by Queen Elizabeth, as "a company of the chiefest and most expert masters and governors of ships, incorporate within themselves," and she conferred on it the offices, rights, and emoluments of buoyage, beaconage, and ballastage. The charter now in force was given by James II. In 1851, the Trinity Board consisted of thirty-two Elder Brethren—the Duke of Wellington being Master, Capt. Sir J. G. Pelly, Deputy Master, and Jacob Herbert, Esq., Secretary: twenty of the Elder Brethren were naval and merchant captains, and eleven were admirals or heads of departments. In 1844, there were, in England, sixty-five fixed and twenty-five floating lights under the Trinity Board, besides seventy-five fixed and nine floating harbor or local lights, primarily under Trinity House direction, and secondarily under local boards or managements. The Admiralty list of 1854 gives a total of 183 English lights of all descriptions. In the year 1831–2, the gross collection for sixty-nine English lights was £162,717, the collection charge £16,914, and the expense of maintaining the lights £45,013; leaving £100,789 net surplus levied on shipping in one year more than was required for supporting the lights. In 1844, the total light and buoyage dues received by Trinity House, from seventy-two establishments, amounted to £254,910. In 1843, the whole revenue of Trinity House was £300,190—of which only £59,746 was expended in the maintenance of lights, and £111,537 directly on aids to navigation.

The light-houses of England were, to a great extent, built under grants to individuals as rewards for political services, eminent dirty work, and high birth. The misery of a disgraceful history hangs around them still. An ancient odor of Old Sarum, makes it unpleasant to retrace their annals, and the extortionate rates, in various instances, established, indicate that the Vikings had abandoned the sea and contracted a fondness for the shore. In 1822, the select Parliamentary committee on commerce somewhat investigated Trinity House matters; and in 1834, and 1845, two successive select committees on light-houses, both headed by Mr. Hume, thoroughly exposed the vices of the prevailing system, and recommended various important modifications, especially the extinction of private light tenures, the abandonment of light dues, and the formation of a central Board for Great Britain and Ireland. In 1836, Trinity corporation was empowered to purchase certain outstanding private lights and leases. Ten lights and leases were thus bought in at an aggregate cost of £1,182,546, most of which stands as a debt against the corporation—a striking proof of the extortionate character of the legalized light dues. Some of the officers of Trinity Board have since set up the monstrous pretension, that the English lights are not held by the Board in trust; but that the corporation has an absolute fee simple ownership of them, and can do what it pleases with the dues. Nothing but a pretension thus broad would afford a decent justification of the long endured Trinity pension system. The admission of such a claim makes the light administration totally irresponsible to Parliament, and excludes all guarantee against the indefinite continuance of exorbitant rates. In illustration of the oppressive operation of these rates, we may instance, that in 1844, four 368 ton vessels paid £643, light dues. In Scotland, a single small coasting steamer, which really made no use of the lights, had to pay £702, light dues, in a year. Imposts so utterly unreasonable, cannot be meekly borne forever by navigation. America has a special right to protest against this system, and such a protest would be obligatory, were not the English lights actually very good, and well kept, despite the vicious exactions by

which they are supported. We believe the Trinity Board, now, really does its duty as well as it can—that it is not responsible for the faults of history from which it suffers, and that a liberal, humane spirit among its members affords a fortunate corrective to the bad tendencies of an irresponsible light due system, and gives a pledge that its worst evils will, ere long, be abated.

Scotland can boast of its Bell Rock and Skerryvore towers, and of the names of Brewster and Stevenson, so honored in light-house history. In 1786, an act of Parliament established the Board of "Commissioners of Northern Lights," now consisting of twenty-five members, serving gratuitously, who are chiefly provosts, baillies, and sheriffs, without a single nautical or scientific member. It would seem singular and unaccountable, that a *lawyer* light-house board should have the honor to preside over one of the most efficient, economical, and well-managed establishments in the world, were it not that Robert, Alan, and David Stevenson have, successively, long filled the post of Northern Lights engineer, with full power to bring their talents effectively to bear on the construction, apparatus, inspection, and administration of these lights. The Secretary—an officer now of much importance—is Mr. A. Cunningham. The Bell Rock Committee does most of the business of the Commissioners, and from an incidental origin has become permanent. It is certainly a most unlucky organization which gives no place for men like Brewster and Forbes, in the direction of lights. The northern lights are supported by tonnage light dues—the gross amount levied being £37,463 in 1834, and £44,117 in 1843. An examination of receipts and expenditures, shows a tolerably economical administration, and reveals no extortion in the aggregates, though the operation of these dues must be quite unequal, and, in some cases, extremely oppressive. All the public lights of Scotland are under the charge of the Commissioners—the local, or harbor lights, being maintained by special dues, and managed by local trustees. In 1844, there were twenty-nine public lights, and thirty-eight local ones, in Scotland. In 1851, the total number was seventy; and in 1854 it was eighty-five. As a whole, the northern light establishment (not its organization or revenue system),

does honor to the country, and is admirably administered.

The lights of Ireland are under the charge and control of the Ballast Board, or "Corporation for preserving and improving the port of Dublin," and their administration is a special branch of the duties of this Board. It consists of twenty-two members, five of whom are Dublin municipal officers, and seventeen are life members, chiefly merchants; also, a Comptroller, Secretary, Inspector, with an Assistant, and a Superintendent of light-vessels. The inspector is the engineer, and main executive officer, and this post has long been filled by Mr. Geo. Halpin. The establishment is supported by light dues; the amount of which, levied in 1834, was £45,773, and in 1844, £57,465. The expenditure of surplus dues has been quite faithfully applied to building new lights, and a reasonable economy characterizes the administration. The constructions have been very thorough, and though the organization seems anomalous, a rigid accountability has, in fact, prevailed. The total number of Irish lights, in 1844, was sixty, of which, twenty-seven were general coast lights, twenty-nine harbor lights, and three floating lights, under the Ballast Board, besides one free light. In 1851, this total was sixty-six, and in 1854, it was seventy-three.

Some of the British colonial lights are among the best and most useful in the world. We may specify the Morant Point, Gun Cay, Cay Sal, Gibbs' Hill, and Cape l'Agulhas, as peculiarly valuable. In 1853, the aggregate number of lights in the British North American colonies was 117. There were then twenty-seven English lights on the West India Islands and the coasts adjacent. In Africa, there were, in 1853, nine English lights, and of the seventy-five lights on the Asiatic coasts, and the East India Islands, a large part are British.

"The Merchant Shipping Law Amendment Act," which went into operation on Oct. 1, 1853, is a highly important legislative step towards a liberal fiscal policy in the administration of the British lights. It is a most honorable monument of the ability and enlarged views of Mr. Cardwell, M. P., a man among the foremost in sagacity and good works. This act, while leaving most of the prior organization un-

touched, subjects the Trinity Board, the Commissioners of the Northern Lights, and the Ballast Board, to a thoroughly effective and practical supervision by the Board of Trade, which consists of "the Committee of Privy Council, appointed for the consideration of matters relating to Trade and Foreign Plantations." The act consolidates all the light and ballast dues of the Trinity, Northern Light, and Ballast Boards, with the receipts of the Board of Trade under the mercantile acts of 1850, and 1851, into "the Mercantile Marine fund," the account of which is kept by her Majesty's Paymaster General, and its application is directed by the Board of Trade, the Sovereign and Privy Council fixing, from time to time, the amounts chargeable to the fund on account of the several light establishments. All estimates, accounts, and expenditures, must be sanctioned by the Board of Trade; and it has power to make loans for repairs and new constructions. It has, moreover, power to appoint persons with full authority to inspect light-houses; and Trinity House, with the sanction of the Board of Trade, is authorized to direct the other boards, concerning the erection, continuance, removal, or alteration, of any light-house within their respective jurisdictions. The effect of this act is to concentrate, in London, the fiscal management of all the lights, buoys, etc., of the United Kingdom (some harbor lights, etc., excepted), and to make all chargeable to one fund, regularly administered by the Government, and only applicable to legitimate marine purposes. It is the first decided step towards an abolition of port dues, and it has already effected a most welcome reduction of their amount. Those who effected so great a reform, will scarcely rest till Great Britain has freed her ports from all obnoxious charges, and has ceased to peddle beneficence by tonnage rates. The host who should demand a penny from each person who entered his house, as a "due" for supporting his entrance lamp, is no fit model for a great nautical nation to imitate.

The most systematic and efficient light-house establishment in the world, is, doubtless, that of France. It has always been well and nationally administered, and is distinguished for its uniform economy, efficiency, skillful selection of sites, adaptation of structures,

and general perfection of towers and apparatus. Whatever contributions science has had to offer, have been candidly and promptly received, as might be expected, from the eminent scientific character of its governing commission. In 1851, the Channel, Ocean, Mediterranean, and Colonial lights of France numbered 198, of which 132 were lens lights, and of these, thirty-one were of the first, six of the second, eighteen of the third, and seventy-three of the fourth order. We have before us a detailed estimate of the annual expense of lighting and maintaining the French light-houses, dated in 1848, in which the grand total amounts to 400,936 francs, or about \$80,000. Constructions and special repairs of course make separate items. All the light-houses, buoys, and sea-marks of France are under the direction of the Light-house Commission, composed of naval officers, officers of the corps of bridges and roads (*ponts et chaussées*), and members of the Institute, all distinguished for scientific and professional attainments. The preparation of plans and estimates, the details of administration, and the execution of constructions and repairs, appertain to the general directory and departmental engineers of the *ponts et chaussées*. The secretary of the commission, an officer of *ponts et chaussées*, is of especial importance to the establishment, as on him devolves the management of the correspondence and the direction of the office of the commission, besides the important duty of inspection. This office has been successively filled by Augustin Fresnel, his brother, Leonor Fresnel, and now by L. Reynaud. In 1851, the commission consisted of the minister of public works, Arago, Mathieu of the Institute, Rear-Admiral Mathieu, De Hell, Leroux, Tretté de Laroche, L. Fresnel, and Reynaud, secretary. Such men know how to stimulate and welcome improvements, and faithfully to administer a high trust. Who can wonder that the world owes so much of its present light-house knowledge to France! Political hacks and noble dolts would be sadly out of place in a commission so long honored by the devoted services of Augustin Fresnel, the profound analyst, the peerless optician, and the exquisite inventor.

In Holland, the light-house establishment is under the department of the

marine, and is specially directed by the inspector general of pilotage. In 1844, there were in Holland forty-eight lights, sixteen of which were fitted with lenses, and ten were of the first class. They are very well managed, and the Schouwen light is equal to any in the world. They are supported by light dues, varying at different ports. The annual cost of maintaining a first class light is \$2,269, and of a harbor light \$284. In Belgium, there were, in 1846, one coast, three tide, and two harbor lights. The Danish lights, buoys, etc., are under the charge of the General Board of Customs and Commerce at Copenhagen, and are administered by the "Inspector of Canals, Harbors, and Lights." A peculiar feature is, that there is a local inspector for each light, who is a person of standing and intelligence. In 1846, there were forty-five Danish lights, seven of which were lens, and four were floating lights. In 1855, there were sixty-three. They are supported by the Sound dues or light dues, and have a very good reputation. In Prussia, the lights are under the control of the minister of finance. There is an apparent lack of system in administering aids to navigation; but as Prussia in 1846 had only eleven lights, this may be unimportant. There are no special light dues; but the provincial or commercial authorities, who receive the port dues, appropriate enough to maintain the lights, beacons, and buoys. The annual expenditure at the Terchoff and Ancona lights is about \$800 for each. In 1844, there were thirty-four lights in Norway, sixteen of which were general coast lights, and eight were lens lights. There were forty-seven in 1855. They are said to be well kept and administered, and they are supported by light dues. Sweden had twenty-nine lights in 1844, of which one was floating, eleven fixed, seven revolving, one intermitting, and nine harbor lights. Of these, eight were lens lights. In 1855, the number was thirty-seven. They are managed by officers of the Swedish navy, are supported by dues, and are regarded as quite good. In 1846, Russia had six floating, forty-nine fixed, five revolving, and three beacon lights, and sixty-nine unlighted beacons. They have since been undergoing rapid improvements, and the younger Soleil has, under government patronage, established the manufacture of light-house

lenses at St. Petersburg. All the Russian aids to navigation are supported by the national treasury, without any charge to vessels. We have no precise information concerning the Spanish lights, but we may remark that the lens lights at Havana and Cape San Antonio in Cuba are excellent, and that the construction of the Moro tower, as described by Col. Don José Benites, does credit to Spanish skill and science. In

addition to the countries named, Italy, Portugal, Egypt, Turkey, Mexico, Brazil, and various other states, have lights to some extent, and most have lens lights. From the most recent materials at our command, we have compiled the subjoined table, exhibiting the geographical distribution of lights over the world. Some deficiencies we are unable to supply, but, as a whole, we present a correct picture of the world at night:

General table of the distribution of light-houses, arranged geographically.

LOCALITY OF LIGHTS.	Date.	No. of Lights.	LOCALITY OF LIGHTS.	Date.	No. of Lights.
England	1854	173	Mauritius Island	1853	2
Scotland	"	85	Arabia, S. coast	"	1
Ireland	"	73	Malabar coast	"	12
Ile of Man	"	10	Ceylon	"	3
France, N. and W. coasts	"	148	Coromandel coast	"	15
Belgium	1855	9	E. coast, Gulf of Bengal	"	10
Netherlands	"	36	E. Indian Islands	"	7
Hanover	"	6	Australia	"	13
Hamburgh	"	11	Tasmania	"	5
Denmark	"	63	New Zealand	"	2
Prussia	"	12	Russian coast, N. Pacific	"	7
Russia, Baltic	"	37	United States, Pacific coast	1856	15
Sweden	"	37	Ecuador	1853	1
Norway	"	47	Chili	"	1
White Sea	"	4	Patagonia	"	1
Spain, N. and W. coasts	1854	18	Buenos Ayres	"	5
do. Mediterranean	1853	19	Brazil	"	13
Portugal	1854	13	Coast of Guayana	"	8
Corsica	1853	7	Terra Firma and Mexico	"	18
France, Mediterranean	1854	25	Cuba, and Bahamas Islands	"	16
Sardinia	1853	9	West India Islands	"	19
Tuscany	"	5	Bermudas	"	1
Roman States, W. coast	"	5	New Brunswick	"	11
Naples do.	"	13	Nova Scotia	"	27
Sicily	"	15	Newfoundland	"	7
Maltese Islands	"	4	St. Lawrence, Gulf and River	"	36
Naples, W. Adriatic coast	"	9	Lake St. Francis	"	5
Roman States do.	"	9	Lake Ontario (Br.)	"	16
Adriatic Sea	"	8	Do. and St. Lawrence (U.S.)	1856	16
Ionian Sea	"	13	Lake Erie (Br.)	1853	11
Archipelago	"	16	Do. (U.S.)	1854	29
Sea of Marmora	"	4	Detroit River (Br.)	1853	1
Black Sea	"	15	Lake St. Clair (Br.)	"	1
Sea of Azof	"	5	Do. (U.S.)	1854	2
Syria	"	1	Lake Huron (Br.)	1853	1
Egypt	"	1	Do. (U.S.)	1854	9
Tunis	"	2	Lake Michigan	"	29
Algiers	"	20	Lake Superior (U.S.)	"	6
Morocco	"	3	Lake Champlain	1856	3
Africa, W. coast	1855	6	U. S. Atlantic coast, to Dry	"	
South Africa	1853	7	Tortugas	"	300
Ile of Bourbon	"	2	U. S. Gulf of Mexico	"	55
Total					1,745

The history of American light-houses dates back to a period anterior to the Revolution, and it is somewhat remarkable that one of our best towers, even now (Sandy Hook), was built in 1762. One of the first, if not the very first, of Washington's official acts as President, was to write a letter to the keeper of Sandy Hook light, directing him to

keep it burning until Congress should provide for its continuance. The ninth act of the first Congress, bearing date April 7th, 1789, provides that all expenses, after August 15th, 1789, for "the necessary support, maintenance, and repairs, of all light-houses, beacons, buoys, and public piers, erected, placed, or sunk, before the passing of

this act, at the entrance of, or within any bay, inlet, harbor, or port of the United States, for rendering the navigation thereof easy and safe, shall be defrayed out of the treasury of the United States." It also directs the secretary of the treasury to provide "for rebuilding, when necessary, and keeping in good repair, the light-houses, beacons, buoys, and public piers, in the several states," etc. This law has fixed the administration of all aids to navigation in the treasury department, to the present hour. At that date we had only eight lights, and the secretary took personal supervision of them until 1792, when a "commissioner of revenue" was by law authorized, and the secretary assigned light-house matters to him. In April, 1802, this office was discontinued, and Mr. Gallatin, secretary of the treasury, took personal charge of the lights. It was revived in 1813, when the law reassigned the light-house duties of the former commissioner. In 1817, it was finally abolished, and these duties reverted to the secretary. In the same year, the office of fifth auditor was created, and on July 1st, 1820, the light-house establishment was assigned to that branch of the treasury. Mr. Stephen Pleasonton was then fifth auditor, and, as such, filled the post of general superintendent of the lights, until the law of August 31st, 1852, created the present organization, withdrew all charge of aids to navigation from the auditor, and lodged the whole establishment in the hands of the Light-house Board.

Cape Henry light was the first one erected under the federal government, and in 1800 the whole number had only reached sixteen. In 1812, it had grown to forty-nine, scattered from Maine to Louisiana. To this date, only common spider lamps had been used, and in 1812, the patent of Mr. Winslow Lewis, for "magnifying and reflecting lanterns," or for spherical reflectors and lenses, was purchased by the government for \$20,000, after which reflectors became a chronic rage. The introduction of parabolic reflectors, such as had been used for nearly thirty years in France, was a long stride in the right direction; but Mr. Lewis's plan, not original at that, of placing a heavy plano-convex lens of bad greenish glass, two and a half inches thick, at the centre, and nine inches diameter, in front of a

spherical reflector (sometimes paraboloids seemed to have been absurdly used), was simply an expensive way of making a light worse. He was, however, paid for fitting thirty-four light-houses with this failure, several specimens of which were in use in 1838, and one so late as 1840! In 1816, Mr. Lewis contracted to maintain the lights on receiving one half the oil previously consumed; and again in 1821, for one third of the old allowance. In 1822, the United States lights numbered seventy; in 1838, they numbered 204 light-houses, and twenty-eight light-boats. In 1849, there were 270 light-houses, and thirty-two floating-lights. In 1856, the list has grown to an aggregate of 431 light-houses, built and building, and fifty light-boats.

We have subjected ourselves to the task of examining many documents relating to the operations, condition, and efficiency of our light-house establishment, prior to 1852. In November, 1837, Messrs. E. and G. W. Blunt, the well-known chart and coast pilot publishers, addressed an able letter to Mr. Woodbury, then secretary of the treasury, arraigning various faults in our light-house organization, condition, and administration. In June, 1838, the auditor made a rejoinder, which, as the Messrs. Blunt demonstrated in a sur-rejoinder, was by no means a reply. In 1837, the light-house appropriation act directed the Board of Navy Commissioners to have examinations made of all the sites of new works then appropriated for, and in case any of these works should be considered injurious, unnecessary, improperly placed, or unimportant to navigation, the Board was directed to suspend them. The examination was made, and thirty-one items out of one hundred and thirty-four were suspended. The Board took occasion to suggest the advantage of procuring such information as would secure the greatest public advantage from such appropriations hereafter, and the Hon. John Davis, of Massachusetts, as chairman of the Senate committee on commerce, made an elaborate and able report, urging various inquiries and improvements. The light-house appropriation act of that year provided for a complete special examination of our lights. The President arranged the coast in six districts, and assigned a naval officer for the exami-

nation of each district. Their reports, submitted in December, 1838, showed that much was wrong in our light-house matters, and we would specify that of Lieut. G. M. Bache, as a model of fairness, clearness, and intelligent comprehension. Capt., (now Com.) M. C. Perry, under this law, made the purchase in Paris of the Navesink Fresnel lenses, and obtained much valuable information. Col. B. Ayerigg, about the same time, made a full report on the Barfleur and Ostend lights.

In May, 1842, Mr. Secretary Forward, under an item of \$4,000 in the light-house appropriations, directed Mr. I. W. P. Lewis to make a survey of the light-houses: in executing this trust, Mr. J. A. Adams took the levels, and Mr. C. O. Boutelle observed for latitudes and longitudes. Mr. Lewis began at the N. E. boundary, and had proceeded as far as New Bedford, when the survey was suspended. The results were reported in Feb., 1843, and they were in the highest degree condemnatory of our light-house management. Mr. Winslow Lewis's review of this report does not make a good case for the existing organization, and, like the document reviewed, too much abounds in sweeping accusations and personal side-issues. A committee of the House of Representatives, to investigate the affairs of the New York custom-house, in 1842, brought out considerable strong evidence against the light-house administration. In June, 1846, Mr. Secretary Walker took up this subject with earnestness and ability, and procured the detail of Lieutenants Thornton, A. Jenkins, and Richard Bache, to make a special examination of improvements in light-houses, and other aids to navigation; for which purpose, they went to Europe, and visited numerous British, French, Baltic, and American lights. The result was, a report, in Aug., 1846, which we consider superior, in grasp, clearness, fullness, and precision of knowledge, to any light-house essay with which we are acquainted. Its conclusions were; that we were wholly in arrears of the civilized world, in most of the elements of a good light system, and especially in the illuminating apparatus used. An act of March 3, 1851, directed the organization of a Board, to inquire fully into the condition of our light-house establishment, and to make a full report thereon, as a guide to legis-

lation in improving our system. This Board consisted of Com. W. B. Shubrick, President; Gen. J. G. Totten, Lt. Col. Jas. Kearney, Capt. S. F. Dupont, and Prof. A. D. Bache, members; and Lieut. T. A. Jenkins, secretary. They visited many of our lights, procured a great body of information, made many important suggestions, and treated the whole subject with a fullness which can only be appreciated by examining the report of Feb., 1852. This report exposed an array of faults in our system, which makes the list of arraignments in the Declaration of Independence seem quite meagre. This led to the act of Aug. 31, 1852, which entirely reorganized our light-house establishment, and constituted a light-house Board, for its governing head. In procuring the passage of this act, the Hon. Alexander Evans, of Md., took the lead, and to him our present organization, in a great degree, owes its legal form.

We have been surveying a battlefield, from which the smoke of conflict has cleared. The battle resulted in a complete revolution. We should fail in allegiance to sea-going humanity, if, in a matter of such vital moment, we did not speak out plainly, especially as we are sure that impartiality is a qualification which we can truly claim. The battle was between obsolete ideas, coupled with low conceptions of what navigation required, and a clear insight into possible improvements, elsewhere fully realized, joined to wider views of the great commercial movement along our shores.

There is something unspeakably absurd in an auditor's being charged with the administration of light-houses. We have heard a pertinent story of the late third auditor, who once endorsed on a voucher for some grass seed, which had been used in sowing the slopes of a fort, "The auditor does not know what use can be made of grass seed in building forts." The endorsed reply ran thus, and we commend the principle to special consideration, "auditors are not expected to know any such things." Now, why should the fifth auditor be expected to understand a Fresnel lens? It was cruel to suppose that he could, and certainly he never did. How could an officer, whose legitimate business was with the accounts of the state department and the Indian bureau, take time to gain that precise and comprehensive

knowledge of our entire sea-board which alone would enable him correctly to fix the sites, character, and distinctions of three hundred lights! It is only wonderful that he did not do worse still—and worse he must have done; but for his zeal and fidelity.

The relation of Mr. Lewis to our light-houses was very singular, and, if he had not been an honest and honorable man (as we fully believe he was), he might have safely committed extensive frauds. A contractor to an unlimited extent, for reflectors, lamps, oil, building light-houses, etc., there seems to have been no effective or responsible supervision; but the auditor relied chiefly on his own report relative to the execution of these contracts. No man, however saintly, ought ever to be thus situated.

Among the worst features of the old pseudo-system, was the mode of originating appropriations. Whenever a few sea-coasters thought a light-house and its perquisites would be a good thing for themselves, a petition was started, the would-be keeper circulated it, it grew, went to Congress. Mr. M. C. presented it with a telling speech, an item was incorporated into the appropriation bill, and duly passed. The auditor directed the local collector to contract for the building according to the stereotyped plan, Mr. Lewis or Mr. Snooks took the contract, ran up some rubble walls, innocent of cement, or some rude clap-board spider-web, the job was certified by a selected pliable mechanic, paid for, profits pocketed, Mr. Jones appointed keeper (if orthodox), and thenceforth the U. S. light-house list included a new name. Every year, Mr. Jones's salary, a bill for supplies, and a round sum for repairs, was the consequence—and all without the first real precaution being taken to ascertain if the light was needed, where it ought to be placed, how it should be discriminated, what kind of structure the site required, what height of tower should be given, and whether the work was executed faithfully, or was only a specious sham.

The Collector was, *ex officio*, superintendent of lights in his collection district, and, as such, was expected to establish and purchase sites, make contracts for buildings, etc., nominate and pay the keepers, attend to placing buoys, insure the discipline and fidelity of the keepers, etc.—for all of which, he, probably, had not the first special qualifica-

tion, and knew this fact so well, that he let things pretty much take care of themselves. This state of organization and local influence caused lights to swarm on the thickly-inhabited portions of the coast; while dangerous headlands, lonely islands and sandy spits, having no zealous Mr. Jones to urge their claims, were left to be strewn with unguided wrecks, and to give business to wreckers. It is now reported that the Carysfort and Sand Key lights, with the iron beacons lately established along Florida reef, have driven a large portion of the Key West wrecking vessels from their old calling, and that the increased security authorizes a considerable reduction in the rates of marine insurance for the Florida passage. All this, however, is due to no diligence on the part of any local Jones: it has resulted from larger views of navigation in men who, probably, never saw Florida.

The accumulated effects of malorganization and maladministration still survive to a very great extent. We have between two hundred and three hundred light-houses and light-vessels, of the worst construction the world can show. All but four or five of our lights, in 1852, had illuminating apparatus, which was entirely behind the times, and its replacement yet lacks very much of being completed. The lanterns almost uniformly require renewal. The keepers' houses are mostly poor and inconvenient, and demand incessant repairs. But, worse than all, our sea-coast lights are, in great part, still unequal to their duties, are not sufficiently distinguished from each other, are sometimes misplaced, and sometimes useless, or injurious. We cannot safely criticize Scotch lawyer Boards, till our accumulation of auditors' rubbish is replaced by what our national dignity demands—a thoroughly systematized, durably constructed, and faithfully administered material of aids to navigation. The formation of such a material had to be begun in 1852, almost *de novo*, and several years of liberal appropriations and vigorous administration must precede a complete expurgation of obsolete contrivances, shabby constructions, and traditional perversion. We cannot too strongly reprehend the misorganization which has brought us to such a state of light-house matters as that exhibited by the report of the Board in 1852. With all the liberality of Congress, and with

all possible zeal on the part of the new Board, years must elapse before we can challenge comparison with the French lights, or the English buoys. Our present organization is on trial, and must be judged by its fruits; but if, on fair experiment, it be found unequal to its task, why, then, let us find some other plan, which will compel success. In the name of drowning mariners and surf-tossed passengers, let us make sure of the main result; let us demand the best possible system of aids to navigation; and let whatever opposes this consummation be sternly pushed aside. The task is Herculean, and we must have some patience; but it must be done, and that, too, with all reasonable dispatch. Congress has always been liberal in appropriations for aiding navigation, and, thanks to the law of 1789, we are free from all reproach of light-dues; a few years more, and we may rightly expect to lead the nations, as surely as we have hitherto followed them, in whatever concerns this branch of administration.

The new organization, enacted in 1852, is now fully established, and has vigorously entered on its mission. Its position in the treasury department gives opportunity of associating the labors of army and navy officers, collectors, and civilians, in such manner as to afford the best results. The law requires the Board to consist of two naval officers of high rank, one engineer officer, one topographical engineer and two civilians of high scientific attainments, with an officer of the navy, and an army engineer as secretaries. It now consists of Mr. Secretary Guthrie, *ex officio* President, Com. Shubrick, Gen. Totten, Lt. Col. Kearney, Prof. Bache, Prof. Henry, and Capt. Du Pont, members; with Capt. T. A. Jenkins as naval secretary, and Capt. E. L. F. Hardcastle, U. S. Top. Engs., as engineer secretary. The law assigns to the Board all administrative duties "relating to the construction, illumination, inspection, and superintendence of light-houses, light-vessels, beacons, buoys, sea-marks, and their appendages." All apparatus, supplies, and materials for building, renovating, and repairing, are included in its charge. It holds a quarterly meeting, and special meetings whenever required, for transacting business. All the previous light-house clerks and office material were transferred from the fifth auditor's office. The Board was directed

by the law to distribute the Atlantic, Gulf, Pacific, and Lake coasts into light-house districts, not exceeding twelve in number, and for each district, the President was required to detail an army or navy officer, to act as a light-house inspector under the Board, who, as also each member of the Board, serves without additional pay or emoluments.

All rules, regulations, and instructions concerning light-house matters, proceed from the Board, also all plans and estimates must emanate from, or be approved by it. In districts where the inspector is a naval officer, the duties of construction, as of location, plans, and estimates for new works, etc., are assigned to officers of engineers, or topographical engineers, who are either detailed for the purpose, or have these duties assigned, in addition to their other labors. Thus, in some districts, one does the duties of inspector and engineer, while, in others, these functions are divided. Each inspector has charge, within his district, of the issue, expenditure, and preservation of supplies for lighting, etc.; of the administration of the light-vessels; of locating, repairing, and maintaining buoys; of the police of the buildings and grounds; of the discipline and instruction of keepers, and of enforcing their conformity to the established rules. He has also to examine sites for proposed improvements; to report whatever deficiencies he may discover; and by all the modes which his frequent inspections may indicate, to advance the improvement of navigation in his district. The collectors retain their old titles and a portion of their former duties, as superintendents of lights in their respective collection districts. They disburse the keepers' salaries, purchase and procure the jurisdiction of new sites, and recommend nominees for keepers' appointments.

The two secretaries of the Board are highly important officers. On them devolves the general care of the office records and materials; the preparation of light-house lists, and notices to mariners; the providing of administrative forms; the daily care of fiscal, administrative, and miscellaneous correspondence; the preparation of business to come before the Board, or before its several committees, on finance, engineering, light-vessels, etc., lighting, and experiments, besides the daily direction of the office clerks, draughtsmen, and messengers.

The naval secretary has special care of the journal of the board, the office and office employes, correspondence and details, concerning light-vessels, floating beacons, buoys, supplies of oil, expenditures, inspection records, estimates, etc. The engineer secretary is specially charged with all engineering correspondence, drawings, plans, building estimates, contracts and specifications, the care and preservation of papers and materials relating to the engineer branch, and he is expected to be on the look-out for all novelties of construction, and for whatever concerns the durability of light-house foundations and superstructures. It is his duty to prepare and submit to the board all business of this nature which requires its action.

At the risk of being tedious, we will give the limits of districts and the officers now acting as inspectors and engineers, with their office locations, as this will clearly exhibit the actual machinery of our light-house management. The first district extends from the N. E. boundary to Hampton harbor, N. H., and Lieut. W. B. Franklin, U. S. Top. Engs. (Portland), is the inspector and engineer. The second district extends to Gooseberry Point, Mass., Lieut. C. H. B. Caldwell, U. S. N. (Boston), is inspector, and Major C. A. Ogden, U. S. Engs. (Boston), is the engineer. Lieut. B. S. Alexander, U. S. Engs. (Cohasset), has special charge of the extremely difficult construction in progress on Minot's Ledge. The third district extends to Squam Inlet, N. J., including Lake Champlain and the Hudson; Capt. A. L. Case, U. S. N., is inspector (New York), and Capt. Geo. Dutton, U. S. Engs. (N. Y.), is engineer; Maj. Frazer, U. S. Engs., has the Champlain works, and Lieut. Hunt, U. S. Engs., has those in the R. I. subdivision. The fourth district extends to Metomkin Inlet, Va.; Lieut. Jas. S. Biddle, U. S. N. (Philadelphia), is the inspector, and Lieut. Geo. G. Meade, U. S. Top. Engs. (Philadelphia), is the engineer. The fifth district includes the Chesapeake, Albemarle, and Pamlico Sounds, and extends to New River, N. C.; Lieut. A. M. Pinnock, U. S. N. (Norfolk), is the inspector, and the engineer secretary and Capt. D. P. Woodbury, U. S. Engs., have conducted the constructions. The sixth district extends to Mosquito Inlet, Fla.; Lieut. C.

M. Morris, U. S. N., is inspector, and the constructions have been partly conducted by Capt. Woodbury, and partly by Capt. G. W. Cullum, and Capt. J. F. Gilmer, U. S. Engs., who have charge respectively of the Charleston and Savannah river works. The seventh district extends to Egmont Key, Fla.; Lieut. M. C. Watkins, U. S. N., is inspector, and Lieut. Meade conducts the constructions. In the eighth district, extending from St. Mark's to Barataria Bay, La., Capt. D. Leadbetter, U. S. Engs. (Mobile), is inspector and engineer, and Lieut. John Newton, U. S. Engs., is building a first-class light at Pensacola. In the ninth district, reaching to the Rio Grande, Lieut. W. H. Stevens, U. S. Engs. (Galveston), is inspector and engineer. The tenth district includes lakes Erie and Ontario, the Niagara and the St. Lawrence, and Capt. J. C. Woodruff, U. S. Top. Engs. (Buffalo), is inspector and engineer. The eleventh district, embracing lakes St. Clair, Huron, Michigan, and Superior, and Green Bay, has Capt. L. Sitgreaves, U. S. Top. Engs. (Detroit), as inspector and engineer. The Pacific coast, or twelfth district, has Major Hartman Bache, U. S. Top. Engs. (San Francisco), as its engineer.

When a new light is proposed, the inspector and engineer report on its utility, location, character, construction, and cost. Whatever information, bearing on these points, can be gathered, is, through the secretaries, laid before the board; the question is considered in all its bearings, and the light is definitely recommended or rejected. The recommendations of the board, thus carefully considered, go before Congress, in a shape entitled to confidence, and they have thus far been treated with corresponding respect. When an appropriation is made for a new work, the first step is to purchase the site and to procure a cession of jurisdiction by the state, as directed by the law of May 15th, 1820. Should more precise hydrographic information be required before definitely fixing any such site, the laws of 1851 and 1852 require that a special examination and survey be made by the Coast Survey, when on the seaboard, and by the Topographical Engineers, when on the Lakes. The officer making this examination is required to report on the suitableness and proper location of the proposed light, its rela-

tion to other lights, if any substitute would be better, and whatever else he may think important. The determination of the order and distinguishing characteristics of each light is made by the board, with a view to the entire navigation and total combination of lights along the particular coast. The sea-lights, especially, require to be so broadly distinguished from each other as to reduce to a minimum the chance of any one's being mistaken for another. This study had been sadly neglected, and, in order to make a good series of combinations, it has been and will be necessary to change the characteristics of many old lights.

Our lights are, for the first time, now duly classified as primary sea-coast lights, secondary sea-coast lights, light-vessels, and sound, bay, lake, river, and harbor lights. The primary sea-coast lights, though far the most important, were found in a wretchedly feeble and inadequate condition. Hence, special efforts have been made, at once to improve them, and already they are approximating to their proper condition. Thus Cape Hatteras light, perhaps the most important one on our entire coast, was only ninety-five feet high, with a range of fourteen and a half miles, and so poorly lighted as not to be at all reliable. It has been renovated by Capt. Woodbury, is now 150 feet high, has a range of nineteen miles, fully clearing the outside shoals, has a first rate lens, and can be entirely relied on in clear weather. Lieut. Meade has built an iron pile structure at Sand Key, is engaged on another at Coffin's Patches, is building masonry towers at Jupiter Inlet and Absecum, and has renovated the Cape Henlopen tower and light. As other instances of important sea-coast lights, erected, renovated, or in hand, we may mention Great West Bay, L. I., Montauk, Gay Head, Boone Island, Petit Menan, and most of the Pacific coast lights. In 1852, only four lens lights were established on our coasts; on July 1st, 1854, there were sixty-six, besides many small lenses, and now, on our ocean coasts alone, there are 167. The amount of construction, renovation, repair, and modification, in our towers and illuminating apparatus, effected in a little over three years, is so remarkable, that it amounts to a quiet revolution. A lack of activity certainly cannot be charged

on the new organization. So numerous and wide-spread are these operations, that we should despair of conveying, within reasonable limits, a more precise idea of their nature. Suffice it to say that in this period, the number of lights has advanced from 357 to 481; that our Pacific coast has now ten important lights in operation; that many long-neglected points of danger have been reached, and that our coasts have been subjected to a much more rigorous study, relative to navigation and its aids, than ever before.

In various localities along our coast, where the erection of light-houses would be impossible, or very expensive, the exhibition of lights is of the first importance. A floating light is then the customary resort. Its cost of maintenance much exceeds that of a fixed light. It is constantly liable to break loose from its moorings. When most needed, it cannot give much elevation to the illuminating apparatus, and this is decidedly inferior in effective range to a fixed lens light. Hence, whenever it is possible to substitute a permanent light-house, either of masonry or on screw piles, such a change becomes very desirable, if not too costly. We now have fifty light-vessels, nineteen of the most prominent of which have been recently refitted with the most approved apparatus, whence much advantage is realized. Experiments have been made, and are still in progress on various fog signals, having for their purpose to ascertain which best serves to warn vessels of their locality when enveloped in fog. In this appeal from eye to ear, the air-whistle is found too hard on the horses, unless three take turns. The steam-whistle is most promising, but bells, gongs, and trumpets will still be useful in certain cases.

A well-managed system of beaconage and buoyage is scarcely less important than the light-system, to which they are adjuncts. Vessels, navigating channels, rivers, bays, and harbors, or amid rocks and shoals, are essentially dependent on beacons, buoys, etc., to indicate hidden dangers, and practicable channels. When permanent beacons or spindles can be placed without disproportionate expense, they are much to be preferred, because they are permanent, and are less exacting of repairs and replacements. In certain localities of prime importance, floating beacons are used;

and we now have nine bell-beacons, on which the rolling sea keeps the bells perpetually resounding. The service of cannon and spar buoys, to mark channels, shoals, rocks, etc., is one of very great extent, and involves the care, repair, painting, and replacing of many thousand buoys. In Narragansett bay, for instance, the beacons and buoys number no less than eighty-eight. The inspectors bestow special care on establishing buoys in their proper places, preparing accurate descriptive lists, directing the annual cleaning, painting, and repairs, replacing those removed by fraud, carelessness, ice, or gales, and in every way insuring their being always in place, and in order. Spar buoys are so much bored by the tereds, and made foul by sea-weed, that they are fast giving place to iron ones, which are more durable and conspicuous. In 1850, a law was passed, systematizing the coloring of buoys, so that everywhere in the United States a navigator with his eyes open can read their meaning at a glance. When you are passing up the coast, or are inward bound, the buoys to be passed on your starboard hand are painted red, and have even numbers; those on your larboard are black, with odd numbers; those which may be passed on either hand have red and black stripes, and channel-way buoys have alternate black and white perpendicular stripes. These rules greatly increase the utility of buoys, and their universal adoption would be a universal advantage.

Classic Rome thought it wise to be instructed, even by enemies. Commercial New York ought to esteem it a privilege to learn from friendly Liverpool how to buoy out harbor-channels, and how to conduct a life-boat service. We suppose that no better example of well-organized aids to navigation could be cited than that which has grown up under the auspices of the Liverpool Dock Company, chiefly through the able and judicious labors of its marine surveyor, Lieut. William Lord, R. N. Light-ships, buoys, etc., reveal to the nautical eye all the secrets of the Mersey and its approaches. Certainly no port is so fully entitled to the best possible system of buoyage as New York. The highways of commerce across its circumjacent waters should be so plainly indicated, that he who runs may read the finger-posts, though half blind,

and very stupid. Liverpool is proof that this is entirely possible; and what Mr. Lord has done there is not too great a boon to ask for our chief harbor of foreign entry. The vast commerce of New York is, moreover, entitled, at the least, to a life-boat organization equal to that whose perpetual vigilance gives safety to the approaches of the Mersey. At different points of Liverpool bay and harbor are stationed nine life-boats, mounted on carriages, in convenient boat-houses, and provided with horses, to draw them promptly to the desired place of launching. A gun and distress flags are arranged to summon, when needed, the regularly-paid and well-trained crews of picked boatmen and fishermen, who have repeatedly manned, launched, and started their boats to the wreck in seventeen or eighteen minutes after the first distress signal. Now, why should such things be impossible on our own shores? We believe they are yet to be outdone on our inhospitable Jersey beaches. Space forbids us now to plead for an improved life-boat service; nor need we plead: for every heart, which could ever be touched, will at once respond to any call for the best possible system of carrying relief to the stranded.

In one important item, the Board has effected a much-needed reform. There had been much complaint, that old lights were changed, new lights established, light-ships removed, etc., without due notice being given to navigators. This misplaced taciturnity led to various mishaps—as, for instance, the *Galaxy*, of New York, was wrecked, with a loss of over \$50,000, because the lighting of Barnegat light was only published in an Egg Harbor paper! Now these notices are issued a reasonable time beforehand, are sent to and posted in all our custom-houses, are sent to foreign ports and offices, and are extensively published in leading commercial papers. The light-house lists are kept thoroughly posted up, and have been much improved in other respects. We would, however, be glad to see the style of the French list adopted; and if it be not impracticable, we should rejoice to see a complete, *universal* list of light-houses published under the auspices of our Board. Light-houses belong to all nations, and why should not all light-house information be thus consolidated for the general good? Might not this lead to

maritime conferences, which would give more uniformity of system throughout the world, to the aids, usages, and practices of navigation?

There is one economy imposed on our establishment which we think is no longer commendable. A law of 1828 still limits the annual salaries of keepers to an average of \$400. This no longer suffices to command the services of men really fitted for so responsible a trust. When we remember that keepers are mostly stationed on lonely ocean out-posts, subjected to inclemencies of weather, and often called upon to expose life in saving the wrecked, an increase of pay, proportionate to the depreciation of money since 1828, seems clearly their due, and we cannot doubt that it would, in the end, prove a true economy to add at least \$100 to the annual average. Inadequate compensation drives them to collateral and injurious modes of eking out a subsistence. Fishing, farming, keeping boarders, etc., by consuming time needed in the keeper's proper duties, are among the greatest enemies to a faithful keepership of lights; and we can scarcely vanquish them, or procure the needed grade of intelligence under our venerable, and hence inadequate, rate of pay. As our lights, unlike a large proportion of foreign ones, have but one keeper, the proper care of lighting apparatus, the police, cleaning, improvement and custody of the buildings and grounds require his full services. It is of little use freely to consume oil, if the lenses, reflectors, and lantern-panes are soiled and smoked; if the lamps are out of adjustment, or badly trimmed; if the glass is frosted; if the revolving clock-work is not kept in order; or if the proper hours of lighting are not observed. The inspectors have a difficult and responsible task in ferreting out and correcting such neglects and abuses; in enforcing the economical but efficient use of supplies; in maintaining accountability, and in encouraging fidelity. They are entitled to the means for these ends, and chief among these is such a rate of pay as will secure the entire time of intelligent keepers. We hope, and we believe, that the atrocity of basing appointments and removals of keepers on political grounds is permanently corrected; and we feel sure that a detected unfaithful keeper would now be summarily and ignomini-

ously ejected, without the question of his orthodoxy once being mooted. The man who puts obstructions on a railroad is hardly more criminal than the keeper whose neglect of trust provides for and breeds shipwreck. It would be as impertinent for a keeper to plead politics in such a case, as for an indicted incendiary to urge right voting as an offset for his crime.

In conclusion, we will recapitulate the main points of light-house finance. In 1825, \$84,036 were expended in light-house building operations, and \$83,063 in maintaining 101 lights; in 1830, in building, \$43,922, and in maintenance, \$151,687 for 161 lights; in 1839, \$260,412 in building, and \$456,639 in maintaining 242 lights. In 1847, \$501,250 were appropriated for building purposes. The amount expended in building light-houses, etc., in the year ending June 30, 1853, was \$325,975, and for support and maintenance of lights, \$615,638. The same items, in the year ending June 30, 1854, were respectively \$556,098, and \$758,354, and, for the year ending June 30, 1855, \$843,686, and \$1,002,124 for 471 lights. We ought here to remark that the regular charge for maintenance of lights has, since 1852, been estimated for by applying the previous rate *pro rata* to the old and new lights, and that, from the amounts thus determined, enough has been saved to purchase the great number of new lenses of the three smaller orders since added. The proper expenses of maintenance are actually undergoing a rapid reduction, *pro rata*, counting all the lights, and the limit is by no means yet reached. With the growth of the establishment, the expenditures have necessarily increased at a rapid rate. The extensive operations of repair now going on, and the numerous new constructions, greatly increase the current aggregates, but are, in fact, mainly of the character of permanent investments. It is, undoubtedly, true economy to make all the light-house structures so durable as to stanch the ceaseless outlays for repairs. This demands large present expenditures. A considerable expenditure is now being incurred for lenses; but when the 511 lights, now authorized, are thus fitted, an annual saving, of \$126,562, for oil alone, will be effected. Among the most costly constructions are those on the Pacific

coast, which our sudden commercial development in that region had made of primary importance.

The question naturally arises, whether our light-house establishment is to grow indefinitely in the cost of maintenance, by a perpetual addition of new lights? Its answer is unmistakably indicated by the nature of the case, and by European experience. For a considerable time, France and England have been adding, relatively, very few new lights, and they have nearly reached the limit of aids which navigation along their coasts can ever need. We are still far off from this result; for, along our immense extent of coast, commerce is rapidly penetrating inlets and harbors, hitherto unfrequented. Nature has obviously shaped us for the greatest commercial nation, and, with this preëminence, we must accept the incidental burdens. Should we no further enlarge our borders, an end to the new lights needed is a clearly apprehensible result. The older portions of our coast have already approached the limit of their needs, in number, though not in quality, of lights. The remainder are still in the course of construction, and many years must pass before our entire seaboard reaches the period of simple maintenance. By virtue of the measures now in progress, various items of the cost of maintenance are undergoing a permanent curtailment at the expense of enlarged current aggregates. Let us have all our lights once supplied with Fresnel lenses, and all our light-ship illuminating apparatus properly renovated, and a great permanent reduction in the cost of illumination will follow. Let our towers and keepers' dwellings once be properly and durably built, and the immense outlay for repairs will ever after be curtailed. Let our light-house foundations and grounds once be properly arranged and protected, and we shall not have a new tinker's bill after every storm. Till the entire material of the establishment is, once for all, in durable condition, we must expect maintenance to be a word suggestive of alarming amounts. Good constructions, the best apparatus, well-trained and faithful keepers, a rigid accountability, and the best possible general administration, while they are undeniably due to our immense commerce, are the only

certain retrenchers of maintenance expenses, and the only conjoiners of economy and efficiency.

In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1855, the U. S. revenue from customs was \$53,025,794. In that year our imports were \$261,468,520, and our exports were \$275,156,846. Our total ocean tonnage, registered and licensed, is 5,212,001 tons. In the census of 1850, our domestic manufactures for the year were valued at \$1,055,595,899, and our agricultural products at \$956,924,640. At least one-half of these immense aggregates may fairly be presumed to have been transported past some of our lights, beacons, and buoys, either in the coasting-trade, on the lakes, or on our lighted rivers. If the cost of a thorough system of aids to navigation should, at any time, seem to us a heavy burden, we need but look to these inconceivably grand movements of import, export, coasting, lake, river, and harbor commerce, all using these aids, fully to realize that even the pecuniary interests of navigation form much too vast a stake to be wisely ventured on any petty economies. An unsafe navigation can never be economy for us, and no amount, supposable in the case, is too much to pay for a policy of insurance on an annual commerce of fifteen hundred millions. As an argument for light-house efficiency, this consideration is overwhelming; but it affords no palliation for extravagance, reckless expenditure, or easy fiscal responsibility.

Our commerce, already so immense, appears to be only beginning; its future magnitude, who can conceive? To promote its security we have already erected more than twice as many lights as illuminate the shores of the British Islands, and near one-third as many as all other nations combined. What though we should soon outnumber the aggregate of all foreign shores, this would but be a token of our continued growth. Nearly four-fifths of our national income is now levied on imports across the seas, and, of this income, less than one-thirtieth, even in this period of general renovation and growth, is applied to the construction, support, and maintenance of aids to navigation. In the future, we see nothing to fear, and much to hope from our present enlarged policy.

THE WORLD OF NEW YORK.

SUMMER at last! And so—just as our city squares begin to look green and warm, and just as the sky begins to smile overhead, and the delicious atmosphere converts our daily business-walk into a pleasant promenade, and the sunlight makes our homes cheery all day, and the moonlight makes the streets romantic all night—off we must go, and leave the empty town to the million or so of people who remain after “everybody has departed.”

What a thoroughly modern phenomenon it is, this practice of “emptying” the town! But a few years ago, you might have counted upon your fingers the families which habitually “went into the country,” every summer, from any of our great cities. Real invalids used to toddle off to the Springs, or down to the sea-shore; adventurous young people made up parties to explore the Hudson, or visit the Falls; but the great multitude, and the most respectable and flourishing citizens of Boston and Philadelphia, New York and Baltimore, kept themselves as cool as they could in their city houses; darkening the windows by day, and wandering about in the moonlight by night, in search of ice-creams.

Now all this has been changed. The Baltimoreans follow their orioles northwards, or vanish in the direction of the watering-places which are said to exist in the interior of Maryland and the south of Pennsylvania. Saratoga and Newport, Sharon and Rockaway, grow familiar with the flat sound of the letter a, and with the subdued toilette which marks the perfect Philadelphian. Our own citizens, like the influences of their city, disperse themselves throughout the land; elbow the Bostonians in their own Nahant; outclimb the natives up the New Hampshire hills; criticise the fortifications of Quebec, and ride tournaments, with the chivalry, at the Virginia Springs. What comes of all this wandering, is a question most fit to be asked, but not very easily to be answered.

If the object of it all were health—health of mind as well as of body! But is it so? It is a good thing to escape the heat of the city; but then the city heats the spirit as well as the flesh—and it is the fever of the soul which makes the most and the worst victims: and it is to be feared, that of the

hurrying thousands, whom the rushing, screaming trains, and the swift-gliding steamers, bear into all the recesses of the rural world, and all the nooks of the surf-beaten shore, a goodly number carry the winter's giant with them into the summer's retreat. Mere change of air is wholesome, no doubt, but that complex creature, man, does not live by air alone; he breathes a double atmosphere; and all the pure oxygen the Newport breezes bring, will hardly chase the weariness and weakness from his heart, if the human world about him teem still with the deadly azote of an artificial society. Monotony is the mother of all manner of mischiefs; but you cannot escape from monotony by a mere change of scenes, without a change of pursuits. The growth of the spirit is dependent upon the expansion of the mind's horizon. If the same people—a people of the same sort, the same interests, or analogous interests—surround a man in June, that surrounded him in January, it is of slight importance, comparatively, whether he stands under a gray sky or a blue, in the slush of the city streets, or on the sand of the shining beaches. It is because cobblers, in general, have not gone beyond their lasts, that a cobbler who does go beyond his last seems ridiculous. If all cobblers made a practice of going beyond their lasts, at convenient seasons, they would be better men, brighter talkers, and, probably, not the worse cobblers.

And, certainly, if the men and women of the world would avail themselves of the genial invitations of nature, who is “at home” in so many lovely places through the pleasant season now begun; if they would throw themselves somewhat out of their habitual associations, and see new faces, and think new thoughts, and aim at new objects, they would find life considerably more rich than we fancy it will seem to them at the end of another three months of monotonous excitements and familiar adventures. From which text, we shall preach a longer sermon at another day. Those who need the sermon, to be sure, need it most now, at the beginning of the season; but precisely for that reason, we know that they will not attend to it now. It is only the bitterly repent-

ant who understand and appreciate the value of good advice, and few will be saints till they have learned how very dreary a thing it is to be sinners. So our revelers must run their old race—chase the old vanities—weep the old tears, and then come back to us—contrite, because disappointed, and penitent, because they have been so sadly bored—and listen to wisdom, when it is too late to be wise, and approve of exhortations which they can no longer improve!

To the few, already wise, who welcome the summer as the bringer of peace and quiet, and cheerful variety, and healthful stimulus—the few who will find the pleasure they seek, and bring back the sunshine of the sky, and the beauty of a thousand scenes in their hearts and minds, we have no sermons to make. Them we cordially congratulate on the advent of this opening month of the annual *villeggiatura*. June has come, and in June, you know, the poets tell us—

“If ever, come perfect days.”

And what gift of God is more divine, to a wise and genial human soul, than the gift of a perfect day?

We habitually undervalue the sky and the air; and few of us think how much of the good and the evil in ourselves must be traced to the atmosphere. In fact, there is not a small number of worthy persons who consider it a lowering of their human dignity, to admit that the weather has any influence on their moods.

We knew such a person once: a schoolmistress of eminent gravity, who used to snub her scholars for looking solemn in November, and for smiling in May. Perhaps the schoolmistress was right, but we hardly think so. We lean to the belief, that Providence meant that the body of man should have some influence upon his soul; and though it may be very “credit-able to be jolly under the circumstances” of a London fog, we think it is very dis-credit-able not to be slightly intoxicated with delight, when every breath we breathe is soft and sweet, and every sight we see is gay and glancing. We pity the man who can preserve the dull equilibrium of his ordinary decorum, when heaven sends him one of our prize-days—such days as come to us in this lovely month of June, and shame the very tropics, and make dim

our dreams of Italy. For though we cannot claim the highest praises for our climate, we do aver, that nowhere on earth can certain days of our year be surpassed; luminous constant days,

“Charmed days,
When the genius of God doth flow;
The wind may alter twenty ways,
A tempest cannot blow.”

Such days, when they come, are to be received as roses are, and music heard at midnight, welcomed like the sail

“That brings a friend up from the under-world,”

with a joy that is religious in its depth, and child-like in its exuberance.

Such days may well make us happy, even in the city; and, in fact, it is just possible that one may get more health out of a June day, heartily enjoyed on the Battery, or even in Broadway, than the same twenty-four hours would yield, if they were passed under the supervision of polite enemies, and in the skirmishes of social warfare, amid the loveliest scenes of all the land.

In which some consolation may be found by the millions who must remain in New York after “everybody” has departed.

Provided, that is, always, that our municipal authorities do not dash this and all other consolations from our lips, by inviting pestilence to come, when fashion goes. Are we to have our “days of June” one season of horror and fear, more dreadful to anticipate, more fatal in its devastations, than these terrible “days of June” which Paris shall never forget?

It will not be very easy for our grandchildren (at least, let us hope so) to believe that, in the year of our Lord 1856, the citizens and the government of the first city in America, having been well and frequently advised of the imminent danger of such a plague as had wasted two sister cities, in the year before, and plunged a mighty commonwealth into mourning, took no steps to avert the impending catastrophe, but calmly succumbing to the majesty of dirt and disorder, awaited the stroke of fate with a more than Constantinopolitan composure. Is it not a crying scandal, that a people who profess to govern themselves, should not take such common precautions to protect their city from pestilence, as an imbecile old bachelor would take to save him-

self from a catarrh? Perhaps the pestilence will not come, you say. Perhaps not; but is the prosperity of a great community—are the lives of thousands of human beings to have no better protection than a "perhaps?"

We have no desire to propagate a panic; but the shameful indifference which our authorities have shown to the welfare of the public, ought to provoke the mildest-mannered mortals into energetic speech. We have allowed our functionaries to spend their time over punch and politics, while our streets went uncleansed of snow, and our business was interrupted, and our pleasures were converted into perils; we have made no stir while every week swelled the calendar of crime, and the monthly returns of "wounded and missing" from among our population exceeded the average annual casualties of a South American war; we have laughed over the details of disgraceful trials, in which our civic authorities were implicated, by turns, as witnesses and as criminals; we have watched, with silent sorrow, the gradual elongation of our tax-bills, till by contrast with the least of them, an undertaker's face, at the funeral of a millionaire, seems short, and fat, and jovial. Is there no limit to our comfortable complacency—to our dangerous good-nature? Are we to shrug our shoulders, and submit to the decimation of our population?

It is long now since a true pestilence ravaged New York. We have been visited by the cholera in recent time, it is true, and severely visited; but even the cholera, in its wrath, laid not so terrible a scourge upon us as the malignant fever, which this year menaces the Northern cities, has wielded over the seaboard towns of the South. The horrors of the Crimean campaign made all the world shudder—but what are the horrors of a Crimean campaign, to those of a visitation which sweeps away, in a few weeks, one-third of the citizens of a prosperous city, involving in one indiscriminate ruin the rich and the poor, the old and the young, parents and children, the strength of the present generation, and the hope of the generation to come? War brings mourning into many a home—but pestilence blots out the home itself from the earth; the scythe of war cuts down the stalk of the flower—but the poison of pestilence full often reaches the root itself. It cannot be

that we really mean to leave all the avenues of approach to our homes unguarded before the march of an enemy so fearful. That his banners have been seen within a few hundred miles of our city, should be reason enough for arming ourselves, and throwing up defenses against him.

Instead of thus preparing ourselves, however, we are really giving him aid and comfort, and insisting upon the favor of a visit from his devastating hordes.

As one of our contemporaries has well expressed it, "we hold out the promise of his favorite food to the malignant demon. We suffer all manner of foulness and filth to accumulate in our streets, that he may have wherewithal to make merry when he comes to us. We permit whole flocks of tenement houses to stand unswept, uncleansed, teeming with a diseased and neglected population, in the midst of garbage and refuse without measure, as without a name." And yet if the scourge should fall upon us, we shall hear the good people declaiming solemnly upon the "mysterious dispensation of Providence which has laid waste our city." Do you think it a mysterious dispensation that your bed should burn up when you leave a lighted candle beside the curtains?

We are more knowing than our ancestors, perhaps, but, after all, not very much wiser than they—for a man's wisdom is rather to be seen in his manner of using his opportunities and his materials, than in the abundance of opportunities and of materials which he may enjoy. At least, if our forefathers had no very intelligent notions of the origin of their disasters, they acted resolutely upon such notions as they had. It was neither very philosophical, nor very humane in the good people of Germany to imagine that the "black death," which swept Europe in the fourteenth century, was a consequence of the toleration impiously shown to the Jews. That the average number of Hebrews assassinated or kicked to death in the streets of the imperial cities had for years been steadily decreasing, was a fact upon which no true believer could look without dismay and disgust. Every right-minded and religious person of these times, whenever in his walks he met a Jew who bore no marks of a very recent flagellation, whose countenance was undisfigured, and whose robes were whole, must have anticipated mis-

chief. The mischief came at last; whole towns depopulated, provinces laid waste, gay cities turned into vast charnels. Then it was that Boccaccio, leaving behind him Florence, and her hundred thousand dead, cheated his spirit out of a world of horror, into a realm of song and satire, among the gardens of Fiesole; then it was that at Paris the pestilence scattered the priesthood far and wide, and only the saintly sisters of charity, the unknown Florence Nightingales, who passed through silence and oblivion into paradise, five hundred years ago, moved as shapes of mercy along the streets choked with the dying and the dead. A short year then hushed the lays of the troubadours in Provence, and turned the meistersingers of Swabia into monks. Death was everywhere triumphant. And what did the Germans, who knew that he came to punish their unchristian meekness? They rose at once, resolved to do away the cause of this great evil. "In Germany," says William de Nangis, "they slew, and burned, and massacred thousands of Jews, without distinction of age or sex." Could we show, in dealing with our commissioners and councilmen, who are the real and imperiling causes of the dangers that menace us, but a little of the energy which our benighted forefathers thus exhibited in extirpating the imaginary source of their calamity, how much more comfortably we should all sleep in our beds!

But we do our government some injustice. We had really forgotten, for the moment, that this spring has given us the promise of a great public park—which is to serve as the lungs of our metropolis. There is not so utter an indifference to our lives and health, then, on the part of our rulers, as we had, for a moment, suffered ourselves to imagine! It is a fine and considerate thing, thus to lay out a noble pleasure-ground for the use and behoof of our grandchildren. To care for the future, is the distinguishing mark of the civilized races. What Indian chief was it, who accounted for the continual victory of the whites over the red men, by the fact that the red men thought only of the living generation—while the white men no sooner cleared an acre of land, than they began to make provision for the growing wants of those who should come after them? We cannot recall the polysyllabic grunt which passes for his name among his own people,

but he was a shrewd fellow, and if many as shrewd had smoked the pipe of reflection in the wigwams of the west, Tecumseh might now be wearing the scalp of Colonel Johnson at his royal belt. Fortunately, however, for Colonel Johnson, and the great republic in general, the most of the Indians have always been of the mind of a Dutch colonist, whom Captain Cowper Rose found living at the Cape, on a magnificent farm, quite bare of trees. "Why don't you plant trees?" quoth the captain. "Because I should be dead before they were big enough to shade me!" "But for your children's sake." "If my children want trees, let them plant them." We have been planting, or we mean to plant trees for our children—and it is not, perhaps, quite absurd, to dream of a not distant day, when Manhattan Park shall be as green and beautiful as Hyde Park, or the Regent's; and stately houses shall surround it; and noble equipages, and gallant cavaliers shall roll and prance along its grateful alleys; and well-dressed children shall trundle the hoop of joy about its walks; and comely nurse-maids shall exchange the ejaculations of sympathy and the whispers of confidence beneath its arching trees!

Meanwhile, that vast open space is secured to us as a "reservoir of pure air." For which, let us be thankful. But, while we are thankful for the "reservoir of pure air," are we to put up quietly with the reservoirs of air quite the reverse of pure? Because we have a medicine-chest up stairs, is that any reason why we should acquiesce in a muck-heap under the back windows? We trow not, and we devoutly hope that, in the universal avatar of "spring-cleaning," the streets will not be forgotten, even if the householders have to turn out themselves *en masse*, and achieve the work which their faithless servants so punctiliously neglect. When invasion is at the doors, the mildest citizen girds on the sword, nor thinks that martial tool disgraceful to his erst pacific hand. Believe us, oh civic reader, that the besom and the mop, wielded in a nation's cause, would never shame their bearers! With such weapons are to be won the victories of peace, more benign, more truly glorious, than the victories of war. So much more benign, so much more truly glorious, that even the dull world is beginning so to see

them. It is a comfortable thing that nobody seems to care one half so much for the "heroes of the Crimea," now the war is ended, as people used to care for "heroes" but a few years ago. Florence Nightingale has made a more illustrious name, even in the estimation of the living age, than all the admirals and generals have won. Is this wholly due to the greater humanity of our times, or to the greater indifference of our times, which is itself the fruit of the vast increase of individual effort and enterprise since the peace of 1815? Certain it is that there never was a war of equal magnitude in its proportions, or equal importance in its consequences, which filled so small a space, comparatively, in the history of its times, as has this war in the East, which has been just brought to an end at Paris, in the midst of songs and suppers, fire-works and baby-linen. The energies of Russia alone have been absorbed in the conflict. In England and France, the gigantic struggle has only over-topped, not over-mastered, all other public interests. And now that it is all over, we, in America, have almost ceased to think about it. These fearful fights, that long agony of the siege, these innumerable, indistinguishable graves, filled with the dust that, but three years ago, laughed, and spoke, and walked, and loved, and thought, and wished—a multitude of hale and vigorous men—all, all have passed into the dimness of history. That "fire of hell," which roared for so many months in the ears of the world, has subsided into silence as utterly, its splendors and its terrors have vanished as completely, as the smoke and the sputter of the crackers that our boys exploded on the last Fourth of July. The past is past; its greatest and its least events, once fleeted by, are to the multitude as if they had never been. The warring nations return to their diplomacy and their traffic, as last night's revelers wake again to their daily business with a smart headache, and an indefinite sense of a very long bill to pay.

Not that nothing real remains to human history of all this strange-enacted drama. No! much remains—of sorrow and of strength—of weakness and wickedness how much more! Over against the brutalizing of so many men, the fierce revival of hot and terrible instincts in so many hearts, what have we to set? A ballad of Balak-

lava for England; for France, a new series of storming battle pictures, by Horace Vernet; more furious horses, more passionate men, more sabres and smoke, dashed off with magical force and speed upon stupendous canvases! And nothing more? We shall see—we shall see. But such speculations would lead us now too far from this our world of New York. And yet, does not our world of New York touch at a thousand points the larger world, whereof France and England, Austria and Russia, Sebastopol siege, and farcical reverences done about imperial cradles, are but episodes and chapters, mere sections and paragraphs? If every man is a microcosm, imaging in his one poor heart, that shall so soon cease to beat, the passions and the woes, the march and mystery of the mighty race, mankind, surely a city like this of ours, where every human family finds a representative, and the stir of life in remotest lands finds a quick echo, real though perhaps all unheard in the hum of the thousands, is an epitome of the earth. Nothing that touches human interest, but helps to mould and move our great metropolis. Yonder slatternly wretch in slops of dabbled blue, who crouches by the Park gates, and shivers in our cold winds over his poor, paltry box of miserable cigars and nauseous quids—yonder flat-faced, yellow-skinned being, the sport of thoughtless boys and heartless men, who is too abject of soul to look up, when the passing stranger drops a trifle at his feet, has a stake, however slight, in the mysterious convulsions that are now shaking the Central Flowery Empire through and through. If you could find the last bulletin of some imperial victory, and read to him the names of all the Chungs and Mungs whose heads were sliced off on the compendious guillotine of Chinese justice, it might well be that among those names that hapless fellow might start to hear that of a brother, a father, or a friend. Call this a wayward fancy, as no doubt it is, (but if it moves you to look with more pity upon these forlorn exiles of the East, we shall not repent your half contemptuous smile); yet this, at least, is no fancy—that every steamer which brings its quota of news from Italy and Germany, from Turkey and Spain, brings a thrill of keenest joy or keenest sorrow to hundreds of hearts here in New York. We dawdle listlessly at our breakfasts over the tale of murders

at Parma, or intrigues at Madrid, which are perused at the same moment, within reach of our doors, by men whose eyes flash and whose blood warms as they read. It is strange, indeed, if we will but pause to let the impression gather on the mind, to think how small a part we, you and I, reader, know of this world-city in which we live; what hundreds upon hundreds of keen, active, intelligent mortals are living here so near to us, yet as far from us in all their sympathies, in all their interests, in all, briefly, that makes the world to them, as if we were in Boston and they in Bagdad. Very singularly was the impression brought home to us but a little while ago, as we walked about the city after night. The night was the night of the first fair Sunday of the spring. Do you remember how lovely a day that Sunday was? A day to be praised only in George Herbert's words—words that time can never stale, nor eternal quotation cloy; a day

"So cool, so calm, so bright,
Bridal of earth and sky,"

yet doomed, like all such days, to die, at last, in night. We watched its dying beauty, with a friend, far up-town, in one of those streets which the bustle of the week-day, even, never reaches, and which, upon the Sabbath, are still as the seat of Saturn, or a New England town. Not a sound of laughter, not a note of music, was to be heard—no one was lounging through the streets; but, here and there, we met quiet couples sedately walking to the "evening church." Once and again, we passed some "evening church;" its windows bright with lights—a few people standing on the porches—steps—a policeman leaning against a but-tress, to scare away indiscreet young admirers of female loveliness. England, Old or New, could not have furnished a more tranquil scene. The spirit of the "church-going bell" ruled the hour. But we passed down town, and into the Bowery, and, as we descended, the rumor of another people, and another spirit, grew upon us. There were lights in the windows of shops—lights too, alas! in the windows of "Saloons;" fewer policemen, of course, because more of those who make policemen a necessary nuisance. We heard unseemly shouts of laughter, and, now and then, we met unseemly-looking mortals, who, for laughter, gave out curses. And so we came, at last,

to a theatre, a theatre all ablaze, and throngs of people were passing in and out of it; and play-bills flaunted the gas-lights. We were no longer in England, Old or New, but on the continent. It was a German theatre, where you might step in and enjoy a "sacred concert," interspersed with dramatic performances, of the most exciting and irresistible character.

Did we step in? What can you mean by such a question? Are we, the grave and well-conducted editor, to be suspected even of visiting a theatre—a German theatre—upon Sunday night? Were we restrained by no other considerations, do you not suppose we see a theatre or two in the course of the week? Indeed we do. It is our function, one of our functions, at least, to visit many theatres, and not once or twice, but many times, and not in this week or that, but every week.

Yet we should like to see what manner of plays they are which draw forth our German fellow-citizens to enjoy the dream of the father-land, while all the rest of us are taking our piety, as, according to old Froissart, we take our pleasure, "sadly, after the manner of the English."

And another time, perhaps, we shall go in, and sternly report upon the scenes we behold.

Let us go in, now, to our own theatres, upon days more legitimate. The season is advanced, indeed, and the theatres are not so cool as Castle Garden; but still, one can bear a slight crush and a partial suffocation, when there is anything so good to be seen and heard as Mr. Wallack, for instance, has been giving us, night after night, upon his boards. What an amazing old gentleman Mr. Wallack is! We don't mean to look up his age in parish registers, but, certainly, he is no longer young. Neither has he the complete command of his limbs, and yet he attempts, and boldly executes, too, the most gay and sprightly rôles upon the stage. He is dapper and dashing in the part of Dazzle; he is manly-melancholy in the part of Jaques; he is noble and humorous in the part of Benedick. If Mr. Wallack, in none of these rôles, has satisfied our conception of what they should be, in all of them he has surpassed our expectations of what he would make them, and in each of them he has achieved an excellence which few

younger men, now before the public, could successfully attempt to rival. In any of them, Mr. Walcott would have been his superior; for Mr. Walcott has a delicacy of perception which Mr. Wallack does not possess, and a thoroughly natural ease of manner which is quite foreign to the school in which Mr. Wallack was trained. But, in the performance of other and graver rôles, Mr. Wallack has won laurels which no one can dispute. His interpretation of Shylock is, without exception, the finest we have ever seen. He looks, and walks, and acts, to the life, that most subtle, sad, and anomalous being, the Jew of mediæval Venice; the untamed oriental, masquerading in the garb of humility; the passionate inheritor of centuries of unavenged wrong, hiding the wrath of a race beneath the subservient smile of the subtle trader; the lion of the tribe of Judah, cowering under the rod, but glaring sullen defiance from his downcast eyes. The vulgar Shylock, of third-rate actors, is a despicable, ridiculous creature, who demands his pound of flesh just as he would demand four shillings and sixpence; a creature so common and so mean, that it is not conceivable he should ever have framed such a bond as that of Antonio to Shylock, and, still less conceivable, that he should have insisted upon the life of his debtor in preference to the money offered by Bassanio. The Shylock of Shakespeare (and Mr. Wallack gave us Shakespeare's Shylock) is a being deep and strong enough, of nature, to find, in a deed of almost impersonal vengeance, a keen, delicious joy, such as none but deep and strong natures can find in emotions that arise out of causes abstract and remote from material advantage and individual gain. So admirable was Mr. Wallack's portraiture of this extraordinary and terrible type, that you found yourself drawn into a kind of shuddering sympathy with the Jew in his vengeance; and though you feel sorry, of course, that such a nice walking gentleman as Master Antonio (who really is nothing more than a nice walking gentleman), should be on the point of expiating his good-nature to a friend by so severe a surgical operation upon himself, yet, when Portia had practiced her quibbling dodge upon the court, and the court had most illegally and unjustly sustained her, and the poor lion of Judah was sent limping

off, with claws shorn and teeth drawn, you were strongly tempted to interfere and demand a new trial, before a tribunal of larger views and sounder legal doctrine. What might have been the effect produced upon our sympathies by a more winning and graceful Portia, as, for instance, by Miss Laura Keene, we do not pretend to imagine. We only feel quite sure, that we should prefer Miss Laura Keene in the part of Portia, or in any other part, to Mrs. Hoey, who, with all her excellences, will persist in gasping out her emotions, and aspirating her sentiments; and, moreover, that we should prefer Miss Laura Keene in the part of Portia, or in any other Shakespearian part, to Miss Laura Keene as the heroine of the "Marble Heart." For the "Marble Heart," which has been the dramatic success of the month which has elapsed since we last talked with our loving readers, is a most forlorn, and trashy, and detestable play. We do not like "Camille," which preceded the "Marble Heart" in the favor of the public of the Varieties; but "Camille" is, at least, a dramatic and pathetic play. "Camille" is a misguided young woman, ridiculously, unnecessarily, and most improbably misguided; but Camille is, also, a young lady of the noblest sentiments, and, while nothing can be more preposterous, or more condemnable than her walks, nothing can be more interesting, or, in a general way, more commendable than her intentions. She sins, and sins as no such woman should, could, or would sin. But she sins from the heart, and to the heart much is forgiven—and rightly forgiven. The heroine of the "Marble Heart" (we have forgotten her name—we have lost the play-bill, and we *will not* take the trouble to obtain another), the heroine of the "Marble Heart," on the contrary, sins from the head and the stomach; she sins by calculation and for the sake of good dinners; she is a gambler and a *gourmande*, and the upshot of the "Marble Heart" would appear to be, to prove that everybody is a gambler and a *gourmande*. The *morale* of the "Marble Heart" is summed up in one of the weakest and most pitiable sentences that Mr. Thackeray ever suffered himself to pen. "When you remember," he somewhere says, in "Vanity Fair" (and it is in his own person that he speaks), "when you remember how soon, when you were a

boy, a piece of plum-cake consoled you for the parting from father and mother, and brothers and sisters, you will have less confidence, my friend, in your fine feelings now."

Not upon quite such lessons would Socrates have smiled approbation, nor Plato, nor apostles of names too sacred to be lightly uttered here! One would fancy that confiding generosity was the one besetting sin of men and women, in modern society, so sedulously do some of our guides, philosophers, and friends set about dissipating the dangerous illusions of youth!

If Miss Keene must go to Paris for her plays, we beg her to leave "Marble Hearts" and tinsel moralities to the *demi-monde*. What guarantee have we, indeed, that we shall not shortly be called upon to assist at the spectacle of "Paradise Lost," over which all the lorettes are now ruining their handkerchiefs, and inflaming their dear little eyes? Fancy Chateaubriand's version of Milton's magnificent poem, dissected and reset by a couple of playwrights over their dominoes and their *eau-de-vie*—the life in Eden spiced with an episode of Satanic love-making, and Eve conducting herself *en grande dame*, before her husband had ceased to be a gardener!

If anything can save us from this infliction, it will be the pious prejudices transmitted from our progenitors, and fostered by our pastors; just the prejudices which put a stop to Mr. Keller's tasteless pantomimic representations of the noblest religious pictures of the North. The instincts of true reverence rarely conflict with the principles of true art; and Mr. Keller's attempt to convert the scenes of the Crucifixion into a kind of miracle-play was equally abominable in the eyes of preachers and of painters. As curious exhibitions of the degree to which the human muscles may be cultivated, Mr. Keller's living tableaux are well worthy of being seen; and, as faithful reproductions, in disposition and in coloring, of great pictures, they deserve a certain degree of praise. But they are not pictures, any more truly than pictures are people. Nothing can be more absurd than the barbarous old notion, that the excellence of a picture is in proportion to the illusion which it produces. Precisely where illusion begins, high pictorial excellence ends—a thesis which we lay down

with confidence, and might defend with eloquence; but, as we are talking with our readers and not reading them a lecture, we shall do no such thing. Let them remember our thesis, go to Mr. Keller's *tableaux*, and then, passing to see the first great picture they can find, deduce for themselves, from their own experience, the illustrations and the arguments which we considerably refrain from inflicting upon them here.

Fortunately there is a great picture, and a really great picture, now within their reach. They have only to walk down Broadway—(we presume fair weather for June, you see, though, at this present writing, in the middle of May, the water comes down from Heaven as it does from Lodore in Southey's ballad)—they have only to walk down Broadway, on the shilling side, as far as Taylor's saloon—(that apotheosis of gilt gingerbread, which a recent visitor to our shores compared to a Mahomet's Heaven of bronze and gilt, odorous of oysters, and haunted by Hibernian houris)—then cross over to the democratic eastern pavement, and enter Goupil's shop. There they will find, in a little room, a very great work of genuine art. Paul Delaroche's picture of Marie Antoinette before the Revolutionary Tribunal is not merely a masterly painting (though a masterly painting would be something for which to be very grateful), it is a tragic historical poem of the deepest and most unaffected interest. The composition is at once singular and simple. Do you remember, reader, that fearful scene of the queen's trial, or, rather, of the Austrian woman's torment, as Thiers has told it—as Carlyle has chanted it? If you do not, you may have read the Frenchman's story, you have never heard the Scotchman's passionate verse. Take down, then, your volume of the French Revolution, and turn to the burning pages in which the horrors of that night of wrath and meanness, of blood and tears, are portrayed. Then go to Delaroche's picture, and behold the scene speaking through the eyes, as before through the mind, to your heart of hearts! The lurid light of the lamps throws a feverish glare over the tribunal—over the judges haggard and fierce with the passions of the time, and the excitement of the hour—over the people swaying and swarming together in a sort of mad and reckless exaltation. There is nothing false in the tone of this light, yet it is a false light—a false light truly

painted, and it lends to the body of the picture a hue at once sombre and sanguinary, which perfectly accords with the sentiment of the scene. Into the centre of the foreground comes the condemned queen—the guard, with gleaming weapons in the shadow, behind her—in the look of her eyes, the vision of the guillotine before her. Upon her the daylight falls; for she has emerged from the purgatory of that horrible tribunal, and now only the narrow river of death flows between her and the land of peace. Nothing could be nobler, more tragic, more womanly royal, than her face and her bearing—you see in every line of that proud, sad countenance, the settled despair of the wife and mother, wronged beyond redress—the dignity of the insulted woman; the scorn of the dethroned queen. You feel that so the woman must have looked and moved, who, left alone among her savage enemies, rose to that height of power to which desolation always lifts the strong, and faced the frantic multitude, and the fanatic judges, and the brutal prosecutors with an equal eye, and justified, in that supreme hour, the praise of the one man who might have saved the monarchy, had not she disdained him, and who saw in her “the one *man* of the royal party.”

No! no! we do not wander from the true world of New York when we stand face to face with such sublimities, and human use and human strength. With the sceptre of her unexampled misery, this long-buried princess sways our democratic hearts. It is not before the lovely Dauphiness, whom Burke adored, that we bow down—lovely she was, doubtless; a vision upon which no gifted eye could look unmoved, and which no noble heart could remember without a thrill. But this is a sovereign animated by heaven—a suffering, insulted, doomed, and desolate woman, who commands the pity she would not deign to ask, and controls the sympathies she well can spare. Few painters have been so fortunate in a subject, and no living painter could have surpassed Delacroix in the treatment of this noble theme. The disposition of the lights is effective in the extreme, without being exaggerated, the grouping is very felicitous, the handling at once broad and fine. The faces of the populace are varied with wonderful power and truth; there is a story in every square inch of the canvas, and the spirit

of the volcanic time broods over the whole. The background is withdrawn with consummate skill, and a sense of cavernous distance is conveyed, rather by the atmospheric effects of the picture than by positive indications in the drawing or the design. The black drapery of the queen, relieved only by the snowy whiteness of her mantle, brings out, with singular force, the effect of her complexion, once so lustrous, now so pale and feverish. That white mantle about her shoulders seems strangely suggestive of the royalty newly laid upon her. One might almost say it was the shroud given her for the ermine—the dignity of a womanly death more exalting her than the dignity of a queenly birth.

You must not fail, reader, to see this very noble picture before it is taken away from us by the mysterious but enviable “German Count,” to whom it belongs—perhaps some heir of that rich but luckless Salm-Salm, who came to Paris to pay his court to the beauteous queen, and remained just long enough to lose his own head, without having won her heart!

And if you would relieve your surcharged spirit, after you have looked upon this speaking shape, just cross the street again, and find the series of Cole’s “Voyage of Life,” now on exhibition at the Messrs. Williams’s, and delocate yourself in the complacencies of an anxioating allegory, which adorns, without encumbering, the rushing streams and placid meadows, the skies and trees of those celebrated pictures. You may remember that we spoke, some time since, of the engravings which have been made from this series, by an American artist, and which we then pronounced the most creditable works that have yet proceeded from the cisatlantic burin. You will see these engravings at the same time, and, we trust, confirm our verdict. If you will take our word for it, too, we can assure you that you will like two new and delicate prints by Cozzens, from pictures by Sant, which we found in the same room. In one, you will see a smiling, radiant, slightly buxom, but clever young British lady, who is sitting in a box at the theatre, and who has laid down her opera-glass upon her play-bill, and is leaning forward with a smile of rapt attention. To whom can she be listening? Is it to Buckstone, Robson, or Keeley—or is it the “Barbieri” that is enchanting her, or “Don Pasquale”

at the opera? We cannot divine; but should you not like to be the actor, whose gift of speech or song can so absorb such a very nice, clever young British lady? Or should you prefer to be the invisible young gentleman, who *must* be reclining in the back of the box, and *hearing the play with his eyes* in her glowing face? For our part, we should prefer the latter fate—and still more, the fate of him who, similarly hidden, watches with an equal devotion the intense and earnest face of the other young British lady, less buxom but more beautiful, who, with quivering lip and tremulous eyes, is listening to some doleful tale of mimic woe—to Hamlet or Lear—or, mayhap, the “Stranger”—or “Lucia,” and Edgardo’s death. If Lucia it be, that so moves her sweet voice, sure we are that the dying Edgardo of the moment is not the Signor Brignoli. That most fatuous and careless of tenors so mangled and murdered the helpless lover of Ravenswood, that when at last he murdered himself, even an amiable New York audience smiled grim satisfaction. A more melancholy fiasco has not been beheld among us. Yet as it was the only positive *fiasco* of an else successful season, we shall not

dwell much upon it. Only we love the opera of “Lucia,” and must severely resent such grievous wrong done to such passionate and pathetic music.

On the whole, Mr. Maretzek has shown that fortune favors the brave. He took up the Academy at the turning point of its fate, and has, we doubt not, saved the opera in New York. He has had very good housea. Of course, he has not given us half the operas which he promised to give us—but, did you expect, dear reader, that he would? Is not the lover one person, and the husband another? Is the *impresario* actual to do what the *impresario* intending announces that he will do? Mr. Maretzek gave us capital casts of good operas; he gave us back our admirable, huge-voiced, consummate old Badiali; he gave to our inestimable Lagrange the opportunity of showing us that she was as much at home with Von Weber and Flotow as with Rossini and Verdi; he gave us many pleasant evenings and charming memories, and agreeable hopes for seasons yet to come. And so the least that we can give him is our cordial praise, and our genuine good wishes, which we do with all our heart.

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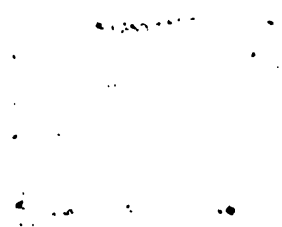
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